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GARIBALDI

BEING

“GARIBALDI’S DEFENCE OF THE ROMAN REPUBLIC”

“GARIBALDI AND THE THOUSAND ”

“GARIBALDI AND THE MAKING OF ITALY ”

George Macaulay Trevelyan, O.M.

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GARIBALDI

BEING

“GARIBALDI’S DEFENCE OF THE ROMAN REPUBLIC”

“GARIBALDI AND THE THOUSAND”

“GARIBALDI AND THE MAKING OF ITALY”

BY

GEORGE MACAULAY TREVELYAN, O.M.

REGIUS PROFESSOR OF MODERN HISTORY IN
THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE

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PUBLISHERS' NOTE

IN order to make possible the issue of these works in a single volume, it has been necessary to omit the Appendices, Bibliographies, Indexes and most of the Illustrations, retaining, however, all the Maps except two.

The original separate volumes are still on sale and available for historical students and others desirous of consulting the sections not included in this one-volume edition.

PREFACE

THE three volumes that constitute this Garibaldian trilogy have never before been bound up and sold in one volume ; and I hope that their collection in this form may be welcome to that portion of the public which continues even in these changed times to read the story that I told some quarter of a century ago. The three volumes hang closely together in sense and sequence. There is an historical and also a moral unity in the story of 1849 and 1859-1860, whether regarded as the formative crisis of Italian unity or as the really significant part of the life of Garibaldi.

The book—for now that it is published in this form it can be spoken of as one book—is both biographical and historical in purpose. Biography in our age is more popular than history. Twenty-five years ago both perhaps were equally little popular, but to-day brief biographies of great men compete with fiction for that general popularity which belonged to history in the age of Macaulay and Carlyle, and even in the age of Lecky and Froude.

Some of these brief biographies fully deserve the popularity they attain. But some of them, including some of the best, seem to me stronger as conceptions of the person depicted than as estimates of his actual work in life. And in some cases want of interest in a man's work more or less vitiates the picture drawn of him. It is, for instance, impossible to judge a statesman if you are not interested in the political problems of his day, or a soldier if you are not interested in

the art of war as it was conducted in his time. On the other hand, I readily admit that our modern biographers have much to teach us historians. If I never go to school to them it will only be age, not pride, that prevents.

At any rate our typical modern biographers, derived from Strachey and sometimes in some respects improving on him, are biographers rather than historians. I am an historian rather than a biographer. Perhaps even in a biography there are some compensating advantages when the author is deeply interested in the history of the period, not from his hero's angle of vision alone. Certainly I see these events as much from Cavour's angle as from Garibaldi's, and I believe that is no disadvantage in a biography of Garibaldi. But I worshipped Garibaldi. And after twenty-five years I worship him still.

G. M. TREVELYAN.

Cambridge 1933.

ORIGINAL PREFACE

GARIBALDI'S DEFENCE OF THE ROMAN REPUBLIC

THIS year is the centenary of Garibaldi's birth, which took place on July 4, 1807. It is not on this account that the present volume has been written and published, but the coincidence may be an additional reason why some Englishmen should be curious to read about the man for whom their fathers entertained a passionate enthusiasm, pure of all taint of materialism and self-interest. On the occasion of his famous visit to our country in 1864, the ovation which he received was so universal and so overwhelming that there was nothing in the nineteenth century like it, except perhaps the Jubilee procession of the Queen herself. The feeling for Garibaldi had by no means become universal among the English in 1849, the year with which this book is concerned, but even then Italian sympathies were stronger here than anywhere else in Europe.

We English retain to this day the lion's share of Italy's gratitude. Nor is the reason far to seek. Though England was not the country which actually accomplished most for Italian freedom and unity, it was the country in Europe where the passion for that cause was, beyond all comparison, strongest and most disinterested, and where it will be for ever connected with such names as Byron and Shelley, Palmerston and Gladstone, Browning and Swinburne.

The attachment of our fathers to Garibaldi grew out of their Italian sympathies, but it grew also out of something in his personality peculiarly captivating to the English, who saw in him the rover of great spaces of land and sea, the fighter against desperate odds, the champion of the oppressed, the patriot, the humane and generous man, all in one. He touched a chord of poetry and romance still latent in the heart of our city populations, so far removed in their surroundings and opportunities from the scenes and actions of his life. Whether his memory will now appeal to the English of a generation yet further removed from nature, and said to be at once more sophisticated and less idealist than the Victorian, I do not know. But I doubt whether we have really changed so much.

Certainly the help and encouragement in my task which I have received from English people leads me to suppose that the name of Garibaldi can still stir many hearts in this island. Foremost among them I must thank Lord Carlisle; then Mrs. Hamilton King; Mr. A. L. Smith, of Balliol; Dr. Spence Watson; Mr. Hubert Hall of the Record Office; the editor of the 'Illustrated London News'; Mr. Brand, the Librarian of the Admiralty; Dr. F. S. Arnold; Mr. J. A. Bruce; the Rev. F. W. Ragg; Mr. Bolton King; Mrs. Humphry Ward, and many others, some of whom are mentioned by name in the notes of this book. Three persons have read the proofs of the whole book at a cost of time to themselves from which I have greatly profited—Mr. Hilton Young, my companion on the last part of the 'Retreat'; my wife; and Count Ugo Balzani.

Count Balzani, whose time has been lavished upon me with a kindness which I can never forget, not only aided me in a hundred ways himself, but introduced me to many of my now numerous Italian friends; for their work on my behalf I am all the more grateful because it was largely

inspired by an enthusiasm which we have in common. Without trying to distinguish between the various services which they have each rendered me, I will merely name *Signori* Carlo Segré, G. Guerrazzi, and G. Stiavelli of Rome; Sign. Pier Breschi and General Canzio himself of Genoa; Sign. Luigi Torre of Casale Monferrato; Sign. Cantoni of the Museo Civico, Bologna; Count Alessandro Guaccimanni of Ravenna; Sign. Ermanno Loevinson (the author of *Garibaldi e la sua Legione*) and Cav. Ernesto Ovidi of the Archivio di Stato, Rome; Sign. Mario Menghini of the Bib. Vitt. Em.; Captain Carlo Paganelli of the Ufficio Storico; Major Eugenio de' Rossi of the Bersaglieri; and Lt.-General Saletta, Chief of the Staff of the Italian army; the family and friends of Nino Costa; Count and Countess Pasolini and Count Pasolino Pasolini; and the Signorina Dcbelli of London.

I do not know whether to thank my friend Mr. Nelson Gay more for putting his splendid *Risorgimento* library at my disposal, or for giving me so much of his valuable student's time, which he spends with such zeal on behalf of Italy.

I am indebted to Mr. R. M. Johnston of Harvard for a correspondence which has been to me both pleasant and useful.

I heartily thank Commandant Weil of Paris for his friendly offices, and the French Ministry of War for a liberality of which I am most sensible. I trust they will not think that I have abused their kindness; no one is more aware than the author of this book of the courage, discipline, and humanity of the French troops in 1849, or of the immense debt that Italy owes to the First Napoleon, and, in spite of Rome and Mentana, to the Third.

G. M. TREVELYAN.

CHELSEA: March 1907.

ORIGINAL PREFACE

GARIBALDI AND THE THOUSAND

THE present volume, 'Garibaldi and the Thousand, with its sequel on the Liberation of Naples which I hope to complete ere long, will together tell the story of Garibaldi's part in the decisive events of 1859-60 which 'made Italy.' His part in 1859 was entirely subordinate, and I have not exaggerated it in the early pages of this volume ; 1859 was the year of Cavour and Napoleon III. But 1860 was the year of Cavour and Garibaldi, and it is that which forms the main theme of my work.

Of the astonishing feats of 1860 I here relate the first part, when, landing with a thousand chosen men in plain clothes or in red shirts, armed with muskets fit for the scrap heap, the Liberator, with the aid of the Sicilian populace, took the capital of the island from 24,000 regular troops armed with rifles. The story of that month during which the little band was shut up in that strange island from the knowledge of the expectant world—the tale of those adventures which, though they are such stuff as schoolboys' dreams are made of, yet involved the whole fate of Italy—has a charm which will, I hope, justify in the eyes of the reader the detail in which it is here told. The later part of the campaign, after the fall of Palermo and the arrival of the larger expeditions to join Garibaldi, though not less interesting, is, both politically and militarily, of a different and wider character, and will be better treated in a separate volume.

If I were asked why I attempt to write the history of events so recent as those of half a century ago, I could answer that, although no doubt some documents of great importance and many documents of slight importance will become available in the course of the next generation, the mass of material recently printed in Italy or now available in MS. is already very considerable indeed (see Bibliography below, pp. 348-376), and that meanwhile the unwritten sources of information are rapidly drying up. The fact, that Generals Canzio and Türr both died within a few months of the time when I was privileged to converse with them on the events in which they played a part, is significant of the process to which I refer. In some respects this is the golden moment for writing the history of 1860. Fifteen years ago there was not enough printed matter and MS. available, and fifteen years hence there will be nothing left except these printed sources. But oral witness has its historical value. The conversation of veterans must, of course, be listened to with critical vigilance as well as with respect—I have known one contradict unwittingly on a point of detail what he had written in his diary fifty years back. But their impressions throw light on the spirit, opinions, and mutual relations of the men and parties with whom they worked. And even in matters of detail, particularly in military affairs, they often enable the puzzled historian to reconcile or choose between conflicting statements in books, or to understand some incident otherwise unintelligible. You cannot cross-examine a book or a MS. ; that is the weakness of written evidence which the presence of oral evidence rectifies in some degree.

There are so many persons in Italy and in England whom I have to thank for help received in collecting the materials for this volume, that I scarcely know where to begin or

where to end. As before, I have had the free use of Mr. Nelson Gay's magnificent Risorgimento library, and his personal assistance on many points. My debt to Cav. Alessandro Luzio of Mantua is greater than before. So is my debt to Signor Menghini of the Vittorio Emanuele library in Rome, and with him I must couple the Sindaco Nathan in thanks for access to the Mazzini papers. The names of Colonel Elia and Colonel Tedaldi may stand for those of many other veterans, who have so kindly endured and answered my inquiries. The Countess Martinengo Cesaresco, whose books convey better than any others to British readers the high spirit of the Risorgimento, has told me many things that cannot be found in books. I thank for their kindness to me, at Bologna, Signor Cantoni and my friends of the Casa Zanichelli; at Milan, Signor G. Gallavresi and Colonel Carlo Pagani; at Genoa, Avv. Pier Giulio Breschi who obtained for me the kind interest and services of his friend General Canzio, now deceased; at Naples, Professor E. Zaniboni, and the members and President of the Società Storia Patria.

Above all, in Sicily the success of my researches has been dependent on the good will of others. Mrs. Joseph Whitaker and all the house of Whitaker; Mr. Churchill, our consul, then at Palermo, now at Naples; and my kind hosts at Marsala, Mr. and Mrs. Gray, have treated me as a man loves to be treated by his countrymen abroad. I had even less claim on the personal assistance of native Sicilians, but I obtained it abundantly. I should mention first Dott. G. Paolucci, whose work on the subject has been so valuable a guide, even in the few matters where I have ventured to differ from him. Professor Pitré himself was also most kind to me. So were Signor Santostefano Marchese della Cerda; Cav. Agostino Rotolo; Signor Giuseppe Campo; Signor Carlo Albanese; Signor Costatini and his fellow

citizens of Piana dei Greci ; Signor Lipari of Marsala ; Commendatore Salinas ; Senatore Guarneri ; Senatore Beltrani Scalia ; Cav. Giuseppe Lodi, whom I thank for the use of his valuable collection ; Cav. Uff. G. Travali, and the authorities of the Archivio di Stato in Palermo ; and many others.

In England, I must thank Lord Carlisle once more for the loan and gift of books, and also Lady Mary Murray. Lady Agatha Russell and Mr. Rollo Russell, Miss Peard, Miss Margaret Shaen, Mr. Charles Lacaita, Mr. Arthur Elliot, Mr. Herbert Craig, Lady Lockwood, Mrs. Osler, and Mr. Malleson have all put family papers at my disposal. I must also thank Sir Cecil Spring Rice, Mr. Marchetti of Halifax (Garibaldino of 1859), and others whose names occur in the notes and appendices of this volume.

Four persons have been at the pains to read the volume in MS. or in proof—Mr. Hilton Young ; my wife ; Mr. Thayer of Harvard, one of the foremost scholars of Risorgimento history ; and Count Ugo Balzani, whose inexhaustible kindness to me is one of the many reasons why it is so pleasant to be often called to visit Italy.

G. M. TREVELYAN.

June 1909.

ORIGINAL PREFACE

GARIBALDI AND THE MAKING OF ITALY

A PREVIOUS volume entitled 'Garibaldi and the Thousand' described the landing at Marsala and the capture of Palermo by that handful of men in May, 1860. The present volume traces the course of larger military, diplomatic, and political events by which the original achievement of the Thousand led in six months to the formation of the Italian Kingdom.

I have once more endeavoured, in footnotes and appendices connected with a full bibliography, to indicate to the curious my authority for any statement made in the text. But in this as in previous volumes, considerations of time and space have made it impossible to explain the nature, limit, and degree of the value to be attached in each case to each of the authorities cited in a given note. And if any student ever has enough enthusiasm to visit various public and private libraries, and so verify all the references which I have given for any one important event—*e.g.* the Battle of Milazzo, or Garibaldi's entry into Naples—he will find that the authorities which I have cited contradict each other on minor points. Volumes would be required to explain in every case why I have preferred one authority on one small point, and another on another. In a few important cases I have given my reasons for preferring one authority to another

(*e.g.* Appendix G), but more often I have merely given a list of the authorities the collation of which has led me to the conclusions recorded in the text.

As regards the estimates of the number of troops engaged or losses suffered in a campaign or battle, they are based on reports or calculations made by officers in command of the troops enumerated, never on the impressions of the opposite side which are always worthless as evidence—except, indeed, in the case of the capture of prisoners, for it is possible to count the enemy's forces when you have captured them, though not before.

I have used the Neapolitan military sources, particularly the documents printed in *Franci* for the Volturno campaign, more than has hitherto been customary with historians. In the light of the reports by Von Mechel, Ruiz, and the Swiss officers, material modification is necessary in the accounts usually given of the operations round Maddaloni and Castel Morrone on October 1. Otherwise the commonly received story of the campaign of 1860 appears to me to stand the test of careful scrutiny.

It has been a particular pleasure to me to unfold for the first time the most intimate workings of British diplomacy at the decisive crisis of the Italian question. I have been able to do this, partly owing to the kindness of the Foreign Office in opening to me the papers in the Record Office, and the Consular papers in Italy, and still more owing to the kindness of Lady Agatha and Mr. Rollo Russell in placing the private papers of their father Lord John at my disposal. The letters from which selections are printed in Appendix A show us 'the very pulse of the machine,' which is not always visible in the official dispatches. And it is particularly gratifying to have been able to establish beyond all question at

the mouth of two or three witnesses, the most sensational details of the story, told hitherto on Lacaita's authority alone, of his strange commission from Cavour to speak to Lord John Russell on the subject of Garibaldi's passage of the Straits (pp. 104-105 and p. 315 below).

Again, as in the case of the former volumes, any success of mine in collecting material has been very largely due to the kindness and activity of scores of people in England and in Italy, on whom I had in the first instance no claim except as a would-be historian of Garibaldi, though many of them are now my friends.

In Italy, my original debt to Mr. Nelson Gay and his *risorgimento* library has been again increased. Like so many other English students in Rome I have benefited in many different ways by the indefatigable kindness of Dr. Ashby of the British School, and as illustrations in this volume show, I finally lured him far afield in the tracks of Garibaldi. Sir Rennell Rodd has found time, among his many more important activities, to take an interest in my work and to find me new material. The fact is that British students at Rome are just now in clover, not only on account of their compatriots resident out there, but also on account of the kindness of the Italians. How much I have experienced this, from how many people, and in how many ways it is impossible for me to recount. But I must here record a special word of thanks to some of those who have made my work in Rome so pleasant and so profitable to me—Count Ugo Balzani, Signor Carlo Segré, Count and Countess Pasolini, Sindaco Nathan, Signor Menghini, and the authorities of the Biblioteca Vitt. Emmanuele, Senator Cadolini, the authorities of the Ufficio Storico of the Stato Maggiore, and various officers of the regular army.

The same kindness has been extended to me outside Rome, at Milan by Signor G. Gallavresi and Signor Gualtiero Castellini, and the authorities in charge of the archives in the Castello ; at Bologna by the authorities of the Museum and by the Casa Zanichelli ; at Genoa by Avv. Pier Giulio Breschi, by Col. Sclavo and the whole Municipio ; at Cremona by Professor Manacorda ; at Mantua by Cav. Alessandro Luzio ; at Naples by the Società Storia Patria, and by our Consul, Mr. Churchill ; at Monteleone, Calabria, by Marchese Gagliardi and Signor E. Scalfari ; and at Staletti by my kind host the late Achille Fazzari and his whole family ; at Salò and London by the Countess Martinengo Cesaresco. Of Sicily and the kind help I received there, I wrote at length in the preface to the last volume.

Both in England and Italy I have had the advantage of conversation with many of the actors in the drama of 1860. Some, like Türr, Canzio, Missori, and Fazzari, have quite recently passed away ; others are with us still. Their names appear in the Bibliography under the heading, *Notes of Conversations*, but I wish here to thank them collectively for their patience under interrogation. Above all I must thank my friends Mr. Dolmage and Mr. Patterson for their continuous efforts to enrich my knowledge by their memory.

I have during the last two years been constantly in receipt of letters from Italy, America, and England, from persons who saw or did things in Italy in 1860. Some of this correspondence I have utilised, noting it in the Bibliography among the *MSS. belonging to private persons*. I heartily thank all those who volunteered to send me information in this way.

In England those who have most assisted me by placing documents or illustrations at my disposal are—

next after Lady Agatha and Mr. Rollo Russell—Mr. Chas. Lacaita, Hon. W. W. Vernon, Miss Peard, Lady Lockwood, Mrs. Osler and Mr. Malleson, Mr. Ingram of the *Illustrated London News*, and the late Dr. Nelson of Belfast.

I am indebted for valuable advice and assistance to Mr. Thayer of Harvard, whose life of Cavour will be a landmark in *risorgimento* history.

Three persons have been at the pains to read this book in MS. or in proof: Mr. Hilton Young; my wife; and Count Balzani.

One who did much to make me in love with the task which I am now bringing to a conclusion has recently passed away—the late Lord Carlisle, who had indeed a natural right to that title which I have heard him arrogate to himself—the title of '*italianissimo*.'

June, 1911.

G. M. TREVELYAN

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‘Seldom do we find that a whole people can be said to have any Faith at all; except in things that it can eat and handle. Whensoever it gets any Faith, its history becomes spirit-stirring, noteworthy.’—CARLYLE, *French Revolution*.

GARIBALDI'S DEFENCE

OF THE

ROMAN REPUBLIC

INTRODUCTION

MOST of us, when we visit Rome, go up on the morning after our arrival to the heights of the Janiculum, and, standing on the terrace in front of San Pietro in Montorio, look back across the Tiber at the city spread beneath our feet, in all its mellow tints of white, and red, and brown, broken here and there by masses of dark green pine and cypress, and by shining cupolas raised to the sun. There it all lies beneath us, the heart of Europe and the living chronicle of man's long march to civilisation ; for there, we know, are the well-proportioned piazzas with their ancient columns and their fountains splashing in shade and shine around the sculptured water-gods of the Renaissance ; the Forum won back by the spade ; and the first monuments of the Christian Conquest. There rise the naked hulks of giant ruins stripped of their imperial grandeur long ago by hungry generations of Papal architects ; and there, on the outskirts of the town, is the Pyramid that keeps watch over the graves. As we look down we feel the presence of all the centuries of European history, a score of civilisations dead and lying in state one beside the other ; and in the midst of their eternal monuments mankind still swarms and labours, after all its strange and varied experience, still intent to live, still busily weaving the remote future out of the immemorial past.

And then, raising our eyes to the far horizon, we see the well-known shapes of those hills of great name, shapes moulded by the chance spasms of volcanoes, as they sank namelessly to rest long ago, leaving against the sky ridges and peaks to which in after days Consuls, Emperors, and Popes of Rome looked every morning as on familiar faces. There, to the north, is the spine of Soracte, famous for no great reason except that Horace saw it from Rome—and yet so famous ; to the east, grey, gaunt Lucretilis pointing at the blue sky and hiding the valley of his Digentian farm ; to the south, the Alban Mount itself, the shape of which, never long out of sight, is like the presiding genius of the city—Alba haunting us still¹—as it haunted Romulus and those who left its wooded slopes to colonise the Tiber bank, and Garibaldi as he ordered the battle day by day for a summer month on this very Mount Janiculum.

Across the fifteen miles that lie between the roofs of the capital and this great semi-circle of sacred hills, rolls sea-like the Campagna in waves of bare, open country. Over it, from the day when the Consul Aulus led out his host to the Porcian height yonder, to the day when Italy entered Rome under Victor Emmanuel, the armies of many nations, in many ages, for many causes, have come and gone, and each could have been seen slowly crawling over the vast plain. In the solemn hush of the distance on which we gaze, through the clear morning air, it seems as if that semi-circle of mountains were the seats of a Greek theatre whereon some audience of patient gods were watching an endless play, as if Rome were the stage on which their looks were centred from the distant hills to north and east and south, while behind, in the west, meet sea and sky, a background before which the short-lived actors move. It was in this, the greatest theatre in the world, the Eternal City, '*Sul teatro delle maggiori grandezze del mondo, nell' Urbe,*' as Garibaldi called it,² that the most significant and moving scene of the Risorgimento was played out.

¹ See Clough's *Amours de Voyage*, end of Canto I, written during the Siege, 1849.

² *Mem.* 223.

And yet among the English visitors who go on from the platform of San Pietro in Montorio to view the colossal equestrian figure of Garibaldi which holds the Janiculan sky-line, not many are aware how very close to this statue ranged some of the fiercest fights in which he ever took part. For his sake, or for Italy's, turn aside a few steps to the Porta San Pancrazio. Standing under its archway we look out of Rome westward, up a country road, which runs straight for two hundred yards, and then splits off to right and left. At the forking of the ways our view from the city gate is blocked by the entrance to a beautiful garden, the grounds of the Pamfili-Doria. Inside that garden we see a slope of grass, with a path running up it to an ornamental arch, which now stands where the Villa Corsini once stood. Between the Porta San Pancrazio and this other archway on the hill top, some four hundred paces away, Italy poured out her best blood. On that narrow white road, and up that green slope, and in the old battered Villa Vascello on the right of the roadway (still left like Hougoumont in honourable ruin) were mowed down the chosen youth of Italy, the men who would have been called to make her laws and lead her armies, and write her songs and history, when her day came, but that they judged it necessary to die here in order that her day should come. It was here that Italy bought Rome, at the price of their blood—here at the San Pancrazio Gate, in 1849, that her claim on Rome was staked out and paid for; twenty-one years passed, and then, in 1870, the debt was acquitted.

That there should ever have been a time when Mazzini ruled Rome and Garibaldi defended her walls, sounds like a poet's dream. In this book I wish to record the facts that gave shape to that dream, to tell the story of the Siege of Rome, than which there is no more moving incident in modern history; and, in the last six chapters, to narrate the events that followed as an epilogue to the siege—the Retreat and Escape of Garibaldi, a story no less poetical and no less dear to Italy's heart, though more neglected

by English writers, because of its smaller political importance. These later events are the march of Garibaldi across Italy, hunted by the French, Spanish and Neapolitan forces through Umbria and Tuscany, into a network of four armies of Austrians spread over northern Umbria and the Romagna; the extraordinary feats of skill and energy with which the greatest of guerilla chiefs again and again disentangled his little band of followers from surrounding hosts, and carried them across the Apennine watershed to the Adriatic sea-board; the final hunting of them into the territories of the Republic of San Marino, by Austrians, close on their heels, cruel as the dragoons of Claverhouse, killing or torturing all those whom they caught. Then the disbanding of the bulk of the Roman forces on the friendly neutral territory of the hill Republic, and Garibaldi's rush to the coast, through the enemy's cordon, with the last two hundred, who would not, merely to save their lives, give up the sacred war so long as Venice held out; their midnight embarkation in the fishing boats at Cesenatico; their fatal meeting, on the way to Venice, with the Austrian gun-boats; the re-landing, among the lagoons north of Ravenna, of Garibaldi with his dying wife in his arms, in company with Ugo Bassi and Ciceruacchio, who were destined in a few days to fall into the hands of the hunters and perish. Not so Garibaldi. I shall tell how the man of destiny, wandering in the marshes and the pine-forest of Ravenna, among regiments of soldiers seeking for his life as for the prize of the war, was preserved by the strange working of chance, by the iron courage and endurance of the worn Odysseus himself, and by the craft, energy, and devotion of the Romagnuols, who guarded him at peril of their lives, as the West countrymen after Worcester fight guarded a less precious treasure.

All this, and his escape back across the breadth of Italy to the Western sea, and embarkation in the Tuscan Maremma for lands of refuge where he could await his great day, will, together with the siege of Rome, form the principal theme of the book. The first half-dozen chapters

must serve to introduce the subject to those who are not familiar with the history of Italy and of Garibaldi.

I have concealed nothing prosaic and nothing discreditable—neither Garibaldi's mistakes during the siege, nor the misconduct of some of his associates, nor the hostility with which part of the rural population regarded the red-shirts.

Hoping to make the story of the defence of Rome, of the retreat of the Garibaldians and the escape of their chief stand out in all its details of place and colouring, I have not only visited the scenes in the capital and near it, but have walked along the whole route traversed by Garibaldi's column from the gate of Rome to Cesenatico on the Adriatic, and have visited the scenes of his adventures near Comacchio and Ravenna. It would, perhaps, be impossible to find in all Europe a district more enchanting to the eye by its shapes, its colours, its atmosphere, or one more filled with famous towns, rivers and mountains, than the valleys of Tiber, Nar, Clanis, Metaurus and Rubicon, across which they marched. Through this land of old beauty I have followed on foot their track of pain and death, with such a knowledge of where they went, and how they fared each day, as is not often the fortune of pilgrims who trace the steps of heroes.¹ To come, in solitary places, upon the very wayside fountains at which, as the survivors have recorded, they slaked their raging thirst, and at other turns of the road upon springs where they found no water that terrible July ; to stand on the hill whence they last saw the dome of St. Peter's, and that other hill where the face of Garibaldi brightened at sight of the Adriatic ; to traverse the oak woods through which they marched under the stars ; or where they slept through the long Italian noonday ; to draw breath in the quiet monastery gardens, perched high over hills of olive and plains of vine, wherein they tasted brief hours of green coolness and repose ; to scale the bare mountains up which they dragged their little piece of cannon, and descend the gorge where at the last they

¹ This extremely detailed knowledge we owe, mainly, to two men, Hoffstetter and Belluzzi. (See *Bibliography* below.)

let it lie when the Austrians were hard upon them ; to see the streets and piazzas in which the citizens held last festivals of the tricolor in honour of their passage, and the villages where the rearguard fought, and where the laggards were killed by the pursuers ; to hear the waves breaking on the mole whence the last of the army put to sea in the midnight storm ; to stand on the lonely beach and sand-dunes where Garibaldi waded ashore with his Anita in his arms, and in the room of the farmhouse where he watched her die, while the Austrians might at any moment have been knocking at the door ; to see these places and to find that the story is very dear to rich and poor, learned and ignorant, in a progressive and a free country, conscious that it owes progress and freedom to these heroes, both those who perished and those who survived—this has taught me what cannot be clearly learnt from the pages of Ruskin or Symonds, or any other of Italy's melodious mourners, that she is not dead but risen, that she contains not only ruins but men, that she is not the home of ghosts, but the land which the living share with their immortal ancestors.

CHAPTER I

THE TRAINING OF GARIBALDI

And other spirits there are standing apart
Upon the forehead of the age to come ;
These, these will give the world another heart,
And other pulses. Hear ye not the hum
Of mighty workings?—
Listen awhile, ye nations, and be dumb.—*Keats* (1817).

IN these words one who never lived to see it prophesied the new world. It was two years after Waterloo, a time of disillusion and of fainting by the way, when Europe, bled white by the man who was to have been her saviour, was again prisoner to kings whom she no longer revered. But, in fact, as Keats' instinct told him truly, the fields were ready for sowing, and the sowers were there unseen. The long unyielding sod had been broken up by the Revolutionary ploughshare, and now that the all too efficient ploughman was at last under lock and key, 'great spirits' already 'on earth' were 'sojourning,' each destined to cast seed of his own into the tumbled soil. If we think whom the young generation contained undistinguished in its ranks when Keats published these lines in 1817, we shall see that he was speaking more truly than even he, in his poet's ardour and optimism, could have dared to hope. In England alone, where Shelley's genius was on tip-toe for its flight, there were at that moment, unknown to the world, and unknown to themselves, Darwin, Carlyle, Mill, Newman, Gladstone, Macaulay, Cobden, Dickens, Tennyson and Browning. The work of all these men taken together was to give our English world 'another heart and other pulses.'

Nor would it be hard to draw up such a list for Con-

tinental Europe, headed by Heine, Victor Hugo and Wagner. But the strangest, if not the richest, handful of fate's hidden treasures was ripening beneath the Italian sky. In the year that Keats wrote there might have been seen in the harbour of Nice (then the Italian city of Nizza) a sailor's boy of ten years old, playing amid the cordage of his father's vessel—by name Giuseppe Garibaldi. A hundred miles further along the Riviera, in a doctor's house, in one of those narrow, picturesque alleys that crowd the hillside above the busy port of Genoa, was another boy of twelve, Giuseppe Mazzini. These two Josephs, whom neither birth nor favour had placed above their brethren, were destined to place themselves among the great Four who liberated Italy. And it was these two sons of the people who were to make that liberation worthy of the Muse, raising the story of Italian freedom to a pinnacle of history far above common nationalist struggles, which after a few centuries are forgotten by all save students. The sailor's and the doctor's sons made the history of Italy's Resurrection a part of the imperishable and international poetry of the European races. And, as regards their effect upon their own time, if they did not actually create, at least they ennobled and intensified, the liberal forces which it was given to one wiser and more cunning to wield. For there was already in the world, in 1817, another boy, a nobleman's son, by name Camillo Cavour. The fourth of the great liberators, the man whom these three were between them to make King of Italy, was not yet born.

So Keats prophesied, and shortly after died in Rome. And still, over the plains and mountain roads of Italy, the Austrians in their white coats and shakos moved unceasingly, on their fruitless, mechanical task of repression; stared at with a vague but growing antipathy by the common people, with horror by Shelley, and with disgust by Byron;¹

¹ Byron to John Murray, Ravenna, February 16, 1821. 'As or news, the Barbarians are marching on Naples, and if they lose a single battle, all Italy will be up, . . . *Letters opened!*—to be sure they are, and that's the reason why I

while the other army of invaders, the English 'milords,' swelling with the pride of Waterloo, each with his carriage, family, footman and 'Quarterly Review' complete, looked with an indifferent contempt on Austrians and Italians, priests and patriots, and with hostile inquisitiveness at the rebel poets of their own race and caste. In such a world, Mazzini, Garibaldi, and Cavour grew up, each among his fellows.

Giuseppe Garibaldi was born at Nice, in a house by the sea shore, on July 4, 1807, as a subject of the great Emperor. On Napoleon's fall he became, as did Mazzini in Genoa, a subject of the restored royal house of Piedmont, which afterwards condemned him to death for treason in 1834, was obliged to hand over his native province to France in 1860, and in the same year received Sicily and Naples at his hands. The inhabitants of Nice were in part French and in part Italian by race. But Garibaldi's family was pure Italian,¹ having come from Chiavari beyond Genoa, about thirty years before he was born. During his boyhood, Nice had not yet been completely captured by the invalids and the wealthy of all countries,² but still belonged to the natives, and Giuseppe's father, Domenico, an honest and simple merchant captain, owning the little vessel in which he traded, was typical of the best sort of native, though himself an immigrant from Chiavari. Like Hans Luther, Domenico Garibaldi gave his son a better education than his slender means could well afford. But he was buying costly seed for a stony soil, and it was with difficulty that Giuseppe's parents and masters managed, until he was fifteen, to keep him intermittently at his desk. For there were the mountains behind the town, where he roamed truant,

always put in my opinion of the German and Austrian scoundrels: there is not an Italian who loathes them more than I do.'—(*Byron*, v. 245.)

¹ If, as the name is held to indicate, one of his remote ancestors was sprung from the Teuton conquerors in the dark ages, he was none the less an Italian than a man of the name of Beauchamp is, for that, less an Englishman. For details about his family see *Guerzoni*, i. 5–10; *Mario*, *Supp.* 2–8.

² *Mem.* 9.

sometimes far afield, with a cousin, a borrowed gun and a game pouch ; there was the harbour with the ships and the sailors from far countries, whose presence there and daily business were to youth a standing recommendation of romance as the common and natural avocation of man ; and above all there was the sea, always before his eyes, always in his thoughts, calling its child to its bosom.

Forty years on, a playmate of Garibaldi described his recollections of these old days :—

‘ Though Peppino (Giuseppe) was a bright, brave lad who planned all sorts of adventures, played truant when he could get the loan of a gun or coax one of the fishermen to take him in their boat, went oyster-trawling, never missed the tunny festival at Villafranca, or the sardine hauls at Limpia, he was often thoughtful and silent, and when he had a book that interested him would lie under the olive trees for hours reading, and then it was no use to try to make him join any of our schemes for mischief. He had a beautiful voice, and knew all the songs of the sailors and peasants, and a good many French ones besides. Even as a boy we all looked up to him and chose him our umpire, while the little ones regarded him as their natural protector. He was the strongest and most enduring swimmer I ever knew, and a very fish in water.’¹

And so the education of books, which came to an end in 1822, never amounted to very much, partly through the limitations of the father’s purse, but still more through the boy’s want of eagerness for learning. He was taught a little Latin, which he afterwards forgot.² He neglected the opportunity to learn from one of his masters what he calls ‘ the beautiful tongue of Byron,’ and picked up English only in later years when he became, as he says, ‘ the Benjamin of the lords of the ocean.’³ But he learnt

¹ *Mario, Supp.* 9–11, and *Mario*, ed. 1905, p. 3 ; *Mario, Vita*, ed. 1882, p. 3. See also his own *Memorie*, 7–9. Both Garibaldi (*Mem.*) and Mrs. Mario’s informant state that the first of the sixteen occasions on which he saved human life from drowning was when he was eight years old and saved a washerwoman who had fallen into a deep ditch ! *Guerroni*, ii. 639.

² *Mem.* 13.

³ *Mem.* 8, 343. *Rule of the Monk*, i. 103, and *passim*. His love of the English became with him a romantic passion, answering to his hatred of priests.

reading and writing, and a little mathematics, and conceived a devotion at least to the 'idea' of the great Italian history and literature of the past. Since it did not require much application for a *Nizzardo* to read French almost as well as Italian, he was enabled to taste Voltaire and to commit some of his verses to memory. But he loved better those of Ugo Foscolo, the liberal poet of his own race and epoch, whose glorious lines were often on his lips from the beginning to the end of his career, and whose melody often soothed him in hours of pain. Garibaldi's companions in South America observed that 'music and poetry had a magical power over him.'¹ He himself often expressed his own emotions in verse. In short he had acquired just enough book learning to feed his naturally freedom-loving, romantic and poetical disposition, but not enough to chasten it, or to train his mind to wide understanding and deep reflection. It was largely owing to this, that his 'native hue of resolution' was never, either for good or evil, 'sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,' and that his 'enterprises of great pith and moment' were never known to 'lose the name of action.'²

Such was the boy whom his parents, fearful of the dangers of the sea, strove to bring up as a solid landsman. But they had entered on an unequal contest, for not only had they no moral case (the father being himself a sailor), but they had to contend against a character which, when roused, was the most obstinate in Europe, and a nature whereof every part was united in rebellion against the

It is to be remembered that he was principally conversant with two classes of our countrymen, the sea-going population and the active sympathisers with Italy.

As to his knowledge of English, it was a late growth. When he was first in North America, in 1850, he tells us he only 'knew a few words of English.' (*Mem.* 265.) Dr. Spence Watson says that when he was at Newcastle, a few years later, 'he spoke English,' but it was still 'very imperfect.' Sir Charles Seely, his host in the Isle of Wight in 1864, writes that he then spoke English 'sufficiently well to be understood when conversing with one or two people quietly,' but that he often found it difficult to follow a general conversation in English; 'I see him now with a puzzled expression on his face.' My father tells me that he fell readily into English, when he met Englishmen by chance in Italy in 1867.

¹ *Cunéo*, 14; *Vecchi's Caprera*, 121.

² *Guarneri*, i. 13-19; *Mem.* 7-9.

prospect of an unadventurous life. And there was yet a third party in the family disputes, the sea, always present, with voice and look encouraging the rebel.

At the age of fifteen Garibaldi took the decisive step. Let him tell the story in his own most characteristic fashion :

‘Tired of school, and unable to endure a sedentary life, I propounded one day to some companions of my own age, to run away to Genoa, without any definite plan, but meaning in effect to seek our fortune. No sooner said than done, we seized a boat, embarked some provisions and fishing-tackle, and sailed eastward. We were already off Monaco, when a vessel sent by my good father overhauled us and brought us back deeply humiliated. An Abbé had revealed our flight. See what a coincidence ! An Abbé, the embryo of a priest, perhaps saved me, and I am so ungrateful as to persecute these poor priests ! All the same, a priest is an impostor, and I devote myself to the sacred cult of truth.

‘My comrades in the adventure, whom I recall, were Cesare Parodi, Raffaele Deandreis ; I have forgotten the others.

‘Here it gives me joy to bring to mind the young men of Nice : agile, strong, brave, splendid social and military material, but unfortunately led on the wrong path, first by the priests, then by depravity brought in from foreign parts, which has turned the beautiful Cimele of the Romans into the cosmopolitan seat of all that is corrupt.’¹

But the foiled revolt had taken effect as a demonstration, the paternal government surrendered, and Giuseppe was sent to sea with all proper constitutional formalities, apparently in the year 1822. The last voyage of Shelley was in the same year and on the same coast as the first of Garibaldi.

From the age of fifteen to the age of twenty-five he worked his way up from cabin-boy to captain in the merchant craft of Nice. He applied himself strenuously to all the learning that is useful to one who commands a ship

¹ *Mem.* 9. I generally quote Werner's translation of the *Memorie*, though not in this case. The references in the notes are always to the authorised Italian edition (1888).

—mastering the necessary mathematics, geography, astronomy and commercial law. ‘I set to work with books by myself, and all my practical knowledge I owe to my first captain, Pesante ; the rest came of itself.’¹

And so the sea became the real school of Garibaldi ; it was there that his body and mind were drilled to endure every hardship, and his qualities as a man of action trained as only the sailor’s life can train them. But while his powers were developed in a practical direction, his ideas became more than ever romantic. For on what manner of seas, in what ships was he sailing ? Not on the well-policed ocean of to-day, more orderly than a London street, but in the Levant during the Greek War of Independence ; in the seas of old romance, of pirates, Turks and revengeful Giaours with long guns and knives, and fierce, dark faces ; among old historic tyrannies cruel as fate, and new-born hopes of liberty fresh and dear as the morning ; among the sunburnt isles and promontories that roused Byron’s jaded passions to splendour, that were even at that moment witnessing his self-immolation and apotheosis ; in those waters young Garibaldi caught, not from books but from the words, gestures and stories of men in earnest, the only true gospel of Byron, the idea that was constructive of the coming epoch—the belief that it is better to die for freedom than to live a slave.²

Three times on these seas he was captured and robbed by pirates.³ It was a world of which Scott or Stevenson would love to tell enchanted tales. In outward appearance, too, the crews and the ships with which Garibaldi sailed had about them all the colour, poetry and grace of the old world. From his own loving recollections of the ship in which he made his first voyage, it would seem that she bore little resemblance to the famous paddle-steamers that long afterwards took him and his Thousand to Sicily :

‘How beautiful wert thou, O bark “Costanza,” whereon

¹ *Mario*, Supp. 10.

² *Cuneo*, 16.

³ *Denkwürdigkeiten*, 1. 13.

I was to plough the Mediterranean, and then the Black Sea, for the first time !

‘Thy ample sides, thy lithe masts, thy large deck, and even thy broad-breasted female figure-head, will remain for ever engraved on my imagination. How gracefully thy San Remo sailors, true types of our brave Ligurians, swung themselves about. With what delight I sought the fore-castle to hear their songs of the people, their harmonious choruses ! They sang of love, and softened or excited me with an emotion that I was then too young to understand. Ah ! that they had sung to me of our country—of Italy, of rebellion, of slavery. Alas ! none had taught them to be Italian patriots, champions of the dignity of mankind. Who was there to tell us young men that there was an Italy, a country to avenge, to redeem ? Who ? With the priests as our only instructors !’¹

Garibaldi had not been brought up at home in the idea either of liberalism or of Italy. His father and mother were genuinely pious and indifferently conservative, and the Nizzard sailors had not been touched by Carbonarism. It was on his voyages in the Levant that he first came across men with the passion for liberty, and it was beyond the sea that he first met Italian patriots, exiles who instructed him that he had a country, and that she bled. He, too, like these Greeks, had a country for which to fight. What a thought ! Nay, what a passion ! It seized him in early youth, like first love—the revelation of life. Henceforth he was a man devoted, with an aim ahead that had in it nothing of self. Italy first, Italy last, and always Italy ! Nor till the day of his death did his zeal and love once waver. He believed in Italy as the Saints believed in God.

The second of his numerous voyages was a short one, coasting along Italy in his father’s own little craft (*tartana*). They touched in the Papal States, and Domenico took his boy to see Rome. Little did the good man know what he was doing. The emotion with which the most poetically

¹ *Mem.* 9, 10. The system of clerical education and espionage was one of the reasons why liberal ideas made so little headway in the territories of Piedmont before Mazzini began the ‘Young Italy’ movement of 1831. ‘Priests were almost the only schoolmasters and professors.’—*King*, i. 47.

mind of the world's famous warriors looked for the first time on the Coliseum, and the other ruins of his country's greatness, has been described by himself. That emotion was only intensified by memory and years of longing in exile; it became inextricably associated with political ideas which were, one suspects, not quite so fully developed in the mind of the youth at eighteen as the man afterwards thought.

'The Rome,' he writes, 'that I beheld with the eyes of my youthful imagination was the Rome of the future—the Rome that, shipwrecked, dying, banished to the furthest depths of the American forests, I never despaired of; the regenerating idea of a great nation, the dominant thought and inspiration of my whole life.'¹

He was, in fact, to spend his long and splendid manhood in trying to fight his way back to Rome. The second time that he saw the city was more than twenty years later, when, in 1848-49, he came armed to defend her. Then another eighteen years went by, and he saw her once more, from afar, in the Mentana campaign, but could not enter. Finally, as an old man, he followed in, when Victor Emmanuel had opened the way. And now, from his pedestal on the Janiculum, he seems to take his fill of the sight, of which he dreamed all his life long.

At the age of twenty-four (February 1832) he qualified officially as a merchant captain. But those were not times when such a man as Garibaldi had now become would long pursue a peaceful calling under a despotic Government. It was the era of the English Reform Bill; of the Revolution that finally drove the Bourbons from France; of the Carbonaro risings in Central Italy, associated in history with the name of the patriot Ciro Menotti. It was once again a moment such as 1789 had seemed to Wordsworth, when it was 'a joy to be alive'—though there

¹ *Mem.* 11, 223. *Cunéo*, 15, shows that he had, before 1850, spoken to his friends of the profound impression made on him by this first visit to Rome. (See *Rule of the Monk*, i. 12, 13, on the Coliseum.)

were many Italian Liberals who did not experience that particular form of pleasure for long. The Austrians put down the momentarily successful revolutions in Central Italy, with the usual hecatomb of martyrs. Brave Menotti was hanged (1831). But on the ruins of the Carbonaro lodges the Association of 'Young Italy' was at once formed by Mazzini, the student of Genoa.

The back-wash of these great events and movements of Western Europe met Garibaldi far across the waters of the Levant. In 1832 the young captain fell in with a group of Saint-Simonians, exiled from France, who indoctrinated him with their gentle revolutionary mysticism. Next year, in a port of the Black Sea, he found a man whom he was better fitted to assist, a young Genoese named Cuneo, one of Mazzini's original group, who told him of 'Young Italy,' and that it was his duty to join the Association. 'Columbus,' he says, 'was not as happy at the discovery of America, as I at finding a man actually engaged in the redemption of our country.' Cuneo, snatched thus suddenly to Garibaldi's heart, remained one of the best and closest friends of his early life, both in Europe and America, and in the year 1850 became his first biographer.¹

On his return from this momentous voyage, Garibaldi hastened to Marseilles, where Mazzini was already living in exile after his first imprisonment. The two met here for the first time, and Garibaldi joined 'Young Italy,' assuming for the purposes of the Association the *nom de guerre* of 'Borel.'²

In the 'Manifesto of Young Italy,' issued by Mazzini in 1831,³ we read that Italy must be founded on 'the three inseparable bases of Independence, Unity, and Liberty'—that is, the Austrian must go, the various small States must be united in one, and democratic government with liberty of opinion must be established. This dream has become solid fact, largely because of the zeal with which the missionaries of 'Young Italy' in the 'thirties and 'forties secretly

¹ *Mém.* 14; Cuneo, 5, 6, 16; *Guerzoni*, i. 31-35.

² *Denkwürdigkeiten*, i. 17; *Mazzini*, i. 96, note.

³ *Mazzini*, i. 67-9.

pushed their prohibited writings throughout the length and breadth of the Peninsula. Men who had never learnt from the Carbonari anything more definite than a passion for liberty, now heard of Italian unity, of democracy, of social reform. But the Mazzinian cult was more than a political programme, it was a religious and ethical movement, compelling men to a new life of self-sacrifice. It was as a publishing agency for its Chief that the 'Young Italy Association' did its great work. As a society for organising revolutions it was even more futile than the old Carbonari.¹

One part of the new programme, which Mazzini considered essential, was destined to failure. The form of democratic government, he said, must be republican. Now, in the 'thirties constitutional monarchy was impossible for Italy, because there was no constitutional monarch; Cavour and Victor Emmanuel had not yet appeared, and indeed the first efforts of 'Young Italy' were actually directed against the House of Savoy, in whose Kingdom of Piedmont the movement had its birth. Victor Emmanuel's father, King Charles Albert, though he hated the Austrian and had visions of the ghost of Italy, had also strong clerical leanings, and was in his political nature autocratic rather than constitutional; at present he was fully in the league of Italian Governments, for the surveillance and suppression of Liberalism.² He continued the censorship in the clerical and reactionary interest, so that in his dominions men read the books and papers of Liberal France at their peril, and by stealth. It had long been considered an offence in Mazzini that 'he walked by himself at night absorbed in thought'; the Governor of Genoa had complained of it to his father, saying: 'We don't like young people thinking without knowing the subject of their thoughts.'³ In fact the Government was less odious than in other parts of the Peninsula, only because it was independent of the Austrian,

¹ *Farini* (i. 86) says of 'Young Italy,' to which he was hostile: 'A portion of the youth' (of the Roman States) 'learned its spirit and its formulas, and adopted its creed without enlisting in the sect.'

² *E.g., Roman MSS., F.R., 7, 17.*

³ *King's Massini, 18.*

and because, ruling over a more conservative people, it had less often to resort to violence and espionage. But if ever Charles Albert was met by the spirit of revolt, he could show himself as cruel as a Bourbon, though, with characteristic uncertainty of purpose, the mystic allowed his conscience to brood over his cruelties even while he was committing them. And so, when in 1833 'Young Italy' began to conspire against him in earnest, a series of executions and tortures by courts-martial, which seem to have left a permanent shade of melancholy over the life of the King who ordered them, shocked Europe, and goaded the Mazzinians to a desperate attempt.¹

The main plot began to ripen soon after Garibaldi joined the headquarters of the exiles at Marseilles. There were hopes that the soldiers would join the rebellion, for in the Piedmontese army, as in the French army of that date, there were liberal elements, originating in that contempt for the *ancien régime* and its representatives which victory under Napoleon's banners had taught to the Italian veterans. If in youth one has trampled on kings and monks, from Lisbon to Moscow, one does not crouch to them readily in later years. Besides, many to whom Napoleon had opened the career had been degraded in rank after the Restoration.² Relying on assistance from such malcontents, Mazzini, in February 1834, invaded Savoy from Swiss territory, with a cosmopolitan crowd of enthusiasts—Italians, Poles, Germans and French. Meanwhile the seductive Nizzard captain, with the open countenance and long curling locks of chestnut-gold, had been sent to Genoa to win over the fleet to revolution; he deliberately entered the Royal Navy with the object of corrupting it from its allegiance.

Although Garibaldi undertook his first venture against tyranny with the readiness that he so often showed when asked to run his head against a wall, this was not one of those walls that so miraculously fell before him. As no one rose, either in the sea-ports or on the

¹ *Della Rocca*, 30, 36.

² *Ibid.* 12.

Swiss border, Mazzini in a few days was back in Switzerland ; while Garibaldi, disguised as a peasant, escaped from Genoa and stole across the mountains to Nice, and thence safely into France. The first time he ever read his name in print was when, on reaching Marseilles, he saw in the papers that the Piedmontese Government had condemned him to death, a proceeding which it is difficult to blame if we consider that he was known to the authorities only as a sailor who had entered the Royal service in order to betray it. When we think that if a few turns of the dice had gone differently, the father of Victor Emmanuel would have succeeded in snuffing out the lives of Mazzini and Garibaldi at this point, we may see that history is something far more wonderful than a process of evolution which science can estimate or predict.

When, in 1864, Garibaldi came to our island to receive, as the redeemer of Italy and the chosen hero of England, an ovation so tremendous that it frightened Europe and even Palmerston himself, on one of those festal occasions he 'looked through all the roaring and the wreaths' where sat a certain patient, neglected figure, come among the rest to honour him, and his heart went back thirty years to the days when, as a young merchant captain, he had first seen Mazzini at Marseilles. Since then bitter quarrels had divided them; but the sight of his old friend overwhelmed all meaner thoughts of him.

'I rise,' said Garibaldi to the assembled company, 'to make a declaration which I ought to have made long since. There is a man here amongst us who has rendered the greatest services to our country and to the cause of freedom. When I was a youth and had only aspirations towards good, I sought for one able to act as the guide and counsellor of my youthful years. I sought such a guide as one who is athirst seeks the water-spring. I found this man. He alone watched when all around slept, he alone kept and fed the sacred flame. . . . This man is Joseph Mazzini: he is my friend and teacher.'¹

¹ *Mario, Supplement*, 372. During the same visit of 1864, they met in the Isle of Wight. 'As soon as Garibaldi saw Mazzini he greeted him in the

Having made the ports of Europe too hot to hold him, Garibaldi disappeared from the Old World for twelve years (1836-48), to reappear famous when next his country had need of him. Shortly after the fiasco at Genoa, he found it best to carry his fortunes to South America, whither, then, as now, Italians, discontented with their prospects at home, often betook themselves. The Pilgrim Fathers of that epoch, who showed modern Italy the way to her New World, were not numerous, but they were choice. Many were political exiles. As the friend and hero of these, Garibaldi there learned war and leadership :

Having first within his ken
What a man might do with men.

Scarcely had he landed in South America (1836) when he formed one of the great friendships of his youth with the Genoese exile Rossetti. They became like David and Jonathan. Having set up together in Rio Janeiro as merchants, for nine months they traded in a little vessel along the eastern coasts of the Continent. But Garibaldi was already discontented with 'the inglorious arts of peace.' 'We are destined for greater things,' he wrote to Cuneo, in December 1836.¹ At length, on the invitation of another Italian exile, he took service under the infant Republic of Rio Grande do Sul, which was then beginning a struggle for independence against the Brazilian Empire.² As the Republicans had not yet got a ship at sea, the appeal touched Garibaldi's sympathies to the quick, and so in his thirtieth year, for the first time in his life, he turned his hand to war, as a buccaneer with letters of marque from the rebel government. He and his friend Rossetti armed a

old *palois* of the lagoons of Genoa. It affected Mazzini, to whom it brought back scenes of their early career, when the inspiration of Italian freedom first began.—*Holyoake*, i. 239. *Guersoni*, ii. 352, 360.

¹ *Cuneo*, 18; *Epistolario*, 3.

² 'A strong Spanish element existed in that province (Rio Grande), and it was not disposed to settle down quietly under Portuguese Imperialism, when their co-patriots a few miles farther south (in Uruguay) were enjoying Republican institutions.—*Winnington-Ingram*, 93. Brazil conquered, after a long and exhausting struggle.

fishing boat, and therein set out with a dozen companions to wage war alone against the giant Empire of Brazil, 'the first to unfurl on those southern coasts the Republican banner of Rio Grande, a banner of freedom.'¹ Well was the little boat called *Mazzini*. But they soon changed it for a larger ship which they had captured, and continued the struggle with ever-increasing success.

Gradually Garibaldi's warfare became amphibious, and before long, celebrated as he was for his exploits at sea, he was yet more celebrated as a guerilla chief, leading bodies of a few hundred, sometimes a few thousand men, across the vast upland plains and forests and river gorges of the Continent, that lay between the Atlantic and the Parana River. The cavalry, who were often the more numerous arm, were natives of the wilderness, horsemen born and bred, and magnificently mounted; hardy and resourceful as the Boers, they had more dash, and liked close quarters. Their favourite weapon was the lance; though many used the sabre, together with the lasso or the *bolas*, hunting the enemy and casting at him, as they had learnt to do in pursuit of the swift-footed ostrich.² Otherwise the warfare must in many respects have resembled the warfare on the veldt. It was necessary to traverse enormous distances across country, far from the haunts of man; to need no food but the cattle which the troops drove with them and slaughtered at meal time, roasting the flesh Homerically on green spits;³ yet always to know the whereabouts and strength of the enemy, to fall on him when he was weaker, and when he was stronger to vanish into space over the prairie or hide in the dense tropical forests. Garibaldi, after he had faced the French and Austrian armies, declared that no civilised troops were such skilled horsemen, so Spartan in their endurance of a

¹ *Mem.* 16.

² More properly called the *Rhea Americana*; for an account of the bird and this method of hunting it, see *The Naturalist in La Plata*, W. H. Hudson, 26, 27. See also note, p. 23 below, on ostrich hunting and the *bolas*.

³ Garibaldi in 1849 declared that he had 'lived on flesh and water for five years' in America.—*Roman MSS. Batt. Univ.*; *Garibaldi's Campaigns*, 269–270.

campaign, or so courageous in their onset, as the *Gaucha* and *Matrero* Spaniards and half-breeds, or the freed negro horse-breakers, whom he led to these nameless scuffles in the wilderness.¹

The 'bright breezy uplands' of Southern Brazil and Uruguay are more fitted for guerilla achievements than the dead level of the Pampas proper, which stretches away south and west of the Plata River towards the Andes. For the provinces over which Garibaldi ranged and fought, for the most part consist of an undulating plateau, raised high on a barrier of precipices above the sea level, cut by deep river gorges filled with forests for refuge, and traversed by ridges whence a soldier's eye could scan vast tracts of country and locate enemies and friends.²

These new scenes and actions stirred Garibaldi's blood, touched his imagination, called out his latent qualities, and for awhile satisfied his exuberant being. In his old age, as he sat brooding, restless, discontented with the adoration of his countrymen whom he had freed, and the applause of the world whose heart he had made to throb, the old man looked back with fond regret on those days of youth and strength and speed, on the still virgin plains, among the noble wild animals, and the noble wild men who had followed him in war :

'The vast undulating plains of Uruguay (he says) present a landscape entirely new to a European, and more particularly to an Italian, accustomed from childhood to a country where every inch of ground is covered with houses, hedges, or other labour of man's hands. . . . The plains are covered with short grass except along the course of the *arroyos* (streamlets), or in the *canadas* (dips in the ground) overgrown with *maciega* (a tall, reed-like grass). The banks of the rivers and the sides of the *arroyos* are covered with fine woods, often containing timber of a tolerable size. These lands, so favoured by nature, are inhabited chiefly by horses and cattle, antelopes and ostriches. Man, here a veritable centaur, rarely visits them.

¹ *Mem. passim*, e.g. pt. i. chaps. xxv. xxxix. ; and pt. ii. chap. ix. p. 241.

² *R. G. S. P.*, viii. 364, 5, and map ; Hudson's *Naturalist*, 2-5.

‘What a handsome fellow is the stallion of the Pampas ! His lips have never winced at the iron bit, and his glossy back, never crossed by a rider, shines like a diamond in the sun. His flowing, uncombed mane floats over his flanks when, assembling in his pride the scattered mares, or flying from human pursuit, he outruns the wind.

‘Who can conceive the feelings awakened in the heart of a buccaneer of twenty-five¹ by his first sight of that untamed nature ? To-day, December 20, 1871, bending with stiffened limbs over the fire, I recall with emotion those scenes of the past, when life seemed to smile on me, in the presence of the most magnificent spectacle I ever beheld. I for my part am old and worn. Where are those splendid horses ? Where are the bulls, the antelopes, the ostriches which beautified and enlivened those pleasant hills ? Their descendants no doubt will still roam over those fertile pastures, and will do so till steam and iron come to increase the riches of the soil, but destroy those marvellous scenes of nature.’²

Garibaldi had, perhaps, the most romantic life that history records, for it had all the trappings as well as the essence of romance. Though he lived in the nineteenth

¹ He was really about thirty when he first visited these upland plateaus.

² *Mem.* 20-22. Here is an account of a typical hunt after the South American ostrich (*rhea*), *Robertson's Paraguay*, i. 238-240 :

‘With crest erect and angry eye, towering above all herbage, our game flew from us, by the combined aid of wings and limbs, at the rate of sixteen miles an hour. The chase lasted half of that time, when an Indian *peon*, starting ahead of the close phalanx of his mounted competitors, whirled his *bolas*, with admirable grace and dexterity, around his head, and with deadly aim flung them over the half-running, half-flying, but now devoted ostrich. Irretrievably entangled, down came the giant bird, rolling, fluttering, panting, and, being in an instant despatched, the company of the field stripped him of his feathers and stuck them in their girdles.’ Garibaldi must in his day have witnessed many such chases. He and his followers in Italy in 1848-49 wore ostrich feathers in their hats, perhaps in memory of their friend the *rhea* of South America.

On p. 239, Robertson says : ‘The *bolas*, next to the lasso, are the *gaucho's* most formidable weapon. They consist of three round heavy stones, each about the size of a large orange, covered with hide, and attached to three plaited thongs, which diverge from each other, and form a centre, every thong being about five feet in length. These, when thrown with unerring aim, as they almost invariably are, at the legs of an animal at full speed, twist and entangle themselves around them, and bring him with a terrible impulse to the ground.’

century, it was yet his fortune never to take full part in the common prose life of civilized men, and so he never understood it, though he moved it profoundly, like a great wind blowing off an unknown shore. He never had education, either intellectual, diplomatic, or political; even his military training was that of the guerilla chief; nor, till he was past learning, did he experience the ordinary life of the settled citizen. Though all must acknowledge that, by the secret ordering of the mysteries of birth, he had been created with more in him of the divine than any training can give, yet we cannot fail to perceive, in studying the slight records of the first forty years of his life, how much the natural tendencies of his genius, in their strength and in their weakness, were enhanced by circumstance.

And so, when in 1848 he returned to fight for Italy, in the full strength of matured manhood—at the time of life when Cromwell first drew sword—he had been sheltered, ever since he went to sea at fifteen, from every influence which might have turned him into an ordinary man or an ordinary soldier.

He had had two schools—the seas of romance, and the plateaus of South America. He had lived on ship-board and in the saddle. The man who loved Italy as even she has seldom been loved, scarcely knew her. The soldier of modern enlightenment was himself but dimly enlightened. Rather, his mind was like a vast sea cave, filled with the murmur of dark waters at flow and the stirring of nature's greatest forces, lit here and there by streaks of glorious sunshine bursting in through crevices hewn at random in its rugged sides. He had all the distinctive qualities of the hero, in their highest possible degree, and in their very simplest form. Courage and endurance without limit; tenderness to man and to all living things, which was never blunted by a life-time of war in two hemispheres among combatants often but half civilized; the power to fill men with ardour by his presence and to stir them by his voice to great deeds; but above all the passion to be striking a blow for the oppressed, a passion which could not be

quenched by failure, nor checked by reason, nor sated by success, old age, and the worship of the world.

These qualities, perhaps, could not have existed in a degree so pre-eminent, in the person either of a sage or of a saint. Without, on the one hand, the child-like simplicity that often degenerated into folly, and on the other hand, the full store of common human passions that made him one with the multitude, he could never have been so ignorant of despair and doubt, so potent to overawe his enemies, to spread his own infectious daring among his followers and to carry men blindfold into enterprises which would have been madness under any other chief. The crowning work of his life was in 1860, when he landed with a thousand ill-armed volunteers in the Island of Sicily, to overcome a garrison of 24,000 well-armed and well-disciplined men. Moltke could no more have conquered Sicily with such means, than Garibaldi could have planned the battle of Sedan.

Such was the hero in victory. But this book is a study of the hero in defeat; it is the story of Garibaldi in 1849, and before it can be told, it is necessary to introduce the heroine, his Anita.

CHAPTER II

ANITA—THE LIFE IN SOUTH AMERICA AND THE RETURN TO ITALY

Oh verdi, interminabili, deserte
distese della Pampa ! oh pascolanti
saure, del fren della sua mano esperte !

Ivi ella crebbe con l' alte erbe ondanti,
Ivi Ei le apparve, biondo come il sole,
e la guardò con gli occhi scintillanti . . .

MARRADI.—*Rapsodia Garibaldina*.

It was part of Italy's good luck in Garibaldi, that, thanks to his splendid physique and to his singular fortune in the thick of battle, he survived the perils of these dozen years of buccaneering and guerilla war, under conditions that would have killed a weaker man, even without the intervention of a bullet.¹ But her other children fell fast around him. Rossetti, and many exiles worthy of her love and gratitude, perished one after the other by shipwreck or by the sword, and their bones were lost in the ocean, or buried in the strange land. Garibaldi grieved deeply till the end of his life that their graves were unmarked, and their memories unknown to the country for whom they had given up all and gone to die so far away. They were, indeed, more truly her martyrs than martyrs of those Re-

¹ *Ferri N.A.*, April 1889, 432. He survived the dangers, not only of shipwreck and of battle, of starvation and of exposure in those vast unreclaimed lands, but even the tender mercies of his enemies; once, early in his South American career, he endured two hours of torture, hung up by his wrists from the beams in the prison ceiling, while the jeering populace looked on through the doorway. 'Such agonies,' he says, 'cannot be described.' When his torturer (Millan) afterwards fell into his hands, he astonished his South American followers by refusing to see the man, and by ordering him to be set free on the spot. *Mem.* 32; *Cuneo*, 22; *Guarnoni*, i. 76; *Dumas*, i. 106.

publics in whose service they fell. Their forgotten names are not inscribed, like those of their successors, on the municipal tablets of famous Italian cities, for they lived in days when to love Italy was to burn with unrequited love.

Garibaldi had no fear of death, but he had a poetic horror of the oblivion that too soon overtakes the memory of the brave. Once, in the early years of his American buccaneering, when he himself, struck down on deck by a bullet, lay for several days at the point of death, he besought one of his friends to bury him on land, earnestly entreating, in the words of Ugo Foscolo, for

‘ a stone
To mark my bones from the unnumbered bones
Which o’er the fields and waves are sown by death.’¹

Not long after that, he was shipwrecked, and though his famous powers of swimming brought him safe to land, several of his dear Italian friends sank before his eyes, in spite of his efforts to save them. Thrown ashore, in the Brazilian Province of Santa Caterina, he and his amphibious following at once took part as soldiers in the capture of the important town of Laguna; they were welcomed as liberators by the Republican inhabitants, and Garibaldi was sent on board the captured fleet of the Imperialists, where it rode in the lagoon that gives its name to the city. It was in the year 1839. He paced up and down the deck of his newly acquired flagship, ‘the top-sail schooner *Itaparica*, of seven guns,’ but he was in no victor’s mood. The recent loss of so many friends had struck him with melancholy, and he began to feel the loneliness of his life. His heart turned to the natural remedy. The ladies of the Central States of South America, both in the towns and in the up-country ranches, combined many of the exquisite graces of old Spanish refinement and courtesy with the

¹ *Mem.* 28; *Cuneo*, 20.

‘ un sasso
Che distingue le mie dalle infinite
Ossa che in terra e in mar semina morte.’

Dei Sepolcri, lines 13-15.

greater freedom and hardihood of a race of settlers in a new and spacious land ; nor was the love of letters and poetry by any means wanting among them. Since this favourable opinion was formed by staid English merchants, who travelled widely in these regions, and had intimate dealings with its inhabitants, it is not surprising to find that it was also the experience of the susceptible and romantic child of the Mediterranean.¹ In the course of his roving life he had been, several times, furiously, but briefly, in love. He felt that he must now win for himself an object on which he could fix his affections. His own artless narrative is alone worthy to introduce Anita :

‘The loss of Luigi, Edoardo, and others of my countrymen, left me utterly isolated ; I felt quite alone in the world. . . . I needed a human heart to love me, one that I could keep always near me. I felt that unless I found one immediately, life would become intolerable. . . . By chance I cast my eyes towards the houses of the Barra, a tolerably high hill on the south side of the entrance to the lagoon, where a few simple and picturesque dwellings were visible. Outside one of these, by means of the telescope I usually carried with me when on deck, I espied a young woman, and forthwith gave orders for the boat to be got out, as I wished to go ashore.’

The girl, whose dark features and hair, virile carriage and determined face he had examined to such good purpose through his telescope, may or may not have been watching the handsome figure on the deck. At least she knew well enough who Garibaldi was, and what deeds he had done ; for he was already to the rebels of Brazil what he afterwards became to his countrymen in Europe, and he had just taken part in the liberation of Anita’s native town. Her name was Anita Riberas ; she was a maiden of eighteen years of age, and her father had betrothed, or, at any rate, promised her, to a suitor whom she could not love.

Meanwhile Garibaldi was being rowed ashore :

‘I landed, and, making for the houses where I expected to find the object of my excursion, I had just given up hope of

¹ *Robertson's P.*, i. 105-7, 199-206 : *Mem.* 23-4.

seeing her again, when I met an inhabitant of the place whose acquaintance I had made soon after our arrival.

'He invited me to take coffee in his house ; we entered, and the first person who met my eyes was the damsel who had attracted me ashore. . . . We both remained enraptured and silent, gazing on one another like two people who meet not for the first time, and seek in each other's faces something which makes it easier to recall the forgotten past. At last I greeted her by saying, *Tu devi esser mia*, "Thou oughtest to be mine." I could speak but little Portuguese, and uttered the bold words in Italian. Yet my insolence was magnetic. I had formed a tie, pronounced a decree, which death alone could annul.'

The story of so sudden a wooing is out of the common ; but he and she were both very far out of the common. Garibaldi's rash pledging of himself for life to one whom he knew so little is consonant with his character, and has a close parallel in an action of his later life which chanced to be as unfortunate as this chanced to be happy. He read in Anita's face and bearing the clear imprint of all those Amazonian qualities of mind and body that made her, in fact, the only possible wife worthy, or able, to bear him company in flood and field, and mate his adventurous spirit at its own level. She, a woman most direct and valiant, highly strung, too, by the prospect of the forced marriage that awaited her, suddenly saw face to face the Hero of her time and country, with his lion-like head and flowing mane of gold, come as her deliverer, armed with the irresistible might of his will. Who, indeed, would have wished to resist, when love flashed from those 'small piercing eyes,' 'full of smouldering fire,' and sounded in that voice, so 'calm and deliberate,' yet 'low and veiled, almost tremulous with inner emotion' ?¹

That power of personal attraction and moral dominion over others, with which Garibaldi seems to have been

¹ 'Probably a human face so like a lion, and still retaining the humanity nearest the image of its Maker, was never seen' (*Martinengo Cesaresco's 'Italy,'* 148). The description of his eyes and voice is from *Haweis's* recollections of 1860.

endowed beyond any man of modern times, was in great part due to something in his voice and to something in his eyes. Written and oral traditions alike record the peculiar manner in which the light of those eyes changed when he was deeply moved. General Mitre, who knew him in his South American days, wrote of him thus :

‘His face was quiet and grave, and his smile appeared on it without altering that character. His blue eyes alone revealed his emotions, by taking on a dark colour like that of the sea, which while it remains quiet nurses the tempest which is brooding in its depths.’¹

Under this spell, Anita in a moment gave away for ever her heart, her soul, and her life.

There was no hope that her other suitor would forgo his claim, favoured as it was by her father, and since in those rough times and lands possession was nine points of the law, Garibaldi, a few nights later, came back and carried her off on board his ship, under the protection of his guns and mariners. The story of that cutting-out expedition has never been told in any further detail, nor is it possible to say whether secrecy sufficed or whether force was necessary.

Such was the beginning of a love story of nearly ten years of married life which none of the world's famous legends of love surpass in romance and beauty. But it closed in the tragedy among the marshes of Ravenna. The horrors of the hour when she died in his arms, a martyr to Italy and to him, for awhile darkened his spirit, so that he failed to see how splendid he had made her life, how bright was the place her life and death would take in his country's history. In this mood he bitterly reproached himself—but no one clearly knows for what :

‘I had come upon a forbidden treasure, but yet a treasure of great price. If guilt there was, it was mine alone. And there was guilt. Two hearts were joined in infinite love ; but an

¹ *La Patria*, June 19, 1904. Dunne told Countess Martinengo Cesaresco that his eyes ‘became intensely black when he was excited.’

innocent existence was shattered. She is dead ; I am wretched ; and he is avenged, yes, avenged ! On the day when, vainly hoping to bring her back to life, I clasped the hand of a corpse, with bitter tears of despair, then I knew the evil I had wrought. I sinned greatly, but I sinned alone.’¹

The publication of these words for awhile led many to suppose that Garibaldi had gone off with another man’s wife. But the evidence of his South American friends, the terms of his marriage certificate, and the traditions of the Garibaldi family, have made it clear that this was not the case. Anita Riberas was about to be married against her will to a man whom she did not love, so she was carried off by Garibaldi, and had a perfect right to go with him. But there would seem to be some mysterious event, hinted at by Garibaldi in these words, which he was never willing to explain.²

Anita and her lover were legally married as soon as they returned from the wilderness to civilisation, at Monte Video, after an enforced delay of more than two years.³ Their sudden resolve to cast in their lot together, though it was the rash inspiration of a moment, was approved by time. Neither of these remarkable persons could ever have married any one else on equal terms. The elopement with Anita was the Sicilian expedition of Garibaldi’s private life ; and for Italy, too, he had won a heroine and a story.

She was not by birth or nature an Italian, but had in her veins the fighting blood of the race that ruled on horseback the deserts of Brazil. It had been the custom of her father to take her about with him on his fishing and hunting expeditions.⁴ This Amazon was ‘a Creole born, but with all the engaging manners of the *señoritas* of old Spain.

¹ *Mem.* 56.

² I have had the honour of talking on this subject to General Canzio, Garibaldi’s son-in-law, the husband of Teresita, worthy, as one of the bravest of the Thousand, of that relationship. (See *Guerzoni*, i. 94-95 ; *Mario, Supplement*, 44-47 ; *Gironi*, 8-11 ; *Anita N.A.*, Dec. 1905, p. 573, and note of *Dumas*, i. 154.)

³ The marriage certificate is dated Church of St. Francis of Assisi, Monte Video, March 26, 1842 (*Guerzoni*, i. 152, 377-378).

⁴ *Anita N.A.*, cxx. 573 (*Ricciotti Garibaldi’s evidence*).

She had become, from the habits of her country, a splendid horse-woman, and it was a sight to be remembered,' wrote a British naval officer, who saw her in 1846, 'as she rode a curvetting animal by the side of her husband.'¹ Like him, she was tender as well as brave, and her only uncontrolled passion was that love for which she risked her life so often, and lost it at the end. She was an excellent mother, except that she finally chose to die for her husband rather than to live for her children.

Garibaldi's companions in arms, the cultivated Europeans in the Italian campaign, no less than the fighting men in South America, adored her, when she talked with them round the camp fires, when she nursed them in sickness, and when she rallied their breaking ranks on the field of battle.

So these two sailed away, and spent their honeymoon in amphibious warfare along the coast and in the lagoons, fighting at close quarters against desperate odds. In her first severe action Anita was knocked down on deck by a cannon-ball, on the top of three dead men. Her husband rushed to her side, but she was already on her feet, and as active as though nothing had happened to discompose her.² On another occasion, during Garibaldi's absence on shore, she was the soul of the battle until his return.³

Before long they were ranging the hills again, far inland, at the head of the Republican armies :

'Anita was my treasure, and no less zealous than myself for the sacred cause of nations, and for a life of adventure. She looked upon battles as a pleasure, and the hardships of camp life as a pastime; so that, however things might turn out, the future smiled on us, and the vast American deserts which unrolled themselves before our gaze seemed all the more delightful and beautiful for their wildness.'⁴

¹ *Winnington-Ingram*, 93.

² *Denkwürdigkeiten*, ii. 128, 129. This book (iv.) is the only book of Part II. which is written by Garibaldi. It gives more details of Anita's conduct than the *Memorie* (q.v. pp. 59, 60, chap. xix. of Part I.).

³ *Denkwürdigkeiten*, ii. 132-134; *Mem.* 63, 64.

⁴ *Mem.* 65.

What spaces of earth and sky, what speed, what freedom, what glory of life and love were theirs, as they galloped side by side, and slept under the homely stars.

In one of their earliest land battles, which went ill for the men of Rio Grande, she was captured by the Imperialists, and believed that Garibaldi was among the slain. She obtained leave to search for him, and turned over one corpse after another, expecting in each dead face to see the features of the man whom she loved. When she found that he had not been left on the field, she determined to effect her own escape and rejoin him at all hazards. Slipping away unnoticed from among her drunken guards, she plunged into the tropical forest on a high-spirited horse which she had obtained from a peasant, crossed sixty miles of the most dangerous deserts in America, alone, without food, swimming great rivers in flood by holding on to her horse, riding through hostile pickets at the passes of the hills and the fords of the streams, who took the wild Amazon for an apparition and ran away in panic. After four days she reached Lages, where her husband soon joined her.¹

Among such scenes their first child was born; they called him Menotti, after the martyred leader of the Italian revolutions of 1831. Between their elopement and his birth they had had no rest and no civilised life, but had been wandering over the sea and the wilderness. Anita had been present at several battles, and endured on horseback all the worst hardships of campaigning up to the time of her confinement (September 16, 1840). Next, she had to fly into the wilderness with her infant of twelve days upon the saddle-bow. She and Garibaldi spent the rainy season wandering, with dwindling forces, in a state little better than that of outlaws, in the depth of the primæval forest, where alone they were safe from the victorious armies of Brazil. Food ran short, for in the forest the lasso was of no avail; the rain fell on them unceasingly, whether

¹ *Denkwürdigkeiten*, ii. 138, 140 (Garibaldi's own narrative). He had told the same story in Anita's presence in July 1849 (see p. 247 below); and it was then recorded by Hoffstetter, who was in the audience. *Hoff.* 339, 340.

they marched or camped; the infant almost died of cold.

'Anita,' writes her husband, 'was in constant terror at the thought of losing our Menotti, and indeed it was a miracle that we saved him. In the steepest parts of the track, and when crossing the torrents, I carried him, then three months old, slung from my neck by a handkerchief, trying to keep him warm against my breast and with my breath.'¹

This sort of Robin Hood life could not go on for ever, and Garibaldi perceived that he must choose between the service of Rio Grande and his duties to Anita and Menotti. Remembering that Rio Grande was not the land that had a lien on his life and family and everything that was his, he determined, at the beginning of 1842, to return to civilisation, and seek a peaceful home in Monte Video, the capital of the Republic of Uruguay, set at the point where the ocean-going ships enter the Rio de la Plata. He managed, on his way thither, to lose a fine herd of cattle, the wages of his six years' warfare, arrived at Monte Video with nothing in the world besides three hundred cattle hides, not a dear commodity in those regions, and was fain to earn a precarious livelihood for his family as shipbroker and teacher of mathematics. But, though diligent, he was not successful in the arts of peace, and he was glad, a few months later, to be again fighting in a new quarrel.

Rosas, the celebrated 'tyrannos' of the rival Republic of Argentina (Buenos Ayres), on the other side of the Rio de la Plata, threatened Uruguay (Monte Video), whose rulers appealed to the famous stranger within their gates. He helped to make them a navy, and taught it how to fight. But that was not all. Monte Video contained a large foreign population of French and Italians, and from the latter Garibaldi raised his 'Italian Legion,' to show the jeering Frenchmen what his compatriots could do in war.

¹ *Mem. 91* : *Denkwürdigkeiten*, ii. 141, 143.

This Italian Legion of Monte Video was the origin of the Garibaldians proper. It was the first considerable body of his countrymen whom he ever commanded on land; most of the men were political exiles; it was they who first wore the famous 'red shirt'¹; and those of them who came back with him to Europe in 1848 imported the Garibaldian dress, tradition, and methods in war and politics. The idea with which they enlisted was to fight for the liberties of Monte Video in return for the shelter it had given them, refusing all rich rewards; but the idea behind was to prepare for another struggle, which, as Garibaldi said, he had never forgotten even 'in the depths of the American forests.' They carried 'a black flag with a volcano in the midst—symbol of Italy mourning, with the sacred fire in her heart'; this banner can to-day be seen in the Conservatori Museum on the Roman Capitol.²

In the formation and training of this force, which started a tradition afterwards so important in the history of Europe, Garibaldi was assisted by the veteran patriot Anzani, to whom he deferred more than to any other man in the course of his life. An exile from his country since 1821, Anzani had fought for liberty in Greece, Spain, Portugal, and Brazil, and it was Garibaldi's belief that if he had lived to fight for Italy he would have shown the world that he was

¹ The reason why the red shirt was originally chosen for the Italian Legion of Monte Video is not known with certainty. But an extremely probable, because very prosaic, solution of the problem is as follows:

'Its adoption,' writes Admiral *Winnington-Ingram* (93), who was in Monte Video as a young man in 1846, 'was caused by the necessity of clothing as economically as possible the newly raised Legion, and a liberal offer having been made by a mercantile house in Monte Video to sell to the Government, at reduced prices, a stock of red woollen shirts that had been intended for the Buenos Ayres market, which was now closed by the blockade established there, it was thought too good a chance to be neglected, and the purchase was, therefore, effected. These goods had been intended to be worn by those employed in the "Saladéros," or great slaughtering and salting establishments for cattle at Ensenada, and other places in the Argentine provinces, as they made good winter clothing, and by their colour disguised in a measure the bloody work the men had in hand.'

² *Mario* (ed. 1905) 60, for photograph of the flag; *Mario*, *Supp.* 52; *La Patria*, Jan. 9, 1905, as to the authenticity of the flag.

one of the very greatest of her sons.¹ Another of his most trusted lieutenants was a handsome young Milanese exile, of the name of Medici; having served his apprenticeship as a warrior of liberty in the Carlist wars, he had been in England and become intimate with Mazzini, and had now come to South America to make his living as a merchant or, as he himself afterwards declared, merely because of weakness in his lungs which could not endure the English climate. But, arrived in America, he again took to fighting, attracted by the reputation of Garibaldi, of whom he had heard as the rising hope of the Mazzinian circle in Europe. The chief at once reposed his confidence in the new-comer, and never had reason to withdraw it, throughout the wars and revolutions of many famous years.²

The Italian Legion saved Monte Video. They took the leading part in the battles close round the capital, when, in 1843 and again in 1846, the enemy pressed the siege hard.³ At other times they were pre-eminent as the heroes of the distant war along the banks of the Uruguay River, where unnumbered herds of cattle and horses wandered at liberty over the vast ranches of the *gauchos*, the magnificent but half-savage patriarchs of that rich wilderness.⁴ The left bank of the river was preserved for Monte Video in the early part of 1846, by a few hundred of the Italian infantry under Garibaldi, who defeated Rosas' linesmen, and formed an impregnable rock amid the swarms of wild *gaucho* horsemen, who, armed with spears, sabres, and lassos, carried on the war between the two Republics.⁵ The

¹ *Guerzoni*, i. 169; *Mem.* 190-1; *Mario*, *Supp.* 52, 53.

² *Pasini*, 7-13; *Ottolini*, 18, 19; *Guerzoni*, i. 203-5; *Elia*, i. 30, 31; *La Patria*, June 19, 1904; *Biazoni*, 262

³ For the siege of 1846, of which less is said by Italian authorities, see the long account by *Winnington-Ingram*, especially pp. 91, 92, for Garibaldi's important part in it.

⁴ *Robertson's P.*, i. 197-257; *S. A.*, i. 252, 253.

⁵ *Cuneo*, 33-35. *Mem.* i. chap. xlv. xlv.; on p. 176 Garibaldi writes: 'I have heard our lads (in Europe) cry "Cavalry, cavalry!" and, I am ashamed to say, throw down their arms and fly, often at a false alarm. Cavalry! Why, the Italians at Sant' Antonio and the Dayman (battles on the Uruguay) laughed at the first cavalry in the world, though in those days they had nothing but bad flint-lock guns.'

⁶ *Robertson (P. i. 82)* describes Rosas riding at the head of 'about 6,000 as

most notable of these actions, fought against immensely superior numbers, was the battle of Sant' Antonio, near Salto (February, 1846), the fame of which spread to Europe.

During these wars of Monte Video, Anita stayed in the capital and minded her growing family. She proved as admirable a mother and housekeeper as she had been a warrior;¹ it was a hard struggle against poverty, for her husband always shared what little he had with others, while at the same time he refused the rewards of land, rank and wealth, eagerly proffered by the state which he had saved. In 1843 one of the most respectable merchants of Monte Video called the attention of the Minister of War to the fact that

'in the house of Garibaldi, the commander of the Italian Legion and of the national fleet, the man to whom Monte Video owed its life from day to day, no light was lit after sundown, because candles were not comprised in the soldier's ration, the only thing Garibaldi had to live on. The Minister thereupon sent, by his aide-de-camp, G. M. Torres, a hundred *pataconi* (500 francs) to Garibaldi, who, keeping half this sum, gave back the other half in order that it should be sent to the house of a widow, who, according to him, had more need of it. Fifty *pataconi* (250 francs) was the only money that Garibaldi had from the Republic. While he remained among us his family lived in poverty; he was never dressed differently from the soldiers; often his friends had to resort to subterfuges to make him change his worn-out clothes. He had all the inhabitants of Monte Video for his friends; never was a man there more universally loved, and it was only natural.'²

Of this period several stories are told, as humorous as they are touching: how the saviour of Monte Video came home one evening wrapped up to the chin, having given away his only shirt to an old legionary who had even more need of

good cavalry as could well take the field. It was a motley group as regards uniform; but for men and horses it was beyond all doubt a most efficient corps.' 'Rosas,' adds Robertson, 'had not 500 infantry to co-operate with his 6,000 cavalry.' This was some years previous to his wars against Garibaldi.

¹ *Denkwürdigkeiten*, ii. 143.

² *Guerzoni*, i. 209—from 'Pacheco y Obes,' 1849.

it than he ; how Anita was almost weeping, one day, to find that the last three little coins had vanished from the recess where she kept the family horde, till her warrior confessed that he had stolen them to buy their little girl a toy, and Teresita herself appeared in the doorway brandishing the trophy in exculpation of the offender ; how he appeared one day on parade with his golden locks close shorn, because the universal and passionate adoration of him by the ladies of Monte Video distressed Anita, and he had, for her relief, despoiled his beauty.¹

Garibaldi often visited his friends of the British Legation, but they noticed that he always came late at night, until at last one of them ventured to say to him : ' Why do you not come in the daytime ? You are always sure of a welcome here.' Garibaldi in reply flung back his *poncho*, and revealed the scanty condition of his clothing ; though he might at that period have been well off, he was living in rags rather than take the money of the struggling Republic.²

Towards the end of his residence in Monte Video he refused rewards of land from the Government, and persuaded his Legionaries to endure this self-chosen poverty,³ partly as an example of Republican virtue, much needed in those latitudes, and partly in order that they should always be morally free to throw up their engagements and return to Italy at the shortest possible notice. Garibaldi was getting ever more impatient to be gone. He always retained a warm feeling for the people of Uruguay as ' a very lovable people ' (*ben caro popolo*), but he was beginning to see through their politicians. The sordid personal ambitions, never far below the surface in South American affairs, soon showed themselves in such a way that even Garibaldi, with all his idealisation of a Republic battling for freedom, could no longer be blind to them.⁴

Ever since his landing in America, whenever he was

¹ *Anita*, N.A., 577, 584 ; *Guerzoni*, i. 379.

² Information given to Mr. John Ward by the late Mr. Vere Foster, formerly attaché of the British Legation of Montevideo.

³ *La Patria*, June 19, 1904, for details.

Mem. 168, 186.

not buried in the wilderness, Garibaldi had been in constant touch with 'Young Italy,' corresponding under his old association name of 'Borel.' And now, as the 'forties rolled by, the Montevidean exiles listened year by year ever more eagerly to the news sent by their friends in Italy and in London. In 1844 they heard that the Italian tricolor had been raised in the Neapolitan kingdom by Attilio and Emilio Bandiera, and that the two gallant brothers, together with Ricciotti, had been taken and shot. Garibaldi gave his younger son the name of Ricciotti.

But then, in 1847, came other news. The liberal and national movement had swelled so high that it had penetrated even palace walls. Under the name of Pio Nono, a reforming Pope had come to the throne; Savoy and Tuscany were moving towards constitutionalism. It was hoped that the whole land, governors and governed alike, would soon be arming for a national crusade against the Austrians in Milan; and in December 1847 Garibaldi lived in the expectation, which now seems strange indeed, that the Pope or the Grand Duke of Tuscany would employ him to expel the foreigner from the Lombard plain.¹

Already the names of Garibaldi and his Italian Legion were household words with patriots at home. The fame of Garibaldi's achievements had been diligently nursed by Mazzini's secret agencies,² and, in these latter months of freedom, by the newly emancipated press of Tuscany, Rome, and Savoy. Thus, in May 1848 while Garibaldi was actually crossing the ocean, a Dutch artist, named Koelman, was sitting in a *café* in Rome, when he heard an Italian say, 'Garibaldi is coming back from Monte Video!' 'Who is Garibaldi?' said the foreigner; and forthwith supplied himself, for a few coppers, with a pamphlet, adorned by a portrait of the eagerly expected chief, recounting his

¹ *Elia*, i. 11; Garibaldi's letter to Antonini, Dec. 27, 1847.

² Any doubt as regards Mazzini's friendly attitude to Garibaldi at this time is laid at rest by Mazzini's letters to Lamherti, dated October 6, 1846, and January 29, 1847, printed in *Giurati*, 181, 209-210.

adventures and wars in the western world. Incredulity was the first impression produced upon the artist by a story so sensational; for he could not believe that heroes of romance still existed, or that, if they did, they could have any effect upon modern Europe. A year afterwards the unbeliever was constrained by love of this very Garibaldi to risk his life in defence of a country that was not his own, and he has left to posterity a book which contains a living portrait of the man whom he learnt to adore.¹

So the Garibaldian legend was already planted in Italy when Anita, with her children, landed at Genoa in the spring of the year of revolutions, welcomed to her new country by an enthusiastic crowd of citizens crying *Vivas* for Garibaldi and 'our Garibaldi's family.'²

A few months later, after heart-breaking delays caused by the fears of the Montevidean Government and the English merchants about the defence of the State,³ Garibaldi himself followed in the ship *Speranza*, with the fighting men, somewhere between sixty and a hundred in number.⁴ He had sent over his wife and children first to safe quarters, because, not knowing the course that Italian politics had taken in the first months of 1848, he was prepared to have to land his troops in the territories of hostile governments, and to meet, very possibly, the fate of the *Bandieras*.

The *Speranza* set sail on April 15, 1848, four weeks after the population of Milan had risen and driven Radetzky and his 20,000 Austrians out of the city, in five days of the hardest and most glorious street-fighting in the annals of revolution. But Garibaldi and his companions did not know of these actions, as their ship moved on, day by day and night after night, through the lonely Atlantic. They only knew that they were going 'towards the attainment of the passion and desire of their lives.'

¹ *Koelman*, i. 179, 180; *Guerzoni*, i. 190-192; *Mario*, *Supp.* 71-77.

² Anita's letter, *Anita*, 578; *Mario*, *Supp.* 71-72. The three children were Menotti, Ricciotti, and Teresita. Rosita had died in America, to the inexpressible grief of her parents.

³ *Cuneo*, 44.

⁴ Garibaldi says 63; Cuneo says 100.

‘That thought was the abundant reward for the perils, hardships, and sufferings incidental to a life of tribulation. Our hearts beat high with lofty enthusiasm. If the right hand, hardened in battles far away, had been strong in an alien cause, what will it not be for Italy?’¹

And so these men, joyfully self-devoted, sailed to their graves and their glories in that ship. Since they were alone upon it, with no unbelievers there to mock their ceremonies, every time that the sun went down in ocean, they stood up in a circle on the deck, and ‘sang for evening prayer a patriotic hymn.’ Thus from the fulness of their pure hearts did those men, about to die, salute their mother. Her past and future sang in unison. Old Anzani, type of the proto-martyrs who had given their lives for no meed of fame or thanks in the bitter, stifled years gone by, himself sick to death, joined feebly in the chant with the young generation who were hastening as willing victims to a more conspicuous, but not a more noble, sacrifice. And with the other voices blended the low, rich voice of the deliverer to be—till the song, without an audience, died upon the waters’ waste.

¹ *Mem.* 185.

CHAPTER III

ITALY'S FAILURE IN 1848¹

'What bloom of hope was there when Austria stood like an iron wall, and their own ones dashing against it were as little feeble waves that left a red mark and no more?'—GEORGE MEREDITH (*Vittoria*, chap. xvi.).

WHEN Garibaldi left Monte Video, in April 1848, he was still ignorant of the events which had revolutionised Italy in the opening months of the year. Fearing that the governments in every State of the Peninsula might after all prove to be on the side of 'order,' he was prepared to run ashore somewhere south of Leghorn, on the wooded Tuscan coast, and raise the tricolor standard in the wilderness, unless he received further advices from Mazzini, with whom he had made arrangements to communicate on his arrival in European waters.²

With such resolute purpose Garibaldi and his comrades had already sailed past the British sentinels into the Mediterranean, before news, which had for some time been stale in Europe, met them out at sea, changing the whole character of their expedition, and causing them to reshape their course for Piedmontese territory. The tidings, which they first gleaned from a passing vessel, were confirmed and amplified when they touched at a little port town on the east coast of Spain to procure fresh supplies, chiefly for the benefit of the dying Anzani. Garibaldi thus describes the scene :

'Captain Gazzolo, commanding the *Speranza*, went ashore, and quickly returned on board with news to turn the heads of men far less enthusiastic than ourselves. Palermo, Milan, Venice, and a hundred sister cities, had brought about the

¹ For this Chapter see map, p. 9 above.

² *Guersoni*, i. 203-205, 215.

momentous revolution. The Piedmontese army was pursuing the scattered remnants of the Austrian ; and all Italy, replying as one man to the call to arms, was sending her contingents of brave men to the holy war. The effect produced on all of us by this news may be better imagined than described. There was a rushing on deck, embracing one another, raving, weeping for very joy. Anzani sprang to his feet, excitement overpowering his terrible state of weakness. Sacchi absolutely insisted on being taken from his berth and carried on deck. "Make all sail!" was the general cry. . . . In a flash the anchor was weighed and the brigantine under sail.'

And so, on June 21, they arrived at Nice, 'no longer exiles, no longer forced to fight for the privilege of landing' on their 'native shores.' The whole city raged with joy round the man who had stolen away fourteen years before, under sentence of death, and Garibaldi, who had little knowledge of the real state of the Peninsula, imagined that he was landing to take part in the campaign that should decide for ever the liberation of Italy. All was hope and happiness, for here, too, he found Anita and his children safely awaiting him, and his old mother whom he loved so well and had not seen for so long. Perhaps it was the last time in his life that he was altogether contented. 'Certainly my position was an enviable one,' he writes of that day. 'I am deeply touched, remembering those sweet emotions which were to end so quickly and so painfully.'¹

The first grief that clouded the Italian sky for Garibaldi was the immediate death of Anzani, the only man in his company who was in some sense his equal, 'that truly great Italian, for whom all Italy should by rights have mourned. I never knew,' he wrote, 'a more capable and honourable man, or a soldier of loftier character.'

The greatest of that first generation of Garibaldians who had shared their chief's early struggles in America, Anzani, on his death-bed at Genoa, spoke his famous word to Medici, the representative of the young men who lived to achieve

¹ *Mem.*, pt. ii. ch. i ; *Guarneri*, i. 214-218 ; *Cavaciocchi*, 9-10.

the glories of Sicily and Naples. Some dispute had already arisen : 'Do not,' said the dying patriot to Medici, 'do not be too hard on Garibaldi : he is a man of destiny ; a great part of the future of Italy depends on him, and it will be a grave error to abandon him.'

Next day the old patriot was dead ; 'his body was carried through Liguria and Lombardy to be buried in the grave of his fathers, at Alzate, his native place.' He had been an exile from Italy for twenty-seven years, but when he died at last upon her soil, he must have felt certain of her approaching liberation.¹

The good news which had met Garibaldi on the coast of Spain, although it was true, or at least had been true at one moment, was not the whole truth. Nine-tenths of the soil of Italy was, indeed, in the power of national and constitutional governments, but, although each monarch had yielded more or less to the call of his subjects for constitutionalism, neither Ferdinand of Naples nor Leopold of Tuscany, nor even Pio Nono—whose accession had given the first impulse to the movement—had the least intention of abdicating their thrones in favour of Italian unity. The instinct of self-preservation made them jealous of King Charles Albert of Piedmont, who had abandoned his reactionary policy in order to head the national crusade against his Austrian neighbour in the Lombard plain, and was already in a sense bidding for the crown of Italy, which his son was to forge and wear. The *chants du départ* of the students and workmen starting for the battle-fields of the north could not fail to sound ominously in the ears of the Pope, the Grand Duke, and the Neapolitan King, who employed the executive power in the States of the south and centre, not in organising the national crusade, but in damping its ardours, thwarting the departure of the volunteers, and preparing for reaction at home. Their attitude towards the national struggle against Austria recalled the listless inactivity of Louis XVI.,

¹ *Guerzoni*, i. 169, 224 ; *Nem.* 190, 191.

or the open enmity displayed by his consort in the first great storm of revolutionary war; but, whereas that policy was fatal to Louis, and not to France, the similar policy of these monarchs proved immediately fatal to Italy, and only after a dozen years recoiled on themselves.

And so, when Garibaldi disembarked, it was true in theory rather than in practice that a pan-Italian war was being waged against Austria on the Lombard plain. But at least the struggle in the North engrossed the thoughts of reactionaries and Liberals in every part of Italy, for all knew that their own fate was involved in the fate of Milan, the key by which alone Austria could lock, or Piedmont unlock, the whole Peninsula. Then, as in the time of Rivoli and Marengo, as afterwards in the time of Magenta and Solferino, the battles lost or won at the foot of the Alpine passes, and in the vineyards of the great northern plain, decided what must be the approaching fate of Naples, Florence, and the Papal territories.

If the Italians had then been united in purpose and in policy, as they were in 1859, they could, without aid from France or any other country, have hoisted the Austrians over the Brenner Pass in the early summer of 1848. For they were not at that moment fighting an Empire, but only an army. Austria-Hungary had gone to pieces, Hungarians and Bohemians had established their independence, and even the Viennese—for centuries the bulwark of loyalty to the Hapsburg—were expelling the Emperor from his capital. While the central fortress of Metternich's European policy was being stormed by the mob, France and Germany were in the hands of revolutionists, and a flood, not like that of 1792, flowing eastward from France, but spontaneously rising in every quarter from a thousand wells, submerged the landmarks, palaces, and steeples of old Europe.

Driven out of Milan by the heroism of its citizens, Radetzky had at the end of March fallen back into the famous 'Quadrilateral,' the four great fortresses of Verona, Mantua, Peschiera and Legnago, which guarded the mouth

of the Brenner Pass, and formed Austria's *tête de pont*, whence she could debouch into Italy. Here, in the Quadrilateral, the old order stood magnificently at bay. North of the Alps the Austrian Empire had ceased to exist, but it lived in the camp of Radetzky, where Hungarians, who in their own country were Kossuthites hostile to the Emperor, were only eager to slay his enemies. The habits engendered by discipline, the fraternal bonds of *esprit de corps*, and above all that ignorant contempt for the Italians indigenous in the transalpine barbarian—a feeling old as Attila, old as Brennus—gave to Radetzky's troops a unity which was wanting to their assailants.¹

That want of unity was felt everywhere and in everything. It was not merely that the governments of Tuscany, Rome, and Naples succeeded in making the volunteers from two-thirds of the Peninsula comparatively few and of no great service. The whole North was engaged in the war, but the North itself was divided by factions. It was split between the monarchical party, who wanted all the liberated provinces to vote at once for 'fusion' with Piedmont, and the Republicans, who looked to achieve Italian unity through a federation of democratic States. There was local jealousy between the cities, who had not accepted, or at least had not assimilated, the new idea of national union; and, worst of all, there was a widespread incapacity for organisation and war, inevitable in the first months of liberty among a people whose natural, native chiefs had so long been excluded from participation in government and forced to be idle slaves or secret conspirators.

But, in Venice, Manin had already shown that Italy possessed at least one great man of action. By marvellous audacity and wisdom the inspired lawyer procured without bloodshed the withdrawal of the Austrians from the city. His next step, the proclamation of the Venetian Republic, though it did much to inspire emulation of former glories, did not make for unity of spirit. It drove Charles Albert

¹ The patriotic part of the Italian conscripts had deserted from the Austrian army.

into premature intrigues for the formal annexation to Piedmont of territories which were still the seat of a doubtful war with Austria, and this policy in turn irritated the strict Mazzinians, a small but important body who could not forget that this king had once sought to take their lives, and had succeeded in taking the lives of the dearest friends of their youth. Meanwhile the Provisional Government of Milan, distracted by these political intrigues, and wanting in practical ability, mismanaged the business of its war department, and wasted and wearied the fervour of the Lombard volunteers, out of sheer incapacity; while the Piedmontese military authorities, suspicious of democratic enthusiasm, and professionally contemptuous of irregular troops, thwarted the volunteer movement with deliberate intent.

Charles Albert had indeed one instrument ready sharpened in his hand, the splendid regular army of Piedmont, a match for the Austrians by the highest professional standards. But even this he could never muster enough resolution to use in a straight home-thrust. In March he wasted the first precious days after the rising of Milan, while the retreating Austrians might have been cut to pieces before they reached the shelter of the Quadrilateral; in May he ordered a retreat from the half-won battle of Santa Lucia, near Verona, and then continued, with that strange moral timidity in war which was so much in contrast to his physical courage, to let one opportunity after another pass by.

Such was the state of things when Garibaldi arrived at the royal headquarters at Roverbella (July 3, 4) and loyally offered his sword to Charles Albert. He was then, and remained all his life, a Republican; but then, as later, he was ready to fight for popular government under other forms preferred by the majority of his countrymen, rather than blast the hopes of the nation by creating divisions—a more truly democratic view, perhaps, than intransigent sectarianism.¹ If, in 1848, Victor Emmanuel had been in his father's place, he would have welcomed Garibaldi with open

¹ *Mem.* 277.

arms, and Cavour would have known how to exploit 'the hero of Monte Video' for all he was worth, to rekindle through him the failing enthusiasm of the volunteers, and to reunite the Democratic parties to the throne. But Charles Albert (or his constitutional ministers, for it is difficult to apportion the responsibility) thought it enough to show courtesy to the pardoned traitor of 1834, and his services were rejected by Piedmont.¹ Garibaldi thereupon took a commission under the incompetent Provisional Government of Milan, and was sent, with a few badly armed and ill-chosen men, to Bergamo, where he had neither time nor opportunity to create the least diversion before the disaster fell on the main army.

On July 25 the royal forces were defeated at Custoza, in spite of their valour and good conduct, owing to bad generalship and the breakdown of the commissariat. The army was not destroyed, nor even routed; but in the next ten days it was forced back from one point to another, in a series of ill-conducted and bravely contested engagements, until it was finally driven into Milan. There this most unhappy king had enough sympathy with the people to be exquisitely sensitive to the hatred which he had called down on himself by disappointing all the national hopes and handing back the gallant Milanese to the tyranny from which they had freed themselves in March without his aid. On the day that the enraged populace besieged him in the Greppi Palace, his friends could see how pure and deep were his sufferings.

'He was on foot, deadly pale, and aged in face and figure (writes Della Rocca). He held his sword tight under his arm, and, when he saw me, said, "Ah, mon cher La Rocca, quelle journée, quelle journée!" I shall never forget the tone of his voice.'²

On August 5, he was compelled to surrender Milan to the Austrians, partly because the Provisional Government there had neglected to make any preparations for defence, or even for feeding their Piedmontese allies.

¹ *Cavaciocchi*, 6-7.

Della Rocca, 88.

'The army evacuated the city during the night. A few desperate men fired on the soldiers, as they sadly defiled through the streets. But disaster had broken down the misunderstanding; more than half the population, it was estimated, fled with the army, indignant at Austrian rule; and, tenderly assisted by the soldiers, the terror-stricken citizens thronged the roads to Piedmont.'¹

By their heroic 'five days' of street fighting, in March, the Milanese had won less than five months of liberty; but they had registered a claim upon the future, and Austrian rule was henceforth too odious ever again to seem a legal and settled government. Italian unity had failed to materialise because Italians were not yet united in heart and mind, and the failure had been the more sure and rapid, because the man who alone could have saved the situation lacked all the political and all the military qualities of a *Pater Patriæ*. But if Charles Albert was not the father of his country, he was the father of Victor Emmanuel.

When, four days after the evacuation of Milan, the famous Armistice was signed between Piedmont and Austria, it was scarcely unnatural, though it was unjust, in the Democrats to think that the king had betrayed the national cause by making peace, when his army was, as they believed, intact—when it certainly had not been destroyed. And least of all men could Garibaldi, and those who had come with him from Monte Video to sell their lives for Italy's freedom, be content to lay down their arms before they had seen a shot fired in anger. Kings had betrayed them; let them appeal to the peoples. The king had made peace to save his crown; let them proclaim a 'people's war.' In this mood the Garibaldians carried on a Republican campaign against Austria in the Alps. Mazzini for some days had accompanied the troops as standard-bearer, carrying a flag inscribed with his own famous watchword 'God and the People' (*Dio e Popolo*), but he soon left for Switzerland. In the short time since Garibaldi's landing at

¹ *King*, i. 260.

Nice, Mazzini and he had had their first quarrel, the origin of great things for Italy in years to come.

The little campaign, a personal and political protest rather than a real war, was waged for two or three weeks in the mountain villages round the south of Lakes Maggiore and Varese. Next to their leader, his young lieutenant, Medici, distinguished himself and won the soldiers' confidence. By the end of August, Garibaldi was driven across the Swiss border, but not before he had displayed to his countrymen his genius in guerilla warfare, and so ensured for himself the enthusiastic attachment of the Democrats in every State of Italy. The affairs at Luino and Morazzone were his first exploits on Italian soil, and with them the last efforts to expel the foreigner in the year 1848 came to an end. The Austrian had recovered all his Lombard and Alpine territories, and was already preparing the long siege of Manin and his Venetians in their island city.*

* In spite of his comparatively cold reception by Charles Albert at Roverbella, Garibaldi had not, upon the whole, reason to complain of his treatment by the Piedmontese authorities. The false and even dangerous position in which they had been placed in relation to the victorious Austrians by his refusal to be bound by the armistice in August, would have supplied a less patriotic government with ample excuse for closing the frontier against him when he came back a month later from Switzerland. But they allowed him to return and take up his quarters, unquestioned, among his own people at Nice. There were, indeed, men in high places in Charles Albert's service who already understood his value. 'I have visited Garibaldi,' wrote General La Marmora in September; 'he has a fine face, rough, but frank. I am ever more persuaded that in good hands he would be useful.' 'He threw himself among the Republicans to fight, and because his services were refused. I do not believe he is a Republican in principle. It was a great error not to use him. When there is another war, he is a man to employ. Garibaldi is no common man.' (*Cavaciocchi*, 85-87.)

CHAPTER IV

CONDITION OF THE ROMAN STATES UNDER THE PAPACY,
1815-46—PIO NONO AND THE REFORM MOVEMENTS, 1846-48

‘ Pur nell’ Ausonia ancor egra e acciecata
Passeggian truci le adorate larve.
Passeggian truci, e ’l diadema e il manto
De’ boreali Vandali ai nepoti
Vestendo, al scettro sposano la croce ;
Onde il Tevere e l’ Arno a te devoti,
Libertà santa Dea, cercan la foce
Sdegnosamente in suon quasi di pianto.’

UGO FOSCOLO—*Ode, Bonaparte Liberatore*, 1797.

THUS the redemption of Italy, which could be effected only by the defeat of the Austrians in the North, was postponed, by the disunion of her children, for another decade. Although it was a grievous thing that ten more years of suffering in common were wanted to teach all Italians that they had but one cause, yet it was well, perhaps, that good generalship or French interference did not, in 1848, give them independence before they were ripe for union. For if independence had come to the different States of Italy without union, independence itself would have been less stable and of less value. As yet the Papacy, with its scarcely challenged claim to reign over the centre of the Peninsula, stood morally and geographically in the way of amalgamation ; even Liberals and Nationalists had not yet completely envisaged the obligation to destroy the temporal power, but dreamed, instead, that they would make it Liberal. But events were to take place in the twelve months that followed Custoza, which for ever divided the Papacy from the national cause, and prepared the minds of the Pope’s subjects to throw off his allegiance, and to merge themselves in one great Kingdom of Italy.

In order that the reader may understand how it came about that, a few months after the Austrians had driven Mazzini and Garibaldi over the passes into Switzerland, they were shining before Europe as the rival *Dioscuri* of a Roman Republic, it is necessary to give some preliminary account of the new scene and the new actors, of the Roman States, and the various regions, classes, and parties, which they embraced within their limits.

The Roman States,¹ as a glance at the map (at end of book) will show, stretched from sea to sea, including the Tiber and its confluents on the south-west of the Apennine watershed, and on the north-eastern side the great plain of the Romagna, in the angle formed by the Adriatic and the Po. This seaward plain of the Romagna, studded with famous cities like Bologna, Forlì, Rimini, Ravenna, and tilled by a comparatively prosperous peasantry, was cut off by the highest range of the Apennine mountains, and distinguished by the nature of its soil and scenery and by the character of its people from the arid, backward and poverty-stricken Tiber regions, where lay the seat of the Pontifical Government.

The origin of the unnatural subjection of the Adriatic seaboard to the rule of Rome lay remote in the history of the dark ages. Romagna and the Marches, answering respectively to the 'Exarchate of Ravenna' and the 'Pentapolis,' had been the last pieces of Italian soil preserved by the decaying Empire seated at Byzantium. When, in the eighth century, the Lombards snatched these territories from the feeble clutch of the successors of

¹ With regard to the condition of the Papal States and the methods of government between 1815 and 1846, the best general accounts in English will be found in *Johnston*, chaps. i. and ii., and *King*, i. 72-85. The reader may also get a very good idea of the Temporal Power by studying for himself the State documents of the Cardinals and their agents, published at the end of *Orsini*, and the documents in *Gualterio*. (See also *Farini* and *D'Aseglio*, for the evidence of well-informed and moderate contemporaries, who were opposed to the Democrats as well as to the Clericals; and Cardinal *Wiseman* and the Chevalier *O'Clery* for the Papal case.) *Galeotti* also contains information in a handy form.

Augustus, the Pope called in the Frankish kings, who rescued the cities of the Exarchate and Pentapolis from the Lombards, and made them over to the only power that seemed any longer to represent the Roman Empire in Italy, namely, 'To the Roman Republic, to St. Peter and to his Vicars the Popes of Rome for ever.'¹

From that time forward the Romagna had been retained, in theory at least, by the Pope, and at the close of the Middle Ages it had fallen completely under his sway, by the chance of war and diplomacy. But it belonged, by what the French Jacobins called 'the law of nature,' either to North Italy or to itself alone. Napoleon, who in his youth had a keen eye for realities, especially in his ancestral land of Italy, recognised this fact, and as early as 1797 joined the Romagna to the States which he was creating in the Po valley. For nearly twenty years before Waterloo the Romagnuols had enjoyed, not indeed liberty, but enlightened government by Italian laymen trained on the French model, the best code of laws then in Europe, and a system of education that was modern instead of mediæval, military and official instead of clerical.² It was during this French occupation that the seeds of religious scepticism were sown, and the scientific ideas of the Encyclopædists became familiar to the educated classes.³ The Napoleonic flame was not a pure light, but in Italy it broke like the day on those who sat in great darkness.⁴

But the French rule did at least one injury. It swept away the last remnants of municipal independence within

¹ Hodgkin's *Italy and Her Invaders*, vii. 135-223.

² *C. M. H.* ix. 390-402 (H. A. L. Fisher).

³ *Farini*, i. 8.

⁴ Napoleonic rule was a revelation even to the more intelligent of the Italian nobles. For instance, it started the Liberal tradition of the Pasolini, one of the noble families of the Romagna; we read that 'the frequent military displays at Milan, added to all the important discussions on civil government which he had heard, chiefly through his uncle, then in constant communication with the Emperor and his ministers, had great influence on the mind of Pietro Desiderio, and made him a Bonapartist in his opinions, so that he never ceased to regret and to praise the "Code Napoléon," and he was all his life a Liberal in politics,' *Pasolini*, 12. (See also *Tivaroni*, *Fr.* ii. 350-387, and *Galeotti*, 95-99, on the effects of Napoleon's rule.)

the old Papal dominions.¹ In mediæval times, though the Pope's claims extended from sea to sea, yet in practice not only the cities of the Romagna, but the Umbrian hill towns of Perugia, Assisi, and at one time Orvieto, had to all intents been sovereign communities. In the days of their independence the towns of Central Italy flourished exceedingly; they became famous for saintship, learning, and art, homes of St. Francis, of Sigismondo Malatesta's scholar court, of Perugino and Raphael. But they wasted their life blood in mutual wars and internal feuds till, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, one by one they fell, exhausted by their sins, under the long punishment of the Papal rule. That government, which soon afterwards became an embodiment of the principles of the Jesuits and the Inquisition, effectually extinguished the vigour and learning of the Renaissance, together with the political and civil liberties of laymen. But a few vestiges of local self-government lingered on until the French occupation, when Napoleon swept them away as relics of a system not his own. After Waterloo, when only what was bad in the *ancien régime* was restored, the loss of the old municipal independence was for the time felt as a great evil,² although the ground was thereby left all the more clear for national union.

Napoleon's rule had not been popular, but the memory of it soon caused the Papacy to be hated. The evils of the clerical government, perhaps never so real, were certainly never before so much felt as between 1815 and 1846, and they were felt most deeply and resented most effectually in the Romagna. The Romagnuol peasantry, a proud race of fine physique and noble bearing, were always among the first Italians to resent oppression, whether that of French Republicans,³ Austrians, or priests. Their virile qualities had marked them out as the best soldiers in Napoleon's Italian regiments,⁴ and Byron, when he lived at Ravenna,

¹ Umbria, and Rome itself, were annexed to the French Empire in 1809.

² *Galeotti*, 99-110, on the institutions of the Restoration.

³ *Pasolini*, 3.

⁴ *C. M. H.* ix. 394 (H. A. L. Fisher).

loved to take a canter 'among the peasantry, who are a savage, resolute race, always riding with guns in their hands.'¹ But the town population of the Romagna presented, perhaps, a still finer type. Ravenna and Rimini—which had each in a different period of history been world-renowned as a centre of civilisation, art, and learning—and above all Bologna, with its University and its European fame as one of the chief cities of Italy, became, after the fall of Napoleon, strongholds of the most undoubted Liberalism in the Peninsula.

Over this Romagnuol community, proud of its past traditions, and struggling towards modern progress, the palsied hand was now again stretched from beyond the Apennines; again there was the 'clutch of dead men's fingers in live flesh.' The rule of the Pope was represented in the 'Legations' of the Romagna by Cardinal Legates, who, resembling the Turkish Pashas in more respects than one, were not properly responsible to the central government, which they often flouted, and were not responsible at all to their subjects, whom they oppressed at pleasure, being able in time of revolt to call in the Austrian troops from across the border. 'The Turks would be better,' was a saying in which the Romagnuols summed up their opinion of the government.²

Although the scandal and anarchy were worst in the Romagna, because there the resistance was hottest, the principles on which the Cardinals governed the Legations were the principles on which the priestly government was carried on everywhere throughout the Papal States. Education, frowned on as a design of the Liberals to revolutionise the State,³ was so successfully discouraged that, in 1837, it was calculated that two per cent. of the rural population could read, and not very much more of the dwellers in the towns. What education there was remained under the special

¹ *Byron*, v. 19.

² *Farini*, i. 88; *King*, i. 82, 83. (See *Gualterio*, chap. xviii., on Romagna.)

³ *D'Azeglio*, 104, 105. He holds up to the clergy the superior example of Austria in this respect.

⁴ *Johnston*, 13, note 2; *King*, i. 80.

surveillance of the priestly rulers, affording a subject of unedifying discussion between them and their police.¹ In the Universities, where most of the teaching had to be given in Latin, there was no fear of its being too modern; political economy was a forbidden subject, while Dante, modern literature, and the theory that the earth moved round the sun, were all suspect, and sometimes prohibited.² Anyone supposed to belong to the dangerous class of 'thinkers' was shadowed by the police, even if he had nothing to do with politics.³ The same vague distrust of everything not mediæval led Gregory XVI. to prohibit the intrusion of railways and telegraphs into his dominions.

The press was under a rigorous censorship, which excluded most books and newspapers of any importance, whether Italian or foreign. So far was clerical vigilance carried, in 1845, that even the newspapers of the British Islands were divided into classes according to their degrees of impiety, and 'all the Protestant and so-called Tory papers' were placed under the ban.⁴

The life, freedom, and property of no one who was not a friend to Government had any real security in the Papal States. Long lists of suspects were handed about between the officers spiritual and temporal, whose functions overlapped in the most amazing way. The houses of the suspects were perpetually being searched, and their daily goings out and in were watched and reported. If evidence

¹ *Orsini*, 254, 255.

² *King*, i. 80, 81; *Farini*, i. 116, 153.

³ 'If one may judge from appearances, he would appear strange to political intrigues. . . . Nevertheless, as some imagine that he may belong to the class called "Thinkers," I consider it my duty to acquaint your Eminence with it, in order that he may be prudently watched.'—Cardinal Legate of Bologna, to Cardinal Lambruschini, *Orsini*, 248.

⁴ *Orsini*, 256–259. 'List of the foreign papers which may be read in coffee-houses, inns, and other public places:—

English:—1. *The Freeman*; *2. *The Globe*; *3. *The Courier*; *4. *Galway Patriot*; *5. *The Observer*; *6. *The Dublin Weekly*; *7. *The Dublin Evening Post*; 8. *Galigani's Messenger*; 9. *The Catholic Herald*.

'Father Theiner has declared the English and German papers should be limited to those not marked *.'

History does not relate whether Father Theiner's view prevailed, or the larger latitude of the complete list.

was lacking, cardinals did not stick at ordering trivial circumstances to be tortured into proof,¹ and presumably the lower officials had small scruple in obeying the spirit of their instructions. Strange commands were issued to the citizens of this Church-State, sometimes to individuals, or sometimes to thousands at a time; as, for example, that they should keep within doors between sunset and sunrise, or not go out at night without a lantern; that they should, under compulsion, 'perform their spiritual exercises for three days in a convent chosen by the bishop,' or confess once a month before an approved confessor. Cruel punishments were enacted for neglect. The situation of a 'thinker,' driven into the confessional by the police, must have had piquancy. What did gentlemen in this interesting position confide to the holy fathers?

Heresy, so far as it existed, was no more tolerated than infidelity. Even the English, in the hey-day of their power and reputation on the Continent, were not allowed a church in Rome, but had to be content to worship in a building outside the Porta del Popolo. The cosmopolitan artist community, which afterwards took its part in defending Republican Rome against the Pope, loved in those earlier days to stroll on Sunday morning in the Piazza del Popolo, to see the English families marching out of the gate with firm tread and Bible under arm, to this humble shrine of their proud national worship.²

Throughout the States fines were imposed, inns and *cafés* closed, civil rights withdrawn, at the whim of the officials. There was no pretence, as in England at the same period, that postal letters would not be opened, and their contents communicated to all Governments concerned. Worst of all, any man was liable—and liable almost in proportion to his public spirit and desire to improve the lot of his fellows—to see the inside of the secret cells of Pesaro, or of the fortress which rises on the grim rock of San Leo in the heart of the wildest Apennines. In times

¹ *Orsini*, 207, 208. Instructions from Cardinal Bernetti, Secretary of State.

² *Koelman*, i. 266.

when the Government was specially alarmed, the forms of civilised justice were laid aside, as when, in 1821, many hundreds of men and women were imprisoned or banished, without trial and without accusation;¹ as when, in 1824 and 1844, Special Commissions were established, presided over by persons of the worst character, who judged with an indifference to all rules of law, and punished with a ferocity that shocked even the Europe of that day. Tied up by ropes to the walls of filthy prisons, or to the 'galleys' of Civitavecchia, or more mercifully executed by gibbeting or 'shooting in the back,' the Pope's enemies perished and were forgotten.²

Under such a *régime*, secret societies were the only means of promoting ideas of reform in the State, or even of freely studying literature and exchanging views on ordinary subjects. The Italian genius for this kind of subterranean life was not wanting to the occasion, and the Carbonari, the Freemasons, and, later, 'Young Italy,' kept alive thought and politics, which took a revolutionary trend answering in violence to the degree of repression.

To combat the Liberal secret societies the Papal Government had various agencies; besides the regular police-officers, there were the Inquisition,³ the priesthood, the *sbirri*, and the centurioni.

No one could say in the Papal States where the temporal power ended and the spiritual began. The spiritual courts kept a large proportion of ordinary judicial business in their hands, and in the secular courts the clergy occupied the highest places on the bench. Not only the ministry at Rome, but the bureaucracy throughout the States, was

¹ *Byron*, v. 323-328; *Farini*, i. 15, 16.

² *Johnston*, 24, 25; *King*, i. 78; *Farini*, i. 25, 26, 128, 129; *Orsini*, 27-44, 280 (referring to the year 1844); *D'Asaglio*, 62, 68-76, 87, 88; *Gualterio*, chaps. xviii., xix.

³ In 1843 the Inquisition issued an edict against the Jews in the Pontifical States, containing, among other insolent restrictions on their personal liberty, the provision that 'no Israelite shall entertain amicable relations with Christians'; those who violate this rule 'will incur the punishments of the Holy Inquisition.' *Gualterio*, i. 438, 439, doc. cxxvii. The spirit satirised in Browning's *Holy Cross Day* was still very much alive among the Papal governors.

filled with clergy, and these secular authorities (if they can be so called) were in the closest touch with the purely spiritual authorities, and were constantly supplied from that source with personal information about suspects.

'While the police harried the people in their daily lives, the Inquisition collected the secrets of the confessional, and launched its spiritual thunders on the unconforming. An edict is extant by the Inquisition-General of Pesaro in 1841, commanding all people to inform against heretics, Jews, and sorcerers, those who have impeded the Holy Office, or made satires against the pope and clergy.'¹

A bishop would receive from 'the Director of Police' lists of those who were 'suspect' in his diocese, accompanied by the request to send in reports of discoveries made about them through the spiritual channels at his command,² and delation by a parish priest was enough to bring about the disappearance of a supposed Liberal. Under such a system it was believed then, and is in the highest degree probable, that political and religious reasons were sometimes only the cloak for the ruin of individuals who were the victims of personal jealousy, or stood in the way of sinister designs.³

But there were also classes of lay helpers who assisted the ecclesiastics to perform these functions. The 'spies,' then familiar figures on the Continent of Europe, as they had been in England under the *régime* of Pitt, were the special curse of Italy. They made life intolerable by their insolence, ubiquity, and treachery; they sat with men at their meals, they whispered with them in the marketplace; they entered the lodges of the Carbonari and helped to hatch the plots which they afterwards betrayed. Indeed, the only way to carry on the secret societies at all was to limit the activity of the spies by putting the fear of death

¹ *King*, i. 79; *Gualterio*, i. 33; *Galeotti*, 145-150.

² *Orsini*, 218: letter of Director of Police to Archbishop of Camerino.

³ *Orsini*, 232; *King*, i. 78; *Johnston*, 24, 25. Byron, who knew persons and parties at Ravenna extremely well, and was regarded as 'the chief of the Liberals,' noticed that in the proscriptions (without trial) of 1821, in Ravenna alone ten persons suffered who were really supporters of the Government (*Byron*, v. 241).

into their hearts. Under the Papacy, as under the Czardom, assassination was the only means of self-defence against a government which not only did not protect liberty, property, or life, but used every instrument of force and fraud to deprive men of the simplest rights of humanity. But, for all that, the Carbonari of the Romagna were greatly to blame for the regular system of assassination which they carried on—beginning a few years after Waterloo—not merely against spies, but against governors, soldiers, and police; though in Italy more discriminating weapons were used than the bomb, that chooses its victims by chance. Byron, who was hand in glove with the Carbonari, and lived during the winter of 1820–1821 in daily hopes of a ‘row,’ eager to take his place in the fighting-line, was disgusted by the system of assassination which his allies employed, sometimes under his very windows. On one December night he caused his servants to carry into his own house the dying Commandant of Ravenna, with five slugs in his body, because no one else dared touch him, as he lay bleeding in the street, for fear of the assassins. A generation later, not only scrupulous Liberals like Farini, but Orsini himself—who afterwards attempted to murder Napoleon III.—regarded the assassinations in the Romagna as wicked and harmful, and helped effectually to suppress them.¹

The rulers, at any rate, did not regard assassination as wrong in itself, for they employed it as readily as their opponents, who at least had the excuse that they possessed no other weapon. The Papal assassins, organised in the Centurioni bands, an offshoot of the famous San-Fedist society, appeared openly, in Romagna and the Marches, assuming the name and uniform of Pontifical Volunteers,² while in the other parts of the Papal dominions they remained a secret society, answering to the Carbonari. The San-Fedists, who protected the Holy Faith sometimes by the dagger at midnight, sometimes by open ruffianism in

¹ *Farini*, i. 73; ii. 334–7; *Orsini*, chap. viii.; *Byron*, v. 132–140, 157–161; *Gualterio*, i. 39, and chap. iii. *passim*.

² *Gualterio*, i. 416–420, docs. cxv.–cxvii.

the broad day, were permitted by Government to 'beat or kill, at their pleasure, any man dubbed Liberal, Freemason, or Carbonaro' until, to neglect attendance at mass, or even to grow one's beard, was enough to expose one to assault by these bravos.¹ Thus the tradition of the bloody feuds, which had made life intolerable in the Italy of the Middle Ages, was continued in the Romagna in the stabbing and shooting matches between the Carbonari and Centurioni. Yet it is only fair on both political parties to remember that the blood feud was custom of the country quite apart from politics: the peasantry, whom Byron loved to see riding armed, were not armed for mere show, but because at any turn of the road they might meet the wrong man.² In view of these facts, some may be surprised that the sporadic outbursts of terrorism that greatly marred the Democratic triumph in the Roman States in 1848-49 were not even worse than they actually were, and that it was found possible to suppress them under Mazzini's *régime* of toleration and liberty. But that recipe, if combined with stern justice to murderers, is, in truth, the only sedative in such cases of chronic inflammation.

If this abominable Government had only been the bayonet rule of the Austrian veterans themselves, it would have been less shameful to endure. But the system which

¹ *Pasolini*, 30, 31; *Orsini*, 6; *D'Azeglio*, 59-61; *Farini*, i. 10-14, 71-73, 78, 119, 120. The wearing of beards was the sign of advanced principles; it was prohibited in Sicily as late as the time of the Crimean War, when the Sardinian Consul at Trapani had to invoke his consular rights to save himself from being forcibly shaved by the police (*De Cesare, La Fine di un Regno*, ii. 193).

² *E.g.*, Byron, v. 202 (February 14, 1821). 'Heard the particulars of the late fray at Russi, a town not far from this (Ravenna). It is exactly the fact of Roméo and Giuletta—not Roméo, as the Barbarian writes it. Two families of *contadini* (peasants) are at feud. At a ball the younger part of the families forget their quarrel, and dance together. An old man of one of them enters, and reproves the young men for dancing with the females of the opposite family. The male relatives of the latter resent this. Both parties rush home and arm themselves. They meet directly, by moonlight, in the public way, and fight it out. Three are killed on the spot, and six wounded, most of them dangerously—pretty well for two families, methinks, and all *fact*, of the last week. Another assassination has taken place at Cesena—in all about forty in Romagna within the last three months. These people retain much of the Middle Ages.'

the Austrians were again and again called in to re-establish over the rebels of the Romagna was not militarism, or the rule of men with like passions to the governed, but the supremacy of that strange third sex which the Roman Church creates by training men up from boyhood in a world that is not the world of men. To live under the Austrians, after they themselves had suppressed rebellion in fair fight, to see the white-coats scourging the prisoners they had taken in fight and the women who were the prize of war, was the old pain of the world known to captured Troy and Carthage. But to be first knocked down by the Austrians and then put back to live under the direct control and daily espionage of priests, to be liable to imprisonment and ruin if one displeased the black skirt, was worse than pain. It was as though some indefinable horror, at once monstrous and despised, at once eerie and most material, were in one's house and lord of it. We English, living in a land and in a generation where these things are so far away, where the spiritual guides of an honourable religious minority claim the voluntary obedience to which they have a perfect right, since it is voluntarily given, we to-day are apt to be either angry or amused at the kind of physical horror which Garibaldi and his Roman followers felt for the priests of the reactionary party. But if we honestly try to put ourselves into their place and time, we may or may not think their expressions exaggerated; we cannot think them unnatural.

Such was the government of the Roman States from Waterloo to 1846, culminating in the proverbial obscurantism of Gregory XVI., who, elected in time to suppress the movements of 1831 with the utmost cruelty, misruled for fifteen years, flouting the protests of the French and English press, and putting off the representations of the Powers of Europe by wiles akin to those of the Turk.¹

Such, at least, was the Papal Power as it presented itself to the middle and artisan classes, and to the more intelligent and prosperous of the peasantry, especially in the Romagna.

¹ *Gualterio*, i. 208; *Farini*, i. 58, 66, 67.

But to the majority, perhaps, of the Pope's subjects his rule appeared in a different light, if it can be said to have appeared to them in any light at all. The men and women of the Umbrian Apennines who, bent with toil and withered by starvation and poverty, tilled the hills of olive and the valleys thinly clad with vines, or staggered down under burdens of brushwood from the grey mountains above—or the malaria-stricken herdsmen of the deserts that surrounded Rome—what did they know of liberty, or what was it to them if Italy bled? They did not suffer from spies, for they had no politics. The censorship was no grievance to them, for they could not read. The priest was lord of their lives, but he was their only visible friend. If the Catholic Church tends by its general influence to keep people poor and ignorant, it knows how to sweeten ignorance and poverty. Anyone who has strayed off the beaten tracks in Southern Europe, especially in mountain districts, knows the strange beauty and pathos, so far removed from anything English, of a whole community living a kind of life that seems as old as the hills around them—all of them poor, all struggling unaided by modern science to wring the daily pittance from the unmastered forces of nature, while in their midst one poor priest and one poor church remain as the only help, the only symbol of the larger world outside, and of ages not absolutely pre-historic. Such isolated conditions are now rapidly disappearing, though a few valleys of the Italian Alps still touchingly show the type. But in the first half of the nineteenth century the Papal States were a preserve of such communities. The very *régime* which checked railways and prevented the development of science and manufactures, prolonged for many a parish priest the undisputed mastery of the hamlet. As a whole, the clergy of the Roman States were unfavourable specimens of their profession; but no one can doubt that many of the village *padres* deserved the love, as certainly many enjoyed the obedience, of their fellow poor.

These conditions were not found in the rich plains of the Romagna; but on the west side of the Apennines, and

especially in the neighbourhood of the capital, the poverty and superstition of the people and the power of the priest were very great indeed. In Rome itself, where the ignorance of the population was only slightly less than outside the walls,¹ devotion to the Pope was the predominant feeling until 1847, in spite of some vigorous seeds of Liberalism. The governors of Rome still knew how to supply the populace of the capital with a modicum of *panis* and a considerable quantity of *circenses*.

'The characteristic note of this period was struck by the feasts and holidays which were celebrated on every possible occasion. Amidst all this political tyranny, financial bankruptcy, and administrative disorder, the populace manifested a sceptical indifference in all matters. As long as they were able to enjoy the horse-races in Piazza Navona, varied by boating, for which purpose the Piazza used to be flooded with three feet of water, and the spectacle of fireworks and balloon ascensions, as long as the Pope authorised the Carnival orgies and *Ottobrate* (October beanfeasts) with their almost pagan rites, and as long as the subventions passed on by the convents and the houses of the Cardinals to the indigent classes were sufficiently substantial, they were satisfied.'²

Napoleon's rule in the valley of the Tiber had been shorter (1809-1814) and more unpopular than in the Romagna and Legations. His dramatic brutalities against the aged Pius VII. had done more to increase the sentimental loyalty of the Pope's Umbrian and Roman subjects than any benefits conferred by the brief French administration had done to shake it. But the execrable government of the thirty years after Waterloo forced the growth of discontent and secret association in the towns and larger villages in every part of the Papal States. Such was the state of things when, in 1846, on the death of the detested Gregory XVI., Mastai Ferretti was elected to the chair of St. Peter. and took the name of Pio Nono (Pius IX.).

¹ It was calculated that ten per cent. could read (*King*, i. 80).

² *Costa*, 20.

The good man, who was to illustrate in his own person the ineffectual tragedy of Liberal Catholicism, exclaimed, when he heard what had befallen him: 'My God, they want to make a Napoleon of me, who am only a poor country parson!' But the task of reconciling the mediæval and the modern world, to which in the first months of his popedom he addressed himself amid the grateful applause of Europe, would have been far beyond the powers of Napoleon himself. All that Pio Nono could contribute to the solution of the impossible problem was a stock of mild benevolence towards everybody, which was not completely exhausted until he had been some two years on the uneasy throne. He recalled the exiles; he let the prisoners out of the secret cells and the galleys; he gave partial freedom of speech and press. Then he looked round for gratitude, and it came in floods of ecstatic, demonstrative Italian humanity, torch-light processions and crowds kneeling at his feet. As though to add to his popularity, the Austrians, in August 1847, occupied Ferrara as a protest against the Liberal movement in his territories. The cult of Pio Nono was for some months the religion of Italy, and of Liberals and exiles all over the world. Even Garibaldi, in Monte Video, and Mazzini, in London, shared the enthusiasm of the hour.

But that was the high-water mark of the movement for reconciling the Papacy to Liberalism, for Pio Nono had not the least idea what to do with the situation which he had created. The prisoners whom he had released, the press and speakers whom he had set talking, the exiles returning with the bitterness that exile always breeds,¹ quarrelled with his clerical ministry and wanted to put vigour and a democratic spirit into the approaching war so as to expel the foreigner from Italian soil, while the Pope only wished to defend his northern borders against the encroachments of the Austrian troops. The demonstrations of gratitude, which so much embarrassed him, did not abate, but they gradually changed their tone, becoming dictatorial, then threatening, and finally irresistible. Throughout 1847 the

¹ *Ferini*, iii. 52.

agitation raged in every town of the Papal States, against the administration which was still unreformed, and the clerical bureaucracy which was still in power. Only the courage and effectiveness of the governing caste were gone, so that in many places anarchy succeeded to oppression, the blood-feud was worse than ever, and the *sbirri* and the San-Fedist Centurioni, being more exposed to the popular vengeance, were fain to re-establish their waning authority by spasmodic outbursts of terrorism.

In Rome itself the conversion of the people, from sentimental loyalty to the Papacy, to revolutionary Liberalism, was rapidly carried on under the particularly convenient form of the cult of a supposed Liberal Pope. The leader, one might say the creator, of the Roman democratic party was the good-natured and voluble dealer in horses and wine, Angelo Brunetti,¹ better known by his pet name, *Ciceruacchio*, given him in his infancy by his mother and her gossips to denote his plumpness, for which throughout life he remained famous. 'A man of the people,' handsome and strong—half Cleon, half Rienzi—deservedly loved by his fellow-citizens long before he took to politics, he had all the characteristics of the famous Roman wine-carriers, who formed a democratic aristocracy or close caste among the picturesque mediæval population of the Rome of that day. Ignorant, simple, enthusiastic, humorous, kind, and without guile or malice, Ciceruacchio spoke to the *plebs* in the natural eloquence of the Italian market-place; at first his theme was the Pope's goodness (and Pio Nono had no more sincere friend), then, as the months went by, he spoke more of the evil counsellors at the good Pope's ear, and finally of Rome's ancient greatness, the Republican virtues and victories that had been before ever the Pope was. His audience, whom this honest and really simple man led so subtly towards new ideals, consisted largely of the Trasteverines, who were to Rome what the Lazzaroni were to Naples, its most characteristic and primitive inhabitants.

¹ *Ciceruacchio*, 73-82. Also *Martinengo Cesaresco*, 218; *Bresciani*, vi. 45.

They dwelt in those famous Tiber-side slums, crushed in between the river and the Janiculan hill, where the early Christians had first spread the faith in what was then the poor Jewish quarter of the Imperial City. The modern dwellers in Trastevere, until Ciceruacchio emancipated them, were more proud of the presence of the Pope in Rome than impatient of his despotism. During the disturbances of 1831 feeling in the capital had been on the side of Government.¹ The bad reign of Gregory XVI. had done much to prepare men's minds for change, and in the early months of Pio Nono's mild *régime* Liberalism became prevalent among the people of Rome.

All through 1847 the agitation continued, and the Pope, as his wisest friend Rossi remarked, squandered the treasures of his popularity. At last, when the news of the grant of Constitutions in Naples, Tuscany, and Piedmont, followed by the Revolution in Paris, had stirred the Roman mob to a frenzy of emulation, Pio Nono, in March 1848, was forced to concede a Fundamental Statute,² which did not indeed surrender the power of the Pope and cardinals, but associated with them a council of elected deputies to aid them in their legislative functions. There was a strictly limited franchise, and it was confined to persons willing to profess the Catholic faith. At the same time that he granted this not very satisfactory charter, Pio Nono changed his clerical ministry for one in which more than half the portfolios were held by laymen. While the Pope was making these concessions, the Austrians were expelled from Milan and the Lombard war began.

Two months later a more Liberal ministry was installed, in which Mamiani was the leading spirit. If he had been given a free hand, Mamiani would not only have put vigour into the war in Lombardy, but would have liberalised the domestic institutions of the Papal States, and thereby secured them from absorption in a united Italy. But this would have involved relegating the Pope as temporal ruler

¹ *Giovagnoli*, 142, 143.

² The text will be found in *Farini*, i. 372-383.

to a status similar to that of the King of England—a monarch who reigns, but does not govern ; and under those conditions Clericalism would have had to come to terms with the people. Consent to such a policy would have marked out the Pope, in the eyes of the clergy and the cardinals, as the enemy of what they called religion. Such a position would have been impossible for the head of the Catholic Church, and would not have lasted for long, even had Pio Nono desired to create it. But he had no such wish.¹ He was growing frightened at the course of events, angry with the Liberals, fearful of estranging the German Catholics, and irritated to find that he had been forced against his will into an offensive war against Austria. As some 12,000 of his subjects were taking the field in his name in Lombardy, he cut the ground from under their feet by the famous ‘Allocution,’ of April 29, 1848, in which he declared that the idea of waging an offensive war on Austria was ‘far from his thoughts.’ From that day onwards he had forfeited the sympathy of all good Italians, and was compelled to rely more than ever on the support of the clericals and San-Fedists.²

Then came Custoza, followed by the Austrian recovery of Milan, and the end of the Lombard war (August). Immediately the democratic movement broke out in Central Italy in wild agitation and alarm. The Moderates were discredited, having failed to carry with them the Pope and the Tuscan Grand Duke. The supposed betrayal of the national cause by Charles Albert at Milan made all forms of monarchy suspect. A crusade of national republican defence against Austria was preached by the extremists of

¹ Mrs. Browning, in 1848, wrote in *Casa Guidi* :—

‘ But only the ninth Pius after eight,

When all’s praised most. At best and hopefullest,

He’s Pope—we want a man ! his heart beats warm,

But like the Prince enchanted to the waist,

He sits in stone and hardens by a charm

Into the marble of his throne high-placed.’

² *Farini*, iii. 50, 61 ; *Gabussi*, i. 231–235 (for text of the ‘Allocution’ and comment).

the clubs, who found ready listeners at that juncture in the average Liberal, both in Tuscany and the Papal States. Now, if ever, the Mazzinian ideals would control the real course of events.

Such was the state of things in Central Italy when Garibaldi, in October 1848, appeared upon the scene.

CHAPTER V

THE DEMOCRATIC PROTEST IN CENTRAL ITALY, OCTOBER 1848—FEBRUARY 1849—MURDER OF ROSSI—FORMATION OF GARIBALDI'S LEGION—THE ROMAN REPUBLIC¹

'Yet, Freedom ! yet thy banner torn, but flying,
Streams like the thunderstorm *against* the wind.'

Childe Harold, iv.

IN the autumn of 1848, Garibaldi, having returned from his brief campaign in the Alps to the Piedmontese Riviera, was looking round for some other scene to which he and his companions could carry the 'People's War.' His eye fell first upon Sicily, still in arms against its king. Ferdinand II., King of Naples and Sicily, having by force and fraud recovered his absolute power on the mainland, was attempting to reduce the rebellious island by those methods of Turkish barbarism which won him the cognomen of *Bomba*.² The residuary of the name and traditions of the great house of Bourbon, Ferdinand stands in history as the type of what all tyranny must come to at the last ; from Louis XIV. to *Bomba* the step is not so long as it seems. In 1851, after he had re-established his power in every part of his dominions, he drew down on himself the terrible visitation of Gladstone, and was pilloried before Europe in the 'Letters to the Earl of Aberdeen.' But he died upon the throne, and it was his son who, in 1860, was chased out of his kingdoms by Garibaldi.

¹ For this Chapter see large map of Central Italy at end of book.

² *Bomba* means 'a shell.' He won the name by the destruction of Messina by bombardment, accompanied by massacre of the inhabitants without respect to age or sex, September 1-7, 1848. ³ *Nisco*, 104, attributes the name to the bombardment of Palermo, January 1848. Such were the reasons why he was called *Bomba*, not, as a Clerical writer of to-day tells us, 'en raison de son embonpoint' (*Bittard des Portes*, 140) ; *King*, i. 316 ; *Tivaroni*, *Aust.* iii. 335-350.

Eleven years and seven months before the hour approved by fate, Garibaldi for the first time sailed from Genoa to liberate Sicily (October 1848). He had with him some seventy companions, of whom more than half had come with him from South America; since most of them were officers, they were prepared to enlist and command a legion, but were not sufficiently numerous to take the field themselves before they had recruited a force to follow them.¹ On the way to Sicily they touched at Leghorn, where the populace so strongly urged Garibaldi to land with his men that he consented to come on shore, and thenceforth, for one eventful year, was involved in the war and politics of Central Italy.²

Garibaldi, in yielding to the prayers of the Democrats of Leghorn, had felt that Sicily was too far from the real scene of action, that the fate of the island could not affect the fate of the peninsula, but that Ferdinand's power might, on the other hand, be given its mortal wound by a march on Naples. He had not been disembarked many hours before he sent a characteristic telegram to the Grand Duke's Ministers at Florence, asking them whether they would put him at the head of the Tuscan forces to operate against the Neapolitan Bourbon—'Yes or no; Garibaldi.'³

Another reason against proceeding to so remote a point as Sicily was that the war against Austria in the North might be renewed at any moment. Already Piedmont, meditating a denunciation of the armistice and a rush on Milan, had begun to negotiate for the aid of Tuscany and Rome. But the ministers of the Pope and of the Grand Duke, representing for the moment the Moderate party, were more anxious to keep down the Democrats at home than to enter on a perilous crusade in Lombardy; it was, how-

¹ *Loev.* i. 37; ii. 22-27. In this important respect the expedition differed from that of 'The Thousand' who sailed under Garibaldi from Genoa for Sicily in May 1860.

² Anita had sailed from Genoa with her husband, but returned to her children at Nice, from either Leghorn or Florence. *Denkwürdigkeiten*, ii. 144. *Sforza*, 9-17. She joined him again at Rieti, in the following February or March.

³ *Sforza*, 13; *Mem.* 208.

ever, doubtful if they could resist the cry of the town populations for war. The position was the more strained because Austria was clearly unwilling to allow the existence in Central Italy of Governments even partially constitutional, and had already in August violated the Papal territory by attacking Bologna. There the invaders had been repulsed by the valour of the mob, and the Democrats pointed to the defence of Bologna as a sequel to the Five Days of Milan, another proof that the people always won when not burdened by Royal leadership. Enraged with Austria, furious with their own rulers, the clubs in the Tuscan and the Papal cities were agitating fiercely for revolution at home as a preliminary to a second Lombard crusade.

The Moderates in their last struggle to retain power were nobly represented by Guerrazzi in Florence, and Pellegrino Rossi in Rome. Guerrazzi was at heart a Liberal and a Nationalist, whereas Rossi was an administrative reformer only; but at this moment each of them, with little support from public opinion, and with no enthusiastic party behind him, was opposed alike by the Democrats who strove for an immediate victory and by the Clericals who worked for the reaction by impartially hastening the downfall of every constitutional Government. Ministers, scarcely able to maintain their footing in such a whirlwind, were exasperated by the news that Garibaldi, who was no halcyon, had come to them from the sea. Their only thought was how to get rid of him again.

Guerrazzi, for his part, readily agreed that the Garibaldians should be passed through the Tuscan territory into Romagna. He hurried them through to Florence, where they had a grand reception from the people, and thence with all haste up the passes that lead over the Apennines towards Bologna. If the warm invitation to land given to Garibaldi by the inhabitants of Leghorn had raised in him hopes of recruiting large numbers for his Legion in Tuscany, he was disappointed. The somewhat cosmopolitan sea-port where he had been pressed to

disembark was more Democratic than the average Tuscan town,¹ and in the rural districts, the peasants, under the influence of the priests and nobles, were afraid of a strenuous anti-Austrian policy which would involve conscription, taxation, and war. The Tuscans were not like the hardy Piedmontese or the fierce Romagnuols.² Their Grand Duke Leopold had been for many years the least unpopular monarch in Italy: all that Robert Browning, in his capacity as Republican of Florence, could find to say against him, was to call him a dotard.³ So, by the time that Garibaldi and his officers reached Filigare, on the borders of the Tuscan and Papal territory, they and their Legion did not muster much more than a hundred men all told.⁴

¹ *Farini*, ii. 356, 357. But even in Leghorn he got very few recruits.

² Mrs. Browning, who saw the whole course of revolution and reaction in Florence, in 1848-49, from *Casa Guidi Windows*, speaks, in Part ii., with scorn of the unwarlike character of the Tuscan Revolutionists, of whom she had expected greater things when she wrote Part I. :—

‘ You say we failed in duty, we who wore
Black velvet like Italian democrats,
Who slashed our sleeves like patriots, nor forswore
The true republic in the form of hats?
We chased the archbishop from the Duomo door,
We chalked the walls with bloody caveats
Against all tyrants. If we did not fight
Exactly, we fired muskets up the air
To show that victory was ours of right.
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.
.
‘ We proved that Austria was dislodged, or would,
Or should be, and that Tuscany in arms
Should, would dislodge her, ending the old feud;
And yet, to leave our piazzas, shops, and farms,
For the simple sake of fighting, was not good—
We proved that also.’

It was this sort of thing that made Garibaldi sometimes feel and speak so bitterly of some of his countrymen, in spite of his devotion and gratitude to the heroes to whom he owed his successes. He came back from South America from among a sparse and turbulent population of rough-riders, always ready for the hardships of campaign and the dangers of battle, and, in contrast to them, he naturally found some of the Italians of Europe ‘unwarlike.’ *Mem.* 241.

‘ When the hour is ripe, and a certain dotard
Is pitched, no parcel that needs invoicing,
To the worst side of the Mont Saint Gothard,
We shall begin by way of rejoicing.’

Old Pictures of Florence.

⁴ *Sforza*, 20, 23; *Mem.* 208; *Loc.* i. 23, 37, 38; ii. 22, 23.

On entering the Roman States, Garibaldi found an opponent worthy to be measured against him. Pio Nono had now for some time broken with the Liberal ministry of Mamiani; and in the middle of September he committed his affairs to the man who might have done much to save the Papal authority if he had been trusted twelve months before. Pellegrino Rossi,¹ an Italian by birth, but in training and ideas a Genevan and French publicist of the conservative school of Guizot, had recently been diplomatic agent for France at Rome, and had in that capacity won the personal confidence of the Pope. He was detested both by the Clericals and by the Democrats; for his object was to preserve the Temporal Power, with but a slight infusion of the principle of self-government, by reforming and modernising the clerical bureaucracy. He was confident that any State could be saved, any political problem solved, by enlightened administration. He represented a type commoner in the days of Napoleon I., or in more recent Imperialist times, than in his own day, when fervid Liberalism struggled with obscurantism for the possession of the world. He certainly knew what good administration was, but he disbelieved in self-government, and he was unnecessarily offensive and unsympathetic towards those whom he despised. It can easily be imagined that one who had discussed political theory with the grave oligarchs of Geneva and sat at the feet of Guizot, had not much respect for the men who at that moment led the Democratic party in the streets of Rome and in the Council of Deputies. He was not likely to admire the merits of Ciceruacchio, and he was certain to be disgusted by his faults; while such a man as Sterbini deserved all his contempt.

Entering on office late in September 1848, Rossi at once took the State in hand. He inaugurated schemes for telegraphs and railways, began to reform the finances at the expense of the clergy, and attempted to clean out the corrupt civil service. These steps would have been enough

¹ For Rossi see especially *Giovagnoli, Fabrizi, Johnston, Farini, Bratti, Roman MSS. Ris.* 90 (his undelivered speech). See also *King* and *Bertolini*.

to alienate the Ultramontane party, even if he had not been a notorious 'thinker' with a Protestant wife. But with no less vigour he proceeded to alienate the Liberals. He was against Italian unity; he cultivated the friendship of King Ferdinand, driving Neapolitan refugees out of the Papal States¹; he disliked Piedmont, and had no real intention of helping to win North Italy for Charles Albert,² so that the Albertists soon realised that he was the most serious obstacle to the realisation of their hopes. With the Democrats he kept no terms even in appearance, but proceeded to put down the agitation in the Roman States by a strong coercive policy. Much of his work in this respect was salutary, consisting of the suppression of anarchy and violence; and this part of it was taken up again six months later by Mazzini. But Rossi meant not only to suppress disorder, but to stop the agitation and to crush the Democrats.

In pursuance of this policy, Rossi had first to turn his attention to Bologna, which he himself had the honour to represent in the Council of Deputies. The second city in the Papal States, it was even more unanimously Liberal than Ravenna and Rimini, and perhaps for that reason was less addicted to feuds and to political crime.³ But, unfortunately, after the splendid repulse of the Austrians by the Bolognese on August 8, their town fell for a short time under the domination of a set of bloodthirsty rascals, many of them the wreckage of the defeated armies drifting homewards from the Lombard campaign. Under a more or less sincere pretence of taking popular vengeance on the *sbirri* of the old *régime*, the Terrorists hunted their enemies along the arcades that adorn the streets of Bologna, and massacred them in the open day. The terror was, indeed, suppressed, largely by the efforts of the Moderate Liberal Farini, and with the grateful assent of the populace;⁴ but, when Rossi became minister at Rome, Bologna was still

¹ *Fabrizi*, 18; *Roman MSS. F. R.* 7, 24.

² *Bratti*, 10; *Giovagnoli*, 326; *Johnston*, 183, 184.

³ *Farini*, ii. 129.

⁴ *Farini*, ii. 330-337.

in the power of the more respectable part of the Democratic mob, under the leadership of Father Gavazzi.

The allegiance of the Bolognese was at this time paid to two remarkable churchmen, both of the Barnabite order—Gavazzi and Ugo Bassi. Gavazzi was a native of the town, Bassi of the district, of Bologna. Both had been profoundly impressed by the wrongs of Italy, and by the sins of the Church to which they belonged. Both used their powers of eloquence, not only to call sinners to repentance, and Italians to patriotic sacrifice, but also to denounce the evils of Rome in a manner hearty enough to have satisfied her traditional enemies. But there was a difference between the two men, in character, if not in opinion. Ugo Bassi was a saint, and had been well known as such to the cholera-stricken population of Palermo long before his political career began; he is well worthy to be the hero of the beautiful historical and religious poem of Mrs. Hamilton King.¹ But in Father Gavazzi, besides much that was strong and genuine, there was a certain strain of vulgarity; after the extinction of Italian liberty, in 1849, he went on starring tours in the Anglo-Saxon world, and fed the British public on highly seasoned food, during the campaign against 'Papal aggression' which our grandfathers were then enjoying. However, it is only a question of taste, for Gavazzi was a true patriot and a genuine enthusiast.²

¹ *The Disciples.*

² See the three orations delivered to Scotch Protestant audiences in 1851, printed at the end of Nicolini's *Life of Gavazzi*. Dr. Spence Watson, who recollects Father Gavazzi at Newcastle in the 'fifties, writes to me:—

'He was far too eloquent not to be verbose, and he certainly was violent. I remember little of what he said in his lectures. His description of the prisons of the Inquisition and of the immorality of the priesthood was exceedingly vivid; but he struck me, after all, as being a genuine man, with the faults which one would expect to find in a clergyman who had certainly a strong love of his country and had gone through much for it, but who had become so used to stirring great audiences that that which was a means to excite interest in the matters in which he absolutely believed, in the first instance, had become in itself an end. He lectured in a long black gown, and the great action that he used, and the way in which he threw this gown about him and off again was very theatrical, but it had a certain effectiveness.'

Young Mameli (see below pp. 186, 187) had the strongest aversion to Father

These two members of the Church militant and rebellious had established their hold over Bologna in the Easter of 1848, when they preached the crusade calling the youth to arms for the first Lombard war. It was a memorable scene, for the place, the audience, the occasion, and one at least of the two preachers, were not unworthy to rouse the best feelings of the historic Italian race which Savonarola had stirred to a like brief fury of moral and political enthusiasm. The Bolognese assembled in the Piazza of their town surrounded by the stately symbols of its past greatness—the mediæval Municipio on one side, and on another the broad façade of San Petronio, left unfinished since the generation capable of such splendid sculpture had passed away. In that great open space (where to-day Victor Emmanuel rides in bronze, and the doves sit a score at a time on his saddle and his horse's mane, as though the *Re Galantuomo* were carrying them to market) the people of Bologna stood and listened in that first Easter of Italy's hope. From the steps of San Petronio Gavazzi and Ugo Bassi preached, stirring the crowd to paroxysms of emotion, of which much, no doubt, was passing and sensational, but much also profound and lasting. Men offered their lives, mothers their sons, and those who could not go to the war their wealth.¹

A sad half-year had now gone by, and the soldiers and the preachers of the crusade had come back defeated. But Gavazzi was still, in the autumn of 1848, the uncrowned king of Bologna, and Rossi had no sooner assumed power at Rome than he determined that the preacher should be crushed. He sent for his friend General Zucchi, an old

Gavazzi, whose theatrical manners and eloquence he could not abide; *Luzio*, 193. (See also other pamphlets mentioned under the title *Gavazzi* in the Bibliography.)

¹ *Zironi*, 96-100; *Gualtieri*, 68-71. It was when Bassi preached at the *Due Torri* (not at San Petronio) that the most famous incident took place—*viz.* a girl who had nothing else to give to Italy's war cut off her long hair and handed it to Bassi. The scene of this incident is indicated in a contemporary picture in the *Museo Civico*, Bologna, and oral tradition of those who were present asserts the same. For Bassi and Gavazzi, see also *Martinengo Cesaresco*, 210-242; *Venosta; Gavazzi*; *Johnston*, 356; *Facchini*; and *Gavazzi, In Memoriam*.

soldier of the First Napoleon, and commissioned him to go to Bologna and put down the Democrats.

When, therefore, Garibaldi, coming from Florence in November 1848, descended on this city, he was touching the most sensitive spot in the body politic of the Roman States. It was not likely that General Zucchi would welcome the *cadre* of a formidable Democratic army, bent on recruiting and agitation ; when, therefore, the Garibaldians arrived at Filigare (November 9) they found their descent into Papal territory blocked by some 400 Swiss mercenaries. Even if their chief had been willing to commence civil war, he had not the force to cut his way through. The plains of the Romagna, the recruiting ground at which he was aiming, lay in front of him like the promised land. But how could he reach it ? He was indeed in evil plight. His men, ill clothed and fed, were exposed on the mountains in snow a foot deep. Guerrazzi refused to let them return through Tuscany ; Zucchi barred their advance. Was it for this, Garibaldi bitterly exclaimed, that they had crossed the Atlantic, to be starved and betrayed by their countrymen ? He had, indeed, as little cause to love the Moderate governments as they had to love him.

At this critical juncture in his career, the populace of Bologna, led by Father Gavazzi, came to his rescue. Taking advantage of the momentary absence of General Zucchi at Ferrara, they rose in formidable numbers to protest against the exclusion of their hero, and cried out to the officer in command : ' Either our brothers come here, or you come down from that balcony.' So Garibaldi was allowed to enter Bologna alone, and was conducted in torch-light procession to the famous Hôtel Brun. A few days later he was permitted to fetch down his men from Filigare ; they did not enter the city itself, but turned off outside the gates along the road to Ravenna. During his stay in Bologna their chief had been in deep consultation on the subject of recruiting with the rich young radical, Angelo Masina—who was himself raising his gallant squadron

of lancers—and with other leaders of the Democratic party whose local information and influence did much to enable Garibaldi to enlist in Romagna his legion of ‘men who knew how to die.’¹

The compromise to which General Zucchi had been forced by the Bolognese to consent, was that the Garibaldians should pass through the Romagna to Ravenna, and there take ship for Venice, which was holding out under Manin against the Austrians.² Masina and his lancers were also to sail for Venice from Comacchio. In this way Rossi would be well rid of the fighters: with the talkers he would know how to deal. But Garibaldi and Masina, who were determined to stay near Ravenna at least until they had recruited formidable bodies of men, were not anxious to sail at all if any better opportunity offered, preferring, if possible, to head an invasion of Austrian or Neapolitan territory rather than go to Venice merely to die there in the last ditch. Rossi and Zucchi were no less resolved that they should sail forthwith, and there is every reason to suppose that the dispute between characters so determined would have been settled in the streets of Ravenna by a battle in which the Garibaldians and the populace would have fought together against the Swiss regiments sent there to enforce the embarkation.³ Meanwhile, Father Gavazzi had been arrested by Zucchi, at Rossi’s orders.⁴ But the civil strife imminent in the provinces was averted by a base crime in Rome. News reached Ravenna, on November

¹ *Loev.* i. 6-15; *Ovidi*, 240, 241.

² We learn from *Zucchi*, 147, 148, that Rossi had sent orders to this effect as early as November 6, received by Zucchi November 9. And yet Zucchi would not have allowed Garibaldi to leave Filigare if he had not been compelled to do so by the Bolognese mob. I suppose that, as the man on the spot, he formed the opinion that if Garibaldi once got into the Romagna it would be more difficult to get him out again than Rossi supposed. Nor was he far wrong.

³ I do not base this conjecture on the alleged letter of Zucchi to Rossi, promising to cut up the Garibaldians by grapeshot (*Nicolini*, 73), the authenticity of which is impugned by *Johnston*, 187, note 2. I take my ground on the general situation, and on the hostility to the Garibaldians expressed in undoubtedly genuine parts of the Rossi-Zucchi correspondence. (*Giovagnoli*, 258, 259, 406.) See also *Mem.* and *Loev.* i. *sub loc.*, *Zucchi*, 145-149; *Bonnet*, 5-11, and p. 289 below.

⁴ *Zucchi*, 147, 148; *Loev.* i. 16, 17, and note.

18, that, three days before, Pellegrino Rossi had been murdered.

The last letter that Rossi ever wrote to General Zucchi, thanking him for his efforts against the Democrats in Romagna, breathed stern resolves of coercion :

'It seems (he wrote) that the disaffected will attempt some folly at the opening of the chambers. So much the worse for them if they carry out their plans. The Government is determined to imitate you. Farewell, dear friend.'¹

In this spirit Rossi introduced a strong force of loyal Carabinieri into Rome, and paraded them along the Corso, while his proclamations took a menacing tone. On the other side the Democratic press attacked him fiercely, and stirred up feeling on behalf of Garibaldi, whom they declared to be treated disgracefully.² The revolutionary party, of which Ciceruacchio was the leading spirit, had won over many of the troops, both volunteers and regulars, and in the capital, as at Ravenna, street fighting seemed about to commence,³ when the dagger took the place of the sword.

The history of the assassination plot against Rossi is hard to unravel; but there is a concurrence of first-hand testimony as to the man who did the deed. The murderer was Luigi Brunetti, the elder son of Ciceruacchio, acting with or without his father's knowledge, as may be, but certainly at the instigation of the vile politician, Sterbini, and with the co-operation of some of the *Reduci* volunteers.⁴

November 15 was the day fixed for the opening of the new session of the Council of Deputies, in the Palazzo della Cancelleria, when Rossi was to speak on behalf of the

¹ Zucchi, 149. ² Nicolini, 72, 73. ³ Giovagnoli, 325; Fabrizi, 9-16.

⁴ *R. I.* 1898, iii. 109-115 (Caravacci's evidence), and iii. 356-358; Costa, 37-39; Giovagnoli, 268-272, 327, 342, and chapter vii. *passim*, and Brancalione, i. 6-10. Giovagnoli's work is based on the extensive documents of trials arising out of the murder. See particularly the evidence of Testa about Sterbini, Giovagnoli, 367, 368. I am not certain of Ciceruacchio's innocence, but the only direct evidence there is absolves him of complicity before the fact (*R. I.* iii. 112).

Government. The first warning¹ of danger was the news brought him when he was about to start, that the crowd round the entrance was in a hostile and even dangerous mood, but it was late to make new arrangements, he was a brave man, and he determined not to keep Rome waiting. The Piazza in which he dismounted from his carriage was closely packed by a concourse of the mixed character usual on such an occasion,² but in the entrance lobby of the Palace and at the foot of the staircase, a group of blackguards were conspicuous in the uniforms of the Volunteers returned from the Lombard campaign, and known as the *Reduci*—a corps that contained better elements. As Rossi's tall figure drew near them, they raised a yell of execration, but he pushed his way through to the staircase, showing on his pale, intellectual features the scorn he felt for such enemies. He had his feet on the lowest steps, when a man struck him on the side, and as he turned his head Luigi Brunetti on the other side took advantage of this movement to stab him in the neck. No second blow was needed.³

The *Reduci* were in possession of the place, and protest was dangerous. But two young Democrats who had come on purpose to prevent the murder—Nino Costa, the artist afterwards so famous, and his friend Grandoni, who from his close connection with the *Reduci* had heard enough to fear that a crime was intended—raised loud cries of anger, and barely escaped from the throng with their lives.⁴ Even Costa never did a braver or better thing for Italy.

It would have been well if the same spirit had been shown elsewhere. The Deputies in the Chamber above, who had not yet produced a Democratic chief capable of saving the State or even of leading a party with decency,

¹ *Giovagnoli*, 272, 273. He denies (271) the dramatic stories told by *Pasolini*, (99–100), and others, of warnings conveyed to Rossi by priests, &c.

² *Giovagnoli*, 272–275.

³ *Giovagnoli*, 277; *Roman MSS. Ris.* 97.

⁴ *Costa*, 37–38; *Giovagnoli*, 357, 358; *R. I.* 1898, iii. 115. Grandoni was afterwards unjustly condemned for the murder, in May 1854, and died in prison June 30 of that year. *Roman MSS. Ris.* 97.

dispersed in bewilderment and fear, without reprobating the murder done at their door or making any demonstration to discourage the assassins.¹ During the rest of the day the authorities and the mass of the people—Democrats, Moderates, and Clericals alike—remained inactive: many were relieved that Rossi was gone, and nearly all were afraid of those who had despatched him. So little was done in the interests of order and common humanity that, at nightfall, a small crowd—rather more than a hundred in number—ventured to howl brutalities under the victim's house, so that his widow must have heard the odious incantation :

‘Benedetta quella mano
Che il Rossi pugnò.’²

It was not a proud day for the Senate and people of Rome.

To posterity few political murders appear more execrable ; but, at the time, the democratic and the nationalist spirit, which Rossi had set himself to curb, ran so high that the feeling was that of relief, if not of joy. An analogy to the state of public sentiment can be found in the rejoicings throughout England at the murder of Buckingham. The political situations in the two cases were not wholly different, and in the matter of taking human life Italian civilisation was, perhaps, at very much the same stage of evolution in 1848 as English civilisation had been two hundred and twenty years before, when the ‘killing affray’ was only just in process of dying out.³

So general was the sense of relief throughout the Papal States that it affected persons who, if they had consulted their private conscience alone, would have been deeply indignant at the murder. Margaret Fuller, the friend of Emerson and Carlyle, the flower of Bostonian intellect in its great days,⁴ wrote to her mother, from Rome :

¹ *Farini*, ii. 408 ; *Giovagnoli*, 281.

² ‘Blessed be the hand which stabbed Rossi,’ *Giovagnoli*, 288, 289 ; *Pasolini*, 102.

³ See p. 61, note 2 above (Byron).

⁴ There were, however, irreverent Bostonians capable of poking fun at her in their private correspondence. *Story* (Henry James), i. 105, 106.

‘For me, I never thought to have heard of a violent death with satisfaction; but this act affected me as one of terrible justice.’¹

But it is much more sad to have to record the words of Garibaldi’s *Memorie* :

‘The ancient Metropolis of the world, worthy once more of her former glory, freed herself on that day from the most formidable satellite of tyranny, and bathed the marble steps of the Capitol with his blood. A young Roman had recovered the steel of Marcus Brutus.’

It is true that he also says :

‘As a follower of Beccaria, I am opposed to capital punishment, and therefore I blame the dagger of Brutus.’

Nothing illustrates more clearly than this passage the intellectual confusion of Garibaldi’s mind, and the mass of unassimilated theories and historical ideals that fermented there. His only reason for rejecting the classical examples of tyrannicide, which the youth of his age and country were brought up to admire as the model of ancient virtue, is, so he tells us, his objection to all capital punishment. Yet nothing was more characteristic of the discipline which he maintained in his Legion than the readiness with which he had his men shot for acts of theft or violence,² a readiness which, being tempered with humanity, was useful and even indispensable. The restraint which he managed to impose upon the turbulent spirits under his command, among whom the element of ‘Jacobinism’ was always latent, was largely due to his employment of this extreme rigour. Officers who accompanied his retreat from Rome in the following summer tell us that on that march ‘he had two punishments: reprimand and death.’³ How then could he disapprove of political assassination on the ground that he objected to the death penalty?

On the other hand it would not be fair to deduce, from his foolish words about Rossi’s murder, that he ever had

¹ *Fuller*, iii. 186.

² *Hoff*. 330, 365; *Locu*. ii. 182, 183.

³ *Hoff*. 333.

anything to do with assassination plots, or that he was callous in taking the lives of his enemies. The very opposite is the established truth. It must be laid to the credit, not of his head, but of his heart, that the brutal school of South American warfare, the cruelties of Austrians, Papalists, and Neapolitans, the low standard of some of his own Italian followers, and the violent sentiments natural to the revolutionary party of which he became the leader, had no deteriorating effect on his action. His political passions never led him to commit a deed inconsistent with the tenderness of his nature and his constant perception of the brotherhood of man. The priests, against whom he is perpetually inveighing in his *Memorie*, were safe in his hands.¹ He constantly spared disguised military spies who, by the law and custom of war, had fairly forfeited their lives.² It was his special care to save the lives of his enemies in battle, and for the vanquished foe he was all tenderness and respect.³ In the long course of his many campaigns and dictatorships he kept himself singularly free from the unnecessary shedding of blood; and foul murder, like that of Rossi, was as far from his methods of action as anything could be. The tenderest of the brave, he took thought not only for men and women, but for the joys and sufferings of animals; ever since the day when, as a child, he had cried over the wounded grasshopper, he was brother to every living thing. He could not endure that a bird should be caged, nor allow an animal to be struck in his presence. It pained him even to see flowers plucked, or a bough wantonly broken, because 'the great Spirit of Eternal Life is in everything.' During his Dictatorship in Naples, in 1860, he spent, in trying to remedy the condition of the cab-horses, much time which others thought he should have given to tasks of government in time of crisis; and in the following year, when he was the most

¹ The negative evidence of this throughout his career is complete. He had already, at Forlì, severely rebuked the mob for raising the cry 'morte ai preti.' *Lazzarini*, 45.

² *Hoff*. 397, 400, 401; *Bellussi*, 36.

³ *Mem.* 61, 175, 291, 438; *Rug.* 37; *Vecchi's Caprera*, 54, 55.

famous man in Europe, he thought it natural to go out at night in the rain to seek a strayed lamb among the rocks and brushwood of Caprera.¹

And yet, under the influence of passion and sentiment, he could write foolish stuff about Rossi's murder. No wonder there were men who said that he had 'a heart of gold and the brains of an ox.'

Though the method of Rossi's removal from power alienates much of our sympathy with his opponents, it should not blind us to the fact that the minister was trying to apply the *juste milieu* to a situation which was revolutionary in all its passions and in all its opportunities. He discouraged the forces making for vigorous initiative and national war against Austria, and tried to execute a domestic reform in the Papal States while putting down the reforming party.² Even his personal supporters, the enlightened men who led the small Moderate party, much as they disliked the Democrats, seem to have recognised his mistake in refusing to join Piedmont in the attack on Austria. Pasolini and Minghetti, summoned to the Quirinal a few hours after Rossi had fallen, were consulted as to the formation of a new ministry. Though filled with the first grief and horror at the murder of their friend, they mastered their passionate resentment against the slayers enough to tell the Pope that no Government could be carried on 'which persisted in holding aloof from the war of national independence.'³ But if Pio Nono had been unwilling to fight for Italy before Rossi's murder, he was not likely to consent now, and the voice of such a man as Pasolini was never again to win credence in those counsels. The long reign of a more sinister influence had begun: for the shock which Rossi's death gave to Pio Nono hastened the last stages of a process, which from the moment of his

¹ *Mem.* 7; *Melena*, 23, 24; *King*, ii. 174; *Chambers*, 100; *Vecchi's Caprera*, 8, 44, 66, 67, 75, 76; *Guernoni*, ii. 650-3.

² *Giovagnoli*, 325, 326.

³ *Pasolini*, 101; *Minghetti*, ii. 125. Rossi himself had once said the same, but, in office, had acted in an opposite sense. (See *Giovagnoli*, 326.)

accession had been sure and rapid—the supposed Liberal of two years back had become as other Popes, and had taken Cardinal Antonelli as his counsellor and guide.

If anything more was lacking to fix the supremacy of Antonelli's will over the weak mind, it was supplied by the conduct of the Roman mob on the day after the murder. On November 16 they demonstrated against the Quirinal, fired at the Swiss Guard, and tried to coerce the Pope by the same methods of personal intimidation which the mob of Paris had employed on their famous visit to the Tuileries, in June 1792; but Pio Nono showed the same powers of passive resistance to outrage as Louis XVI.

The situation was not one that could last long, and, on November 24, the Pope fled, disguised as a simple priest. The flight from the guarded Palace in the heart of the capital to the frontier of the State closely resembled the flight to Varennes, except that it was ably and successfully conducted. The French Ambassador, D'Harcourt, though a party to the plot, appeared to some extent as its dupe, for the carriage containing the fugitives drove, not towards Civitavecchia and France, but southwards along the Appian Way to Gaeta in Neapolitan territory.¹ The choice of route was significant of the fact that henceforth the Papacy stood for all that was most opposed to Italian aspirations, for all that was most retrograde in politics and in religion. Pio Nono had gone to become the guest of King *Bomba*; to put himself, as a clerical writer of the day justly said, 'under the filial protection of a pious and ever celebrated monarch.'²

The news that the Pope had gone was to many of the illiterate populace of Rome much what the news that the Ka'ba had disappeared would be to the people of Mecca. The consternation was great. Many of the Trasteverines, newly converted to the radicalism of Ciceruacchio, still regarded the Pope much as the African savage regards his idol; they would beat their fetish if he refused to do what they wanted, but they still vaguely believed in his thauma-

¹ *Spuur*, 18-23; *Maguire*, 61-66; *Johnston*, 203.

² *Montor*, 80, 81.

turgic powers, and felt for him a kind of family affection growing out of an intimacy fourteen centuries old. Besides, from a commercial point of view, the Pope was to Rome what Diana was to Ephesus. In fact, it is thought that if Pio Nono had been ready to treat, he would have been welcomed back in a few months.¹ But from Gaeta he asked, not for terms, but for submission, and this policy put the game into the hands of the stronger spirits in Rome, whose Republican propaganda gained ground every day. Indignation with Antonelli and the Neapolitan gang that now surrounded the Pope gave popularity to Mazzini's doctrine that Rome would not lose in ceasing to be the capital of the Catholic world, if she became instead the capital of the Republican world, and more particularly of the Italian Republic. The Mazzinian dream was presented in the glowing colours of oratory to that impressionable populace, which was capable, to a degree scarcely to be understood by the English mind, of sympathy with murder one month, and of exalted idealism the next. The word was passed round, and the Republican chiefs came flocking to Rome from all parts of Italy.

These events at Rome had their effect on the growth and fortunes of the infant Legion in the Romagna. After Rossi's murder, the voyage to Venice could safely be postponed, since Garibaldi and his infantry at Ravenna, Masina and his lancers in the island city of Comacchio, could now be easily protected by the inhabitants from the discouraged soldiers of Zucchi. Indeed, they were soon strong enough to protect themselves, for Masina and Garibaldi became fast friends, and, on November 23, united their forces: the forty-two lancers, in their red fezzes and picturesque uniform, came to join the Legionaries, and acted thenceforth as the Garibaldian cavalry. Meanwhile the work of enlistment proceeded so rapidly in the best of all possible recruiting grounds, that, at the

¹ This very common impression is confirmed by the impartial and well-informed observer Admiral Key. (*Key*, 184.)

end of November, the Legion left Ravenna more than 500 strong.¹

This regiment, which was to play the principal part in the Garibaldian epic of 1849, was known as Garibaldi's or the First Italian Legion, in memory of the Italian Legion of Monte Video, from which it was descended. Among the officers, the majority were natives of Piedmont or the Austrian provinces of the north; and as many as twenty-two were Italians who had come home with their chief from Monte Video, besides two of South American extraction.² Of the sergeants and men the predominating element at this early stage was Romagnuol, and, until the end, the region best represented was the Romagna. But there were also many from Austrian Lombardy and Venetia, and later on from Umbria and the Tiber Valley.³

There were few peasants in the Legion.⁴ The great majority belonged to the commercial and artisan classes, from whom were chosen out, by a process of voluntary natural selection, the most intelligent and enthusiastic partisans of Reform, together with the most adventurous spirits and the lovers of a roving life. There were a large number of 'students' in the ranks. The young men of the Universities, who played so great a part in the wars and politics of the *Risorgimento*, were individually and collectively conscious of the many ways in which the retrograde Italian Governments closed the various professional careers open to the educated middle class in France or England.⁵ Their studies, too, led them to believe that

¹ *Roman MSS. Ruoli Gen.* 81 F. 1, show that on November 22 there were 512 Legionaries at Ravenna, and *Ruoli Gen.* 82 F.F. 10, 12, show that Masina's lancers were forty-two strong, counting officers.

² *Locv.* ii. 26, 27, 226-274. Other members of the staff, who were not officers, also came from America, and wore the red shirt. The orderly pictured on plate opposite p. 100 is one of these.

³ *Locv.* i. 22-42; and ii. 22-27.

⁴ With regard to the classes from which the Legionaries were drawn, my evidence is *Mem.* 219; and the list of 162 prisoners (taken at sea off Magnavacca) giving the trade or profession of each one. Of these 162, many belonged to the Legion, and the rest were probably much the same class of person. (*Bel. App.* I.)

⁵ *King*, i. 104.

Italy was the heir of great glory, and that freedom had been the watchword both of the classical Republics and of the mediæval cities in their best days. Therefore, by interest and conviction alike, the students were partisans of the movement of emancipation, and not only supplied the prophets, theorists, and statesmen who redeemed Italy, but offered themselves by scores and hundreds as the common food for powder.

One element in the Legion, which gave its enemies a right to blaspheme, consisted of a few convicts whom Garibaldi had admitted, under the characteristic delusion that to fight for Italy would cure all moral diseases—a point on which some of these gentlemen eventually undeceived him.¹

But, on the whole, he was not far wrong when he called his Legionaries 'the cultivated classes of the towns.'² And these shopkeepers, workmen, and students were quite equal, as the event proved, to pass the severest physical tests of war, which must indeed have tried the pluck of the numerous lads of fourteen to sixteen years of age, who were in this, as in subsequent campaigns, a familiar feature in the armies of Garibaldi. Sufferings were more readily borne because of the example set by a chief who, even in the midst of plenty, ate and drank most sparingly, and accepted the return of privation as the natural lot of man. His followers were ready to endure much at the request of a famous soldier, the more so since he, being himself a man of the people, and withal of a most tender and human heart, was able to speak with them on terms of equality about those whom they loved, to share their private griefs and hopes, especially when they were wounded, and to show a particular care and kindness for the younger volunteers who had run away from school to fight for

¹ *Loev.* ii. 15-21.

² The Dutch artist, Koelman, describes how, at a midnight watch at one of the old gates of Rome, in May 1849, he was thrilled by hearing the common sentry (of Garibaldi's Legion) sing to the stars a stanza of Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata*. *Koelman*, ii. 35-40.

Italy, and to whom he stood in some sort in place of a father.¹

From the first the Legionaries had much to endure, since their chief had as yet no war-chest, and no support from Government. When they left Ravenna they were ill-armed, ill-clad, and without uniform—except Masina's handful of Bolognese lancers, equipped at their own expense and that of their wealthy Colonel, and the red-shirted staff officers and orderlies from South America, who alone represented the pomp and circumstance of war.²

And so this ragged regiment of fine fellows wandered about for the rest of the winter through Umbria and the Marches, spreading the democratic gospel, and creating for themselves a reputation of many colours. When they entered a town, the inhabitants, instructed by the fears of priests and of Moderates, looked anxiously from their windows at the entrance of the 'bandits,' though they often became friendly when they had seen and spoken to the young men, who were above the average of education and intelligence.³ But the decided and often unpleasing manner in which the Legionaries expressed their Republicanism gave offence to some; others were alienated by the insults occasionally offered to monks, priests, and their relics, though Garibaldi punished such conduct most severely. By the discipline of the pillory (*berlina*), prison and capital punishment, he restrained the plundering propensities of his corps within closer limits than those usually observed by the soldiers of the period. But though his privates were not allowed to rob, the official requisitions which he was forced to make, as General, from the half-willing *communes* in order to feed and pay his men at all, and the uncertainty whether the Central Government would ever reimburse the localities, made it difficult to be enthusiastic for such expensive guests.⁴

¹ *Loev.* ii. 201-204; *Koelman*, ii. 109-114, for 1849. Garibaldian literature *passim*, and private information from old Garibaldini, about later wars.

² *Loev.* i. 43-51 and *passim*; *Guerrazzi*, 760.

³ *Mem.* 219; *Foglietti*, 2.

⁴ *Loev.* i. and ii. *passim*, especially ii., chap. xiv., where the whole question

In the middle of December, Garibaldi, accompanied by Masina, left his men for a few days and paid a flying visit to Rome, which he had not seen since his memorable journey with his father twenty-three years before. He now once more went to gaze on the Capitol and the Coliseum, which to him were the symbols, not merely (as they are to us) of time at war with human splendour and permanence, but of the past and future of his own dear land, and of the cause which inspired his life. These ruins were to him the title-deeds of Italy.

But he had the good sense to forbid the Clubs to conduct him in procession to the Capitol. Such triumphs, he said, had first to be won; when Italy was freed, he would himself invite them to come with him. The rebuke was well timed, for it was his part to teach the Italians, and the Romans not least, how much of the bitter bread of war and suffering was needed to justify the intolerable deal of sack represented by so many speeches, processions, and classical allusions. He made friends, however, with Ciceruacchio and the other Republican leaders. The Provisional Government, not yet completely in touch with democratic sentiment, looked askance at him, and would do little to help his Legion, which was again suffering from want in the cold of the Apennine winter. So he returned, discontented, to his men at Foligno in Umbria.¹

But events were moving inevitably towards a Republic, to which form of government, since the Pope would not treat, there was no alternative. In February a Constituent Assembly was summoned, and Garibaldi again went to Rome, as representative of the City of Macerata,² where his presence with the Legion had won him popularity. On February 8,

of the discipline of the Legion is discussed *in extenso* and in great detail from very numerous documents. For the system of paying the Legion see *Roman MSS. Ruoli Gen.* 80 F.F. 1-3, and *Loev.* i. 42; ii. 77-81.

¹ *Loev.* i. 66-75; *Mem.* 218, 219.

² In the Marches, south of Ancona; not Macerata Feltria. (See *Foglietti, passim*, on his stay there.) Outside this town there is a particularly fine statue of him as he looked in 1849, with long hair.

1849, he took an enthusiastic part in the proclamation of the Roman Republic.

One of the first acts of the new State, carried by a unanimous vote of the Assembly, was to naturalise Mazzini, who at the beginning of March arrived in Rome, welcomed as its latest and greatest citizen. The sordid period of the Democratic revolution was over, and its period of idealism and heroism had begun. Mazzini speedily removed the elements of crime and coercion from the popular Government, and replaced them by a spirit of tolerance and liberty almost unexampled in time of national danger. Garibaldi gave to the warfare of the extreme Republicans something of the spirit of Thermopylæ, so often mouthed by orators whose stock-in-trade was classical history, but at last brought by the red-shirts into the region of fact. Little as they liked one another, these two men between them turned a rather limp revolutionary movement, begun in murder and frothy talk of the Clubs, into one of the great scenes of history. The Roman Republic showed the faults, but it showed yet more abundantly the virtues, of its origin as the work of an extreme faction. Its history is full of that appeal to the ideal in man that often guides the life of individuals, but finds little direct representation in the government of the world, except in those rare, brief moments of crisis and of concentrated passion when some despised 'ideologue' is lifted to the top of the plunging wave.

'I entered the City one evening (writes Mazzini) with a deep sense of awe, almost of worship. Rome was to me as, in spite of her present degradation she still is, the Temple of humanity. From Rome will one day spring the religious transformation destined for the third time to bestow moral unity upon Europe. As I passed through the *Porta del Popolo*, I felt an electric thrill run through me—a spring of new life.'

CHAPTER VI

THE REPUBLIC, MAZZINI, AND THE POWERS—OUDINOT ADVANCES ON ROME

‘We must act like men who have the enemy at their gates, and at the same time like men who are working for eternity.’—MAZZINI, in the Assembly, Rome, 1849. (*Note autobiografiche.*)

ONE of the first things that Mazzini did after his entry into Rome was to visit the American lady whom he had met so often in England with the Carlyles and others of that circle.

‘Last night,’ wrote Margaret Fuller, on March 9, ‘I heard a ring; then somebody speak my name; the voice struck me at once. He looks more divine than ever, after all his new, strange sufferings. . . . He stayed two hours, and we talked, though rapidly, of everything. He hopes to come often, but the crisis is tremendous and all will come on him; since, if any one can save Italy from her foes, inward and outward, it will be he. But he is very doubtful whether this be possible; the foes are too many, too strong, too subtle.’

Six weeks later he again admitted to Arthur Clough the probability that the Roman Republic would fall.¹

Mazzini’s Government, the defence of the Janiculum, and the battles and marches of Garibaldi, could not save the new State. Yet these events hastened the gradual

¹ *Fuller*, iii. 208; *Clough’s P. R.*, 148. Here is another stranger’s impression of Mazzini at this period, by the American, William Wetmore Story, a disciple neither of Miss Fuller nor of Mazzini: ‘Called on Mazzini, the Triumvir. . . . His practicality, I cannot but think, has been venerated over his mind by his English life. Essentially, like almost all Italians, he is a visionary. But he sees and understands the virtue of simple, direct action.’ *Story*, i. 157.

approach of unity, by giving a new character to the local pride of the Romans, and marking out Rome to all the world as the capital of Italy and the only acceptable goal of the national aspirations.

Desperation was the mood of the hour. The Kings and the Moderates, said the Republicans, have betrayed the People: let the People take their cause into their own hands—let us have no more half measures. ‘Dare! and dare! and dare again!’ So Danton had said when the Austrian armies threatened the life of the mother of modern Republics. And so now, in effect, said the Roman Democrats; but theirs was the daring of men who, at bottom, have little hope of immediate success. The ardour for the Mazzinian Republic was less forcible and effective than the French fury of 1793, but it was purer in its moral conception. It was less effective, because it was strong only in the towns; the peasant of the Apennines could not be roused to take arms, as Jacques Bonhomme had been roused, to form the battalions of national defence. But the Roman Republic was not cruel, and its advent was followed, not by the increase, but by the suppression of terrorism. In the first months of 1849 the new State fell under the influence of men much better than the Sterbinis and Carlo Bonapartes who had been prominent in Rome at the time of the murder of Rossi. The newly elected Constituent Assembly was a finer body, or, at any rate, had far better guidance, than the late Council of Deputies. Armellini the Roman lawyer, Muzzarelli the Liberal prelate, and the gentle Saffi from Forlì in the Romagna, led the Assembly in the early weeks of the Republic, and at the end of March ungrudgingly yielded the real power to Mazzini, when the triumvirate was formed. Until then he was only a member of the Assembly, but from the moment of his first entry into Rome he was its leading citizen and its real political chief.

It was the hope of Mazzini, with which he inspired the people of Rome, to unite the whole peninsula in one Republic. He dreamed that the work of liberation, starting from Rome, would spread from State to State, in an order of

geographical expansion exactly the reverse of that by which Italian unity was in the end effected.

Tuscany and Naples were the nearest neighbours. The Tuscan Republic had been proclaimed ten days after that of Rome, and Mazzini, on his way south, had stopped to take a leading part in the revolution, effected at a meeting held under Orcagna's loggia in Florence (February 18), though he failed to persuade the Tuscans to incorporate their Republic with that of Rome. It was clear that they would be of little help in the coming death struggle against the armies of old Europe, for the forces of reaction within Tuscany itself were enough to render the overthrow of the Democrats probable even without foreign interference.

On the side of Naples, the foe was already in arms at the gate, for King Ferdinand, rejoicing in his new moral position as protector of the Pope, hoped to forestall Austria and France in the race to re-establish the Temporal Power. Had not his large, though not very efficient armies been already threatening the Roman border, the Republic would perhaps have granted the request of Garibaldi and his men to be allowed to go to the assistance of King Charles Albert against the Austrians, in the fatal Novara campaign (March 14-23).¹

Charles Albert, who, in fighting and suffering with Italy in the Lombard war, had learnt too late to sympathise with the people, was a Liberal, perhaps for the first time in his life, during the six months that followed the surrender of Milan to the Austrians and the armistice of August 1848. Though he himself was safe in Turin, he could not forget those scenes of the retreat through Milan, and the cries of a people thrust back into slavery. He was a haunted man, and his naturally diseased imagination turned from religious to political visions. He too 'ate Austria in his bread.' Radetzky's brutal punishment of those who had trusted him to save them stirred him like a personal insult, and at length he found that neither he nor his Piedmontese subjects could any longer endure to watch the agonies of

¹ *Loc. cit.* i. 128, 129.

Lombardy. But when, on March 14, 1849, he denounced the armistice, and gathered his forces for a last rush on Milan, Radetzky was better prepared than he. Crossing into Piedmontese territory, the Austrians won the decisive victory of Novara (March 23), where, once more, brave fighting and bad generalship distinguished the Italian army.

Charles Albert had vainly sought death in the battle. To obtain better terms for his country, he abdicated the throne and rode away disguised through the Austrian lines. Before that summer was ended, he had died in a Portuguese cloister, his heart broken for Italy. Much is forgiven him, because he loved her much. He had long imagined, in his religious and mystical melancholy, that God had set him apart to procure her liberation, on condition that he himself became a sacrifice,¹ and that unselfish thought may well be repeated by history as her final judgment of his life.

Young Victor Emmanuel, left to cope with triumphant enemies and mutinous subjects, inherited the allegiance of a still formidable army and the attachment of a small band of servants of the House of Savoy, as Liberal as the Whigs of the Reform Bill, but as loyal as any Swiss guard. He saved Piedmont from conquest, partly through the assistance of very serious threats made by France against Austria, partly by consenting to abandon for the time the Democratic parties in the rest of Italy. Austria insisted, as a matter of course, that he should leave Venice to its fate by the withdrawal of his fleet from the Adriatic—an act of necessity which the Republicans throughout the Peninsula factiously charged against him as a crime. But there was one thing which he would not surrender, and that was the Constitution granted by his father to Piedmont. All the tempting offers made by Radetzky to induce him to 'modify' the great charter, which was destined to become the law of the kingdom of united Italy, were met by his staunch refusal, now celebrated in Italian popular art, which loves to depict the young and spirited king turning

¹ *Della Rocca*, 28.

away in indignation from the offers of the white-haired enemy of freedom.

The news that Piedmont was once more laid low reached Rome at the end of March. Although it had been necessary to keep the Garibaldians on the Neapolitan border, a few Roman troops had been sent towards the seat of war, but had not arrived in time to share in the disaster. The first result of Novara was that the Roman Assembly proclaimed a dictatorship of Mazzini, Saffi, and Armellini, under the title of 'Triumvirs,' with full executive power. Mazzini, however, directed the policy of his two colleagues as absolutely as the First Consul Bonaparte had directed the policy of Siéyès and Ducos. But his was the domination, not of supreme efficiency and egoism, but of an almost superhuman virtue, of an other-worldliness which long years of suffering and self-surrender had suffused through his being, so that those who looked on him and heard his voice were compelled to reverence the divine in man. While Garibaldi was being fashioned into a hero on the breezy uplands of Brazil, the more painful making of a saint had for eleven years been in process amid the squalid and fog-obsured surroundings of a London lodging-house. And now at last the finished product of so much pain and virtue shone before Europe in Italian sunlight, on the great stage of Rome. The saintliness which Carlyle had so fully acknowledged, though he would never yield to its persuasion, now cast its spell over the Roman people. They carried out Mazzini's behests in letter and in spirit, under the pure constraint of his nobility, laying aside sloth and cowardice, and abjuring at his appeal even the passion of revenge. 'Here in Rome,' he told the Assembly, 'we may not be moral mediocrities.' If Carlyle had had any eyes for the events of his own day, he would have seen in the friend whom he had so often made 'very sad' by vociferous scorn of schemes for the moral redemption of Italy the grandest illustration of

his own theory that asserts the natural domination of Man over Men.¹

In almost every town of the Peninsula, great or small, there was some group of young men who had been roused by Mazzini's appeal to devote their lives not to themselves, but to their country and their fellows. It was a process nothing short of conversion—for it was moral even more than intellectual. Garibaldi, before he went to America, had been one of the first thus awakened by the call of Mazzini; but he was not altogether one of the 'disciples.' The form of religion on which Mazzini based his moral appeal to live for others was pure Deism, tempered by a loving respect for the Catholic form of Christianity from which he had separated; he attached great importance to the bare belief in God. His watchword was *Dio e Popolo*, 'God and the People.' But Garibaldi, it is said, would sometimes call himself an Atheist,² when

¹ On June 17, 1844, the *Times* had protested finely against the opening of Mazzini's letters by our Government, but had rather ostentatiously declared its ignorance of Mazzini himself, saying that he ought not to be so treated, even if he was the most contemptible of mankind. Two days later a letter appeared in its columns signed 'Thomas Carlyle,' containing the following passage: 'It may tend to throw light on this matter if I now certify to you . . . that Mr. Mazzini is not unknown to various competent persons in this country; and that he is very far indeed from being contemptible,—none further, or very few living men. I have had the honour to know Mr. Mazzini for a series of years; and whatever I may think of his practical insight and skill in worldly affairs, I can with great freedom testify to all men that he, if I have ever seen one such, is a man of genius and virtue, a man of sterling veracity, humanity, and nobleness of mind, one of those rare men, numerable unfortunately as units in this world, who are worthy to be called martyr-souls; who in silence piously, in their daily life, understand and practise what is meant by that.' On the other hand, Carlyle was most contemptuous of Mazzini's ideals and schemes. *Margaret Fuller* (iii. 100-101) records how, when the conversation one day turned on 'progress' and 'ideals,' Carlyle was fluent in invectives on all our 'rose-water imbecilities.' 'We all felt distant from him, and Mazzini, after some vain efforts to remonstrate, became very sad. Mrs. Carlyle said to me, "These are but opinions to Carlyle; but to Mazzini, who has given his all, and helped to bring his friends to the scaffold in pursuit of such subjects, it is a matter of life and death."' "

Bolton King's *Massini* is a very noble delineation of the man. 'The Chief' in Mr. Meredith's *Vittoria* and the Dedication of Mr. Swinburne's *Songs before Sunrise* are the tribute of English literature.

² Only, indeed, in later life, and but seldom then. 'One night at a crowded Fulham party (1864) Mazzini was contending, as was his wont, that an Atheist could

he was particularly incensed against the ordinary type of priest, who he declared 'taught the peasants to hate Italy.' But more usually he spoke of 'God, the Father of all nations ;' of 'the mighty power of a living God,' seen in nature ; or pantheistically of 'the soul of the Universe,' and of the great Spirit of eternal Life in everything.' He disliked 'miserable materialism.' He 'venerated the doctrine of Christ, because Christ came into the world to liberate the world from slavery.'¹ Christ was to him 'the virtuous man,' 'whom the priests had made God.' The general tone of his thought resembled that of Shelley, except that he was no philosopher, and had no consistent theories ; he had, instead, strong, primitive feelings, both positive and negative, that linked him to the Italian people and to human life.

It was not in Garibaldi's nature either to learn or to teach. Men, he declared, are reformed 'by example more than by doctrine.' And so his doctrine was of one word—'Avanti!' But on his lips it had as much power to transform the minds and souls of men as the studied wisdom of the theorist or politician. The magical effect of his voice and presence was such that, although as yet he had won no great victories for Italy, the worship of Garibaldi already rivalled that of Mazzini. During the spring of 1849 his influence was potent to enlarge the moral tone of the Republic and to animate its defenders.

From the end of January to the middle of April the Garibaldians were stationed at the border town of Rieti, in face of the Neapolitan enemy. It was here that the Legion rose in numbers from 500 to about 1,000 men, and at length obtained discipline, organisation, and equipment.² There were frequent quarrels between the Garibaldians and the National Guard at Rieti ; but the Legion was on

not have a sense of duty. Garibaldi, who was present, at once asked, "What do you say of me? I am an Atheist. Do I lack the sense of duty?" "Ah," said Mazzini, playfully, "you imbibed duty with your mother's milk"—which was not an answer, but a good-natured evasion. Garibaldi was not a philosophical Atheist, but he was a fierce sentimental one, from resentment at the cruelties and tyrannies of priests who professed to represent God.'—*Holyoake*, i. 220, 221.

¹ *Jack la Bolina*, 238 ; *Vecchi's Cap.*, 76, 88 ; *Mem.* 255, 291 ; *Guerzoni*, ii. 653.

² *Locv.* i. 113-141, ii. *passim.* *Roman MSS. Ruoli Gen.* 81, F. 3, f. 7.

the whole the most popular regiment with the Liberal party in the Republic because it represented in a concrete form the national and democratic idea. 'Italy,' said Ugo Bassi, who was sent by Mazzini to act as Garibaldi's chaplain—'Italy is here in our camp; Italy is Garibaldi; and so are we.'¹

At Rieti a strong and beautiful friendship was formed between Ugo Bassi and Garibaldi, dating from their first sight of one another. Thenceforth, till the martyrdom of the friar, they were constantly together, on the battlefield, the march, and the bivouac. Garibaldi persuaded Bassi to change his clerical dress for the red shirt² which distinguished the other officers of the staff, and in that costume he continued his apostolate, much to the satisfaction of the Legionaries.

The rank and file were not, till near the end of the siege of Rome, dressed in the red shirt, but they had now obtained a uniform consisting of a loose dark-blue tunic and green cape, and the tall 'Calabrian hat' of operatic fame, with its turn-down brim, often adorned with black ostrich feathers. In that romantic and magnificent headgear, greatly preferable to the ugly little *képi*, they performed their deeds of arms in 'forty-nine.

It was clear that the military defenders of the new State would have no sinecure. Spain, Austria, and France were competing with Naples for the honour and advantage of restoring the Pope, although the Republic, whose destruction was regarded as the moral duty of the first Catholic power that could send enough troops to Rome, not only gave no diplomatic justification for interference, but set up within its own borders a standard of freedom and toleration entirely new in the history of Governments beset with foreign and domestic danger. Accusations of terrorism and confiscation were made against it by the reactionary parties,

¹ 'L' Italia è qui nel nostro campo, l' Italia è Garibaldi; e siamo noi!' *Martinengo Cesaresco*, 229. It seems to have been a favourite cry of the time, as *Vecchi*, ii. 299, records that on July 2 the people in the Piazza of St. Peter's cried out at Garibaldi and his men, 'Voi siete l' Italia.' For Rieti see *Sassetti*, 90, 99-100.

² See letter of Ugo Bassi printed in *Bel.* 11, 12.

now recovering power all over Europe. Mazzini was vexed¹ that these misrepresentations were repeated loudly in the English 'Times,' which declared that the aims and methods of his Roman Republic were identical with those of the 'reds' of Paris,² although, in fact, his methods of preserving the State in time of danger were a strange contrast to those of the old French Jacobins, and his individualist legislation on behalf of the poorer classes went on different principles from the French Socialism of the day. The theory and practice of the Government are accurately expressed in the following 'Programme,' published by the Triumvirate on April 5 :

'No war of classes, no hostility to existing wealth, no wanton or unjust violation of the rights of property; but a constant disposition to ameliorate the material condition of the classes least favoured by fortune.'³

Regardless of the truth, the Clerical party proclaimed to Europe that their enemies were communists and socialists—names then as odious to the propertied classes as the name Jacobin had been fifty years before. 'Who does not know,' wrote the Pope in his Allocution of April 20, 'that the city of Rome, the principal seat of the Church, has now become, alas, a forest of roaring beasts, overflowing with men of every nation, apostates, or heretics, or leaders of communism and socialism?''⁴ But the only proof with which the charge of 'communism and socialism' could eventually be maintained by Papal pamphleteers after the fall of the Republic, was the irrelevant fact that the villas Corsini, Valentini, Spada, and Barberini had been destroyed in battle (half by the French and half by the Italian guns), and that a few other houses outside the walls had been removed by the Triumvirate to facilitate the military defence of the city.⁵

And, indeed, all property was safe, except the enormous estates of the Church, which the mildest reform could not

¹ *Clough*, P. R. 147.

² *Times* leading articles, e.g. March 30 and May 11.

³ *Mazzini*, ii. 61 (*Atti della Rep. Rom.*).

⁴ *Allocuzione del sommo Pontefice*.

⁵ *Gli ultimi sessantadue giorni*, 165.

have left untouched. In other countries, Catholic and Protestant alike, the wealth accumulated by the mediæval Church had undergone large curtailment by a process of which the propertied class had been the chief beneficiaries. But it was not for squires, courtiers, or capitalists that Mazzini laid his hand on ecclesiastical property. It was for the benefit of the poorer peasants that he decreed the employment of confiscated Church land, as small holdings leased to cultivators at nominal rents ; it was for the benefit of the poorer parish priests that he joined in the movement to equalise the emoluments of ecclesiastics.¹ If Mazzini had been permitted by Catholic Europe to carry out these edicts, he would have done much to relieve the poverty of the peasants, and something to rectify the distribution of salary among the clergy. Such changes, besides being good in themselves, would have made the Church both more efficient and less unpopular.

No change in doctrine, no State interference in ecclesiastical Government, above all, no persecution of cult, such as had marked the relations of the first French Republic to the Church, was dreamed of by the authorities at Rome. Mazzini was determined to give the necessary guarantees for the Pope's spiritual authority, and they were expressly granted in the admirable Constitution drawn up by the Assembly, which had not time to come into force before the Republic was murdered by France.² When, shortly after the establishment of the Triumvirate, there occurred several cases of robbery of churches, the Government forbade the sale of any kind of clerical moveable property, arrested a Belgian landscape-painter in whose house such goods had been found, placed a guard in every church, and so effectually stopped the thefts.³ The services of the Church were freely and honourably conducted, libels against the priests were suppressed, and their persons were protected

¹ *Mazzini*, v. 371-374, *Official Acts of the R. R. King*, i. 328, 329. *Tivaroni, Aust.*, ii. 381, 382. The offices of the Inquisition were converted into tenement dwellings for the poor families of Rome.

² *Farini*, iv. 216-223, for text of Constitution.

³ *Koelman*, i. 251, 252.

by Government. It was only after the unprovoked interference of France on behalf of the Clericals, that one or two particularly atrocious murders occurred in Rome, of priests supposed to be aiding the foreigner.¹ But the action of the authorities, the example and continual exhortation of Mazzini, put a stop to these crimes which might very easily have become contagious. Mazzini's own religion was unorthodox and mystical, but his sympathy with all religion and his belief in toleration were profound and sincere.

He took for the watchword of his Government: 'Inexorable as to principles, tolerant and impartial as to persons.' The enemies of the Republic, both clerical and lay, enjoyed the protection of Government for the hatching of plots against it within the walls of the capital. Mazzini knew what they were doing, and deliberately let them be. He ruled a State in time of foreign invasion and domestic crisis, 'without prisons, without trials, without violence.'² This was the 'bandit' Government against which *Bomba* and the French Catholics were marching in the name of outraged morality.

The mildness of Mazzini's rule had this disadvantage, that, where the moral appeal failed, he had no physical force on which to rely. He persuaded the people of Rome to behave admirably as a whole, but those who, like the murderer Zambianchi, would not listen to the voice of his charming, did too much of their own will. And in the more distant provinces, removed from the sphere of his personal influence, the ability of the Government to enforce order was not always on a level with its desire. In Romagna and the Marches, where the blood-feud was custom of the country, greatly enhanced by long years of Papal misrule, the Civil Service was full of adherents of the old order, and the lay administration, without which but little could be done, had yet to be created. When we consider that the

¹ I relate these events below, pp. 149, 150, in their proper chronological order.

² *Tivaroni*, *Aust.* ii. 429; *Johnston*, 294-296; *King*, i. 329; *Pisacane*, 9; *Mazzini*, i. 182; ii. 61, 91,—*Note Autobiografiche, Lettera al Ministero Francese, and Atti della Rep.*

Republic was left to grapple with a population holding mediæval ideas as to the sacredness of human life, by means of a mediæval instrument of Government, we may well admire the rapid steps towards a better state of things which were made in the few months before the Austrian and French troops put an end to the new *régime*. At Ancona, the worst centre of anarchy, where the terrorists were committing assassinations at the rate of half-a-dozen every day, order was restored by the courage and severity of the Government agent Orsini, afterwards renowned for a darker deed.¹

The worst side of the Republican administration—apart from a general want of vigour in the members stultifying the good intentions at the head—was the hopeless welter in which finance remained. Here Rossi might have done something to extricate the State from a condition which the clerical Government had created, and with which the Republicans were quite unable to contend, save by the reckless issue of paper. Refusing the temptation to adopt the most odious of revolutionary expedients, they left the property of the *émigrés* to Gaeta untouched; they also removed some of the more oppressive of the indirect taxes that fell heavily on the common people. But while they knew what taxes to avoid, they did not know so well what to impose, or how to save the State from financial disaster.²

On the whole, the Republic grew more popular with the various classes of the community as its intentions and character became more clear. At worst it stood for Italy, and where one man was a zealous Republican, ten were good Italians. Some friars and priests, in spite of the Pope's excommunication, rallied to the tolerant and national Government; the middle classes and working men of the towns became daily more enthusiastic; the peasants, except where the influence of reactionary priests was strong, grew friendly in some parts, and ceased in others to be actively hostile; in the Romagna, they were staunch for the Republic.

¹ Orsini, 79–80; Johnston, 361–365; *Monitore Romano*, April 30; King, i. 330, 331; *Tivaroni*, Aust. ii. 379, 380.

² Valeriani, 89, 90, 133–138; Johnston, 245, 246; King, i. 328.

The Trasteverines and other inhabitants of Rome were growing every day more strongly opposed to the restoration of clerical rule. Even the upper-class leaders of the Moderate party, deeply as they had been alienated by the Democratic violence of the last winter, much as they still disapproved of the ideas upon which the Mazzinian State was founded, could not, with returning spring, view without admiration a stand so gallantly made for Italy against a European league of her oppressors.¹

While the Republic was daily strengthening its authority and improving its moral position, the armies of Austria, Naples, Spain, and France were hastening by sea and land to its overthrow. The Austrians who, after Novara, sent large bodies of troops southwards, began slowly to occupy the Romagna. But the French were in a position to strike a blow at the heart. On April 25, some eight to ten thousand French troops under General Oudinot (son of Napoleon I.'s Marshal), landed at Civitavecchia, forty miles north-west of Rome. The orders given to Oudinot by his Government spoke of the Roman Republic as an unpopular usurpation, which would soon be removed. He was not to recognise the Triumvirate or the Assembly, but he was to treat their members with courtesy as individuals; he was to effect the occupation of the capital as a friend, although, if the inhabitants were so absurd as to object to the entrance of a foreign army within their walls, he must employ the necessary amount of force.² His own somewhat illogical proclamations, though deceptive in the assertion that the French would not coerce the Roman people, did not conceal the fact that they came to overturn the existing Government and restore the Papal authority in some form or other.

The executive of the French Republic was more responsible than the legislature for this novel development

¹ *King*, i. 331, 332. Farini's attitude towards the Democrats becomes much more favourable during the last months of the Republic. (See *Farini*, iii. 422, 423, and *Dandolo*, *passim*.)

² Orders printed in *Moniteur* of May 8.

of the nation's foreign policy, which diverted the channel of its interference in Italy from the Lombard plain to the Roman Campagna—from friendship with the Liberal cause to alliance with its worst enemies. The French Assembly, though it did not effectually oppose the action of the Government, contained strong elements of genuine Republicanism; some of the Ministers, on the other hand, were partisans of the clerical and military reaction which had first grown out of the anti-Socialist panic, and was now fast drifting towards autocracy, under the influence of the President, Louis Napoleon. Men of all parties were agreed that an Austrian monopoly of the Italian peninsula must not be allowed, and, after Novara, France had flung her shield over Piedmont because she could not afford to have Austria master of all Italy up to the French border. The new President, heir to the traditions of Rivoli and Marengo, and never entirely forgetful of his own youthful adventures among the Carbonari, had some genuine sympathy with Italy—in so far as the inhabitants wished to be freed from the Austrian yoke. But his rôle as 'saviour of society' from Socialism made him in France the ally of reaction, dependent on Clerical support in the country; nor was he yet in a position to cross the policy of those members of the Government who were more Clerical at heart than he.

The Ministers saw in the situation at Rome, and in the appeals of the Pope for help, an opportunity of combining a check to Austria with an anti-Liberal policy which would ensure for them the Catholic vote in France—then a more considerable item in elections than it is to-day. If they could regain for France the religious hegemony of the Catholic powers, they would at once fulfil the desire of the Clericals and satisfy the pride of the nation. 'It was the beginning of the long chapter of fraud and insolence, for which the French Catholics are more responsible than Napoleon, which, beginning in a kind of perverted national pride, ended by sacrificing the nation to the Papacy, and had its pay at Sedan.'¹

¹ *King*, i. 334.

Pio Nono, by taking refuge with Ferdinand of Naples, had inflicted a severe diplomatic defeat on the French, but the lost ground would be handsomely recovered if they could open for him the gates of Rome, while his Neapolitan friends were still hesitating on the frontier, afraid to attack Garibaldi. Military and naval preparations had been on foot even as early as the time of the Pope's flight to Gaeta, and some troops had actually sailed early in December, only to be driven back by storms.¹ After that there had again been hesitation on the part of the Government, until the final departure of the French expedition was precipitated by the news of Novara, which made it certain that the Austrians would soon start on the same race for Rome.

There was still enough Republican feeling in the Assembly and in the streets of Paris to compel the more reactionary of the Ministers to use the language of respect for those principles of popular government on which it was their intention to trample. For this reason they raised the cry that 'foreigners come from all parts of Italy' were oppressing the people of Rome, and French historians of the Clerical party² are not ashamed to repeat this astounding defence of the French interference. The 'foreign demagogues' of this theory are Mazzini and Garibaldi. These historians, not recognising the right of Italy to be a nation, consider that soldiers from Paris were less alien to Rome than the men of Genoa, Nice, and Milan. But even if we were to grant, as self-evident, the proposition that a native of Piedmont has less rights in any Italian city than those which everywhere belong to a French soldier, there remains the fact that 193 members out of 200 in the freely elected Constituent Assembly, which established the Republic and the Triumvirate, were natives of the Roman States.³

But it is not necessary to take very seriously the

¹ *Paris MSS.* 39*, 206, 207; *Précis Hist.* 11, 12.

² *E.g.*, *La Gorce, Seconde République Française*, ii. 75, 80, 203. One would gather, alike from the text and the foot-notes, that in composing his book he had not consulted Italian authorities any more than M. Bittard des Portes.

³ *Johnston*, 232-236.

hypocritical arguments about 'liberating' Rome from 'foreigners,' and effecting a 'reconciliation' between the Pope and his subjects, which were employed as a blind to the Italian and French Liberals. The 'reconciliation' ended, as all had foreseen, in the restoration of the Papal autocracy, and all the worst evils of clerical rule; nor could it have ended otherwise, for the Pope, though he was prepared to accept his restoration at the hands of France, was determined to abolish every vestige of constitutional freedom and lay government, however much the French might ask for some show of reform. Louis Napoleon, whatever he might pretend to himself or to others, was reviving, in his attitude towards the Papal States, the policy of the Holy Alliance, except that his position was more isolated than that of Alexander and Metternich, and his attitude less friendly to the other maintainers of 'order.' It was not so much a Holy Alliance as a Holy Competition for the advantage of policing Central Italy.

The one thing that can be truly said in excuse for the expedition to Rome is that the French Government, when they despatched their troops, had persuaded themselves that they would be welcomed as liberators. But they had arrived at this conclusion by the simple process of believing what they wished, and even if they had expected resistance, they would not have acted differently, except in sending a larger force. For when they found out how complete was their mistake—how ready were the citizens of the Roman Republic to die for their independence—they did not hesitate to restore, over unwilling subjects, the most odious Government in Christian Europe, and to shed the blood of the inhabitants of a State over which they had no shadow of suzerainty, whose borders did not march with their own, whose policy it was to cultivate the friendship of France, and whose governors continued, even after the fighting had begun, to pray most earnestly for a renewal of kindly relations. Such action would be in the highest degree repugnant to the conscience of the French Republic of our own day, as it was then repugnant to the conscience of many of the

best citizens of France, who vainly protested in the Assembly and in the streets of Paris against the great clerical and military plot to suppress liberty abroad. The murder of the Roman Republic foreshadowed, not obscurely, the approaching doom of free institutions in France.

In the last days of April, while Oudinot was traversing the forty miles between his port of disembarkation and the suburbs of Rome, the Triumvirs could look round and see that they were alone against the world. Already (April 11) the Democratic Government of Tuscany had 'gained what no Republic missed'; the Grand Duke had been recalled to his throne by the popular voice, in time to prevent a forcible restoration by the Austrians.¹ Piedmont was wisely keeping friends with France, and retiring to leap better on some distant day. The long agony of the siege of Venice still dragged on, but the end was certain. Every other power actively interested in Italy was leagued against Mazzini. England, with a passive interest, was delivering disregarded lectures to all parties. Palmerston, if not the Cabinet as a whole, was an academic friend to Piedmont and a foe to Austria, but even Palmerston did nothing to support the Roman Republic. Not realising the now intractable attitude of the Pope, he advised Mazzini to negotiate for Liberal institutions under a restored Papal rule.

But another large body of opinion in England was at this date altogether anti-Italian; the 'Quarterly Review,' true to its anti-Jacobin traditions, praised the fine old times of Gregory XVI., lauded Ferdinand of Naples, and compared Mazzini to Robespierre.² The 'Times' was no less strongly on the side of *Bomba*, the Pope, and the Austrians against their respective subjects. It complained

¹ The internal reaction in Tuscany was due partly to the Conservatism of the peasants, partly to the quarrels of the various Liberal parties in the towns, and not a little to the hatred of the Florentines for the men of Leghorn, the overbearing leaders of the revolution. *King*, i. 325, 326; *Dupré*, 176, 177.

² *Quarterly Review*, lxxxv. 230, 238, 253.

of the French expedition only in so far as it limited the action and invaded the privileges of Austria, and took Oudinot to task because he did not at once declare his real purpose, the restoration of the Papal despotism.¹ The 'Times' correspondent remained within the French lines, and his thirst for blood could not be satisfied by Oudinot's tardy and comparatively humane operations.² The sneers of the great newspaper at the 'degenerate remnant of the Roman people,' who 'will believe they are heroes,' revealed that remarkable form of pride in British institutions which used to consider it an insult to ourselves that any other race should aspire to progress and freedom.³

But the better England was well represented on the right side of the walls. George Thomas, the artist of the leading illustrated paper of the day, was sending home his sketches of the Garibaldini which I have been most kindly allowed to reproduce in this book. These pictures and the sympathetic comment in the text of the 'Illustrated London News' may be said to have laid the first foundations of the Garibaldian cult in our country,⁴ a plant of slow but eventually of enormous growth. Arthur Clough was also in Rome, gathering the impressions which he dressed up in the 'Amours de Voyage.' His proverbial hesitation did not extend to the field of Italian politics, and he watched the martyrdom of Liberty with the eye, not of a sceptic, but of a poet.⁵ The Bostonian Margaret Fuller, as an old and dear friend of Mazzini in England, was even more whole-hearted in her devotion, and felt that the new Rome of the people was the visionary country of her heart.

¹ *Times* leading articles, from January 18 onwards, e.g. April 17, April 19, May 11.

² *Times*, June 6 and 12. He said the leaders in Rome, though not indeed Mazzini, desired 'to secure a well-filled purse': poor Garibaldi! The *Quarterly* stated that most of the Roman soldiers were not Italians! (lxxxv. 237); there were really about 400 non-Italians out of some 17,000 or more.

³ *Times*, May 11, June 30.

⁴ I know two Englishmen, afterwards great sympathisers with Italy, who severally recollect the lasting impression these pictures made on them as boys, when they knew nothing of Italian affairs.

⁵ His letters (*Prose Remains*) show this even more strongly than the *Amours de Voyage*.

Thus, with only the gods on their side, the Romans armed for the fight. Outside the city, friends and foes expected that they would surrender: 'Italians do not fight,' was the word passed round in the French camp, and even those who knew the North Italians had never heard of Roman valour in the history of the modern world. But a great moral change had taken place. When, on the afternoon of April 27, Garibaldi, the long-expected, entered Rome at the head of his bronzed Legionaries from the northern provinces of the Republic, there was little doubt of the spirit of the citizens through whom they pushed their way. 'He has come, he has come!' they cried all down the Corso. He had come, and the hour of Rome's resurrection had struck.¹

'The sculptor Gibson, who was then in Rome, describes the spectacle offered by these wild-looking warriors, as they rode in, as one of the strangest ever witnessed in the Eternal City. The men, sunburnt, with long unkempt hair, wearing conical-shaped hats with black, waving plumes; their gaunt, dust-soiled faces framed with shaggy beards; their legs bare; crowding round their chief, who rode a white horse, perfectly statuesque in virile beauty; the whole group looking more like a company of brigands out of some picture of Salvator Rosa than a disciplined military force.'²

The combined effect of the presence of Mazzini and of Garibaldi in Rome was to exalt men's hearts and minds into a region where it seemed base to calculate nicely whether there was any hope of victory in the defensive war which they were undertaking. And in such magnificent carelessness lay true wisdom. There are times when it is wise to die for honour alone. If Rome had submitted again to Papal despotism without a blow she could never have become the capital of Italy, or only as the despised head of a noble family. Historians who blame the defence of Rome overlook this point, which surely is one of immense

¹ *Loc. cit.* i. 155, 156.

² *Costa*, 43; *Martinengo Cesaresco's Italy*, 148. Their 'bare legs' are not mentioned by other authorities. They usually wore long trousers.

importance. The end of the present war might be scarcely doubtful, but the end for which they were about to fight lay in the distant future. If it is asked why the Romans were urged to undertake the struggle, let Mazzini answer for himself :

‘With those who have said or written that the resistance of Rome to her French invaders was an error, it were useless to discuss.

‘To the many other causes which decided us to resist, there was in my mind added one intimately bound up with the aim of my whole life—the foundation of our national unity. Rome was the natural centre of that unity, and it was important to attract the eyes and the reverence of my countrymen towards her. The Italian people had almost lost their *Religion* of Rome ; they, too, had begun to look upon her as a sepulchre, and such she seemed.

‘As the seat of a form of faith now extinct, and only outwardly sustained by hypocrisy and persecution, her middle-class living, in a great measure, upon the pomps of worship and the corruption of the higher clergy, and her people, although full of noble and manly pride, necessarily ignorant, and believed to be devoted to the Pope—Rome was regarded by some with aversion, by others with disdainful indifference. A few individual exceptions apart, the Romans had never shared that ferment, that desire for liberty which had constantly agitated Romagna and the Marches. It was therefore essential to redeem Rome ; to place her once again at the summit, so that the Italians might again learn to regard her as the temple of their common country. It was necessary that all should learn how potent was the immortality stirring beneath those ruins of two epochs, two worlds. I did feel that power, did feel the pulsations of the immense eternal life of Rome through the artificial crust with which priests and courtiers had covered the great sleeper, as with a shroud. I had faith in her. I remember that when the question as to whether we should resist or not first arose, the chief officers of the National Guard, when I assembled and interrogated them, told me sadly that the main body of the guard would not in any case co-operate in the defence. It seemed to me that I understood the Roman people far better than they, and I therefore gave orders that all the battalions

should defile in front of the Palace of the Assembly on the following morning in order that the question might be put to the troops. The universal shout of *Guerra* that arose from the ranks drowned in an instant the timid doubts of their leaders.

‘The defence of the city was therefore decided upon : by the assembly and people of Rome from a noble impulse and from reverence for the honour of Italy ; by me as the logical consequence of a long-matured design. Strategically I was aware that the struggle ought to have been carried on out of Rome, by operating upon the flank of the enemy’s line. But victory, unless we were to receive assistance from the other provinces of Italy, was equally impossible within and without the walls ; and since we were destined to fall, it was our duty, in view of the future, to proffer our *morituri te salutant* to Italy from Rome.’¹

¹ *Massimi*, v. 200–202. (Italian Ed. i. 175, 176, *Note Autobiografiche*.)

CHAPTER VII¹

THE THIRTIETH OF APRIL

'And the world passed by her, and said
(We heard it say) she was dead ;
And now, behold, she hath spoken,
She that was dead, saying, " Rome." '

SWINBURNE.—*The Halt before Rome.*

BUT Mazzini alone could not have inspired the heroic defence. If Garibaldi had not, at the eleventh hour, been brought into Rome by the agency of his admirer Avezzana, the new Minister of War,² the resistance to Oudinot would have been very feeble. All Italian accounts of the siege make this abundantly clear, while French and Clerical writers regard his ill-omened arrival at the last moment as the reason why the Italians were 'terrorised' into dying for their country. The truth is, that his presence during the two days of preparation, before the battle of April 30, exalted the fighting spirit of the troops and of the populace by the exercise of that personal magic felt equally by all classes. The workman, the student, the employer and the landowner were all brothers-in-arms in the ranks of the volunteer regiments. To this people, singularly free from what in our island we know only too well as 'snobbery,' it was all one whether Garibaldi was the son of a nobleman or of a poor sailor : he was an Italian—no one asked more.

'In Italy (wrote one who saw the workings of this remarkable epoch in her history) the classes of society are far less distinct than elsewhere, so that, when once they are brought into

¹ For this Chapter see map p. 125 below.

² Garibaldi's own belief, right or wrong, was that Avezzana was the first real friend he had in high quarters at Rome. *Garibaldi's Cantoni*, 180; *Mem.* 224, and information given me by General Canzio.

contact, or unite for the accomplishment of any object, they instantly find themselves less different, and less uncongenial than might be anticipated from their disparity of condition. Thus it was with the early volunteers of 1848.¹

And thus it was at Rome in 1849.

Although Garibaldi was not commander-in-chief, 'whoever heard the conversations of the people, or took a more or less active part in the fortification of the town, had occasion to notice at every moment that Garibaldi, and no other, was recognised as leader.'² Barricades were being thrown up in the streets with the same zeal of young and old, the same fraternity of rich and poor as the Parisians of 1790 had shown in digging out the theatre of the Champs de Mars for their revolutionary pageant. The patrician ladies of Rome, soon to distinguish themselves in the hospitals under the republican Princess Belgiojoso, were conspicuous in their elegant dresses, handling the spade; and Garibaldi himself came round to visit the work and encourage the diggers. 'Hardly,' wrote a stranger who was present at one of these scenes,

'hardly had the General, with his melodious penetrating voice, spoken a few words, when an uproarious cheering arose. . . . The General continued his way, again followed by hundreds of people, all of whom wished to catch, be it a single glance of the popular hero, or to hear a single word from his mouth. Among this multitude were men and women of all classes, youths and boys, nay, even mothers who held their children up to show them the man whose name was on all lips.'³

But the political enthusiasm of the diggers at the barricades did not always imply very hard work, according to Anglo-Saxon standards. In some places the American, William Story, saw 'the labourers leaning picturesquely on their spades, doing nothing,' or 'sometimes pitching a shovelful of gravel into a wheelbarrow'; his party 'voted the workmen too lazy to live.'⁴

¹ *Dandolo*, 294 (Letter to the translator).

² *Koelman*, ii. 5, 6.

³ *Koelman*, ii. 5-8.

⁴ *Story*, i. 134, 153.

The Dutch artist, Koelman, has recorded his own first impression of the Garibaldini and their chief, when, in these last days of April, he visited their quarters at the convent of San Silvestro in Capite. 'One of these afternoons,' he says that he and his artist friends

'found the piazza before the convent of San Silvestro filled with a crowd eager for news. In the distance we saw lances and bayonets glittering, and were thinking of a parade or review, when, on coming nearer, we noticed an entirely new uniform. We were accustomed to the variegated dress of the soldiers, the bear-skins, the ugly shakos, the braid and horse-tails, the red, yellow, white, gold and silver stripes and embroideries, and now we saw a troop in dark blue¹ coats hanging on their bodies in wide folds and tied up with black belts. . . . On their heads they wore small black felt hats with broad turned-down brims.² Those of the officers were trimmed with black feathers. On their backs all of them carried black knapsacks. Part of these soldiers were armed with lances having long points,³ others with muskets, and in the belts of all, instead of a sabre or sword, stuck a heavy poniard. "What soldiers are these?" we asked. "Garibaldini," was the answer.

'It was the first Italian Legion founded by Garibaldi in South America.

'Before the gate of the convent two carriages were standing. Four or five nuns were just coming out of the convent gate, their hands folded and eyes cast down. Praying, they were led into the carriages,⁴ which were afterwards filled up with boxes and little chests, and the five sisters evacuated the vast building which they had hitherto occupied, for the two thousand⁵ *briganti*, as the Clericals called them, under the command of Garibaldi. . . .

¹ Only the principal officers, and the orderlies, chiefly those returned from South America, as yet wore the *red* blouse, in which the whole Legion was dressed at the end of June. The description (accurate for the month of April) of the *blue* Legionary uniform lends credit to Koelman's recollections.

² The 'Calabrian' hats.

³ The 'lancieri a piedi.' (See *Roman MSS. Ruoli Gen. 81, F. 14*).

⁴ They were being conveyed to Santa Pudenziana. The details given in *Roman MSS. F.R. 67, 10, and Loev. i. 158*, bear out in a remarkable way the recollections of the Dutch artist.

⁵ Really under 1,500.

'The gate, formerly always closed, was now wide open, and on the piazza (of San Silvestro) people from all classes of society, anxious to see the Garibaldini, jostled each other. . . .

'We entered the gate. "Is it allowed?" we asked, to make sure, of the sentry who was sitting carelessly on one of the beautifully carved mediæval seats in the vestibule.

"*Sicuro*," he answered—"of course." We saw, indeed, that others, just as ourselves, were taking this opportunity for viewing the interior of the convent. . . . We had to go somewhat aside, which was not very easy, the floor being covered with Garibaldini, who had thrown themselves on bundles of straw to rest from the fatigues of the preceding day. . . .

'Instinctively we looked round, and Garibaldi entered through the gate. It was the first time I saw the man whose name everyone in Rome knew and in whom many people had now already placed their hopes. Even now he is before my mind, as I saw him that first time. Of middle height, well made, broad-shouldered, his square chest, which gives a sense of power to his structure, well marked under the uniform—he stood there before us; his blue eyes, ranging to violet, surveyed in one glance the whole group in the vestibule of the convent. Those eyes had something remarkable, as well by their colour as by the frankness—I know no better word for it—of their expression. They curiously contrasted with those dark, sparkling eyes of his Italian soldiers, no less than his light chestnut-brown hair, which fell loosely over his neck on to his shoulders, contrasted with their shining black curls. His face was burnt red, and covered with freckles through the influence of the sun. A heavy moustache and a light blonde beard ending in two points gave a martial expression to that open oval face. But most striking of all was the nose, with its exceedingly broad root, which has caused Garibaldi to be given the name of *Leone*, and, indeed, made one think of a lion; a resemblance which, according to his soldiers, was still more conspicuous in the fight, when his eyes shot forth flames, and his fair hair waved as a mane above his temples.

'He was dressed in a red tunic with short flaps; on his head he wore a little black felt, sugar-loaf hat, with two black ostrich feathers. In his left hand he had a light plain horseman's sabre, and a cavalry cartridge-bag hung down by his left shoulder.

'It must not be supposed that the appearance of the General caused a sudden commotion. Far from that—even the sentry remained on his little bench, half sitting, half lying, and none of the soldiers stirred. We alone took off our hats, and Garibaldi answered our greeting superficially.

'For one moment he spoke to the officer and the vision was past, but the impression it made on us was ineffaceable. . . .

"Is that the usual thing with the Garibaldi, to take so little heed of their commander?" I asked the officer.

"*Caro mio*, the General demands discipline on the battlefield, not in the barracks," was the short answer he gave me, with a smile.'¹

Rome was then a rival to Paris as centre of the cosmopolitan artist world, both because it had some vogue as a school of art, and because before the photographic era there was a large demand by the English and other *forestieri* for copies of famous pictures, and for sketches of the sights which they had come to see, and of which they wanted some memento to take home.² The artists, living together on the usual terms of free but close comradeship, worked all the morning, but 'in the afternoon strolled about in the town or went to the *café* of the artists, where,' as Koelman says, 'we then heard politics talked, read the resolutions taken by the new Government, or amused ourselves with the follies of *Don Pirlone*,' the Democratic cartoon journal. Garibaldi carried the heart of this Bohemian world by storm. English, Dutch, Belgians, even one Frenchman, and the Italian artists almost to a man, enlisted during the days that followed his arrival, if they had not done so before, either in his own Legion, or in the Civic Guard, or in the special Students' Corps, which consisted of three hundred University men and artists. Taking life and death with a light heart, they fought splendidly for Rome, and after every day of battle the survivors met to congratulate each other at jolly suppers in the *cafés*.³

¹ Koelman, i. 310-314. (Cf. App. A. below. *Dress and appearance of Garibaldi*.)

² Lord Carlisle tells me this.

³ Koelman, *passim*, e.g. ii. 8, 9, 16. Mr. A. L. Smith, of Balliol, tells me

One of the Italians in after years told the story of his conversion, to the Rev. H. R. Haweis. He had come out, he said, with his artist friends, to see what was going on, one day, when Garibaldi was recruiting in a public place in Rome.

‘I had no idea (he told the English clergyman) of enlisting. I was a young artist ; I only went out of curiosity—but oh ! I shall never forget that day when I saw him on his beautiful white horse in the market-place, with his noble aspect, his calm, kind face, his high, smooth forehead, his light hair and beard—every one said the same. He reminded us of nothing so much as of our Saviour’s head in the galleries. I could not resist him. I left my studio. I went after him ; thousands did likewise. He only had to show himself. We all worshipped him ; we could not help it.’

It was no passing emotion of youth, for eleven years afterwards the narrator was fighting for Garibaldi in Naples.¹

On the morning of April 29, two days after the arrival of the Legion, there marched into the city the Lombard Bersaglieri, a regiment representing very different military and political traditions from those of Garibaldi’s men, but not less devoted than they to the Italian cause, and destined to play a part no less memorable than theirs in the defence of Rome. The commander of the Lombards, the gallant Luciano Manara,² was a young aristocrat of Milan, who had distinguished himself in the Five Days of street warfare that drove the Austrians out of his native town, and had been a leader of volunteers in the unhappy campaign that followed. After the recapture of Milan by the Austrians, and the armistice of August 1848, Manara formed the brigade, usually

that his uncle, Arthur Strutt, a well-known English artist in Rome, who fought for Garibaldi during the siege, used to relate the same thing as regards the suppers after the battles. Their valour is established by much testimony other than their own.

¹ *Haweis*, see Bibliography below.

² Luciano Romara, in George Meredith’s *Vittoria*, ‘was built on Manara’

known by his name, out of the pick of the Lombard exiles in Piedmont. They took the oath of military allegiance to the House of Savoy; but, after Novara, Victor Emmanuel was in no position to harbour them in his territory, and since they would not return to Lombardy to be flogged and shot by Radetzky, Manara found himself and his soldiers wandering about in 'the paradise of the Riviera, as if we were under the ban of God and men alike.'¹ Under these circumstances he and six hundred others elected to sail for Rome, more because they had nowhere else to go than because they felt any enthusiasm for the Republic.² The majority, according to one who accompanied them on the voyage, were gentlemen of Milan and Pavia.³

In the port of Civitavecchia the French not only refused to allow them to land, but made them prisoners, against all law and equity. 'You are Lombards,' said Oudinot, 'what, then, have you to do with the affairs of Rome?' 'And you,' replied Manara, 'do you not come from Paris from Lyons, or from Bordeaux?' Finally they were permitted to proceed to Porto d'Anzio, sixty miles further south, and disembark there, on giving their word that they would remain neutral, and not enter Rome until May 4, by which date the French confidently expected to be masters of the city. But when, on landing, the Lombards received orders from Avezzana to come at once to Rome, they obeyed him, and thereby broke the letter of the promise which the French had exacted only by a violation of international law; but they kept the spirit of their engagement by refraining, much against their will, from taking any part in the fighting of April 30.⁴

And so it came about that, on April 29, the eve of the battle, the Lombards entered the capital, wearing the dark uniform of the Piedmontese Bersaglieri, which, with its round broad-brimmed hat carrying the plume of black-

¹ *Manara MS.*, Letter of April 14.

² *Dandolo*, 183-190; *Hoff*, 15-18.

³ *Rusconi* (*Ferdinando*), 25.

⁴ *Mannucci*, 168-173 (169, Manara's protest); *Torre*, i. 246; *Dandolo*, 192, 193; *Rusconi* (*Ferdinando*), 26, 27; *Spada*, iii. 437; *Gaillard*, 167, 168; *Bittard des Portes*, 37, 45, 54; *Vecchi*, ii. 194.

green cock's feathers on the side, is to this day a symbol in the eyes of all Europe of the army of the Italian King.¹ The presence of men thus royally attired, and with the Cross of Savoy on their belts,² side by side with the blouses and Calabrian hats of Garibaldi's Republicans, changed the defence of Rome from the act of a party to a national undertaking. Monarchists, devoted to the King of Piedmont, from whom alone they looked for the deliverance of their native Lombardy, the 'Aristocratic Corps,' as it was called in Rome, came with no friendly prejudices in favour of the Mazzinian Republic. Nor did they come prepared to admire the military virtues of irregular troops. Lombard volunteers in origin, Manara's Bersaglieri had acquired the self-restraint, the discipline and the professional traditions for which the Piedmontese regulars were famous; most of the regiment, indeed, had been trained in former years as conscripts in the Austrian army.³ It is no wonder, therefore, that their first impression of the Republic and its motley soldiers was unpleasing, and the rapidity with which they came round to a favourable view, not of Republicanism, but of the Republicans, is a genuine and impartial testimony to the defenders of Rome. Emilio Dandolo, the warrior historian of the Brigade, has described the feelings of his companions-in-arms when they entered the city, on the eve of the first battle, in which they themselves felt bound, by their promise to Oudinot, to take no part:

'To the varied and somewhat affectedly loud *evvivas* which saluted us on every side, our men, accustomed to maintain the reserve and self-command befitting soldiers, made no answer—a circumstance which somewhat cooled the ardour of a population who had hitherto seen that volunteers under arms embraced every opportunity of making a profession of their political creed. Previously to our being lodged in the quarters assigned to us, General Avezzana reviewed our battalion. He thought

¹ See Illustration p. 223 below for their uniform.

² *Dandolo*, 191; *Hoffstetter*, 17, who says the plumes on the men's hats were black horse-hair, and only the officers' hats had the green feathers.

³ *Manara MS.*, *Letter of April 19.*

proper to dismiss us with an oration ending with *Viva la Repubblica!* The soldiers remained silent and motionless at the word.

“Present arms! Viva l'Italia!” shouted Manara, perceiving the General's embarrassment. “Viva!” was the unanimous reply; and the soldiers broke up their lines and retired to quarters.

‘The first impression which most of us experienced on entering Rome was that of indefinable melancholy. Our own sad experience had rendered us but too much alive to the first symptoms of dissolution in a government or in a city, and in Rome we recognised with grief the very same aspect which Milan had presented during the latter few months of its liberty. We seemed to observe the very same overweening regard to trivial matters, whilst those of vital importance were neglected. There was the same superabundance of standards, of cockades, of badges of party, the same clanking of swords along the public streets, and those various and varied uniforms of officers, not one matching with the other, but all seeming fitter for the embellishment of the stage than for military service; those epaulettes thrown, as it were, by chance on the shoulders of individuals, whose very faces seemed to declare their unfitness to wear them; whilst, in addition to these things, the applause of an unwarlike population, echoing from the windows and from the coffee-houses, seemed to us to indicate but too clearly that we had arrived only in time to be present at the last scene of some absurd comedy. Accustomed for some time past to judge of these matters with the eye of regular troops, all this array of warriors in glittering helmets, with double-barrelled guns and with belts armed with daggers, reconciled us but little to the scanty numbers of real, well-drilled soldiers.

‘In the evening, when, fatigued by our long march, we gladly answered to our names, in hopes of taking some repose, the drums beat all of a sudden to arms, and the whole city was in movement to resist the approach of the French. Whoever could have had a glimpse of Rome that night would not have recognised the city which he had seen in the morning, and we rejoiced in having reason to change the opinion which had so depressed us on our first arrival.

‘In all the streets in the neighbourhood of Porta Angelica and Porta Cavalleggeri were bivouacked small but admirable

regiments of the line, two magnificent battalions of carabinieri, with four or five parks of field artillery; two regiments of cavalry were stationed in Piazza Navona; numerous bodies of volunteers kept watch on the walls; and the whole of the National Guard were all in perfect order at their respective quarters. Then, as might be expected, the fantastic costumes were lost sight of, and every one who wore the national colours grasped in his hand the weapon which was to defend them. We passed the night in the great square of St. Peter's enchanted with the spectacle, and with finding ourselves in the midst of soldiers, and of a confiding and resolute population. We then saw that Rome was capable of offering a noble resistance, and we thanked Heaven that, in the midst of the shame and calamities of Italy, a field had been opened to us, in which we might show that our hard fate had been unmerited.' ¹

The forces, which even before the battle thus extorted the slow approval of their Lombard allies, amounted to about 7,000-9,000 men and were composed of four distinct elements.²

First there were the regular Papal troops of the line, and the Carabinieri. They had joined the revolt against their employer, partly because they shared the sympathies natural to all laymen and to all Italians, and partly because, as soldiers, they had perpetually suffered neglect, being left by the Papal Government in rags and penury, while the Swiss regiments, always dearer than the natives to the heart of unpopular despots, had enjoyed higher pay and more handsome uniforms.³ Of these regulars there were some 2,500 now under arms in Rome.

Secondly there was the Garibaldian or First Italian Legion, now numbering nearly 1,300 men, most of them, as we have seen, raised in the Papal provinces, particularly the Romagna, and all of them native Italians, except perhaps two score of officers and men. Since their arrival in Rome they had accepted some excellent recruits, especially artists,

¹ *Dandolo*, 194-197.

² See App. B below.

³ *Farini*, i. 111, 152; *Carletti*, 197, 198. Two Swiss regiments had been raised by Gregory XVI. to keep down the Romagna. See *Kavalioli, passim*, on the line regiments.

among whom was Nino Costa. In the same category—volunteer regiments raised in the provinces of the Roman States who had not yet seen actual fighting—may be placed the three hundred *Finanzieri*, that is, Gagers (custom house officers) under Callimaco Zambianchi, a rascally officer who obtained for his men a bad name for violence against priests.

Thirdly, there were about 1,400 men of the volunteer regiments raised in the city and the provinces, who, after taking a gallant but unfortunate part in the Lombard campaign against Austria, had capitulated at Vicenza and returned to Rome. These were the *Reduci* (600)—of whom the *mauvais sujets* had disgraced their uniform by taking part in the murder of Rossi—and the Roman Legion, a fine regiment with no such stain upon its honour.¹

The fourth element in the defence consisted of inhabitants of Rome who had had no previous experience of war, enrolled in various volunteer bodies—such as the 300 students, the 1,000 National Guards, together with several hundreds of unbrigaded citizens who flocked to the walls, or were kept inside to guard the barricades, with whatever weapons they could find.² The Trasteverines, their native fury now turned full against the priests and the French, were noticed on the morning of April 30, fierce figures with spears and shot-guns in their hands and knives in their teeth,³ pouring out from their riverside slums up the steep ascent that leads to the Janiculum.

For it was against the Janiculan and Vatican hills, the defences on the right bank of the Tiber, that the attack of the French army, coming from Civitavecchia on the north-west by way of Palo, must necessarily be delivered. The lesser Rome that stands upon this western bank is surrounded by a line of walls comparatively modern in date; the existing fortifications of the Vatican and Borgo were

¹ *Carletti*, 261–271; *Costa*, 29–33.

² *Torre*, ii. 25, 26. *Saffi*, iii. 292, says many of the National Guard were kept at the barricades. So, much to his disgust, was Illoffstetter, the Swiss volunteer just arrived.

³ *Beghelli*, ii. 171; *Saffi*, iii. 291, 292.

built in the latter part of Michael Angelo's lifetime, as the result of the scare caused by the sack of Rome by the Constable de Bourbon; while the Janiculan walls from the Porta Cavalleggieri to the Porta Portese, though begun in the sixteenth century, were mainly the work of Urban VIII., who erected them towards the close of the Thirty Years' War (circa 1642).¹ These walls had not hitherto been the scene of any famous defence, like the walls of the Emperor Aurelian upon the other bank, which, having served Belisarius' legions to repel the Goth, were still the only protection for the main part of the city.

The Papal walls which were now to have their share in history, may be considered in three sections. First, the projecting circuit that runs from the Castle of Saint Angelo to the Porta Cavalleggieri, enclosing the *basse-ville* of the Borgo, together with St. Peter's and the high gardens of the Vatican. Secondly, the Janiculan Mount, the key to Rome, whence the whole city can be commanded by cannon, rising high above the Trastevere quarter, and defended by that part of the wall which runs up from the Porta Portese on the riverside as far as the Porta San Pancrazio on the height. Thirdly, there was the straight line of wall between these two positions, joining the Porta San Pancrazio to the Porta Cavalleggieri; over this central portion rises, to-day, the colossal statue of Garibaldi on horseback.

The fortifications erected along these lines by Urban VIII and his predecessors would have been considered formidable specimens of the defensive art by Oliver, if he had come with his English buff-coats, as Andrew Marvell prophesied, 'to Italy an Hannibal'; and, though out of date ever since the time of Vauban, they still offered a more serious obstacle to the siege guns of 1849 than the Aurelian walls on

¹ The Vatican wall of the Popes of the sixteenth century surrounded or replaced the walls with which Leo IV. (847-855) had first defended the Borgo against the Saracens. But the ground lying between the Porta Cavalleggieri and the Porta Portese was enclosed for the first time by Urban VIII. (except for the much smaller enclosure of Aurelian). *Gregorovius*, iii. 97, 98. *Ranke*, iii. 34, 35, note; *Quarenghi*, chaps. xiv.-xviii.; *Lanciani*, 81-84, 86, 87. Maps, *Rocchi*.

the other bank of Tiber. Those walls, built a thousand years before the era of gunpowder, had galleries to carry infantry and catapults, raised on perpendicular curtains which could not resist, and small square towers where it was impossible to mount, the cannon of modern times. The Papal walls, on the other hand, which the French had now to attack, sloped backwards from the base as far as the stone lining of the rampart, and their bastions had broad platforms of earth, serving to give solidity to the brickwork of the face, and ample standing room for the batteries.¹

But although the besieged might rejoice in the comparatively solid and serviceable fortifications of Urban VIII.'s engineers, the position had one irremediable defect. The ground immediately outside was as high as the defences ; indeed the Villa Corsini was even higher than the Porta San Pancrazio ; so that a besieger could erect batteries at a height equal to or greater than those of the besieged, at distances only a few hundred yards from the line of defence.

This defect, which was to prove fatal in June, was guarded against on April 30 by the energy of Garibaldi ; who, being entrusted with the defence of the Janiculum, saw that it must be conducted, not behind the walls, but on the high ground of the Corsini and Pamfili gardens outside the San Pancrazio gate. He had with him his own legion, over 1,000 strong, the regiment of 250-300 students and artists of Rome, and 900 other volunteer troops of the Roman States, including the *Reduci*. Behind him Colonel Galletti was in reserve inside the city, with about 1,800 men, partly regulars of the old Papal line and partly volunteers. The walls round the Vatican were held by Colonel Masi with some 1,700 of the Papal line and 1,000 of the National Guard.² These dispositions had been made by Avezzana, the Minister of War, to whom Garibaldi, the

¹ *Quarenghi*, 204-206 ; *La Gorce*, ii. 156 ; *Vaillant*, 23-27. (See p. 173 below for a picture of one of these bastions.) The Papal walls, like those of the Emperors, are made of thin bricks.

² *Torre*, ii. 25, 26 ; *Vecchi*, ii. 193, 194. See App. B below, *Number of troops engaged on April 30*.

hero of the day, attributed its successful issue. Garibaldi took up his station on the high terrace of the Villa Corsini, whence, looking across the valley of vineyards that lay between, he could watch the approach of the enemy and the delivery of their first attack upon the Porta Pertusa, at the projecting angle of the wall that crowns the Vatican hill.¹

Oudinot, having left a small body to guard his communications with the sea, was advancing on Rome with some six or seven thousand infantry, and a full complement of field guns.² He had been easily persuaded by his Clerical informants in Rome that his somewhat contradictory and deceptive proclamations, which, if they meant anything, meant that he would procure a Papal restoration with certain safeguards against the worst forms of reaction, had given the inhabitants the excuse for which they were waiting to open the gates to his troops. He therefore came without siege-guns, or even scaling ladders, and advanced in column to within grape-shot of the walls. There had not, indeed, been wanting signs, as the French drew near to Rome, that resistance was to be expected, for the roads and houses were empty of inhabitants, and were decorated with notices in large type, giving the text of the fifth article of the existing French Constitution,³ which ran as follows :

‘ France respects foreign nationalities ; her might shall never be employed against the liberty of any people.’

Whatever the private soldiers thought, the irony was wasted upon the officers, who for the most part were not Republicans at heart and wished nothing better than to see every article of the French Constitution sent to the devil.⁴

Although these wayside phenomena alarmed the more cautious, no order to reconnoitre or to deploy was given by

¹ *Mem.* 225, 227.

² See App. B below.

³ *Vaillant*, 8.

⁴ A young English Naval Commander, who saw a good deal of the French expeditionary force in the next two months, says : ‘ I have not found one republican in the French army or navy. All are something else—they know not what, but they do not wish the (French) Republic to last.’—*Key*, 206.

those in command, who still expected that a whiff of grape-shot would be the utmost required to procure an entry. The advance-guard marched straight for the summit of the Vatican hill, crowned by an old round tower of the dark ages, which served as a sky sign to guide them to the attack.¹ Immediately under this tower stood the Porta Pertusa, by which they were to enter Rome. The scouts, only a few yards ahead of the column, had just reached a turn in the road where the Porta Pertusa becomes suddenly visible at little more than a hundred paces distance, when a shower of grape from two cannon on the walls gave warning that Rome would resist. It was now almost the height of a sweltering Italian noon, and the troops, who had been suffering during the march under their heavy shakos, and gazing with envy at the shade offered by the strangely shaped 'umbrella pines' of Italy,² were glad of any change in the order of the day. A French battery was unlimbered on the spot, and a fire of musketry and cannon opened against the Vatican wall. But the assailants were in the open, the Roman cannon on the bastions were well served, and no progress could be made.

The plan had been to enter by the Porta Pertusa, but, now that the time had come to blow in the gate, it was discovered that the gate did not exist. It had been walled up for many years past, but the change did not appear on the charts of the Parisian geographers.³ After one desperate rush at the impenetrable wall, the French took refuge behind neighbouring dykes and mounds, whence they continued to fire at the ramparts overhead.¹

The attack on the obsolete Porta Pertusa had perforce

¹ It was a relic of the fortifications of Leo IV. to protect the Vatican from the Saracens.

² *Bittard des Portes*, 71, 72.

³ *Vaillant*, 8-10; *Bittard des Portes*, 72, 75; *Plan topographique de Rome Moderne*, by Letarouilly, Paris, 1841. It is not improbable that Oudinot possessed the latter, which has every appearance of being modern and accurate, but contains this fatal error. *Paris MSS.* 33^e, 208, describes this first incident of the battle before the Porta Pertusa, and gives the time as 11.30; the *Historique* of the 20^e says the first shot was at 11.20.

⁴ *Paris MSS.* 33^e, 209; *Miraglia*, 177; *Précis Hist.* 26.

therefore to be changed into an attack on the Porta Cavalleggieri, a change of plan which involved passing down a steep hill across 1,000 yards of open vineyard country, under a hot flank fire from the regulars and National Guard thronging the wall, and from the Roman batteries on the bastions near St. Peter's.¹ The Porta Cavalleggieri proved indeed to be a 'gate in being,' but situated at the bottom of a deep valley, and in a retreating angle of the wall, so that its assailants were exposed to a double fire at close range from the battlements on either side of the approach to the gate.²

Meanwhile, another column and battery had started from near the Porta Pertusa to go round outside the Vatican gardens in the other direction, with a view to obtaining an entry by the Porta Angelica, near the Castle of St. Angelo. The motive of this false military step was political, for Oudinot had been wrongly informed by his agents that the Clericals were in that quarter sufficiently strong to open the gate. The troops sent on this circuitous march, prolonged by the steep descent and the bad roads, were exposed to a fire of terrible severity, from the hanging gardens on their right flank, because the only path by which their artillery could travel at all ran painfully close to the city walls.³ The slaughter was such that a surgeon who had been through the African campaigns declared that he had never seen his countrymen in so hot a corner before.⁴ Under these conditions the attack on the defences of the Vatican, both to north and south, was doomed to failure. It was said that a desperate attempt to climb up by means of 'spike-nails' showed in what a pass want of preparation had left the gallant French army.

By noon, or soon after it, the enemy had been foiled

¹ *Vaillant*, 10; *Torre*, ii. 29.

² See an interesting picture of the attack on the Porta Cavalleggieri in the *Illustrated London News* of May 19.

³ *Gaillard*, 177; *Bittard des Portes*, 79-83; *Vaillant*, 10, 11; *Précis Hist.* 28.

⁴ *Gazette Médicale de Paris*, November 3, 1849.

⁵ *Key*, 197. For two gallant attacks on the gateless curtains see *Paris MSS. Historique* 33^e, 209, and 20^e (2^e bataillon), 227.

in their attempt to storm the city, but had not yet been driven off the ground. Garibaldi, who from the Corsini terrace had watched their first repulse at the Pertusa and Cavalleggeri gates, determined to assume the offensive from his yet unassailed position on the Janiculum, and to convert the check under the walls into a defeat in the open. To effect a *débouchement* from the Corsini and Pamfili gardens into the vineyards on the north, it was necessary for his troops to cross the deep, walled lane¹ which connected the Porta San Pancrazio with the main road to Civitavecchia. Up this lane were coming about 1,000 infantry of the 20^{me} *ligne*, sent forward by Oudinot to protect the rear and flank of the main attack,² and there the first clash of arms in this quarter took place. Garibaldi's advance-guard, consisting of the two or three hundred Roman students and artists brigaded in a regiment of their own, were clambering down out of the Pamfili garden into the deep lane, when, under the arches of the Pauline Aqueduct, they stumbled upon the advancing French column. It was the young men's baptism of fire. Before the ardour of their attack the French at first recoiled, but discipline and numbers soon prevailed, and the students were driven back into the garden.³ The enemy followed in upon their heels, and the Garibaldian Legion was hurried up to the rescue.

A confused fight at close quarters ensued, in which, before the onslaught of the veterans of the 20^{me}, the main body of Italians was pressed back, leaving behind them small groups holding on in occupation of various points near the Pamfili villa.⁴ Among these Nino Costa, a youth of twenty-two, as yet unknown to fame as an

¹ Now known as the Via Aurelia Antica. Called *Deep Lane* in map, p. 125 above.

² *Paris MSS.* 20', 224. Eight companies in all, of which we are told (p. 222) that five contained 700 men.

³ *Roman MSS. Batt. Univ.* ; *Carletti*, 269. The crossing of the high wall into or out of the deep lane was difficult, and resulted, in the case of one of Koelman's friends, in a sprained ankle. *Koelman*, ii. 18.

⁴ *Carletti*, 269, 270 ; *Torre*, ii. 30.

artist, but already so well known for gallantry in the Lombard campaign that Garibaldi had specially invited him to join his staff, defended a house near the villa with a handful of legionaries, amid the victorious advance of the French.¹

At last Garibaldi, seeing part of his Legion thus holding on in the Pamfili, and part of it driven back under the very walls of Rome, sent into the city to call up the reserves under Colonel Galletti; that officer left the regulars of his division behind him within the gates, to guard against a surprise of the wall,² and marched out of the Porta San Pancrazio at the head of the Roman Legion, consisting of 800 seasoned volunteers, burning to retrieve the misfortunes which they had suffered last year, through no lack of valour, in the Lombard campaign.³

The crisis of the battle was now at hand, and the flower of the Democratic volunteers were to prove whether they could dislodge regular troops posted behind villas and vineyard walls. Garibaldi, putting himself at the head of his own men, reinforced by the Roman Legion under Galletti, led the decisive charges by which it was hoped to recover the positions now held by the French on either side of the deep lane.⁴ The first operation was to recapture the Corsini and Pamfili.

Except at Tivoli and Frascati, there are few places within many miles of Rome with more of the charm of Italy than the northern edge of the Doria-Pamfili grounds, where the heat of early summer is shaded off into a delicious atmosphere, redolent of repose and dreams, where birds sing under dark avenues of ever-green oaks, and no other sound is heard. The wall of the northern boundary, along the top of which runs a terrace walk, drops sheer for many feet into the dark lane below, and, parallel with it for some

¹ *Costa*, 44.

² *Carletti*, 270.

³ *Costa*, 28-33.

⁴ See App. C below. Three days after the battle William Story was credibly informed that 'the Romans were a little timid at first, but grew hotter and fiercer as the battle continued, and at last were full of courage and confidence, even to heroism.' *Story*, i. 156. This would apply well to the troops on the Janiculum, who first lost and then recovered the Pamfili.

distance, stretches the old Acqua Paola. Across the lane and the arches of the aqueduct the eye can range over the neighbouring vineyards, the dome of St. Peter's, and the distant hill villages beyond the Campagna, till it rests at last on the shapes of Lucretilis and Soracte. Such a scene and such an atmosphere make it easy to understand why Italians are in some danger of spending their days in the too passive reception of impressions. But on this day there came Italians—artists and shopmen, workmen and aristocrats—who had been inspired by the moral resurrection of their country to ideals nobler than pleasure and receptiveness; who were ready to give up the privilege of life, even of life in Italy, so that Italy might be free over their graves.

Swarming over the Corsini hill, and across the little stream and valley that divide it from the Pamfili grounds, the Legionaries came crashing through the groves. The Garibaldian officers, 'the tigers of Monte Video,' with long beards, and hair that curled over their shoulders, were singled out to the enemy's marksmen by red blouses, falling almost to the knees. This was the day that they had waited for so long in exile, this the place towards which they had sailed so far across the ocean. Behind them Italy came following on. And above the tide of shouting youths, drunk with their first hot draught of war, rose Garibaldi on his horse, majestic and calm—as he always looked, but most of all in the fury of battle—the folds of his white American *poncho* floating off his shoulders for a flag of onset.¹

And so they stormed through the gardens, fighting with bayonets among the flowering rose-bushes in which next day the French dead were found, laid in heaps together.² Costa and his company in the house, relieved in the nick of time, made captive some of their assailants, among others a gigantic drum-major whose fine proportions pleased the

¹ *Roman MSS. Batt. Univ.* for eyewitnesses' account of Garibaldi during this charge. (See also *Miraglia*, 186, 258; coloured pictures of Garibaldi charging, and App. A. below).

² *Koelman*, ii. 16.

artist's eye.¹ The enemy were thrust out of the Pamfili grounds back to the north of the Deep Lane, across which for some time the two sides fired at one another, until the Italians finally leapt down over the wall, clambered up the other side, and carried the northern arches of the aqueduct.² Thence the Legionaries and students broke into the vineyards beyond, and after fierce struggling, body to body, with guns, and hands, and bayonets, put the French to flight.

During this victorious advance they surrounded several hundred men of the 20^{me} *Ligne* who had not retreated in time from the Villa Valentini and the farmhouses north of the lane. Masina's handful of lancers were brought up to the Valentini, and when the French began to cut their way out, a charge of horse secured them as prisoners to the Garibaldian Legion, several of the officers giving up their swords to the gallant Masina.³ The Roman Legion made many other captures in the houses round about,⁴ so that, in all, three or four hundred French surrendered to these two regiments.

Garibaldi had received a bullet in the side, and the wound, though it did not incapacitate him, caused him much pain during the next two months of constant warfare.⁵

The afternoon was now well advanced, but the victory had been won. When a sortie was made from the Porta Cavalleggieri, Oudinot, whose retreat from before that gate was threatened by the Garibaldian advance, hastily drew off his men from between the two fires and made off by the road to Civitavecchia. The victorious Legionaries pressed the pursuit from the direction of the Pamfili, against the 33^{me} *Ligne* and French artillery, who covered the retreat.⁶ By five o'clock, after nearly six hours' fighting,⁷ the whole French army had been driven off the field, with a loss of 500 men killed and wounded, and 365 prisoners.⁸

¹ Costa, 44.

² Koelman, ii. 18.

³ App. C below, *Capture of the French Prisoners, April 30.* See also App. D.

⁴ Carletti, 270.

⁵ Loew, ii. 198.

⁶ Paris MSS. 33^e, 210.

⁷ *Monitore*, May 1; *Rusconi*, ii. 233-235 (Triumvirs' report); *Saffi*, iii. 291, 292.

⁸ *Bittard des Portes*, 94, 95. From the *Historiques* of the various regiments

That night the city was illuminated, the streets were filled with shouting and triumphant crowds, and there was scarcely a window in the poorest and narrowest alley of the mediæval slums that did not show its candle. It was no vulgar conquest which they celebrated. After long centuries of disgrace, this people had recovered its self-respect, and from the highest to the lowest ranks men felt, 'We are again Romans.'¹ On April 30, Garibaldi, being put to the test, had secured the position which had already been instinctively accorded him in the popular imagination of his countrymen.

¹ *Hoff.* 19; *Gabussi*, iii. 357. (See *Manara MS.*, *Letter of May 1.* The honour of Italy, Manara declares, has been saved. It is the first time since Novara that he expresses anything but shame and despair for his country.)

CHAPTER VIII¹

GARIBALDI IN THE NEAPOLITAN CAMPAIGN—PALESTRINA AND VELLETRI, MAY 1849

‘Say by what name men call you,
What city is your home?
And wherefore ride ye in such guise
Before the ranks of Rome?’
MACAULAY, *Lays of Ancient Rome*.

THE first of a series of quarrels between Mazzini and Garibaldi, which marred the fraternity of the Roman Republic, arose on the question whether or not the victory of April 30 should be turned to full military advantage. Garibaldi, advising well as a soldier, wished to follow it up and drive the retreating French into the sea. But Mazzini, relying on those elements of genuine Republicanism in France of which he had some personal knowledge, though he did not know how fast their strength was ebbing away, hoped to propitiate the one country whose friendship might yet save the State, and preferred to turn the Roman armies from further pursuit of the French to the more congenial task of expelling the Neapolitan and Austrian invaders. It is not necessary, in this matter, to find fault with either of the Chiefs, for although Mazzini's policy was tried and failed, Garibaldi's root-and-branch remedy would have made the French all the more determined to send another and larger expedition to retrieve their military honour; so that, whatever had been done, the Republic must sooner or later have fallen a victim to the combination of the Catholic powers.²

Mazzini's magnanimity at least had the effect of putting

¹ For this Chapter see map p. 141 below.

² *Saffi*, iii. 294-297, 300-302.

the French more than ever in the wrong, and afforded a pleasing occasion for a display of the gentleness and human sympathy which have so large a place in the Italian character. The French wounded were nursed with such 'enlightened and devoted' tenderness that Oudinot declared himself 'profoundly grateful'¹ for it; the prisoners were fêted and set free to return unconditionally to their regiments. The treatment accorded to them was prompted by sentiment as well as policy, and, though initiated by the rulers, was carried into effect by the people of Rome. Captain Key, who had come up on a visit from Civitavecchia to provide for British interests in the capital, wrote home that he had seen the French prisoners

'brought out into the streets and received with every mark of good feeling by the people, who cheered them, gave them food, and showed them round St. Peter's and the monuments, the French in return saying,' as no doubt the occasion demanded, 'that they had been deceived; having entered the Roman territory with the idea that they were to join the Romans against the Austrians and Neapolitans.'²

But the rest of the French army and the Home Government would not so easily relent, and Mazzini was to find that it is dangerous to play with coals of fire.

For the present, however, it was not safe for Oudinot to show further hostility. In return for the several hundred men restored by the generosity of their friendly enemies, the French felt bound to set free a body of Bolognese volunteers under Colonel Pietramellara, whom they had made prisoners in Civitavecchia at the time of their disembarkation.³ They also released Ugo Bassi, who, unarmed, but in the

¹ *De Lesseps*, 120, Doc. No. 14. See App. D below.

² *Key*, 198; *Gabus*, iii. 366, 367; *Saffi*, iii. 311-313, describes the scene, and adds that the French wounded, when visited by Mazzini and himself in the hospital, expressed the same sentiments in acknowledging their gratitude for so much kindness; *Vecchi*, ii. 201. See also *Précis Hist.* (Pièce just. No. 6) for Picard's evidence to extraordinary kindness shown to them in Rome, which he calls attempts at seduction.

³ *Bittard des Portes*, 115. *Précis Hist.* 38. There were 400 of them, as is proved by *Mannucci*, 137, and many other sources.

red blouse of the Legion, had been captured in the Pamfili grounds, while pursuing his spiritual office among the wounded, in the ebb and flow of the bayonet charges.¹ After this exchange of courtesies, Oudinot settled down to wait for reinforcements. Until their arrival the Triumvirs could spare a part at least of the troops in the capital, now rapidly on the increase, to meet another foe who, if not actually at the gates, was now literally within sight.

The Alban Hills, whence, in prehistoric times, the original settlers of Rome had come down to the plain and pushed on to the river-side, still seem to enjoy a *patria potestas* over the city, by the place which they hold in any prospect from Roman streets or gardens; when we catch a glimpse of the country outside, it is less often the low-lying Campagna than the more distant Alban Mount that heaves in view. Among those hills—where of old lay the chief strength of the cities of the Latin League, Rome's cousins and earliest enemies—rises the Porcian height, and there, too, is the high plateau on which once shone, a dangerous rival :

the white streets of Tusculum,
The proudest town of all.

Its site is now swept bare, save for a few ruins, and Rome sees instead the harmless village of Frascati poured out over the hillside below.

In Frascati, and in Albano by the lake, was encamped Ferdinand King of Naples, with an army of 10,000 men, eager not to assist, but to forestall the French, who for their part would not consent to any co-operation with the Neapolitans, regarding them, apart from diplomatic rivalry, with the utmost personal contempt.² The Pope, who was heart and soul with Ferdinand, distrusted, more than need was, the half-hearted words of Oudinot's proclamations, and thought the conquest of Rome by the Neapolitans the best security for that unlimited restoration of clerical

¹ His favourite horse had been killed under him earlier in the day. *Gualtieri*, 171; Bassi's letter to his mother.

² *Torre*, ii. 122, 123; *D'Ambrosio*, 18; *Johnston*, 277-281, 292; *Roman MSS. F. R.* 36, j. 23.

despotism which in the end he obtained from the French. Early in the year there had been some demonstrations in favour of Pio Nono on the southern frontier and in the Alban Hills, but the feeling at the back of this movement did not long survive the arrival of *Bomba*, who at once initiated a political proscription after his manner, and made the inhabitants long for delivery by the Republican armies.¹

To keep these invaders in check, Mazzini consented that Garibaldi should cross the Campagna, at the head of a small force which, in its numbers and in the half-civilian character and training of the men who composed it, somewhat resembled the citizen armies which the earliest Roman Consuls had led over the same ground to battle with the Latin League. Not more than 2,300 troops² could safely be spared while Oudinot's attitude was still doubtful, and they consisted almost entirely of the volunteer regiments—Garibaldi's own Legion, the Students, the Gagers, the Emigrants and Manara's Lombard Bersaglieri—together with a few dragoons. Since it was impossible for Garibaldi to make a frontal attack on the Alban Hills, guarded by an army four times as numerous as his own, he determined to threaten the right flank of the Neapolitans and keep it sufficiently engaged to prevent them from advancing on Rome. His object, therefore, was to move on Palestrina, a suitable base for such a campaign.

As a master of guerilla war, where the chief art is the concealment of movements and the deception of the enemy, he made it a custom frequently to march at night, and to go first in some direction other than that of the real point of attack; hence, though destined for Palestrina, his column crossed the plain in the direction of Tivoli on the night of May 4-5, and next day encamped in the grounds of Hadrian's villa. Here, in the most beautifully situated

¹ *Key*, 198, who visited Albano on April 8; *Dandolo*, 221; *Johnston*, 278; *Hoff. passim*; *MS. Lanza*, on the system of arrests.

² *Torre*, ii. 370 (Doc. xcii.). This document is a better authority on the numbers than *Hoff.* 20. In *Miraglia*, 306, an officer who was on the expedition says 2,500.

of all the ruins of Imperial Rome, lying amid its groves of orange and fig,¹ like an oasis in the desert Campagna, but close beneath the olive-clad base of the steep Sabine Mountains, and only some two miles

From the green steeps where Anio leaps
In floods of snow-white foam,

the Lombard Bersaglieri had their first opportunity of observing the conduct in the field of their strange General, who soon brought them to love him, against all their prejudices, and almost against their judgment. 'I am going with Garibaldi,' Manara had written on May 4; 'he is a devil, a panther.' His men are 'a troop of brigands,' and 'I am going to support their mad onrush with my disciplined, proud, silent, gentlemanly regiment.'² Exactly a month later Manara became Chief of the Staff to this 'devil and panther,' whom he had so quickly learnt to love.

Emilio Dandolo has also recorded, in a vivid and impartial sketch, the first impression made by the Garibaldians on the Lombard Bersaglieri :

'We encamped on the magnificent site of the villa of Hadrian, and the numerous fires which glistened among the ruins, and lighted up their subterraneous caverns, produced a strange and picturesque effect. The singular aspect of the camp seemed in unison with the wildness of the scene. Garibaldi and his staff were dressed in scarlet blouses, with hats of every possible form, without distinctions of any kind, or any pretension to military ornament. They rode on American saddles, and seemed to pride themselves on their contempt for all the observances most strictly enjoined on regular troops. Followed by their orderlies (almost all of whom had come from America) they might be seen hurrying to and fro, now dispersing, then again collecting, active, rapid, and indefatigable in their movements. When the troop halted to encamp, or to take some repose, while the soldiers piled their arms, we used to be surprised to see officers, the General himself included, leap down from their horses, and attend to the wants of their own steeds. When these operations were concluded, they opened their

¹ *Hoff.* 26.

² *Manara, MS. Letter of May 4.*

saddles, which were made so as to be unrolled, and to form a small kind of tent, and their personal arrangements were then completed. If they failed in procuring provisions from the neighbouring villages, three or four colonels and majors threw themselves on the bare backs of their horses, and, armed with long lassoes, set off at full speed through the Campagna in search of sheep or oxen; when they had collected a sufficient quantity they returned, driving their ill-gotten flocks before them;¹ a certain portion was divided among each company, and then all, indiscriminately—officers and men—fell to, killing, cutting up, and roasting at enormous fires quarters of oxen, besides kids and young pigs, to say nothing of booty of a smaller sort, such as poultry and geese.

‘Garibaldi in the meanwhile, if the encampment was far from the scene of danger, lay stretched out under his tent. If, on the contrary, the enemy were at hand, he remained constantly on horseback, giving orders and visiting the outposts; often, disguised as a peasant, he risked his own safety in daring reconnaissances, but most frequently, seated on some commanding elevation, he passed whole hours examining the environs with the aid of a telescope. When the General’s trumpet gave the signal to prepare for departure, the lassoes served to catch the horses which had been left to graze at liberty in the meadows. The order of march was always arranged on the preceding day, and the corps set out without any one ever knowing where they might arrive the day after. Owing to this patriarchal simplicity—pushed, perhaps, somewhat too far—Garibaldi appeared more like the chief of a tribe of Indians than a General; but at the approach of danger, and in the heat of combat, his presence of mind and courage were admirable; and then by the astonishing rapidity of his movements he made up, in a great measure, for his deficiency in those qualities which are generally supposed to be absolutely essential in a good General.’²

A little incident of one of the first days of this campaign, narrated by one of the Students’ battalion, is characteristic of Garibaldi’s relations to his young men. Some of the Students had turned into a house to get wine. Garibaldi

¹ Garibaldi admits that he had no hesitation in commandeering the cattle of the Cardinals’ great estates in the region of Zagarolo. (*Mem.* 231.)

² *Dandolo*, 204–206.



BOMBA AL DINNER, MAY 1849
(Published in *Dont Pinione* which always represents King Ferdinand as the Neapolitan *pulcinella*)

ENVIRONS OF ROME

(for Chapters VIII and XII)

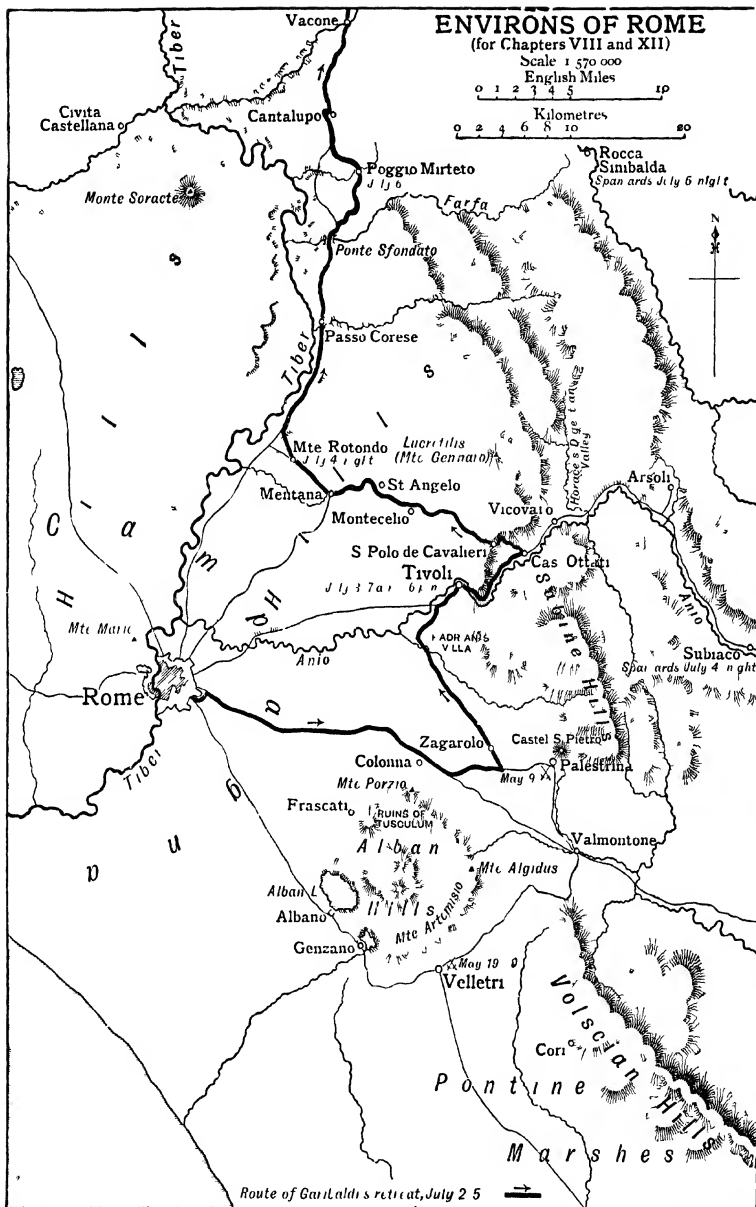
Scale 1:570,000

English Miles

0 1 2 3 4 5 10

Kilometres

0 2 4 6 8 10 20



Route of Garibaldi's retreat, July 25

rode up to them : 'What !' he said, 'you are only a few hours out of the town, and already you must call for wine ? I lived five years on flesh and water'—on the plateaus of Rio Grande and Uruguay. When they answered with shouts of '*Evviva ! Garibaldi !*' he stopped them at once. 'Silence ! it is no time for cheers. When we have defeated the enemy, then we will cheer.'¹

Inseparable from the General rode the splendid negro Aguyar, his friend and bodyguard, who had followed the Chief he adored across the Atlantic. The black giant, with the lasso of the Pampas hanging from his saddle, himself wrapped in a dark-blue *poncho*, and mounted on a jet-black charger, contrasted picturesquely with Garibaldi and his golden hair, white *poncho* and white horse. The one was seldom seen without the other.²

From Hadrian's villa the march was diverted to the south, towards the great road that leads from Rome to Naples by the valley of the Liris. On May 7, Garibaldi took up his quarters in Palestrina, that hangs amid the ruins of its antique grandeur on the edge of the Sabine Hills—a suitable base for annoying the right flank of the enemy among the Alban Hills opposite. During the next two days various bodies of thirty to sixty men each were sent out from Palestrina, to scour the undulating plain and the wooded mountains between Valmontone and Frascati. In this guerilla warfare the irregular troops displayed a vigour, craft, and courage, in which they were by no means inferior to the Lombards. One of these small bodies, with whom rode the indefatigable Ugo Bassi in his red shirt, had a severe engagement, near Monte Porzio, with a considerable body of Neapolitans, under General Winspeare, who were advancing on Palestrina ; the handful of Garibaldians were driven off the ground, but the enemy had had such a taste of them

¹ *Roman MSS. Batt. Univ.*

² *Loev.*, ii. 192, 226-228 ; *Varenne*, 353 ; *Koelman*, ii. 72. His parents were freed negro slaves, and he had been a horsebreaker before he was a soldier.

that they fell back on Frascati.¹ On another of these encounters, Ugo Bassi rode up to the enemy, and, under a shower of bullets, addressed them on the wickedness of fighting against their country.²

Meanwhile another and larger force of Neapolitans, under General Lanza, were marching from Albano by way of Velletri and Valmontone, with orders to drive away the 'bandit,' who had become a thorn in the side of the royal army, delaying the advance on Rome, and striking terror by his mere name into the superstitious and timid southerners, dragged from their homes to fight in a cause which was not theirs. Lanza had special orders to force Garibaldi to retreat towards Rome, and by no means towards Naples.³ At Valmontone he found a Republican population and municipality, planting 'trees of liberty' and fraternising with the Garibaldian scouts. Having cut down the trees and made the requisite number of arrests, according to orders, Lanza, about noonday on May 9, advanced on Palestrina in two columns, entrusting that on the right to Colonel Novi, and himself taking charge of the left. The approach of a superior force of such an enemy caused no alarm among the staff-officers, who climbed with their Chief to the top of the mountain behind Palestrina, and from the old fortress of *Præneste* (Castel San Pietro) so famous in the wars of Sulla, watched the columns winding towards them by two parallel roads about a mile apart.⁴

Approaching by this double route, the Neapolitans in the plain below threatened the lowest side of the ancient walls of Palestrina at two points at once—at the Valmontone Gate to the south-east, and also at the Roman Gate to the south-west. The Garibaldians, however, did not wait to be

¹ *Loev.* i. 175, 176; *Dandolo*, 209, 210; *Roman MSS. Batt. Univ. Miraglia*, 306; *D'Ambrosio*, 25, 26; *Lanza MS.*

² *Roman MSS., F. R.* 6, f. 2.

³ *Lanza MS.; D'Ambrosio*, 25.

⁴ The road on the left, followed by Lanza (*Via Consolare*), was a mere track, now mostly disappeared. Novi went by the main road. *Lanza MS.; Hoff.* 35; *Dandolo*, 210; *Loev.* i. 177. Lanza reported his whole army as 3,000, but it was, and is usually, placed at 5,000. In either case, it was larger than Garibaldi's 2,300.

attacked, but, rushing down the steep cobbled streets of the hill-town, sallied out to give battle under the walls. They had the advantage of the hill; and the enemy's cavalry, where his chief superiority lay, could not charge with effect because the ground was so much enclosed. Manara, in command of Garibaldi's left wing, took up his station at the beautiful Valmontone Gate, and sent down about 150 of his Lombards, supported by some of the Legion, to meet Novi's men as they advanced across the ravines and up through the vineyards, hedges, and ruins of the broken ground below the town. The Neapolitans fled, almost at once, in disgraceful rout, and the fear of the 'round hats' (*cappelli tondi*),¹ as they called the Bersaglieri, was deeply impressed on them by this engagement.

On Garibaldi's right wing, where the main attack of the Neapolitans was delivered under General Lanza himself, the fighting was more severe, and some houses not far below the Roman Gate were occupied by the enemy, who had to be dislodged at the point of the bayonet. The Legionaries, aided by another company of Bersaglieri, who had been sent up after the success on the other wing was assured, drove back the infantry, repulsed a charge of horse on the road, attacked the houses, burst in the windows and doors while the enemy's fire singed the hair on their heads, and captured the garrisons. In this operation 'the fiery Bixio' of Genoa, in after years one of the most famous of the Thousand who delivered Sicily, again attracted notice by the same impetuous daring as he had shown on April 30; and the good Swiss Hoffstetter, who had for several nights past been feeling duly sentimental about the nightingales and ruins of Italy, and taking notes of what he saw with a view to becoming the Xenophon of the Republican army, here put in the first of many hearty blows on behalf of the Italian cause.²

¹ *Hoff.* 47; 'capelli' is clearly a misprint of 'cappelli.' In the Italian edition it is 'cappelli.'

² *Hoff.* 34-57; *Dandolo*, 210-212; *Loco.* i. 177, 178; *Vecchi*, ii. 204; *Bixio*, 83-89; *D'Ambrosio*, 25-28; *Roman MSS. Batt. Univ.*; *Miraglia*, 306, 307 (Legionary officer's narrative), p. 186 (picture of the battle).

The whole battle was over in about three hours, and the enemy, in full flight, cast away their muskets as they ran.¹ The right wing of their army, under Colonel Novi, abandoned not only Valmontone, but Velletri, and did not stop till it had reached Genzano, where it was near enough to *Bomba's* headquarters on the Alban lake to feel in safety; while the left wing, under General Lanza, beat what he considered a dignified retreat to Colonna, and thence the next day to Frascati.² When a score of prisoners were brought into Garibaldi's presence, trembling, and with clasped hands begging their lives from the ogre of whom their priests had told them such terrible tales, their knapsacks and clothes were found to be crammed with relics, amulets, and pictures of Saints, although they had so little of the spirit of crusaders that they cried out in their dialect '*Mannaggia Pio Nono*' ('A plague take Pio Nono').³ Such was Garibaldi's first experience of the Neapolitan troops. He was so deeply impressed by their incapacity that the recollection of Palestrina must have weighed in his mind eleven years later, when he came to his supreme decision to risk his country's fortunes, his own and his friends' lives, on the hazard of landing with a thousand red-shirts in the *champs clos* of the island of Sicily, occupied by 24,000 Neapolitan regulars.⁴

The victors remained another night and the whole of the next day at Palestrina, where the citizens, who had helped to barricade the streets against emergencies, now illuminated their little town in honour of the battle won.⁵ They also took part in a scene of less innocent hilarity. The monks of the convent where Manara's Lombards were stationed, had locked them out on their first arrival, and had afterwards made their quarters

¹ *Miraglia*, 307.

² *Lanza MS.*

³ *Dandolo*, 212, 213; *Torre*, ii. 126; *Vecchi*, ii. 204.

⁴ The privates of the Neapolitan army fought better in 1860 than in 1849; but their leaders behaved in a more incompetent and cowardly manner in Sicily than at Palestrina and Velletri.

⁵ *Hoff*. 39, 48; *Loev*. i. 177, 178; *Spada* (iii. 471) is ignorant of all the circumstances of this battle, though on most subjects he is well informed.

as uncomfortable as possible ; but there had as yet been no reprisals. Unfortunately, however, when the victors returned after the battle, and found the doors again locked and the monks gone, the provocation was too much for the immaculate Bersaglieri, who got out of hand in the empty convent. Church, cellar, and library were saved, but the ordinary rooms were sacked ; and Manara's men made merry, lighting the tapers and stalking about in the monks' clothes.¹

The Palestrina expedition had succeeded in its object of preventing the further advance of King Ferdinand against the capital.² Garibaldi, recalled in haste by the Triumvirate, in view of Oudinot's doubtful attitude, made another of his famous marches on the night of May 10-11, taking his wounded with him, skilfully avoiding contact with the Neapolitans, and reaching Rome in the morning, his men suffering horribly from thirst and exhaustion. But their return, though anxiously awaited, was rendered unnecessary by a change for the better in the attitude of the French. On May 15, De Lesseps arrived on a friendly mission from Paris, and on May 17 a suspension of hostilities was arranged, to give the French Envoy time to come to an accommodation with the Triumvirate and Assembly of Rome.

Such, at least, was the ostensible object. But the real motive of the French Government in the matter of the armistice, and of the whole mission of De Lesseps,³ was to gain time : first, until reinforcements could be sent out to Oudinot ; and, secondly, until the Catholic party in France, at present sorely beset by the Republicans in the Assembly, could obtain a majority for reaction at the elections which were due to take place within a few weeks.⁴ The French Ministers neither expected nor desired the negotiations to succeed. On May 8, the very day on which the

¹ *Dandolo*, 208, 209, 214.

² *Loev.* i. 178.

³ For which see *Massini*, *sub loc.* ; *De Lesseps*, *passim*, for documents ; *Clermont*, 45-146 ; and *Johnston*, 282-290, for the best analysis.

⁴ *Clermont*, 53 (quotation from Odillon Barrot's *Mémoires*).

Minister for Foreign Affairs charged De Lesseps with his mission,¹ the President wrote to Oudinot: 'Our military honour is at stake. I will not suffer it to be compromised. You may rely on being reinforced'²; and suiting the action to the word, sent out the great Engineer General Vaillant, with orders to take Rome, and powers to supersede the less capable Oudinot if it should prove necessary.³ Louis Napoleon, personally a friend to Italian freedom, on behalf of which he had taken part in the Carbonaro movement of 1831, had not been so active as his Clerical Ministers in the first sending of the expedition; but now that the honour of the army had been tarnished by April 30, his whole future as military dictator was jeopardised until that blot should be wiped out. It was necessary not only to conceal from the Romans and from the French Liberals the vengeance intended, but to conceal from the French nation the real nature of the defeat suffered, until it had been avenged. For this part of the game, Oudinot was eminently suited. His despatch, read to the French Assembly amid 'murmurs from the Left,' described the firing under the walls of the Vatican as a 'reconnaissance,' omitted to mention the battle outside the gates in which Garibaldi had driven the French off the field, and summed up with the declaration that 'this affair of April 30 is one of the most brilliant in which the French troops have taken part since our great wars.'⁴

But it was even more important to conceal present intentions than past defeats. To make deceit effective it is best to employ honest instruments; and such was De Lesseps, who took his part in the comedy *au grand sérieux*. Coming to Rome full of zeal to bring about an accommodation, he was soon under the spell of Mazzini, and, we may add, under the spell of the kind-hearted populace of Rome,

¹ *De Lesseps*, 15.

² Printed in *Moniteur* of May 10, p. 1734; *Vaillant*, 174, dates the letter May 5; but *Ollivier*, ii. 122, and *Bittard des Portes*, 119, support the date given by *Moniteur* (viz. May 8). On the importance of the letter, see *Clermont*, 59-72.

³ *Bittard des Portes*, 146.

⁴ *Moniteur* for 1849, p. 1750.

who throughout May treated him and all his countrymen within their gates with friendliness, and even with enthusiasm. He was man enough to feel the intellectual and moral superiority of Mazzini, who soon lured him to make concessions larger than his powers warranted—far larger than the managers of the comedy had intended.

The French Envoy found the ideals of Republicanism realised in all their impressive simplicity by the chief of the Triumvirs.

‘Lodged in the Quirinal, Mazzini hunted for a room “small enough to feel at home in.” Here he sat unguarded and serene, “sadly ἀδορύνφορος (sic) for a τύραννος” wrote Clough (for it was a country where political assassination was a tradition on both sides), as accessible to working men and women as to his own officials, with the same smile and warm hand-shake for all; dining for two francs at a cheap restaurant . . . his only luxury the flowers that an unknown hand sent every day, his one relaxation to sing to his guitar, when left alone at night. The Triumvir’s slender stipend of 32*l.* a month he spent entirely on others.’¹

De Lesseps was touched by what he saw of Mazzini and of Rome, and declared that the Republican leaders were misunderstood at Paris. After one quarrel, when the fiery Frenchman broke out in disgust at Roman unreasonableness, and abused Mazzini in violent terms, the negotiations were resumed and proceeded rapidly towards an accommodation.²

Meanwhile what was the attitude of the people, as distinct from the small body of convinced Republicans who led them? It was summed up as follows by the acute and impartial Captain of H.M.S. *Bulldog*, who wrote, on May 12, after his visit to Rome :

‘The general feeling among the Roman people appears to be in favour of making terms with the French, as they show no objection to the return of the Pope, but great repugnance to an ecclesiastical government. The leaders keep up their determination to resist . . . assuring the people that the return

¹ *King’s Mazzini*, 133; *Clough’s P. R.* 154. ² *Farini*, iv. 104, 120, 121.

of the Pope can only take place with the old system of a spiritual administration.'¹

This would, perhaps, be an accurate analysis of the main current of opinion, if it were added that what the leaders said was quite true, and that the people believed them. All knew that the return of the Pope would only take place if clerical rule were restored, because he would consent to come back on no other terms. Whatever the French might wish, they had in fact no alternative between leaving the Republic alone, or restoring the hated rule of priests; and the fixed determination of Pio Nono to recover the powers of Gregory XVI. would have rendered the mission of De Lesseps futile if it had ever been serious. It was absurd for the French to pretend to negotiate on behalf of a sovereign who refused to treat.

Captain Key, who passed freely between Rome and Civitavecchia, wrote again a few days later of the state of things round the French camp :

'I cannot speak too highly of the conduct of the French soldiers towards the inhabitants of the country. Every article of food is strictly paid for, and their behaviour has engendered a very kindly feeling for them in the people with whom they have had intercourse.'²

The absence of complaints by Italian writers against the French soldiery fully confirms this testimonial. But the French could not, by any amount of good behaviour, induce the inhabitants to give them any political encouragement or military assistance, and they were grievously disappointed at the absence of any sign of Papal partisans in the country which they had come to 'deliver' from the Republican tyranny; even the few peasants, who came into their camps to sell them food, were gloomily silent on politics.³

The Republican Government, having successfully put down terrorism in the provinces, was faced in May by an

¹ *Key*, 199. See also *Brutti*, 78, 79.

² *Key*, 201.

³ *Journal* 16^e, p. 8. A very explicit statement.

outbreak of the Jacobin elements among its extreme supporters in the City of Rome itself, and this also it speedily overcame. On May 20 the mob raided two churches, dragged out the confessionals, symbols in the Pope's dominions not only of religion but of politics and police, and piled them in the Piazza del Popolo for a bonfire. Mazzini gravely remonstrated, and the objects were restored to their proper places.¹

A more serious affair was the attempt of a few wicked men to introduce the indiscriminate massacre of priests. Callimaco Zambianchi,² a native of Forlì in the Romagna, had been an exile from the Papal States between 1832 and 1846, and while resident at Paris had picked up the traditions of the original Terror from the small group of men who still cherished the memory of Robespierre and Marat, and who taught him that no Republic was worth the name without its 'September.' Attracted back to Italy by the amnesty of the new Pope, he fought in the Lombard campaign, and having taken part in the reign of terror at Bologna, in August 1848, had been further embittered by a fresh imprisonment in the following month.³ After Rossi's murder he was liberated, and, shortly before the establishment of the Roman Republic, he had very wrongly been made commander of the regiment of Gagers, in which capacity he arrested and sent to Rome out of the provinces certain persons whom he accused of treason. When he heard, to his great indignation, that the Triumvirate had at once set them free, he vowed that in the future he would himself be judge and hangman; being called back to Rome, and posted with his men on Monte Mario during the battle of April 30, he there and then caused his men to shoot a Dominican, whom he happened to meet on the road. During the same week, in the little church and convent of San Calisto, hidden away among the

¹ *Spada*, iii. 555-558.

² This Callimaco Zambianchi must not be confused with Antonio Zambianchi, an honourable politician and servant of the Republic.

³ At Civita Castellana. (*Roman MSS. F. R.* 7, l. 3.)

time-honoured slums of Trastevere, he and his men killed six persons in holy orders, whom he declared to have been preaching sedition and conspiring against the Republic. The Government stopped the massacre and did everything in its power to prevent another outbreak of terrorism. Its efforts of prevention were successful, but unfortunately the crimes already committed remained in this case unpunished, partly because the preoccupations of the siege of Rome in June delayed Zambianchi's trial till the Republic had fallen, and partly, perhaps, because the Gagers, who were a ruffianly crew, seemed inclined to protect their leader. So the chief criminal escaped, and two years later was turned away from the door of a poor London house at which he had the audacity to knock, by the indignant lodger, the ex-Triumvir Saffi. It is painful to relate that Garibaldi allowed Zambianchi to follow him in the retreat from Rome, and ten years later to don the red shirt. The Papal Government in January 1854 justly executed three of his accomplices; the scoundrels died game, refusing the offices of religion and crying, 'Viva l'Italia! Viva la Repubblica!'¹

The immunity of Zambianchi is a blot on the Roman Government. But the contagion of violence was stayed; and if we consider the unprovoked invasion of the State and the shooting down of the citizens who defended it by foreign troops in league with the priests, the Triumvirate deserves a good deal of credit, and the Roman populace a little, for stopping the Terror in a country where assassination was indigenous. Arthur Clough wrote on May 31 to Arthur Stanley :

¹ Whether Garibaldi could and should have given more assistance to Government to secure the arrest and trial of Zambianchi we have not evidence enough to decide. (See *Saffi*, iii. 323 note and 324, bottom of page.) If the *Finansieri* had been put under the direct command of Garibaldi, as Amadei proposed to the Government as early as March 11, these murders would certainly never have taken place. (See *Loev*. ii. 186.) For Garibaldi's hard but successful struggle with indiscipline and violence in his own Legion, see *Loev*. ii. 149-189.

For the Zambianchi incident, see *Roman MSS. F. R.*, 7, 3, the most authentic evidence which I have found. *Torre*, i. 190, 330-333; *Saffi*, iii. 323-325; *Vacchi*, ii. 275, 276; *Farini*, ii. 333, 334; iv. 153, 154; *Spada*, iii. 416; *Cochrane*, 116, 117; *Tivaroni*, *Aust.* ii. 403; *Guersoni*, ii. 50; *Bel.* 17, 75, 112, 157.

'Priests, by the way, walk about in great comfort—arm in arm with a soldier, perhaps; in cafés and legnos and all profane places they are seen circulating as freely at least as government paper. Confession is still administered openly with long sticks in St. Peter's and the Apostle's toe multitudinously kissed. The Bambino also drives about to see the sick in infinite state, and is knelt and capped to universally.¹ Wandering about alone, and with the map, I have been twice hailed by civicas (National Guard) as a *spione*, but after some prattle affectionately dismissed.'

And again on June 21, in the final agony of the siege, ten days before the fall of Rome, when, if ever, anarchy might have been expected to lift its head, he writes to Francis Turner Palgrave:

'Assure yourself that there is nothing to deserve the name of "Terror." . . . Since May 4 the worst thing I have witnessed has been a paper in manuscript put up in two places in the Corso, pointing out seven or eight men for popular resentment. This had been done by night; before the next evening a proclamation was posted in all the streets, from (I am sure) Mazzini's pen, severely and scornfully castigating such proceedings. A young Frenchman in a café, hearing his country abused, struck an Italian; he was of course surrounded, but escaped by the interference of the National Guard and of the British Consul. The soldiers, so far as I see, are extremely well behaved—far more seemly than our regulars; they are about, of course, in the streets and cafés, but make no disorder.'²

Garibaldi had for some time past noticed that the red shirt worn by himself and his staff officers had attained popularity as the symbol of the whole Legion and of the political ideas which it embodied. Fully sharing, in his emotional nature, that craving for symbolism which is at the root of so much in Italian religion and custom, he realised the advantages which might accrue from the red shirt as the outward and visible sign of the revolutionary

¹ *Koelman*, i. 258; and *Bresciani*, viii., 170-3, describe such a scene in detail. Some Liberals cried '*Viva il Bambino democratico!*'

² *Clough*, *P. R.* 153, 157; *I. L. N.* July 14, 1849, p. 25, 'our correspondent.'

brotherhood of Italians, and, be it allowed, as the bond of the fellowship of Giuseppe Garibaldi. On his return from Palestrina, having wisely determined that no part in the democratic cult which he was founding should be denied to the laity, he ordered the manufacture of a red woollen blouse for every private in the regiment.¹ The order was taken in hand, but the uniforms were not ready till near the end of June.

In making this change Garibaldi did even better, perhaps, than he expected. For it turned out that in the *camicia rossa* the Italian Revolution found for itself a cheap pageantry, simple in gaudiness, unmistakable, satisfying the desire of youth to flaunt its principles in some visible form. For a few *soldi* the student or the workman could in a minute transform himself, in appearance at least, into the soldier of a redoubtable force, the semi-official missionary of a great cause.

The moral effect of the red shirt, which acted like a charm, giving a sense of brotherhood with their chief to the little band who so often fought in it against overwhelming odds, far out-balanced a slight military disadvantage in the colour, which did not escape comment. Before coming to Europe the Italian Legion had fought in this attire through the wars of Montevideo, where small bodies of troops moved over the great open prairies, each side straining its eyes so as to be the first to see the enemy. Garibaldi, it is said, found that in those regions his troops were less easily detected in the distance when clothed in red than were the enemy in their darker uniforms. But in Italy, where much close fighting took place on a back-

¹ *Loc. cit.* ii. 125, 126. They were sometimes spoken of as 'tunics,' sometimes as 'shirts,' sometimes as 'blouses.' During the early years in South America, and in Italy in 1849, they were shaped like a French workman's blouse, falling over the hips, as in illustrations facing pp. 117, 118 above. In later years they were often tucked into the trousers like our English 'shirts,' as in the later photograph of Garibaldi in the frontispiece. Sometimes they were more like military tunics of the regular army, with big buttons, etc. See some specimens preserved in the *Museo Civico*, Bologna.

It was in the colour, not the shape, that the virtue lay. The one thing useful in the *camicia rossa* was that it should be red.

ground of white or grey houses and vineyard walls, the red shirt was easily seen and offered an admirable mark to Neapolitans, Austrians, and French.¹

Taking advantage of the improved relations with France, and of the rapid increase of the force under arms in Rome, the Triumvirs on the evening of May 16 sent out from ten to eleven thousand² of their best troops to drive the Neapolitans out of the territory of the Republic. Garibaldi was put as a General of Division in command of part of the army, but he was asked to serve under the Commander-in-Chief Roselli, a worthy but not very able soldier, whose respectability was meant as a pledge to Italy and Europe of the regular character of the Roman troops and of the war in which they were engaged. In making this arrangement the Triumvirs fell between two stools, for neither were the methods and machinery of a regular force employed on the campaign, nor was it conducted with the energy of a guerilla war. The army moved with the uncomfortable and jerky motion of a man with an excitable dog in leash; Garibaldi dashed about in front, locating and engaging the enemy, and then was forced to wait till Roselli came sulkily lumbering up with the bulk of the troops. On an expedition like this, such a general was about as fit to be put in command of Garibaldi as Parker was to be put in command of Nelson; indeed, the case was much worse, for though himself a modest man, Roselli was surrounded by a staff of regular officers who urged him to assert himself, regarding the guerilla with a professional jealousy which none of the captains off Copenhagen felt against the victor of the Nile.³

Roselli, though commanding a force nearly five times as numerous as that led by Garibaldi a fortnight earlier, also

¹ *Lessona*, 421; *Cadolini*, *N.A.* May 1902, 61; *Loev*, ii. 125, 129, 130. See p. 35 above, note, for the origin of the red shirt.

² The most complete and trustworthy list of the regiments and their numbers is in *Roselli*, 50, 51. *Torre*, ii. 128, is in substantial agreement. *Hoff*, 63, 64, is, therefore, probably wrong. See also *Vecchi*, ii. 235.

³ See Appendix E below.

determined not to attack the Alban Hills in face, but to cross the Campagna towards Valmontone, and so take the Neapolitans in flank. The commissariat of the 'regular' army was so ill managed that the troops would have starved in crossing the Campagna but for the energy and foresight of Garibaldi in his capacity of cow-boy, exercised at the expense of the Cardinals' estates;¹ and even after the desert plain had been crossed, the advance of the main body was delayed pending the late arrival of the train of waggons from Rome. But Garibaldi, as soon as he had reached Valmontone, galloped out early on the morning of May 19 along the Velletri road, under the foot of the wooded ridge of Algidus and Artemisio, to see what the enemy were about. He found, as he had expected, that they were in full retreat from the Alban Hills, which they had no thought of holding when their rear and flank were threatened by a force as large as their own. The only danger was that they would escape altogether, for they were already arriving from Albano at the low hill where the ancient Volscian city of Velletri rises above its vineyards, when, about six o'clock in the morning, Garibaldi and his staff reined up their horses on a knoll commanding a near view of their proceedings.² Garibaldi determined to take, on his own responsibility, the measures necessary for cutting off Ferdinand's retreat—to hold him engaged with the advance guard, and to send to Roselli praying that the arrival of the central division might be hastened. This involved a gross breach of discipline, since he himself was in command of the central division, and not of the advance guard, to whom he now issued orders for battle. But it was not likely that those orders, however irregular, would be disobeyed, for the officer rightfully in command was Marochetti, one of his old comrades of America, only too proud to be superseded by the Chief, and the best half of the troops consisted of his own Italian Legion.

From the point of view of strategy and tactics he was as indisputably right as from the point of view of discipline he was wrong. The strategical situation showed a

¹ *Hoff.* 62; *Mem.* 231; *Roman MSS. F. R.* 22, 69.

² *Ciampoli*, 31.

demoralised enemy in full retreat, affording a splendid opportunity to strike into the front flank of his column in such a way as to drive him off the high road away from his base. The tactical situation involved the ability of 2,000 seasoned guerilla troops to hold in play a despised foe who had fled before them ten days before, until the arrival of the main Roman army, which would certainly not be up in time to catch the retreating enemy unless he was attacked at once.¹ But whether the desire to seize the opportunity of the campaign can justify any man, even a Garibaldi, in breaking the discipline of the camp is a question on which I have no wish to pronounce.

Finding a body of troops close on their flank, the Neapolitans were forced to turn aside and drive it back. Garibaldi, whose scouting arrangements kept him far better acquainted than any contemporary general of regulars with the real intentions of the enemy, knew that this offensive movement was only designed to cover their retreat. But until Roselli should arrive, the Legionaries, posted about a mile outside Velletri, had before them the prospect of a stiff fight for an indefinite number of hours, holding their own against superior numbers of the enemy's infantry and cavalry in the vineyards and undulating ground on either side of the Valmontone road. The chief incident of the battle occurred on the road itself. Masina's forty lancers² had gone down it, driving the enemy in front of them, until they met the head of a long column of mounted men before whom they fled back at a gallop. The young Bolognese cavaliers, though noted for fearless gallantry, were not seasoned veterans; their horses were young and untrained, and Masina himself was not among them this day, but was commanding the whole Legion.³ They came bolting back at a pace which so aroused the indignation of Garibaldi that, regardless of dynamics, he reined up athwart their path. Behind him sat his friend, the gigantic negro, on his jet-black horse. Like equestrian

¹ *Loev.* i. 184 and note 2; *Gabussi*, iii. 404-407.

² *Roselli*, 50, 74; *Roman MSS. Ruoli Gen.* 82, F. 10.

³ *Loev.* i. 186.

statues of Europe and Africa they sat immovable. One moment the young lancers, vainly tugging at their frightened steeds, saw these two loom in front; the next, down they all went together in a welter of beasts and men, with Garibaldi at the bottom. The enemy's cavalry, who had some spirit, came dashing up, and it might have gone ill for Italy, had not a handful of Legionaries, fighting at a little distance to the right of the road, come running to save their leader. The rescue party were mostly boys of fourteen and upwards.

'I believe (wrote Garibaldi) that my safety was chiefly due to those gallant boys, since, with men and horses passing over my body, I was so bruised that I could not move.'

The Neapolitans, who had pushed forward too rashly into the heart of the Garibaldian position, were caught between two fires,¹ and severely repulsed, leaving thirty prisoners on the scene of the recent cascade. Thus the incident that had begun in picturesque disaster, led to a general advance of the Garibaldian infantry through the vineyards and down the road.

'The charge of our men on the right—the dominant position, and therefore the key of the whole—led by Masina and Daverio, was made with such headlong impetus that our men almost entered Velletri, swept away among the flying enemy.'²

So little, indeed, had Garibaldi imperilled the safety of the advance guard, as he was accused of having done on this occasion, that they not merely maintained their positions unaided, but assumed the offensive and drove the enemy up into the town and the Cappuccini on the neighbouring height, before the central division began to appear.³ It was well on in the afternoon when the first detachment, consisting of Manara's Lombards, came hurrying up with loud cheers for Garibaldi, and found his men

¹ *Miraglia*, 200.

² *Mem.* 230, 231; *Hoff.* 69, 70; *Roselli*, 74, 75, 147; *Lassarini*, 221–228; *Vecchi*, ii. 236; *Ritucci*, 8–10; *D'Ambrosio*, 40.

³ *Loev.* i. 186, 187; *D'Ambrosio*, 40–44; *Ritucci*, 10–13.

firing at the town and convent, from which strong positions the enemy replied with effect.¹ Roselli had been tardy in sending forward the supports, and the rest of them arrived slowly and one by one on the scene.² Furious at hearing of Garibaldi's indiscipline in beginning the battle without his leave, and perhaps not better pleased that the friar Ugo Bassi should have been employed to carry messages between them, the commander-in-chief rode up in the worst of tempers and positively refused to attack that evening, nor would he, at Garibaldi's suggestion, forestall the enemy's retreat by moving across onto the road to Terracina. Roselli's staff would not believe the assurances of the insubordinate guerilla Chief that *Bomba's* generals were only thinking how to effect their escape, and that their men were utterly demoralised.³

Many of the Neapolitan soldiers had, in fact, again been scared by the 'red devil,' whom they declared to be bullet-proof; the giant black man behind him was Beelzebub, his father. In plaintive mutiny some cried out to their King: 'You are going to Naples, and we to the slaughter.' To what extent this demoralisation had spread through the army, or how far its royal chief alone can be accused of cowardice, will always be a matter of dispute.⁴ Be that as it may, Ferdinand ordered the retreat to be continued under conditions which, as the historian of his reign has pronounced, took 'from his dynasty all military prestige,' and rendered him 'so much the more contemptible to his subjects.'⁵ The army with some skill took advantage of Roselli's inaction, and stole away out of the southern gate of the town, leaving its wounded and prisoners, and retreated rapidly down the road that leads across the Pontine Marshes to Terracina and

¹ *Manara MSS. Letter of May 20*; *Dandolo*, 218, 219; *Hoff*, 70, 71; *Loev*, i. 187.

² *Roman MSS. F. R.* 62, 8, pp. 112, 113.

³ *Vecchi*, ii. 237, 238; *Loev*, i. 187; *Elia*, i. 155-158. That the enemy had no object but to escape to their frontier is confessed by *D'Ambrosio*, 37, 45, 47; thus justifying Garibaldi's opinion.

⁴ *Loev*, i. 187 and note; *Jack la Bolina*, 83. The Clerical writer *Cianfarani* minimises the demoralisation of the Neapolitans; and *Nisco*, 272, puts all the blame on the King for ordering the retreat.

⁵ *Nisco*, 272.

Naples by way of the coast. Before the grey hours, some reconnoitring Lombards climbed over the gate into Velletri, and, to their surprise, found the streets silent and empty, until the townspeople began to come out of their houses, and joyfully fraternise with the deliverers.¹

Garibaldi was convinced that Ferdinand's throne would not survive an invasion of his kingdom, and pressed the Triumvirate to allow the army to advance.² But Mazzini, even if he could regard the French as neutralised, had still to think of the Austrians, who had just taken Bologna after a gallant defence by its inhabitants, and were fast overrunning the Romagna and the Marches. Roselli and half the army were therefore recalled from Velletri, but Garibaldi was allowed to proceed with his own Legion, the Lombards, and some other troops, advancing by the great inland road that leads to Naples, by Valmontone, Frosinone, and the valley of the Liris. In the Roman States they were welcomed as deliverers. But when they crossed into Neapolitan territory a curious incident took place in the frontier town of Rocca d'Arce, related as follows by Emilio Dandolo :

'All the inhabitants had fled and hidden themselves among the hills ; we found the houses shut up and deserted, and not a human being in the whole village. The soldiers were indignant at this want of confidence ; but, thanks to the warm admonitions of Garibaldi, who came up at the moment with his Legion, and to the advice of Padre Ugo Bassi (whose fervent charity and patriotism I then learnt to appreciate), no pillaging took place, and in that deserted village not a single door was forced. We sat down on the ground in the square ; and, when the terrified inhabitants observed from the surrounding heights this admirable spirit of order and self-restraint, they hurried down to welcome us, threw open their houses and shops, and in a few minutes the whole village had regained its accustomed activity.

¹ *Dandolo*, 219. There were also many Clericals and indifferentists in the town. See *Cianfarani* and General *Lanza* (*MS.*). The latter found Valmontone more Republican than Velletri.

² *Nisco* (272) thinks that the loss of prestige due to the retreat from Velletri was so great, that if the *whole* Republican army had been able to invade Naples the King might perhaps have lost his throne.

They then related to us how many superstitious fables the Neapolitans had spread among them; according to which we were so many ogres let loose by the devil, to devour children and burn down houses; and the fantastic costumes of Garibaldi and his followers had contributed not a little to increase the ignorant fears of the natives.¹

How far, under these conditions, Garibaldi would have succeeded in rousing the Kingdom to revolt was never put to the test; for at this point he was recalled, much to his own chagrin, to save the Republic from Austrian invasion in the North. To the end of his life he believed that the march which was stopped at Rocca d'Arce by Mazzini's orders, would have anticipated the results of that triumphal progress which he made eleven years later from the other end of the Neapolitan kingdom. No doubt the royal army was demoralised by Palestrina and Velletri; no doubt it was much smaller in 1849 than in 1860. But, on the other hand, the general conditions of Italian politics were far less favourable, the tide was setting in the wrong direction, and Italy was tired of revolution—facts which Garibaldi, who was never tired, could not properly realise.² Nor, as is shown by the incident just related, was his own reputation the same, either in its nature or its magnitude, as on the day when he landed at Reggio—the world's acknowledged hero—with those miraculous Sicilian laurels fresh upon his brow.

At the end of May, Garibaldi re-entered Rome in democratic triumph, for the last time, until, as an old man, he entered the capital of Italy in peace, a third power with the King and the Pope.³ 'Now,' wrote Manara, 'we shall go to Ancona. I firmly hope we shall beat the Austrians as we have beaten the French and Neapolitans.'⁴ Most of the tired troops who re-entered Rome between May 30

¹ *Dandolo*, 222, 223.

² See p. 258 below, how he tried to rouse Tuscany even after the fall of Rome.

³ Pio Nono said, with reference to the arrival of Garibaldi in Rome shortly after Victor Emmanuel had taken up his quarters in the Quirinal: 'Lately we were two here; now we are three' (*Martínengo Cesaresco's Italy*, 414).

⁴ *Manara MS. Letter of May 30.*

and June 2, were hoping that before they started against the Austrians they would enjoy a little rest after their long month of forced marches and battles.¹ But the rest prepared for them was the grave, save for those who lived to be mocked by the uneasy rest of exile. Even while they were re-entering Rome, the French threw off the mask and repudiated De Lesseps in the hour when he seemed to have brought things to a settlement. To die for Italy there was no need to go to Ancona.

The turn of events on which Garibaldi had fixed his hopes—a long guerilla war over the mountains and valleys of half Italy—was not to be. Mazzini's dream was to be realised instead—the fiery martyrdom of the Republic in one supreme scene of defiance and death, in the sacred city where the memories and treasures of the western world were heaped together. The union of Italy was an idea which Mazzini had done more than any other man to spread, but the last effective contribution ever made by him to that cause, so soon to pass into other hands, was this great demonstration, which he had organised and inspired—the dying message of Italy slain once more, published to the world from Rome. In this siege of Rome, a drama of despair, a battle that was not for victory, Garibaldi, though his genius was more suited to the open field, was to play the part of chief hero among many, and to lend it all the nobility of his presence and the grandeur of his name.

¹ *Dandolo*, 224, 228 ; *Hoff*. 105.

CHAPTER IX¹

THE THIRD OF JUNE—VILLA CORSINI

'Villa Corsina, Casa dei Quattro Venti,
famida prua del Vascello protesa
nella tempesta, alti nomi per sempre
volenni come Maratona Platea
Cremera, luoghi già d'ozii di piaceri
di melodie e di magnificenze
fuggitive, orti custoditi da cieche
statue ed arrisi da fontane serene,
trasfigurati subito in rossi inferni
vertiginosi.'

D'ANNUNZIO—*La Canzone di Garibaldi.*

(Villa Corsini, House of the Four Winds,
Smoky prow of the Ship thrust forward
Into the tempest, names for ever
Grand—like Marathon, Platea,
Cremera—once ye were haunts of idleness,
Pleasure and music and frail magnificence,
Gardens guarded by blind stone statues,
Watered by fountains—all changed suddenly
Into a red infernal giddiness.)

ON May 31, the day when Garibaldi re-entered Rome, De Lesseps signed with the Triumvirs terms of agreement, according to which the French were to protect Rome and its environs against Austria and Naples and all the world, but were to take up their own quarters outside the city. Since nothing was said about the Pope's restoration on the one hand, or about the continued existence of the Republic on the other, the real questions at issue were postponed to the future; but all the advantages of the present were to go to the Romans, and none to the French. In signing terms so entirely averse from the spirit and

¹ For this Chapter use the maps pp. 125 above and 172 below.

intentions of those whom he represented, De Lesseps had sense enough to append a clause which provided that the treaty needed ratification by the French Republic.¹ But the home Government, to whom he thus appealed, had already thrown off the mask, and had despatched a message putting an end to his mission and bidding him return at once to France.² For Oudinot's reinforcement had come to hand. The French army was again camped within a mile or two of Rome, within striking distance of the Italian outposts. Twenty thousand men were on the spot, together with six batteries of artillery, some siege guns, and a large number of excellent sappers and engineers prepared to carry out Vaillant's scientifically laid plans for the reduction of the city; and 10,000 more, together with the rest of the siege train and engineers, would arrive at fixed dates during the month.³ When, therefore, the man of peace brought his treaty to the camp, Oudinot no sooner read the clause assigning to his army quarters outside the walls of Rome than he broke out in a violent tirade against De Lesseps and told him to go about his business⁴; next day (June 1) he gave notice to the Romans that the truce was at an end.

But the letter in which he informed Roselli of the denunciation of the armistice was of the most ambiguous character, for although he declared that hostilities could at once be resumed, he added that, in order to give the French residents time to leave Rome, he would not attack 'the place' until Monday, the 4th of June.⁵ His real intention was to surprise and capture the outposts (the Pamphili and Corsini) in the early hours of the 3rd. In employing the vague word *place*, which he privately interpreted to exclude these outposts, while the world in general supposed that he had given a guarantee to suspend all operations against Rome until the Monday, he at once

¹ *De Lesseps*, 61, 62, for text of treaty.

² *De Lesseps*, 67.

³ *Bittard des Portes*, 160-163, 257, 262. I take the lowest estimate of the number of infantry from *Vaillant*, 15, 155, 156.

⁴ *De Lesseps*, 63-66.

⁵ See App. L below for text of letter.

lulled the careless Italians into a fatal security, and satisfied his own conscience—for he was, as Captain Key found at this time, ‘a strict Catholic and a very religious man.’¹

Oudinot’s announcement of war, so suddenly made on the day after the Treaty of Peace and Alliance had been signed, woke the Italians with a start from pleasant dreams of chasing the white-coats out of the Apennines, to the prospect of being cut to pieces in Rome by fellow-Republicans. On June 2, when the Triumvirate asked Garibaldi to give his confidential opinion on the crisis, he suggested a remedy on a level with the desperate nature of their affairs, declaring that he himself ought to be made Dictator. He gave the advice in the spirit in which it had been asked—in perfect good faith and in the public interest; when it was rejected he let the matter drop, though there were many pseudo-politicians in Rome who were only too eager to agitate on his behalf, had he consented to lead them, and who proceeded some way in that direction without his consent. With the simple wisdom of the sailor and warrior, trained in no political school but that of the South American Republics,² he believed that an honest dictatorship was the best means of carrying out the democratic will in times of supreme crisis. From the beginning to the end of his life, divided authority and government by Assemblies seemed to him out of place when the foreigner was in occupation of the soil, or a tyrant had still to be dethroned. These views were a practical qualification of his theoretic

¹ The French Clerical historian, La Gorce, regards the trick by which Oudinot obtained such easy possession of the key to Rome either as requiring no explanation or as admitting of none; for he does not record the fact. But the Italian Clerical historian, Spada, agrees with the common opinion that his action was not justified to others by the quibble with which he satisfied himself (*Spada*, iii. 584, 585). In view of the recent attempt by *M. Bittard des Portes* to justify Oudinot in this matter, I have consulted high military authority on the meaning which military men would attach to his letter. (See App. L below.)

² When South America was first released from Spanish rule, education and habits of self-government were so backward that the popular assemblies proved incapable of their task; each assembly and each party attached itself to some military chief, and rose and fell with his fortunes. *Robertson’s P.* i. 16, 17, 64–68.

Republicanism, and prepared him to accept in later years the chieftainship of Victor Emmanuel, with that loyal self-effacement and devoted service to the King which proved one of the main factors in the creation of Italy.¹ But his proposal, on June 2, 1849, that he himself should be made Dictator, though it would have had military advantages, would have involved political dangers, because it would have meant the displacement of Mazzini in favour of his rival; and, though it would have aroused much enthusiasm, would have caused also much offence and division.

Although Garibaldi was not made Dictator, or even commander-in-chief in place of Roselli, the defence of the west bank was entrusted to him, and it was on that side that the attack was again made on Rome. But before Garibaldi took over the command in that quarter, Roselli, on Saturday evening (June 2), visited the very insufficient outpost of 400 men which he had placed in the grounds of the Villa Pamfili, to tell them that there was no need to be vigilant, since the French had promised not to attack until Monday morning.² In trusting the key of the capital, and therefore the very existence of the State, to the faith of a foe whose whole conduct since his first landing had been shifty and ambiguous, Roselli was guilty of an error of the first magnitude. If Oudinot's bad faith is condemned, no less severe a judgment must be passed on the folly of his antagonist. Even if the French General's letter had been perfectly explicit in its promise to postpone every kind of operation till Monday, this vital position ought to have been occupied day and night by several thousand troops.³

Garibaldi understood better than the commander-in-chief the immense importance of a post, which, by reason of its height and propinquity, was the key to the Janiculum, and therefore the key to Rome. After his victory in the Pamfili grounds on April 30, he had proposed to fortify them, but had had no authority to carry this plan into

¹ *Mem.* 320, 344.

² *Gamberini*, 6-10.

³ See App. L below.

effect ; and Roselli, who had enjoyed the power, had not possessed the wisdom to do anything of the kind during the weeks gone by.¹ If Garibaldi had not been too unwell on the night of Saturday, June 2, to take over at once his new command on the west bank, he would very probably have done something to strengthen the guard in the Pamfili ; but as he was confined indoors, recovering from his old wound of April 30, and the bruises and fatigues of the Velletri campaign, his command was temporarily vested in Galletti.² All who turned to sleep that night in Rome had been given to understand by Government that Oudinot had promised not to attack till the Monday, and no one suspected that before morning the key to the city would be stolen away.³

The able Engineer-General Vaillant, who, like Oudinot, had served with distinction under the great Napoleon, was sent out by the new President to advise and, if necessary, supersede the commander-in-chief. No better selection could have been made, and the two old soldiers appear to have worked in perfect harmony. Although they had thrown a bridge across the lower Tiber, and occupied the Basilica of St. Paul-without-the-walls, Oudinot and Vaillant had determined not to pass over the river in force, but to confine their main operations to the capture of the Janiculum. It would, indeed, have been easy for them, if they had crossed to the east bank, to blow a breach in the ancient Imperial walls⁴ as did the Italians in 1870. But the French, in 1849, had to reckon with the hostility of the Roman populace. They knew that if they entered from the low-lying Campagna on the east their difficulties would only begin when they were inside the town, because the people would take to the barricades which they had prepared, and house-to-house fighting would continue for days. How much Italian burghers could do against regular troops in

¹ *Goppelli*, 239 ; *Loev*. i. 210.

² *Carletti*, 273 ; *Loev*. i. 213.

³ See App. L below.

⁴ See pp. 125-6 above, on the relative strength of the Imperial walls on the east bank and the Papal walls on the west bank.

this sort of warfare had been shown the year before, in the north at Milan, and in Sicily at Messina, and, even if victory in such a contest could be considered certain, the price might be the conflagration of the Eternal City. The scandal of standing triumphant on the blood-stained ruins of Rome was such as the art-loving French could appreciate and dread.¹ The knowledge that their right of interference was questioned by all parties, liberal and reactionary alike, put them on their best behaviour, and, although they threw many shells into the streets, they showed a certain care not to do unnecessary harm to the monuments.

Military and political considerations, therefore, combined to direct their efforts against the Janiculum, for although it would take a little time to breach the Papal walls upon the west bank, they could be sure that, when once they had fought their way to the terrace of San Pietro in Montorio, Rome would lie below them at the mercy of their batteries, and would have no alternative but to surrender without further resistance. Vaillant, therefore, determined to capture the curtains and bastions close to the Porta San Pancrazio. Wiser for the experience of April 30,² he knew that he must make a formal approach, drawing trenches and placing breach-batteries according to the methods of scientific siege craft, of which he was a master. But he saw that it was useless to order the first sod to be turned so long as the Romans occupied the high ground of the Villas Pamfili and Corsini—a point of vantage whence the Italian cannon could sweep the district round, and a place of arms where their infantry could safely muster for sorties into flank and rear of any trenches which the besiegers could make. On the other hand, if once the French were masters of the Villa Corsini, built on a knoll which commanded the Porta San Pancrazio, it would be

¹ *Vaillant*, 27, 28. The *Times* correspondent hoped for the street fighting, see *Times*, June 6, 12. Moltke, who had been in Rome in 1845-46, examining the defences, wrote in June 1849, to Humboldt, ascribing reasons for Vaillant's choice of the Janiculum as his point of attack, closely similar to those given by Vaillant himself (*Moltke*, I. 190).

² *Vaillant*, 28.

impossible for troops to come out from Rome against the works, except under a deadly fire from batteries elevated and ensconced at about four hundred paces from the narrow debouchment of the gate.

Since, therefore, it was of the first importance to the French plans to capture the Villas Pamfili and Corsini, the main struggle of the siege would, under normal conditions, have been a defence by the Romans of the high wall which surrounded the woods and gardens of these two villas in one vast enclosure. But owing to Oudinot's ambiguous letter, and Roselli's misplaced security, the besiegers acquired this stronghold almost without fighting, and the Roman defence was therefore turned into an attack, carried out, as we shall see, under conditions of great disadvantage.

The capture of the vital positions was effected in the small hours of Sunday morning, June 3. One column, under General Mollière, came silently through the darkness onto the road known as the Vicolo della Nocetta, which skirts the south of the Pamfili enclosure, and began preparations for blowing a breach in the boundary wall. At 3 A.M. or shortly before,¹ the noise of the sappers' picks was heard by some Italian sentries, who discharged their muskets. Without further delay the powder was put into the hole and exploded, the French infantry poured over the ruin, and as the morning twilight came on, spread in wave after wave of men through the silent pine-woods that occupied the southern part of the Pamfili grounds. Meanwhile another division, under a General named Levaillant, had already made its way in from the west side, where they actually found a gate of the Park left open.² Indeed, the 400 Italians bivouacked in these vast grounds—which required a garrison of several thousands—were sleeping with perfect

¹ *Vaillant*, 31, says 2.30; but an Italian officer declared he heard the first shots at about 3.0 (*Loev*. i. 216, note 4). Oudinot had ordered the attack to be commenced at 3.0 (*Bittard des Portes*, 208).

² See map p. 125 above. *Vaillant*, 31, 32. *Vaillant*, the Engineer-General and historian of the siege, is not the same as Levaillant, the officer who led this attack. *Paris MSS.* 33^e, 213, and 91^e (*16^e léger*), 157, 159.

confidence in Oudinot's promise not to attack till Monday, whereof Roselli himself had so rashly reminded them not twelve hours before. Here and there, indeed, sentinels were on the alert, and resistance was made at various points, particularly in the little chapel of the Pamfili. In the villa itself, and in the surrounding gardens and groves of ever-green oak, where the tide of battle had been turned by Garibaldi on April 30, the 400 Italians were surrounded and overpowered by superior numbers. Half of them were captured in the buildings.¹ But many leapt from the windows, and in all 200 escaped to the Convent of San Pancrazio and the Villa Corsini, which stood within the Pamfili enclosure, but five or six hundred yards nearer to Rome.

The flying men were closely followed by one of Levaillant's battalions, but when the gallant Bolognese Colonel Pietramellara² organised a strong resistance in the Corsini, and when Galletti's troops began to pour up the road from the Porta San Pancrazio, the Italians, being in somewhat greater force, were able to hold on. When the dawn was growing grey, the French battalion which had pushed on unsupported to the Corsini fell back on the Pamfili, where it joined the rest of Levaillant's men and Mollière's brigade, which had now arrived at the front. Returning to the charge, the French regiments carried the Convent of San Pancrazio, and then, with the aid of artillery, stormed the Corsini after desperate fighting, and drove the Italians down the hill to the Vascello.³ The Villa Corsini, the key to Rome, was in the hands of the enemy.

Minutes were precious; but nearly two hours were wasted owing to the arrangements which Roselli and the civil authorities had made for the quartering of the soldiers. If the Garibaldians and the Lombards had been encamped on the Janiculum they could have rushed out by the

¹ *Vaillant*, 32, says 150 Italians were captured in the 'bâtiments de la Villa.' *Beghelli*, ii. 302, and *Torre*, ii. 177, 178, allow 200 captured.

² See last paragraph of App. F 1, below.

³ See App. F 1, below.

Porta San Pancrazio with Galletti's men, and very possibly have retaken not only the Corsini but the Pamfili, before the main force of the French had been brought into the grounds. But the principal defenders of Rome were lodged on the wrong side of the river, and at a great distance from the scene of action. Furthermore, the officers had been quartered in private houses apart from their regiments. Garibaldi's Legion was in the Convent of San Silvestro; several of their officers were some distance away; but Garibaldi and Masina were staying not far off, in the narrow streets opening on the Piazza di Spagna. There, in a humble lodging, No. 59, Via della Carozze, the sick and wounded General was passing the night, attended by his friend Ripari, the surgeon of the red-shirts, who, for these doings, afterwards tasted half-a-dozen years of Papal dungeons, and survived to be doctor to the Thousand in Sicily. Suddenly, at three in the morning, Daverio, the chief of Garibaldi's staff, burst in, crying out that Rome was attacked. As Garibaldi leapt from his bed the boom of distant cannon was heard. Ripari was sent to rouse Masina in the neighbouring Via Condotti, and in a few minutes the band of friends—the sick man who was to live, and the hale who were at the point of death—were hurrying to join their troops, while, in the stillness of the long, empty Roman streets the shadows faded out, and dawn whitened in their faces—the last time for Masina and Daverio.¹

Those two, being thirty-three and thirty-four years old, had seen many more days than the other conspicuous victims doomed for that day's sacrifice.² To pass thirty was to boast a ripe age among the leaders of the defence of Rome. Manara himself, the veteran leader of the

¹ For details given in this paragraph see *Mario, Vita*, 88, 89; *Guerrazzi*, 755; *Loev.* i. 213–215; ii. 240, 241, 264; *Mem.* 3 (*Prefazione*). Garibaldi's horses were stabled at the Palazzo of Prince Torlonia, in the neighbouring Via Borgognona. Signore Marchetti (now of Halifax, England) tells me this fact; he was a small boy living in the Palazzo Torlonia at the time, and remembers watching Garibaldi's horses being groomed in the yard below, and being given rides on them by the General's black man, Aguyar, who was by all accounts a dear fellow.

² *Loev.* ii. 240, 243.

Lombard Bersaglieri, bore the weight of four-and-twenty years ; the famous captain of one of his companies, Enrico Dandolo, was twenty-one ; the best influence in the noble comradeship of his regiment was that of Morosini, a youth of seventeen. So, too, in Garibaldi's Legion : Gaetano Bonnet of Comacchio was twenty-three, and the well-beloved Mameli of Genoa, poet of Italy's war-hymns, twenty-one.¹ All these, foreordained to the slaughter, were now buckling on their swords in the dawn, and with them their more fortunate brothers and companions-in-arms, destined to live and to see Italy's day and to be her leaders in arms and art—Bixio, and Medici, and Nino Costa. Such, under Garibaldi, were the spirits who presided over that day of fire. Men of good family for the most part—all of high ability and moral power, bound together by ties of the closest personal affection, they were known already as leaders in that land where the man ripens fast out of the boy, in that year when every quality of youth was at a premium and crabbed caution at a discount.²

¹ *Dandolo*, 241, 272, and *passim*; *Loev.* ii. 234, 254, 255; *King's Mazzini*, 136.

² See list, p. 325 below. The Republican idealism of these young patricians and sons of rich bourgeois, the heroic mould of their character, and the Homeric—that is, the personal—nature of this combat of June 3, in which so many of them lost their lives (a battle which sank deep in the Italian imagination) were partly due, I think, to the nature of the education which they had received. This point has been excellently stated in the account given of the education of one of the finest of them—Nino Costa—a Roman of the Romans, though it was much the same in the case of the Northerners, by whose side he fought :—‘ In those days, especially in Rome, education was entirely in the hands of the clergy, and at the age of six Costa was entrusted to his earliest preceptor, a priest, Don Pasquale by name. . . . He was an idealist and a Republican, aflame with enthusiasm for the great deeds and heroes of classic antiquity, and he nurtured in his pupil the innate, idealistic tendencies. The education of the period was strictly classical, and Plutarch's “Lives,” Livy's “History,” and the Bible stories, formed the basis of Costa's early studies ; and often, while reading of the heroic deeds of the mighty dead, master and pupil would be moved to tears. . . . The men of that age were steeped in classic lore ; the histories of Livy, of Tacitus, of Plutarch were to them the realities of life, the heroes of antiquity seemed to brood over them, moulding these moderns after their own image.’ So, too, at his school at Montefiascone, Costa was taught, by analogy, ‘the same spirit of Republican enthusiasm which had characterised the early tuition imparted by Don Pasquale. In the clerical schools and seminaries of those years was educated the generation which, in 1848, was to strike the initial death-blow to the Papal temporal power, and proclaim the

Garibaldi first assembled his troops on the great Piazza in front of St. Peter's and the Vatican ; riding thence to the Porta Cavalleggeri, he rapidly considered whether it would be possible to make a sortie from that gate, and so take the French in flank. But he realised that the Pamfili grounds were now occupied in force by the enemy's army, and presented a fortress wall to any attack from the north. Indeed, if he had wasted his strength in trying to enter the Pamfili across the Deep Lane, the French would have been able to push on through the weakly guarded Porta San Pancrazio, or at least to capture the Vascello. He therefore started at once for the Janiculum by the way of San Pietro in Montorio.

And now the bells were clashing from every campanile in Rome, and the drummers, beating the broken *motif* of the alarm, called men to doors and windows down each narrow street. The city was alive with orderlies and officers, dashing about on horse, on foot, and in *legnos*,¹ to find their regiments, with companies of soldiers or hastily armed civilians pushing across the bridges through the cheering crowds, all, singly or in groups, making from all directions towards the foot of the Janiculum, from the summit of which sounded over the town the dull booming of the unseen strife, a magnet to the brave. There is a steep, shady lane, called the Via di Porta San Pancrazio, that leads the foot-passenger straight up to the gate from the low Trastevere, mounting the hill by a precipitous path and steps, overshadowed on either side by old palaces and gardens hanging over mouldering walls. This was the quickest, and for the last few hundred yards under the

triumph of free thought. In Costa's own words, the education given by the priests was of a dead age ; the pupils lived in the past, but death, the dead, are always dignified. A noble idealism, an ardent love of country, that patriotism which the ancients considered the greatest of all virtues, and above all an invincible belief in the destinies and greatness of Rome, and a longing to see her return to her pristine glory, were sown in the hearts and brains of the youth, which was to yield so rich a harvest of heroism in 1848 and 1849,' *Costa*, 4, 5, 9. On minds thus prepared in boyhood, Mazzini's no less idealistic teaching of democracy and Italian unity was grafted in early youth.

¹ *Hoff*. (107, 108). *Kosman*, ii. 61, 62.

Villa Savorelli, the only way up to the gate. During the whole of June it was a main artery feeding the battle on the Janiculum, and on this first eventful Sunday was filled from dawn to dusk with soldiers and civilians hastening up to the fight, and wounded men dragging themselves down.¹

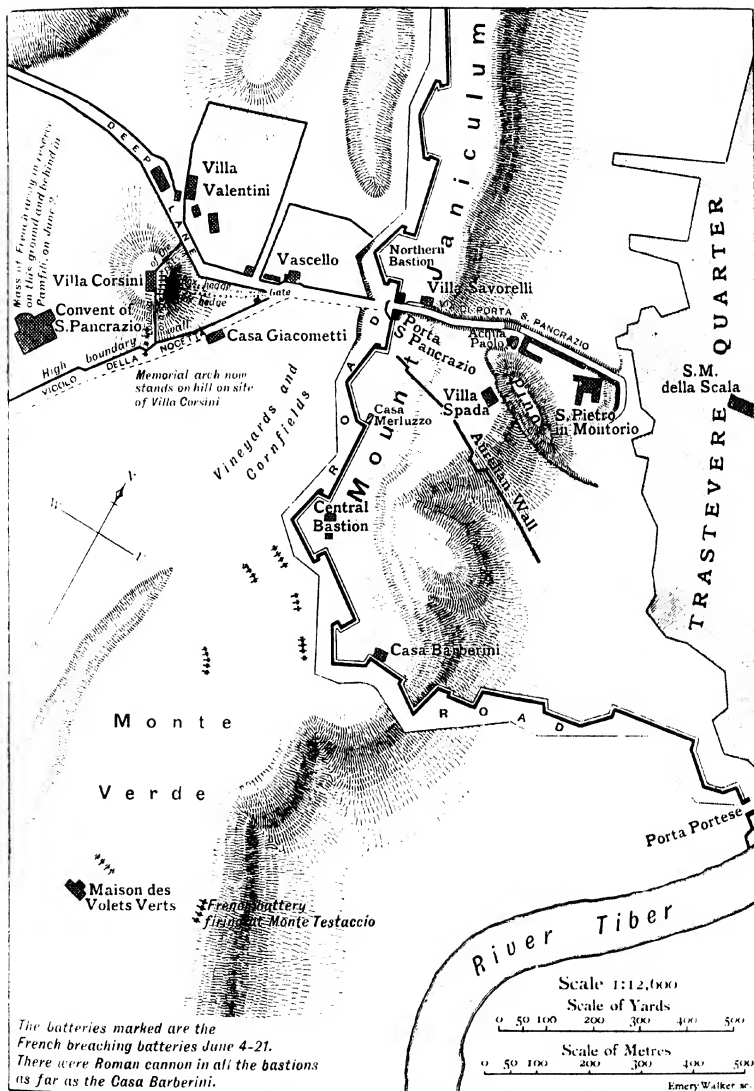
At about half-past five Garibaldi and his Legion arrived at the Porta San Pancrazio.² As he rode through the gateway he saw, opposite him, the Villa Corsini on its hill top, some 400 paces distant, on the site where the memorial arch stands to-day. That house, he knew, must be retaken, or the fall of the city was only a matter of time. No price would be too dear for it—and the price was likely to be dear enough. A fortress, cunningly devised to resist attack from the side of Rome, could scarcely have had more points of advantage in structure, outworks, and situation, than this ornate country-house of the Corsini. Above the neighbouring vineyards and villas, it rose high on the skyline, exposing its massive stone-work square to all the winds of heaven, whence it was often called the 'Casa dei Quattro Venti,' the 'House of the Four Winds.' It was four stories high, with an ornamental parapet on the top; the two lower stories had no windows on the side towards Rome, but were masked by a blank wall, and by an outside staircase leading to a balcony on the second floor, which must be ascended by any troops seeking to storm the house.³ The flanks of the villa, too, were well protected; for not only was the neighbouring ground thickly covered with statues, trees, and bushes, but from the foot of the stairs ran in both directions a wall two feet high, on which stood a row of large pots containing orange trees, a complete cover for troops holding the line of the hill.⁴ This low wall of the

¹ *Koelman*, ii. 63, and maps and pictures of *Decuppis*, *Werner*, *Andrese*. The lane is visible as a white streak leading up the hill to the Villa Savorelli on the right of the illustration, p. 211 below.

² His legion was at the Piazza San Pietro by 5.0, and at the Porta San Pancrazio by about 5.30; so he cannot be said to have wasted much time, considering that the officers had to be collected from their quarters in various parts of the city. *Loeb*, i. 214–216; *Hoff*, 106, 107, 115.

³ See App. F 2, below.

⁴ *Hoff*, 119. The illustration p. 173 below shows the wall stretching on either

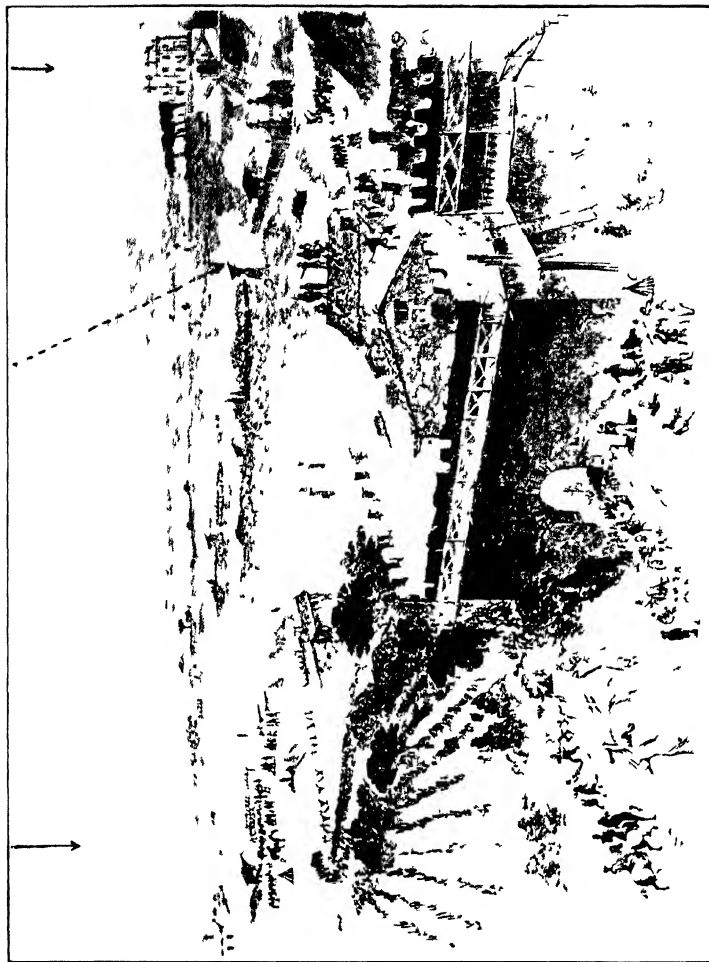


Battle of Villa Corsini, June 3, and first part of siege, June 4-21

Casa Merluzzo Bastion.

Casa Giacometti

Villa Corsini



V. ascello
here
Not
represented
in picture

orange pots ended in both directions in the high boundary wall of the Pamfili-Corsini grounds, which, overlooking the deep lane and the Vicolo della Nocetta, amply protected the rear of the villa on both its flanks.¹

In front of this æsthetic fortress the ground sloped down like a glacis towards Rome, and down the middle of the incline, from the foot of the stairs to the garden gate, ran a drive bordered on each side by a stiff box-hedge, six feet high.² At the bottom of this box avenue, where, outside the gateway, all the roads met in front of the Vascello, the walls of the Pamfili-Corsini enclosure came to an end in an acute angle. Thus the ground in front of the Villa Corsini was a walled triangle, and exactly in its apex stood the one garden gate by which the storming parties from Rome had to pour in, if they were to get at the villa at all. The Italians had therefore to move to the attack like sand running through the narrows of an hour-glass. It was a death angle, on which could be concentrated the fire of all the defenders stationed in the house and along the wall of the orange pots. On the other hand, whenever the Italians took the villa, they had no such advantages for holding it, for the French, if momentarily driven out, had a wider firing line on the Pamfili side, where the breadth of the grounds increased instead of diminishing, as it did towards Rome. In those gardens and pine-woods behind, in a dip of the ground affording absolute security against the fire from the walls of Rome, their reserves were massed in thousands, ready to feed the defenders of the Corsini, or recapture it at need.

side of the Villa Corsini, and Hoffstetter describes it and the orange pots upon it. (See *Dandolo*, 231, for the statues.)

¹ The illustration opposite wrongly represents the low wall stretching on either side of the villa as if it ended in nothing, whereas it ran into the high boundary walls on each side. The picture also does not show the continuation westward of the boundary walls, but only the angle where the two boundary walls met at the garden gate.

² *Hoff*. 113. See illustration p. 179 below. In illustration opposite the box-hedges look more like walls, but this is an error. The illustration opposite is good for the inside of the walls of Rome, less good for the more distant view, though the Corsini Villa itself is well represented.

The road, up which the Italians must advance from the Porta San Pancrazio before they reached the death angle, was completely exposed to the enemy's fire. It was bordered on the left by cornfields and vineyards, not then enclosed by any wall; on the right of it rose the Vascello, so called from its fancied resemblance to the shape of a ship. This, too, was an ornamental villa of the Roman aristocracy, a rival to the Corsini in magnificence, though, owing to its situation at the foot of the hill, it was not so prominent in the landscape. The only advantage which the Italians enjoyed in this unequal conflict was that the Vascello and its walled garden, and the two little houses on either side of the Vicolo della Nocetta, served to some extent as places of arms from which to attack the Corsini. But the advantage could not be turned to any very considerable use, because the garden of the Vascello was raked by the fire from the windows of the high Valentini Villa, already occupied by the French.¹ The Italians had, in fact, to feed the battle from the Porta San Pancrazio by way of the exposed road, and most of the charges made against the Corsini started from the city walls.

When Garibaldi arrived the French were secure in possession of the Corsini hill, and the Italians, under Galletti, insecure in possession of the Vascello at its foot.² On the bastion of the Casa Merluzzo, to the left of the Porta San Pancrazio, a Roman battery was planted. Behind this bastion, sloping down as far as the Villa Spada, there was then, as there still is to-day (1906) a vast open space of unused ground, just within the walls of Rome, where the Italian regiments, as they came panting up from the town below, were mustered under cover, and whence they were sent out, in all too small detachments, to pass under the fatal archways of the Porta San Pancrazio, and rush up the road at the Corsini. The scene here, behind the fortifications, was spirited and even gay, lit up by the bright sun of a morning which soon turned into a sweltering, cloudless noon. Inquisitive and sympathetic onlookers were

¹ *Hoff.* 112.

² See p. 168 above, and *Locv.* i. 218.

grouped round the inside of the gate-house, cheering the various champions as they rode up from Rome and disappeared through the portal, and greeting the wounded as they were brought back by their comrades in litters and handbarrows, or slung in scarves.¹ In the bastion to the right of the gate the band was playing the 'Marseillaise' with all its lungs, so that the French might hear it through the cannon roar, and be withered with the irony. At the edge of the bastion of the Casa Merluzzo, whence the Roman battery was firing, was a Dutch artist, taking advantage of the incorrigible good-nature of the Italian soldier, to peer between the sandbags, at some risk from the whistling bullets, at the historic scene outside.²

Opposite to him, on the hill top, he saw the balcony of the Corsini crowded with French soldiers, their gun-barrels flashing in the sun whenever they raised them to fire, and the battery which they had planted among the trees beside the villa.³ Close beneath him, in the open road, sat Garibaldi on his white horse, amid his rapidly dwindling Staff, sending up one division after another of his Legion to dash at the garden gate of the Corsini, pour through its narrow entrance into the death angle, rush up the slope by the line of box-hedges, under a fire from every window of the façade and from the low wall of the orange-tree pots, till the survivors reached the foot of the steps. Then, if enough were left, they would storm up the double staircase, gain the balcony, bayonet the French in the drawing-room, and stand for a few minutes masters of the villa. Often the charge failed half-way up, from sheer want of numbers. But several times the Corsini was carried, and held for awhile, against the concentrated fire of a whole army in the woods of the Pamfili beyond. On one of these occasions the Garibaldians piled up their dead comrades in the open loggias on the west side of the villa and repulsed

¹ *Koelman*, ii. 67-71, 74, 75; *Dandolo*, 241.

² *Koelman*, ii. 67-71. The scene is clearly represented in the foreground of illustration, p. 173 above.

³ *Koelman*, ii. 65-67.

the French attacks from behind that barricade, the artist Costa being in the thick of the affair.¹

The French were in huge force, and Garibaldi as yet had scarcely 3,000 men with whom to line the wall of the city and to make the attacks. There were his own Legionaries, with a few other small bodies of volunteers, the Emigrants, the Students, the Gagers, the remainder of Pietramellara's men, and, after seven o'clock, Medici's regiment, together with a few troops of the line.² But even such force as he had it was thought that he employed in too small detachments; whether through his fault, or not,³ there were never enough men at hand to support the gallant bands who from time to time made themselves masters of the villa. At 7.30 he announced in a bulletin that the Corsini was in his hands; but it was soon lost once more.

In these early hours, when the Legion sustained the brunt of the fray, its best men and officers were swept off with frightful rapidity. Daverio was killed, the chief of Garibaldi's Staff, the friend who had roused him that morning, of whom he afterwards said, as the highest possible praise, that 'physically and morally he was the image of Anzani.'⁴ Masina, too, before long received his first wound; although bystanders noticed that blood was flowing freely from his left arm, he refused to retire within the walls to the field-hospital in the Church of San Pietro in Montorio, until Garibaldi had bidden him a second time: 'But I am determined that you shall go, I order thee to go' (*Te lo comando*); whereat Masina saluted and disappeared under the San Pancrazio Gate. An hour later he was loudly cheered as he returned on horseback with his arm bound up, indefatigable in the pursuit of death.⁵

¹ *Costa*, 47. The picture of the west side of the villa in *Kandler* bears out this account of the 'open loggias.'

² *Low*, i. 218, 219, 226; *Hoff*, 115. Later in the day the Lombard Bersaglieri and the *Unione* regiment arrived.

³ We have no detailed account of these early attacks before the arrival of the Bersaglieri, when Dandolo and Hoffstetter came on the scene.

⁴ *Garibaldi's Cantoni*, 264, note. For Anzani, see pp. 35, 43, 44 above.

⁵ See App. H, part I. below.

In one of these ill-supported attacks on the Corsini, Nino Bixio, destined to play so great a part in the future history of his country and his chief, received an all but mortal wound. At the head of the Legionaries, he had galloped his horse up the outer staircase of the Corsini, charged through the drawing-room on the upper floor and emerged on the further balcony overlooking the Pamfili grounds, where horse and man at once fell under a shower of bullets. As he was borne back in a litter, Garibaldi asked him anxiously: 'Where are you hit, Captain?' 'A bullet in my left side; but I think it will be all right,' he replied. Passing within the gate, the long procession of wounded met Manara's Lombard Bersaglieri, arriving at the top of the Janiculum to the sound of their bugles, eager to restore the lost battle; young Bixio, though pale as death, 'made friendly and glad reply to their cheers and greetings.'¹

The Bersaglieri, who had sprung to arms at the first alarm in Rome, had been standing drawn up in the Forum for two hours, chafing at the sound of distant battle, but held back by a most unfortunate order from Roselli, as commander-in-chief, which countermanded Garibaldi's divisional orders to Manara to come at once to his assistance.² If the Bersaglieri and the Legionaries had come fresh on the scene together between five and six o'clock, they might have done great things, instead of suffering them. As it was, when the 'round hats' arrived, about eight o'clock, the Corsini had just been lost once more, and the French were pressing down along the box-hedge to attack the Vascello, whose gardens and windows were raked by a fire, not only from the Corsini hill, but from the commanding upper stories of the Valentini.³ For some time past the French sharp-shooters, advancing through the cornfields against

¹ *Hoff.* 108; *Koelman*, ii. 78; *Loev.* i. 220, describes Bixio's charge, but wrongly places it after Masina's death, which really took place later, see App. H. *Vecchi*, ii. 260, 261, makes the same error.

² *Hoff.* 106, 107; *Dandolo*, 228, 229.

³ *Dandolo*, 232, 236; *Hoff.* 112, 118, 119.

the walls of Rome, had opened fire at close quarters on the bastion of the Casa Merluzzo, whence the Roman battery replied with volleys of grape that bent and swayed the corn-ears like the wind.¹ Thus pressed by the concentrated fire of the French positions and the advance of large bodies of regular troops, the Legionaries, who had lost immensely, both in officers and men, were only held to their posts by the inspiration of Garibaldi's presence. The Bersaglieri officers, who came out of the Porta San Pancrazio to announce to him the arrival of their regiment, found him in the thick of the fire, his white mantle riddled with bullets, but himself miraculously untouched, spreading calm and courage wherever he appeared.²

Ventum erat ad triarios. It was now the turn of the Bersaglieri. The regiment was 900 strong,³ and formed the best disciplined, and, except, perhaps, the Legion, the bravest body of men at Garibaldi's disposal. When informed of their arrival, he at once sent for one of their companies to occupy the Casa Giacometti, a small, but high and strongly built house, from whose windows the troops could fire not only down the Vicolo della Nocetta, but over the wall into the Corsini gardens and the windows of the villa. Having thus checked the French advance and prepared a protection for the flank of the storming party, he ordered up more Bersaglieri from the Porta San Pancrazio, and told Manara to capture the Corsini. It is probable that the way for this assault ought to have been prepared by another hour or more of cannonading from the bastion,⁴ and of musketry fire from the houses at the bottom of the garden. But Garibaldi gave no directions to this effect, and Manara, in his eagerness to display the valour of his men, some of whom had been subject to a

¹ *Koelman*, ii. 68, 69.

² *Hoff*. 109, 116, 117.

³ A second (weak) battalion of about 350 men had arrived from the north since the battle of Palestrina, where there had been only one battalion of 600.

⁴ The cannon on the Merluzzo bastion had been forced to give their attention to the French infantry in the cornfields close under the wall, during the period preceding the arrival of the Bersaglieri. *Koelman*, ii. 68, 69.

momentary panic under the eyes of the General, at once dashed two strong companies against the villa.¹

With loud cries of 'Avanti! Avanti!' three or four hundred of the finest men of north Italy, led by Manara himself, Enrico Dandolo, and Swiss Hoffstetter, poured, under a storm of bullets, through the narrow gateway, where scarcely five could pass abreast, and spreading out to right and left of the box-hedges, rushed up the slope—their Bersaglieri plumes streaming behind. But the French, who were now massed in the villa and along the orange-tree wall, not being subjected to any considerable covering fire, mowed down the Italians so thickly that, at thirty paces from their goal, the assailants halted; instead of retreating, they deliberately knelt down on the open slope and opened fire at the hidden Frenchmen, while the officers stood up behind the kneeling men and partook of the massacre. Among others, Enrico Dandolo was here shot dead.² For ten minutes, as it seemed to Hoffstetter, Manara watched the slaughter of his men before he sounded the retreat, and until the bugle was heard not one had flinched. Then began the return down the slope, back into the death angle and through the gateway.

'And now (says Hoffstetter) as these defenceless men poured out of the garden the deadly harvest began in earnest. At first I imagined that the numbers of men falling on their faces had merely stumbled in their haste over the roots of the vines. But their motionless bodies soon showed me the truth. Those hurrying past would try, under the old impulse, to drag away a fallen comrade, to pick up the bodies; but the hand stretched out to render this last service would fly back to clutch at its owner's death-wound. Others, who had already reached the shelter of the house or of the garden-gate, would dash forward

¹ Hoff. 117-119. (See App. G, below. *Garibaldi's Use of the Bersaglieri on June 3.*) See also *Dumas*, ii. 187.

² Hoff. 119. An accusation of French treachery attending Enrico's death is made by his brother Emilio (*Dandolo*, 240), and is commonly repeated in Italian history. But Emilio was not an eye-witness, and the story does not appear to be very consistent with Hoffstetter's account of the scene. French and Italians accused each other very freely of these 'white-flag incidents,' as we now call them.

again to help some yet living comrade lying near at hand ; a shudder, a spasmodic movement of the limbs, and they lie beside their friend. Here, indeed, they got their first hard knock—our jolly, brave, faithful and tireless Bersaglieri !'¹

The catastrophe was fatal to any feeble chance of victory which the Italians may have had that day, for the first strength of this fine regiment had been used up under conditions which had rendered success impossible. Now, indeed, Garibaldi caused the gunners on the walls of Rome to turn their full energies against the Corsini façade, from which large ruins ere long began to fall, while the Bersaglieri whom he posted in the Casa Giacometti and the small house at the death-angle kept the Corsini windows under a constant fire. The result was, as we shall see, that before the end of the day the villa was once more taken, though it could not be held. Meanwhile, the arrival of the Bersaglieri had at least permanently checked the enemy's advance, and made it possible strongly to occupy the Vascello and the other houses at the foot of the Corsini hill.²

At this stage Garibaldi was guilty of a piece of madness, of which the glory redounds to another, and the blame lies with him. Riding back through the Porta San Pancrazio, he found some of the reserve of the Bersaglieri left behind the walls under command of Emilio Dandolo, who, having parted there from his brother but an hour since, had just heard the rumour of his death. The story of what followed can best be told in Emilio's words :

' It was the first time that the tremendous idea of such a death presented itself clearly and certainly to my horror-struck mind. A sort of careless fatalism had made us feel as if it were impossible for one of two beings so closely attached to be left without the other ; " either both or neither," had been the constant expression of our vague and certainly unwarrantable hopes. But at

¹ The foreground of the illustration p. 179 above was the scene of this catastrophe. *Hoff.* 117-121. *Manara MS. Letter of June 11* also describes this attack.

² *Hoff.* 117, 121, 122 ; *Dandolo*, 232, 233.

the moment, the dreadful scene before my eyes' (the long stream of wounded Bersaglieri being carried back from the assault) 'and the knowledge of so many lives lost, seemed to disclose to me, for the first time, the real nature of cold-blooded war in all its horrible reality, and I shuddered at the idea of outliving all that constituted my happiness in the world. I thought to myself that my brother might be breathing his last within ten paces from me, and I could not even embrace him before he died! My duty forbade me to leave my soldiers, already agitated by so many mournful sights. I paced up and down in front of my small band, who wondered at my unwonted emotion, and convulsively gnawing the barrel of a pistol in my struggles, I strove to keep down the boiling tears, which, had they been observed, might have increased the consternation of my devoted followers. At this moment of unspeakable suffering, Garibaldi came in our direction, and I heard him say: "I shall require twenty resolute men and an officer for a difficult undertaking." I rushed forward, desirous at least to liberate myself from a state of inaction, and to suffocate in the excitement of danger the anguish which threatened to turn my brain. "Go," said Garibaldi to me, "with twenty of your bravest men, and take Villa Corsini at the point of the bayonet." Involuntarily I remained transfixed with astonishment—with twenty men to hurry forward to attack a position which two of our companies and the whole of Garibaldi's Legion, after unheard-of exertions, had failed to carry. . . .

"Spare your ammunition, to the bayonet at once," said Garibaldi. "Do not fear, General," I replied, "they have perhaps killed my brother, and I shall do my best." This said, I hurried forwards. . . . The long deserted avenue which led straight up to the villa lay right before me; whoever passed along would certainly furnish a mark for the enemy, who lay concealed in the garden, and was stationed behind the windows. We traversed it at full speed, but not without leaving several of our small number behind. The little band was thinned; when we arrived at last under the vestibule I turned round to see how many of us were left. Twelve soldiers remained to me, intrepid, silent, ready for any effort; I looked around me, we were there alone. Our own shot, from our own guns, sounded in our ears; a shower of bullets fell fearfully round us from the half-closed windows. What would twelve men do against

a place occupied by several hundreds of the enemy? I had nothing left for me but to stoop to that which more numerous forces had already done, give the signal to fire, and then retreat. When we had got half-way down the road, S—— and I were both struck in the thigh by the same ball. We returned to the Vascello, six in number, in a deplorable condition, and with the conviction that the really extraordinary courage which had just been so conspicuously and recklessly displayed would have no effect, beyond that of showing the French that Italians were still capable of fighting with temerity, whatever the fortune of war might be.'

Put out of action by the severe wound in his thigh, the hero of this extraordinary charge, who was nineteen years of age, dragged himself about for a great part of the afternoon looking for his elder brother among the dead and wounded. Many knew of Enrico's death, but none dared tell Emilio, till at last he entered the Casa Giacometti, now the most important of the Italian outposts except the Vascello. It still stands, an unnoticed memorial of that calamitous day, in an isolated position by the roadside, with a pleasant court behind opening on to the vineyards, where, under an arbour, carters take a glass of wine before they enter the walls of Rome; several ancient stones and inscriptions are built into the fine old archway at the entrance.¹ At the moment when Emilio Dandolo reached this house, Manara and Hoffstetter were within its walls, and beside them lay the body of Enrico. The Swiss officer withdrew, deeply moved. The Colonel, left alone, took Emilio's hand and said: 'Do not seek your brother any more—it is now too late; I will be a brother to you.' The young man, sick with wounds and grief, fell fainting against Manara, who carried him out of the room in his

Throughout the long mid-day heat the battle settled down into a heavy cannonade and musketry-fire on both

¹ Present-day visitors to Rome (1906) can identify it by the word *Scarpone* written large on its walls.

¹ *Hoff*. 125, 126; *Dandolo*, 245, 246.

sides. The Italians held the Vascello and Casa Giacometti, supported from behind by their batteries on the wall, of which the one in the northern bastion on the right of the gate fired on the Valentini, while that on the left, directed by the French Republican and artist Laviron, kept bringing down blocks from the Corsini façade. Laviron and his artist friends in this Merluzzo bastion, watching the effect of their fire through the telescope, could see the French soldiers hurled about the ruins of the villa at each discharge, or holding on by their hands as the floors beneath them gave way.¹

Well on in the afternoon the French fire slackened, while some retreat or change of troops took place in consequence of the terrific effect of the cannonade on the villa. Garibaldi seized the opportunity to launch another attack, headed by Masina's forty lancers in the capacity of dragoons, armed with muskets. Led on by General Galletti and their own Colonel with his bandaged arm,² the horsemen raced through the garden gate and up the slope, amid a gradually slackening fire from the hill-top, and then, amid frantic cheers from the Italians crowding the battlements of Rome, followed Masina in his last wild gallop up the steps of the Corsini.³

Meanwhile the infantry, pouring out of the Vascello and the neighbouring houses, were following close behind the horsemen, Manara and Garibaldi urging them on. At the point of the bayonet they cleared the Corsini hill of the last Frenchmen, and proceeded to occupy it in force, while some of the Lombards rushed on towards the right after Galletti and the gallant cavalry, who had already gone to make themselves masters of the houses near the Valentini and the Aqueduct.⁴

And now another wave of men came rolling up from the

¹ *Koelman*, ii. 84-86; *Paris MSS.* 66^r, pp. 101, 102 (quoted at end of App. H. below).

² See p. 176 above.

³ *Carletti*, 274, and other authorities, discussed in App. H. below.

⁴ *Carletti*, 274; *Hoff.* 127; *Paris MSS.* 33^r, p. 214.

gate of Rome.¹ The spectacle of Masina charging up the steps, the capture of the Corsini, and the evident arrival of the final crisis of the day, had been too much for the discipline of the watchers on the walls. A maddening enthusiasm, akin to panic, although its opposite, seized the crowd of citizens, artists, gunners, and the infantry of the spent regiments; flooding through the Porta San Pancrazio they swept along the road to the villa in a dense mass. Koelman, the Dutch artist, not so much running as borne through the air in the press, kept himself upright by struggling on arm-in-arm with an officer of the Civic Guard, whom he had never seen before, holding his gun high with the disengaged hand. As they passed over the bodies of the slain, through the garden gate, some riderless horses came dashing back down the slope; terrified by the shrill cries of the crowd, the first two or three of the animals swerved sideways through the box-hedges and escaped, but those that followed threw themselves headlong on the head of the column, were transfixed by bayonets and trampled under foot. When at length the mob reached the esplanade of the ruined Corsini, which they found covered with bodies, arms, and charred *débris*, they joined in the hasty preparations for the defence. It was impossible to find stations for sharp-shooters in the upper stories of the villa, for the building had been in flames, the floors had been demolished by the Italian cannon, and the French batteries were now raking it from the other side.² The principal defence had therefore to be made in the garden on either flank, and in the Convent of San Pancrazio, which was held as an advanced post.³ The unregimented men, who showed much goodwill and promptness, were got into some kind of order, and made to lie down among the brushwood, awaiting the French attack

¹ For details of this rush see *Koelman*, ii. 89-99. Both *Hoff*, 127, and *Carletti*, 275, are agreed as to the disordered character of the supports, though both were too busily engaged in front to notice the details of the affair at the Porta San Pancrazio where Koelman was.

² See illustration p. 186 below. *Carletti*, 274; *Koelman*, ii. 91.

³ *Paris MSS.* 33^e, p. 214.

from the Pamfili. Oudinot's well-arrayed army, regiment behind regiment, could be seen coming forward through the pine trees, which were throwing long shadows in the evening light. As the Italians lay there in rows, awaiting their fate, some of the students joked together, comparing themselves to bales of goods laid out to be sold by auction. The defence was well maintained for a short while, and the French lost severely in their advance; but they pressed on with ever fresh men, recaptured the Convent, and finally reached the crown of the hill. The Italians fell back, still firing, from the Villa Corsini, which had proved, not impregnable, but untenable.¹

The last to ride under the sheltering door of the Vascello was Garibaldi, whose face and bearing betrayed no emotion at the final destruction of his hopes. Behind him Manara closed the door.²

In the confusion, Masina had been left behind. It is not certain at what spot on the steps or in the garden of the Corsini—at what moment of the advance or retreat—he fell; eye-witnesses gave divergent accounts.³ But his body was left lying in the middle of the slope, sixty paces from the steps up which he had so gallantly charged. During the rest of June, the Italian bullets from the Vascello, and the French cannon-balls from the Corsini, sang day after day over his whitening bones, which only after Rome had fallen was it possible to seek and bury. The leader of the *jeunesse dorée* of Bologna, he had died in the uniform of the Democratic volunteers. To future generations of his countrymen he lives in memory as a splendid cavalier riding up a bullet-swept flight of marble steps; but to Garibaldi, to the Bonnets of Comacchio, and many others, he was a friend not less dear than gallant.⁴

Dusk had already fallen, when Garibaldi directed a

¹ *Koelman*, ii. 91–99, gives the only detailed account of the French recapture of the Corsini on this occasion. It is, I suspect, a little overwritten, but clearly shows that the defence was organised, and effective to the extent which I have here stated. (See App. H. III., below.)

² *Hoff*. 128.

³ See App. H. II., below: *The Death of Masina*.

⁴ *Ciampi*, 34.

last vain attack against the now shapeless ruin on the hill top, leading on the *Unione* regiment (the ninth of the old Papal line), who had just arrived on the scene, and the unwearied survivors of his own Legion and of the Bersaglieri.¹ In this period of the battle fell Mameli, the Genoese boy-poet, whose war-hymn was on the lips of these warriors;² he was the son of the woman whom Mazzini had loved in boyhood. In after years Garibaldi wrote to Mameli's mother to tell her what he remembered :

'It was towards evening, when Mameli, whom I had kept at my side the greater part of the day as my adjutant, besought me earnestly to let him go forward into the heat of the battle, as his position near me seemed to him inglorious. In a few minutes he was carried back past me, gravely wounded, but radiant, his face shining because he had shed his blood for his country. We did not exchange a word, but our eyes met with the love which had long bound us together. I remained behind. He went on, as though in triumph.'

Wounded in the knee, Mameli lay for more than a month in hospital, where gangrene set in. Near him lay his dear friend and fellow-townsmen of Genoa, Nino Bixio, shot

¹ *Mem.* 236, 237 ; *Loev.* i. 223 ; *Ravioli*, 37-39.

² *Fratelli d'Italia*, written in November 1847 (see *Luzio*, 172, 173), when the author was just turned twenty, caught the spirit of the hour and therefore became, and remained, the Marseillaise of the Italian Risorgimento, although, from a literary point of view, it is not so good a poem as some which Mameli himself wrote, and some which were written by others for Italy. One verse is specially interesting, as it proclaims the Mazzinian notion of Italian unity, not then generally accepted :

Noi siamo da secoli
Calpesti e derisi
Perchè non siam popolo,
Perchè siam divisi.
Raccogliaci un' unica
Bandiera, una speme :
Di fonderci insieme
Già l' ora suonò.
Stringiamci a coorte,
Siam pronti alla morte,
Italia chiamò.

through the body. Bixio lived to command the attack on Rome from the side of San Pancrazio in 1870, at the victorious entry of the Italians on the Twentieth of September. It was Mameli who died.¹

At nightfall the few Bersaglieri who had held the Valentini Villa since it had last been taken, finding themselves unsupported, at length retired. The French, therefore, ended the day in possession of the Valentini and of the Corsini itself, while Garibaldi's men maintained themselves in the Casa Giacometti and Vascello. As darkness closed in, the white mantle could still be seen moving like a great moth on the roadway, amid the last flashes of the dying battle.²

So ended the Third of June, which sealed the fate of Rome. On the same day, four miles to the north, a less important operation had taken place on the upper reaches of the Tiber, across which the French had secured a passage by capturing the Ponte Molle, in face of the *Reduci* and the Roman Legion.³ But far the greater part of Oudinot's army of 20,000 men—seven out of nine regiments—had been concentrated in or near the Pamfili grounds, ready to feed the battle at the Corsini.⁴ It is doubtful whether more than 6,000 Italians in all were under Garibaldi's orders,⁵ and these had not been together in force, but had been coming up, one regiment after another, all through the day: the Italian Legion was more than half spent before the Bersaglieri arrived, and the Bersaglieri before the Regiment *Unione* came on the scene. If we remember how enormous was the force of French regulars inside the fortress of the Pamfili-Corsini grounds, protected by a high wall on both flanks, the complaint made by some critics that

¹ *Epistolario*, i. 250; *Belgiojoso*, 314, 315; *Loev*. ii. 254, 255; *Bixio*, 91; *King's Maszini*, 66, 67; *Luzio*, 179.

² *Dandolo*, 238; *Torre*, ii. 181; *Loev*. i. 230.

³ *Carletti*, 275; *Vaillant*, 34-37.

⁴ *Bittard des Portes*, 213; 235, 236.

⁵ *Hoff*. 133. The same conclusion will be reached by a study of the numbers of such of the regiments as are known to have been engaged.

Garibaldi did not attack the flank of the French position will appear of doubtful validity. Indeed, Dandolo has accused him of exactly the opposite fault, declaring that he wasted his slender forces by movements of his left flank, 'skirmishing uselessly among the vineyards'—an accusation equally wide of the mark if it refers to the operations which resulted in the secure occupation of the Casa Giacometti, essential not only for the maintenance of the Vascello, but for the proper preparation and support of any attack on the Corsini. The unprepared frontal attack *en masse* by the Bersaglieri, which Dandolo believed would have been certainly successful, was in fact actually tried with a third part of the regiment in one charge, and would probably in so confined a space have had no better result with the whole.¹ Those who complained that Garibaldi should have 'entrenched' himself in the positions the moment after their capture, forget that on the Corsini hill the Italians that day had neither respite, time, nor materials for digging.² The entrenchment ought to have been done by Roselli during the peaceful month of May.

But Garibaldi's mistakes on this day are bad enough, when all unjust censure has been put aside. Once, at least, we know that he threw a body of twenty men, unsupported, at the villa, and he is accused in general terms of having committed the same kind of folly several times.³ It is, however, clear that the principal attacks were made by large masses of men, and the proper criticism on the first attack by the Bersaglieri is not so much that the storming party was too small, but that the way had not been prepared by a sufficiently prolonged cannonade and musketry fire, such as afterwards drove the French from the villa.

¹ *Dandolo*, 236; *Hoff*, 120, 121. See App. G., below.

² *Gabussi*, iii. 431, has an excellent note on this point.

³ *Vecchi*, ii. 261, 263, charges him with sending men to hold positions with insufficient supports, but adds, 'such was the disorder in our camp that neither the General nor his *aides* knew exactly where to find a body of men of sufficient number to feed the battle and attack the masses of the enemy.' And again, 'Garibaldi, fatalist to excess, used small bodies against the mass of the enemy, meaning to support them, and failing to do so, either from forgetfulness or want of means.'

So, too, Masina's Lancers—whose lives Garibaldi is sometimes said to have thrown away in a wild-goose chase—took the villa by an attack admirably timed at the moment when the French defence was weak, and held it until the immediate arrival of the infantry. Unfortunately, at that late hour of the day, the discipline, though not the courage, of the spent regiments was giving way, and the hill could not be held by a courageous mob against the ordered attack of superior forces. No doubt there was a want of system and combination both in Garibaldi's methods of attack, and in the support of the positions when captured. But it may be doubted whether the force which he had under him could, under any generalship in the world, have been sufficient, not only to capture (as it did several times in the day), but to hold the narrow Corsini line, against the concentrated fire and attack of the French army, drawn out in battle array in the broader Pamfili grounds.

Both sides fought with heroic courage, and each recognised the qualities of the enemy. But they did not love each other the better for that, and the trickery by which the positions had first been won sank deep into the Italian mind. 'I find the wounded men in the hospital,' wrote Margaret Fuller, 'in a transport of indignation. The French soldiers fought so furiously, that they think them false as their General, and cannot endure the remembrance of their visits, during the armistice, and talk of brotherhood.'¹ The anger of the Italians was more fierce than on April 30; some French prisoners were massacred on the scene of battle immediately after their surrender, and others were insulted on their way into Rome.²

The Italians estimated their killed and wounded sometimes at 1,000, sometimes at 900, sometimes at 500 men and 50 officers.³ All fell in a space about 600 paces long by

¹ *Fuller*, iii. 207.

² *Vecchi*, ii. 262; *Koelman*, ii. 101. Vecchi saw the massacre, and took part in stopping it.

³ *Hoff*, 129; *Farini*, iv. 180; *Torre*, ii. 184; *Gabussi*, iii. 433. *Ravioli*, 68, shows that 453 wounded were taken to the hospitals; there were also the dead and those privately tended. (See App. K., below.)

300 wide, outside the Porta San Pancrazio. The French officially announced their loss at 250 men and 14 officers, which is the lowest estimate.¹

Of the killed and wounded, some 30 officers and 200 men belonged to Garibaldi's own Italian Legion.² Hoffstetter, who was attached to the Bersaglieri of Manara, and became an historian of their prowess on this day, admitted that the Italian Legion had won the honours. No one disputed the right of the Bersaglieri to the second place: Manara indeed claimed for them the first place, and declared that they also had lost 200 men that day.³

When once we have appreciated the true nature and extent of Garibaldi's failure in generalship on the third of June, which has often been exaggerated and as often unduly minimised, there is no propriety in offering excuses, such as that he was ill, or that his talent was for the open field. In the eyes of Rome, and of the survivors among the regiments which he had led to the slaughter, he needed no excuse. Manara, usually very crisp in his criticisms of men and events, describes the battle in a private letter without breathing a word against Garibaldi, and instead of calling him 'a devil and a panther,' as he had done a month before when he did not know him, only says 'the poor General lost his best officers.'⁴ Everyone knew that Garibaldi had commanded badly; no one loved him the less, and no one was less eager to fight and die under his orders. His popularity during the month of siege that followed was greater than ever, and the reason

¹ *Vaillant*, 33; *Bittard des Portes*, 234, 235. (App. K., below.)

² *Loc. cit.* i. 231-233; ii. 48-51. It is impossible to deduce statistics from Roman MSS., *Ruoli Gen.* 80, F. 4 (hospital lists of the Legion).

³ *Hoff*, 133, 134; *Manara MS.* *Letter of June 11.*

⁴ *Manara MS.* *Letter of June 11.* On June 4, Manara himself, out of friendship to Garibaldi, accepted the position of chief of his staff in place of Daverio, killed. This was to identify himself with the Guerilla, and to undertake the command of the irregular troops whom, in April, he had so much disliked before he knew them. (*Hoff*, 138.) His feeling towards Garibaldi in person had undergone a great change and they were now fast friends. *Guerrazzi*, 717, and *Hoffstetter*, *passim*.

is not far to seek. He had given his countrymen what the national instinct craved for at that moment more than for victory—honour. It was not tactics but heroism for which Italy was athirst in that year of despair crowned and glorified by faith. If, a decade later, he had lost battles in Sicily, if he had failed to maintain his hold on the terraces of Calatafimi, if he had been driven back out of the streets of Palermo, it would have been irretrievable disaster and uncompensated loss. But, in 1849, the present was but the seedling of the future. The heroism which he had inspired in the defenders of the Republic, culminating on this day of sacrifice, made Rome splendid as the capital of the Italy to be, and rendered the Temporal rule of the Pope henceforth impossible as an integral part of Italian life—possible only as a state of interregnum maintained by foreign bayonets.

For in times when new nations and new principles of government are being formed, men are moved by appeals to the imagination—a fact too often forgotten in our modern analysis of the history of such periods. Imagination is the force that propels, though state-craft may guide. In such times statesmen, if they are as shrewd as Cavour, build their subtlest diplomatic structures on the firm base of an awakened national idealism, feeding itself on great memories and aspirations. But in order that men may aspire, it is necessary that they should have something to remember. And so the sacrifice made on the third of June, and in the month that followed, of so many of the best lives that Italy could give, had great political, because it had great spiritual, significance. The noblest Italians had recognised the eternal law of sacrifice, which Mazzini had first taught them to apply to their own politics. ‘Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die—it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.’

Rome had to be won not merely from the grasp of Oudinot, but from the force of the great traditions of Catholicism which had made it worth the while of an opportunist like Louis Napoleon to send these good French

peasants and workmen, dressed up in red trousers and blue coats, to shoot and bayonet their Italian brothers. They had been shipped across the seas for an idea. It was the Catholic idea, the Catholic world, that had laid its protecting hand on the Pope's throne. Against the religious zeal which the Italians had defied, they must oppose a moral force, or be beaten in the end. In claiming Rome for themselves they had outraged the Irish, the Spaniards, the Austrians, half France, and many of their own countrymen. Vast spiritual agencies were at work all over the world to keep Italy out of Rome. Peter and Paul, Augustine and Loyola were rising from their graves to withstand Mazzini—the pale, frail Genoese, whose face was scarred with the sorrows of his country; and this shadowy host could call up armed men from the utmost ends of Europe to defend the Pope. It would never be overcome except by a more living tradition, another cycle of tales of chivalry, a new roll of martyrs; therefore the roll that had been opened in the Papal prisons was filled up on the Janiculum, and the best went gladly to the sacrifice. Some patriots, indeed, regretted that the defence of Rome was ever made, since it was so spendthrift of Italy's treasure; yet the treasure was profitably spent. Because men remembered and told with pride and anguish the story of the uncalculating devotion of those young lives in this hopeless struggle, there grew up, as the years went by, an unconquerable purpose in the whole nation to have their capital: there rose that wild cry of the heart—*o Roma, o Morte!*—so magical even in years of discord and derision, that soon or late the Catholic world was bound to yield to it, as to a will stronger and more lasting even than its own.

There was needed, too, a warrior hero of a new type, rival to the figures of Charlemagne and the crusaders, who should win the heart by firing the imagination of Europe. And he, too, had begun clearly to emerge, and was likely ere long to overshadow, more than was just, the fame of the Genoese who had begun it all. Garibaldi had now won Italy's devotion, and was helping to unite her

divided children by their common pride in himself. Ere long he was to dazzle the imagination of Europe—even of his enemies ; and to make his greatest conquest in the heart of the least impressionable but not the least poetical of races, the northern lords of the ocean.

But the chief glory of the Third of June does not belong to Garibaldi, but to the slain—the seed that had fallen into the ground and died, and was to bring forth fruit in its season.

CHAPTER X¹

THE SIEGE OF ROME, JUNE 4-29

'Standing by sick-beds in the hospitals,
Where thy young warriors stricken down are lying,
Watching for thy slow shadow on the walls,
And where for one more look of thee the dying
Linger from hour to hour.'

Sonnet to Garibaldi (MRS. HAMILTON KING'S *Aspromonte and other poems*).

THE heroism shown by the Italians on the third of June was no spasmodic outburst of rage on the part of a race incapable of sustained valour. For nearly a month to come the regiments which had been decimated in the attacks on the Villa remained at the front, under fire every day and during many nights, exhausted in nerve and muscle by the unrelieved strain of siege and bombardment, repeatedly engaged in the fiercest hand-to-hand fighting, losing, one by one, the remainder of their officers, but still maintaining positions which, according to the ordinary maxims of the military art, had been rendered untenable by the erection of French batteries in front of the Corsini. These regiments, made up of the best of the volunteers and a few of the old Papal line, not more than six or seven thousand men, all told, held the Vascello and the bastions of the Janiculan wall. The lower parts of the city, the Vatican and the east bank, threatened and occasionally bombarded, but not seriously attacked, were guarded by rather more numerous but less seasoned troops.² The French army, rapidly increased to 25,000, and, towards the end of the month, to 30,000 men,³ was supported by a train of siege guns,

¹ For this Chapter see maps pp. 125, 172, and later p. 210.

² See App. I: *Numbers of Roman army during the siege*. There were probably more than 17,000 men under arms in Rome.

³ *Vaillant*, 155, 156.

and a fine corps of engineers directed by Vaillant himself. The Italian artillery extorted the praise of their enemies by their astonishing courage and the accuracy of their fire ;¹ but on the scientific side the defenders of Rome had 'nothing but a few civil engineers and a battalion of wretchedly ignorant and poor-spirited sappers.'²

It is not possible to praise the population of Rome as highly as the *corps d'élite* on the Janiculum, who, under Garibaldi, Medici and Manara, won renown for the city which they had taken under their protection. Many, indeed, of the inhabitants of Rome fought and fell in these ranks,³ but the bulk of the populace, an unarmed and unregimented mob, was waiting till the enemy had forced an entrance, when it would be their part to defend the street barricades which they had erected with so much enthusiasm.⁴ That intention was eventually frustrated by the capture of the Janiculan heights, which rendered such resistance impossible ; but the populace could have done something considerable for the cause, if, while the siege was still in progress, it had shown greater eagerness to labour in the trenches. Unfortunately, the soldiers were left to exhaust themselves, whenever they were not fighting, in operations with pick and shovel for which their numbers were altogether insufficient. Sometimes, indeed, the Garibaldini went down into Rome and drove up *corvées* of citizens to the task.⁵ On the other hand, Ciceruacchio inspired a large body of workmen to go to the assistance of the Vascello, where many of them were shot down as they plied the spade in the most exposed part of the whole Roman line.⁶

At least there was no want of political zeal, no relenting towards the Pope. As day after day shells flew over the

¹ *Vaillant*, 108, 129, 157.

² *Dandolo*, 252 ; *Hoff*. 301. Amadei was a military engineer, but he and Garibaldi quarrelled, and he was put under arrest on June 12. *Loev*. i. 242-251.

³ App. K, below.

⁴ *Beghelli*, ii. 308.

⁵ *Loev*. i. 248, 249 ; *Gaillard*, 253, 254.

⁶ *Pasini*, 122 ; from letter of Medici himself, 1872.

Janiculum and burst in the Trasteverine quarter below, killing the unfortunate inhabitants in their own homes, the popular hatred grew fierce against the ruler, once so much loved, who now seemed to dispute the title of *Bomba* with his friend the King of Naples.¹ The citizens, as they grew accustomed to the bombardment, greeted each projectile with the cry: '*Ecco un Pio Nono!*'—'There goes another Pio Nono!' ² Women and children of the Trastevere were seen to pick up live shells and throw them into the Tiber.³

'It is the Trasteverines in particular (wrote a correspondent on June 12), that part of the Roman populace, recently so Catholic, who now curse and blaspheme the Pope and Clergy, in whose names they see this carnage and these horrors committed. . . . What imprudence for the Pope to have appealed to the Powers in order to get himself re-established on the throne which he had himself abandoned! It was as much as to say "I am willing to wage against my people that war which last year I declared that I would not make against the Croats—against the Austrian oppressors of Italy."'⁴

The writer goes on to declare that religion is in consequence decreasing. Whatever may have been the effects upon the religion of the Romans, there is no doubt what was the permanent result of the siege as regards their political sympathies.

The civil authorities, and especially Mazzini, were even more determined than the military chiefs on the Janiculum to resist to the last, so as to be able to say: 'We did not surrender'; but although this policy was quite independent of any chance of success and was aimed at the far future, they none the less cultivated the requisite spark of present hope in themselves, and still more in the populace, by believing, and by spreading the belief, that the newly

¹ See note, p. 70 above; and App. J, below.

² *Hoff*. 198; *Bertani*, i. 136.

³ Personal evidence of Costa.

⁴ Ventura's letter, *Torre*, ii. 392, 3. Pio Nono, in his 'Allocution' of April 1848 (see p. 68 above) had refused to go to war with Austria because he felt himself to be the 'Vicar of Him who is the author of Peace and lover of Charity.'

elected Assembly in France would reverse the President's foreign policy. But on June 19 it was known in Rome that the Assembly had shown itself hostile, and that the attempted rising in the streets of Paris had been suppressed. Even then Mazzini strove to create delusive expectations of further changes in France, though he himself had little hope of anything but that the Roman Republic would make a good end.¹

The conduct of the Italian wounded in Rome revealed some admirable traits in the national character. When carried through the streets from the scene of conflict they seldom failed to greet the passers-by with cries of '*Viva l'Italia! Viva la Repubblica!*' The hospitals to which many of them were taken had no proper *matériel*, and were staffed by devoted but untrained volunteer nurses. Half-way through the siege the famous doctor patriot, Bertani, did something to amend these conditions, but misery, disease, and death were all too rife, and were endured with a courage and gentleness which never failed.²

'Since April 30 (wrote Margaret Fuller in the middle of June) I go daily to the hospitals, and, though I have suffered—for I had no idea before how terrible gunshot-wounds and wound-fever are—yet I have taken pleasure, and great pleasure, in being with the men. There is scarcely one who is not moved by a noble spirit. Many, especially among the Lombards, are the flower of the Italian youth. When they begin to get better I carry them books and flowers; they read and we talk. The Palace of the Pope, on the Quirinal, is now used for convalescents. In those beautiful gardens I walk with them—one with his sling, another with his crutch. The gardener plays off all his water-works for the defenders of the country, and gathers flowers for me, their friend. A day or two since, we sat in the Pope's little pavilion, where he used to give private audience. The sun was going gloriously down over Monte Mario, where gleamed the white tents of the French light horse among the trees. The cannonade was heard at intervals. Two bright-

¹ *Lazzarini*, 171, 188; *Johnston*, 305, 306; *Dandolo*, 256-260; *Spada*, iii. 634; *Saffi*, iii. 339, 340; *Clermont*, chaps. vii. and xiii.

² *Bertani*, i. 137, 140-143; *Hoff*, 134, 300; *Lazzarini*, 169.

eyed boys sat at our feet, and gathered up eagerly every word said by the heroes of the day. It was a beautiful hour, stolen from the midst of ruin and sorrow; and tales were told as full of grace and pathos as in the gardens of Boccaccio, only in a very different spirit—with noble hope for man, with reverence for woman.'

Indeed, there was 'ruin and sorrow' of every kind—death, wounds, penury, exile—overshadowing every home where high-minded men and women loved Italy; and a year later Margaret Fuller herself was drowned at sea.¹

In another hospital an equally notable woman, the revolutionary Princess Belgiojoso, the friend of Victor Hugo and Heine, who, as an exile from Austrian Lombardy, had long kept one of the most distinguished of Parisian salons, was working hard for her poor wounded countrymen, with untiring physical energy and great powers of organisation.² When she was not wanted elsewhere, she sat long nights by the bed of the dying poet Mameli, seeking distraction from the tragedy around in reading Charles Dickens, by the light of a little oil-lamp.³

Although the bulk of the French army was encamped against the Janiculum, Oudinot kept a strong force beyond the river at St. Paul's Without-the-Walls, and another above the town at the captured Ponte Molle, employing them in demonstrations which occupied the attention of a large part of the troops defending Rome. These French detachments on the east bank made it difficult, though by no means impossible, to victual the city, and to keep up communications with the Republic of which Rome was still the capital. The French light cavalry, in their little képis,

¹ Fuller, iii. 211, 212; Belgiojoso (Barbiera), 311, 312.

² Whitehouse, 217-233; Story, i. 155.

³ Belgiojoso, 314, 315. Of this remarkable woman's life and character, the riddle has been best stated by Mr. Henry James in two pages of his life of Story, i. 162, 163. Laura Piaveni in *Vittoria*, Mr. Meredith tells me, 'has only a portion of the character of the Princess Belgiojoso; she was not framed on it entirely, not having in her the elements of the worldly woman, to be developed subsequently.'

which gave them a more rakish and modern appearance than that of the infantry, still burdened with the tall shakos recalling the Napoleonic wars, could be seen sweeping over the Campagna to the north and east, cutting off convoys from Rieti, blowing up the bridges over the Anio, and on one occasion pushing out as far as the cascades of Tivoli to destroy a powder-mill which was working there for the Triumvirate.¹ The provisioning of Rome was a work in which the native artist Costa was largely employed on account of his knowledge of the ground outside the city. In later years he used to describe the adventures which befell him as he slipped out and in between the French and Spaniards, for Spain also had, at the invitation of the Pope, landed a force of 6,000 crusaders, who were now occupying the banks of the lower Tiber, between Rome and Fiumicino, though taking no active part in the siege.

‘The spice of danger certainly did not make these expeditions less attractive to the spirited young man, and he was able to appreciate the picturesque side of these excursions into the desolate and solitary Campagna, whose vast spaces and sweeping lines of distant purple, and amethyst-coloured hills, were to become such a favourite note in his future artistic work. He always remembered with a sense of pleasure one particular occasion when, in the company of the *mercante di campagna* (merchant farmer), Luigi Silvestrelli, mounted on horseback, and armed with the goad, the characteristic *pungolo* of the Roman herdsman, he drove into the City three hundred head of wild cattle.’²

But Costa also took his full share in the grim work of the Vascello. That villa, together with the Casa Giacometti and the little house that stood between them at the foot of the Corsini garden, formed an advanced line which Garibaldi had, on the evening of June 3, entrusted to the charge of the Milanese Giacomo Medici, his young lieutenant of Monte Video and the Alps, who had received from the

¹ *Bittard des Portes*, 278, 279, 353, 357; *Balleydier*, ii. 257, 258.

² *Costa*, 48; *Military Events*, 320, 321.

dying Anzani the warning, ever afterwards so faithfully observed, never to abandon the destined liberator.¹ Medici had arrived in Rome from the North with a 'Medici Legion' some three hundred strong, recruited from the men who had followed him among the Alps the year before, and from other students and young men of wealthy Lombard families.² As his own early youth had been spent, not in the Italian Universities, but in the Carlist campaigns, he was a brusque soldier, a rough and ready disciplinarian, and above all a hard fighter.³ With his own legion, aided from time to time by detachments from Manara's Bersaglieri, the Students, the Gagers and the *Unione* regiment, Medici held the Vascello and the two other houses, having established communication between them by means of trenches, as also with the San Pancrazio gate whence he drew his supplies. Day and night the French waged war on these Italian outposts, and the storm of lead and iron swept ceaselessly over Masina's body stretched on the neutral ground between. From the Valentini and Corsini the enemy fired down into the garden and windows of the Vascello, while their trenches, filled with sharpshooters, were pushed ever nearer and nearer. Attacks were made by night at the point of the bayonet, and a battery, ensconced in front of the ruined façade of the Corsini, pounded the Vascello walls to pieces at a range of about 200 yards. It was impossible for Medici to place cannon in the line which he held, although the battery in the Casa Merluzzo Bastion was able in the early days of the siege to direct its fire against his assailants. Under these conditions the Casa Giacometti held out for three weeks, and the Vascello (or rather what remained of its lowest story) was still untaken on June 30, when its heroic defenders retreated out of the ruins because the walls of Rome had been captured behind their backs.⁴

¹ Pp. 43, 44 above.

² They had flocked to join him in Florence, where he had organised his Legion during the brief life of the Tuscan Republic, February to April 1849. *Pasini*, 82-87; *Ottolini*, 59, 87-91 (list of names, nearly all from the north).

³ *Pasini*, 7-10; *Forbes*, 142.

⁴ *Baghelli*, ii. 387-392, Medici's own account; *Hoff*. 113, 146-148, 228.

The unexpected resistance of these outposts delayed the fall of Rome by many days, because it prevented Vaillant from pushing his trenches forward against the face of the Porta San Pancrazio, and so capturing the Casa Merluzzo and Northern Bastions on either side of it by a direct attack.¹ But the occupation of the Corsini enabled him to reduce the Janiculum gradually from its south flank by opening trenches against the Centre Bastion and that of the Casa Barberini.

Since, therefore, the first line of French approaches was drawn from the Convent of San Pancrazio to Monte Verde,² its extreme right was exposed to a distant and somewhat ineffective flank fire from a Roman battery down below on the further bank of Tiber, erected on the little eminence of Monte Testaccio.³ That strange mound, nothing more nor less than the rubbish heap where, in the days of the Cæsars, the broken crockery of the world's capital used to be thrown away, stood in 1849 surrounded by a few shabby houses, in the middle of one of those romantic deserts then occupying so much of the vast circuit enclosed by the walls of Rome, which, twenty-seven years after Shelley's death, was still—

. . . 'at once the paradise,
The grave, the city, and the wilderness.'

A battery was erected on Monte Verde to silence the Italian guns on Monte Testaccio, and, as the French shells flew over the mound, many of them passed on and burst unnoticed near a solitary and sacred spot.⁴ Under the cypresses that Trelawny had planted in the shadow of the wall and of the pyramid, in the remote burying-place of the heretics, that quiet brotherhood

229, 255, 256, 273; *Dandolo*, 252; *Costa*, 48; *Torre*, ii. 226; *Tivaroni*, *Aust.* ii. 435; *Vecchi*, ii. 284, 289; *Pasini*, 95-111.

¹ *Moltke*, i. 191-193. See p. 212 below, note 4.

² *Vaillant*, 41, 42.

³ There was also a Roman battery on the Aventine (*Vecchi*, ii. 267), but it does not seem to have played an important part.

⁴ See map, p. 125, and illustration, p. 228, for the relation of the Protestant cemetery to the Monte Testaccio. There is also an interesting picture of the cemetery, as it was in 1849, in the *Illustrated London News*, July 7.

slept on and did not hear the distant roar of the battle for Freedom ; nor could even the near bursting of the tyrants' bombs awaken him, who, of all men that ever lived, would have been most eager to hasten with long strides up the Janiculum, to stand enchanted amid the shots beside its Republican defenders, and to speak with Garibaldi and Ugo Bassi as with friends long dreamed of and sought in vain.

The high Villa Savorelli, towering above the Porta San Pancrazio, had been selected by Garibaldi as his headquarters because, though exposed to the enemy's fire, it commanded a wider prospect of the Italian and French positions than any other house within the Roman walls. 'We officers,' wrote Hoffstetter, one of the intimate circle of friends tried in battle who now made up the General's staff,

'we officers lay in the great salon of the Villa Savorelli. The General and Manara (the chief of his staff since June 4) had each a small side room. Night gave us little rest, because of the constant coming and going of messengers.'

At daybreak the officers, having helped themselves to 'good black coffee and plenty of cigars,' which were ready for them at three every morning,

'gathered round the General, who was always the first on the Pavilion ;¹ there he was immediately greeted by the French sharpshooters, who gave him their particular attention all day long. But Garibaldi, after throwing a glance at the enemy, used to light his cigar, which was never extinguished till evening, heard the reports, gave orders, and only left the Pavilion late at night to seek a few hours' rest.'²

When the French bombardment began, the Savorelli gradually crumbled beneath the cannon-balls ; it had been riddled through and through before the staff, on June 21, thought of moving elsewhere. After the breaching batteries

¹ The watch-tower on the roof of the Villa Savorelli.

² *Hoff*. 162-164. The Pavilion at length fell in ruin, only five minutes after Garibaldi had stepped out of it, *Bertani*, i. 138.

had opened fire (June 13), Garibaldi did not spend the whole of each day upon the Pavilion, but constantly went the rounds, visiting the places where the fire was hottest, and restoring the enthusiasm of the defenders, now by a word of personal sympathy, now by standing like a statue above his prostrate companions while a shell was bursting in their midst.¹ He seemed to disregard death as a weak thing that he knew by old experience had no power to touch the man of destiny before his hour ; while Ugo Bassi, equally reckless, but in a different spirit, sought death as the friendly deliverer from slavery reimposed and from the ruin of hopes too dear to be outlived. Bassi gave Garibaldi 'much anxiety,' Hoffstetter tells us :

" I cannot tell you how that man troubles me," said the General to me one day, " for he wants to die ! " One recognised the enthusiast in Bassi at the first glance ; his mild eyes and high forehead, the waving locks of his hair and beard, his unusual dress (the red blouse and broad-brimmed black hat), his inspired language and contempt for death struck us all with astonishment. No one's hand did me so much good to shake as his. He cherished a passionate devotion to the General. " Nothing would give me greater joy," Bassi said to me more than once, " than to die for Garibaldi." " ²

That sentiment was now deeply implanted among all these men, some of whom, like Manara, had come to Rome with very different feelings. Their hearts beat high, but not with hope.³

¹ *Hoff.* 199, 203, 205, 231, 270-271.

² *Hoff.* 253.

³ A young officer of one of the line regiments, named Count Ulisse Balzani, who took a gallant part in the defence, in after years described to his brother (Count Ugo, who told me the story) one of the deepest impressions of his life. He had been sleeping on the ramparts, where his men lay bivouacked, when at dawn he opened his eyes, dreamily half aware that a horse was stepping tenderly across his body. In that delicious state of returning consciousness, when the more prosaic aspects of daily life are still unremembered, and the objects that first meet the eyes are seen as ' in a world far from ours,' he had a vision of the rider's face looking down at him out of masses of curling golden hair. It was imprinted on his brain as one of the noblest things in art or nature which he had ever seen.

During the first seventeen days and nights of the siege (June 4-21), while the zig-zag of the French trenches was creeping nearer hour by hour, and the batteries erected under their protection were gradually crumbling the breaches in the Central and Casa Barberini Bastions, the defenders made many sorties, none very effective and some not even creditable to their arms. The want of regular training among the volunteers was felt most in the conduct of night surprises, which the Romans always failed to effect and the French sometimes carried out to perfection. In one of these sorties even the men of the Italian Legion were seized with panic, and were told by Garibaldi next morning that they were not worthy to be his companions in arms, a reproof which, if needed, was effectual. On other occasions the greatest gallantry was shown by the sortie parties, as when a detachment of the *Unione* regiment continued to maintain the fight with stones after their ammunition was exhausted. The Poles, too, conspicuous for their long moustaches and their national cap, with its four-cornered crown of red cloth,¹ were foremost in seeking death; homeless sons of the slain mother, they generously offered their blood on behalf of any nation that was at war with tyranny, whether on the Hungarian plain or before the walls of Rome. But nothing was done by the sortie parties that seriously impeded the evolution of the slow but well-laid plans of Vaillant's siege.²

On the night of June 20-21, when after a furious bombardment the breaches in the bastions were almost ready for the stormers to mount, and an assault on those points was expected, an attack was made instead on the Casa Giacometti, outside the walls. Closely netted by the enemy's trenches and riddled by his fire, the little outpost was still unconquerable. The sentry, the only man awake in the house, heard the storming party rustle and stumble among the vines a few yards off; he noiselessly roused his comrades,

¹ *Koelman*, ii. 152.

² *Hoff* and *Vaillant*, *passim*; *Dandolo*, 250, 251; *Loew*, i. 239-241; *Ciampi*, 910. The Polish regiment numbered about 200.

thirty-five men of the *Unione* regiment, who delivered a sudden volley at close quarters, and after a fierce struggle, in which the bayonet was used on both sides, drove off the assailants. At dawn Medici was able to report from the Vascello that the very outposts of his advanced position were still intact.¹

Garibaldi next day (June 21) celebrated the little victory in a letter to his Anita; ² she had last been with him at Rieti, from the end of February until April 13, when she had returned to her children under his mother's roof at Nice.³

'My dear Anita (he wrote from the Savorelli), I know that thou hast been and maybe still art ill. I wish to see thy handwriting and my mother's, and then I shall feel easy.

'Cardinal Oudinot's Gallic-friars content themselves with cannonading us, and we are too much accustomed to it to care. Here the women and children run after the balls and shells and struggle for their possession.

'We are fighting on the Janiculum and this people is worthy of its past greatness. Here they live, die, suffer amputation to the cry, "Viva la Repubblica!" One hour of our life in Rome is worth a century of common existence.

'Last night thirty of our men, surprised in a house outside the wall (Casa Giacometti) by 150 of the Gallic-friars, used the bayonet, killed a captain and three soldiers, made four prisoners and a number of wounded. We had one sergeant killed and a soldier wounded. Our men belonged to the *Unione* Regiment.

'Get well, kiss Mama and the babies for me. Menotti has favoured me with a letter, for which I am grateful to him. Love me much, thy Garibaldi.'

The letter was sent, but never reached Anita, who was already leaving Nice for Rome. When the news of the Third of June and the approaching fate of Rome had

¹ *Hoff.* 224, 225, 228, 229; *Vaillant*, 97, 98; *Torre*, ii. 226; *Bittard des Portes*, 317, 318.

² The date of the letter is June 21, not June 12 as it is usually given. See *Loev.* ii. 214, 215, note.

³ *Loev.* ii. 213, 214; iii. 331.

awakened in her the apprehension that some desperate crisis in her husband's fate was hastening on, she had formed within the tribunal of her conscience a great decision, to be carried out with that quiet, inflexible will of hers, regardless even of Garibaldi's most earnest remonstrance. This mother, again pregnant, set out for the seat of war, determined to share the extreme perils of adherence to a falling Republic with the man whom she regarded as unlike the husbands of other women, and of more value than any child could be. She left posterity no record of her motives, and no apology for her choice, but her silent, set, immutable purpose to remain at his side until the end—whatever that end might be—pleads for her with more eloquence than words.

On June 21, while Garibaldi was writing his last letter to Anita, the Savorelli was falling to pieces about his ears. But the fire was hottest against the Central and Barberini Bastions, where a furious cannonade and musketry fire, maintained from the French trenches now within a few yards of the wall,¹ only ceased at nightfall when the crumbling breaches presented an easy slope for the assailants to mount. The Italians made preparation against an assault that night; piles of bulrushes were laid on the top of the ruined walls, ready to be ignited at the first alarm, so as to form a rampart of flame. Hoffstetter, who himself came from head-quarters to place the garrison in the bastions and in the houses that stood on the wall, gave the strictest orders to the sentries, and returned with the belief that at any rate the positions could not be captured by surprise, before the reserve had time to come up from the neighbourhood of the Savorelli.² But the *Unione* regiment, to whom the breaches had been entrusted, was utterly tired out by the fatigues of the last fortnight, during which they had so often behaved with peculiar gallantry. On the Central Bastion they awoke to find a French column already among them, inside the line of bulrushes, and after

¹ Bertani, i. 138; Hoff. 224-232.

² Hoff. 232-234.

a single discharge¹ they fled in panic. On the top of the other breach, some resistance was made from the Casa Barberini, and two French officers were mortally wounded under its walls. But in a few minutes the doors were broken in and the house captured.² The enemy were masters of both bastions.

The panic and confusion in the Italian lines was such that those who witnessed it feared that if the French pressed on at once in force they might carry the Savorelli and San Pietro in Montorio before daylight, and so finish the siege.³ Garibaldi, with greater wisdom than many of his critics, saw the danger and refused to lead the discouraged troops to recapture the lost positions—an enterprise which would certainly have failed, and would probably have led to the loss of the inner line as well.⁴ Instead of attempting the impossible, he devoted so much energy to fortifying and manning a second line of defence along the old Imperial wall of Aurelian, that when day dawned the new position was strongly occupied, and the fear of a capture of the Janiculum by a *coup de main* was at an end.

With equal caution the French generals, refusing to be tempted by the flight of the *Unione* regiment to go a step beyond the captured bastions, had used the remainder of the night in throwing up trenches on their inner side, and in mounting batteries on the top of the ruined breaches, so that they should be ready as soon as possible to bombard Garibaldi's new position.

As day dawned Rome learnt with consternation that the enemy had established themselves on the walls, 'a very fatal go,' as Arthur Clough called it in his letter home.⁵

¹ *Vaillant*, 105. The Italians thought that the French must have entered by getting themselves let in through the Italian mines, see *Hoff*. 236, 237; *Dandolo*, 254, 255. But *Vaillant*, 105, 106, disposes of this hypothesis. *Torre*, ii. 230-233; *Précis Hist.* 71-73; *Gabussi*, iii. 450, 451.

² *Vaillant*, 104; *Bittard des Portes*, 330, 331; *Pisacane*, 7. ³ *Hoff*. 235.

⁴ *Bizzoni*, i. 423-5; *Gabussi*, iii. 450-453, and note, containing Filopanti's letter. *Hoff*. 235, 236; *Loev*. i. 253, 254. Garibaldi sent some of his own Legion to reconnoitre the enemy's positions by an attack, to make sure whether or not the newly captured bastions were being strongly held. The operation cost the Legion twenty men.

⁵ *Clough's P. R.* 158. Letter to Palgrave.

Mazzini and Roselli, who knew little about the condition of affairs on the Janiculum, urged Garibaldi to recover the bastions at all costs. Mazzini, to whom it was an article of faith that the People could recapture the walls of their city, assembled the mob for this purpose, much to the annoyance of Garibaldi, who would not let them come up to cause confusion in his now circumscribed lines.

Roselli, in his capacity as commander-in-chief, and Avezzana, the able minister of war, arrived early in the morning on the Janiculum, to compel the recalcitrant divisional commander to attack. But Avezzana, when he had examined affairs on the spot, was soon persuaded that such a course was impossible.¹ Indeed, the officers of the fighting regiments, and above all Manara, had earnestly entreated Garibaldi not to send their men to another massacre more hopeless than that of June 3, since the *clan* which had inspired them on that day had now given way to a fatigue of body and an angry despair of soul; and the bravest, with the passive courage characteristic of the last days of a siege, asked to be allowed to die in the positions which they still held.²

Garibaldi's refusal to attack, though supported by military opinion on the Janiculum, involved another unseemly quarrel with Mazzini and Roselli, of which the populace was not slow to get wind without understanding the real nature of the dispute. The state of unrest and friction in Rome on that unhappy day (June 22) was aggravated by the action of Sterbini, who, having justly forfeited his own prestige by the abuse of his opportunities in the past winter, now plotted to creep back to power by exploiting the name of Garibaldi. Raising the cry that the General should be made dictator, Sterbini rode through the streets of Rome to raise a tumult, when the enemy was already on the walls, although Garibaldi had that very morning positively forbidden him to act, and had

¹ *Hoff*. 241.

² *Hoff*. 240-242; *Loev*. i. 253, 254, and note; *Dandolo*, 255; *Torre*, ii. 235, 236; *Vecchi*, ii. 282, 283; *Pisacane*, 7; *Gabussi*, iii. 450-453, and note.

discouraged the whole movement. Fortunately it ended in fiasco when a patriotic sculptor named Bezzi seized the bridle of Sterbini's horse in the Piazza Colonna, and threatened the life of the cowardly leader of rebellion.¹

The second part of the siege of Rome—the nine days' defence of the Aurelian wall (June 22–30)—surprised the French and even the Italians themselves, who could scarcely believe their senses when they found each morning that the enemy had not yet stormed their untenable positions.² During the first part of the siege, though they had often behaved with great courage, they had been subject to fits of panic, and it might have been expected, now that a successful issue to the defence was impossible, that like other armies they would abandon a contest, the prolongation of which some of their bravest officers regarded as a criminal waste of life.³ And such, from a military point of view, it undoubtedly was. But the Italian character has in it something beyond the reasonable, and, when all was lost, the idea of perishing with the murdered Republic seemed to fortify the *morale* and brace the nerves of the tired men, whose conduct became now more uniformly heroic than it had been during the fortnight past, when it was still possible to indulge a shadowy hope. An English army might have held the bastions from which the Italians fled on the night of June 21–22, but an English army might well have capitulated if those bastions had been lost, seeing that there was no force in the wide world to come to their relief, and many to come to the help of the besiegers. The defenders of Londonderry, Gibraltar, Lucknow, and Ladysmith were inspired by the practical hope of succour. It was otherwise with the defenders of Rome. If the Englishman does not know when he is beaten, the Italian sometimes knows it and does not care.

Though the troops were willing to continue the defence, the responsibility for giving the order to fight on rests with

¹ *Guerroni*, i. 322, 323; *Loev*, i. 255; *Vecchi*, ii. 285; *Farini*, iv. 209, 210.

² *Dandolo*, 261.

³ *Ibid.* 260, 268.

Mazzini, who was determined that the last message 'to Italy from Rome' should be something worthier than the panic flight from the breaches. Garibaldi, no less opposed to asking terms of the foreigner, thought that the time had come to evacuate the capital and carry on the war in the mountains, but, as his advice was overruled, he continued to command the defence on the west bank.

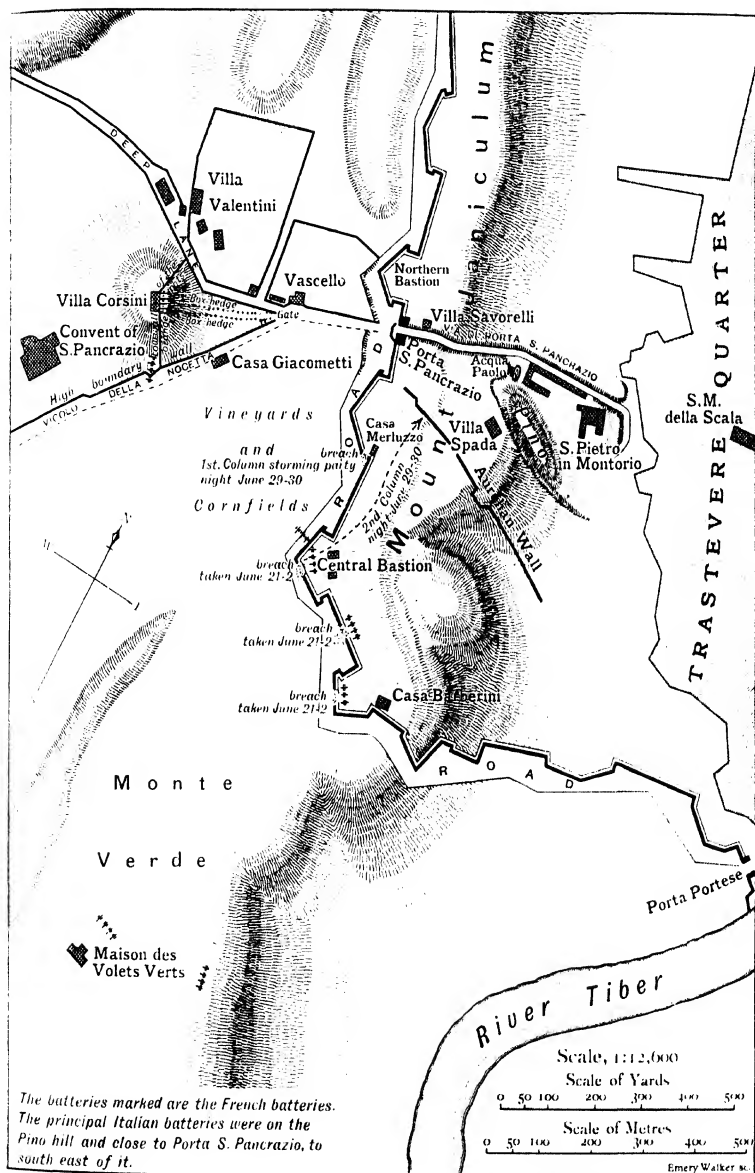
The scene of the last struggle was worthy of the actors and of the cause. On the high ground where the ruined Savorelli stood, Servius Tullius had built the Arx Janiculensis, which had served, as the Garibaldians recalled with delight, for the outlying fort of Republican Rome when Lars Porsena had tried to bring home the *Papa-Re* of that period.¹ From this height down to the Trastevere ran the wall built by the Emperor Aurelian to keep off the trans-Alpine barbarians when Rome's grasp of the world was growing weak²; behind what here remained of it lay Garibaldi's infantry. Their cannon were planted in the rear, to fire over their heads from the platform of San Pietro in Montorio, and the neighbouring Pino hill—so called because of the large pine-tree in the shadow of which the Roman gunners fought. Between the batteries on the height and the infantry below along the wall, was the Villa Spada, now Garibaldi's headquarters, a modest house standing by itself in its small garden, as it still stands to-day.³ The Casa Merluzzo Bastion on the wall of Urban VIII. was occupied as an advanced post, and a battery was mounted between it and the Porta San Pancrazio.

This new position was bombarded from front and flank. The French guns erected on the captured breaches fired

¹ *Vecchi*, ii. 278. Moltke, too, recalled the associations with Porsena in his contemporary letters to Humboldt.

² On the east bank Aurelian's walls were still, in 1849, the only defences of Rome. On the west bank they were no longer meant for use, but stood un-repaired as an inner line behind the wall of Urban VIII., on which the French had now established themselves.

³ The Villa Spada is called the Villa Nobilia in the inscription over the entrance. It is but little changed in appearance since 1849 (see illustration, p. 223, below). I fear the same cannot be said of the new Savorelli that has risen on the ruins of the building destroyed during the siege.



Second part of the Siege of Rome, June 22-30

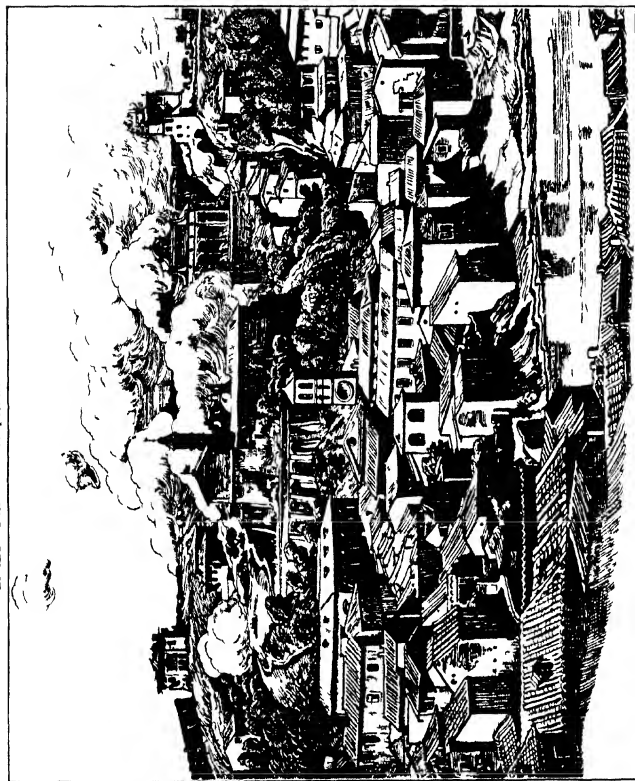
Casa
Verluzzo

Villa Spada
Roman Battery
at the 'Pino

San Pietro
in Montorio
(used as
hospital).

Acqua Paola
Fountain

Villa
Savorelli



VIEW OF SECOND ROMAN LINE OF DEFENCE, JUNE 22 30

Taken from First bank of Tiber June 1849

across the wide open space and valley that divides the Villas Barberini and Spada, while the batteries near the Corsini and Convent of San Pancrazio enfiladed the Italian line from the west.¹ The enemy also drove his trenches and erected a breaching battery close up against the south angle of the Merluzzo Bastion; this operation became possible after the night of June 23-24, when the brave garrison of the Casa Giacometti were at length withdrawn to the Vascello.²

For eight days the cannonade and musketry fire raged continuously. The accuracy of the Italian gunners surprised the French and retarded their attack; indeed, on the first day of the artillery duel (June 22) the defenders had the upper hand, and under cover of the fire a small body of Medici's Legion, who happened to be within the gate of Rome, burst into the Villa Barberini, and were only driven out after a severe tussle, carrying back fifteen men wounded with the bayonet.³ But soon the double fire of the French, from within and without the walls, began to prevail. The shells tore holes in the Spada, and exploded among the staff officers in its rooms. The roof of the church of San Pietro in Montorio collapsed. Nearly all the gunners on the Pino and by the San Pancrazio gate were killed or wounded; their places were taken by infantry, and by artists and other volunteers from the city below.⁴ The men of the Garibaldian Legion and of Manara's Bersaglieri, with indefatigable zeal consented to remain at sentry work for seventy-two hours at a time, and, with utter disregard of death, laboured in the open to pile up again the frail defences as they crumbled beneath the fire. The wounded, as soon as they were well enough to drag themselves back to the front, returned with all haste to their posts.⁵

¹ *Hoff*, 242.

² *Vaillant*, 114.

³ *Vaillant*, 108, 157; *Torre*, ii. 236; *Beghelli*, ii. 388, 389 (Medici's account of it); *Pasini*, 102-107.

⁴ *Hoff*, 248, 249, 252-265, 271, 274. With the gallant Italian gunners were a good many no less gallant Swiss. *Vaillant*, 129, 157; *Dandolo*, 264; *Koelman*, ii. 195-202.

⁵ *Dandolo*, 264, 265.

On one of these days of fire (June 25) Laviron, the French Republican and artist, one of Garibaldi's staff, loved by all his companions-in-arms, for the first time donned the red blouse, because, as he told his friends, he observed that whoever wore it enjoyed an uncommon share of popular favour. He had scarcely shown himself at the front in this costume when he was shot through the body, fell back into the arms of Ugo Bassi, kissed him and died.¹ Death at the hands of his countrymen after the flesh had no horrors for one who was spiritually the citizen of that ideal Republic which had been dreamed of by the men of '48.

On the following day, Anita Garibaldi suddenly appeared in the doorway of the shot-riddled Spada, and her husband, with a cry of surprise and joy, sprang into her arms. She had found her way from Nice into the beleaguered city before he even knew of her intention to start upon a journey which he would not have approved.²

Outside the walls of Rome the storm beat with still greater fury on the Vascello. From the Corsini hill, a battery of half a dozen guns fired on it day and night, throwing into it 'not less than four hundred' cannon-balls, 'besides shells and grenades.'³

It was owing to the protracted resistance of the Vascello that Rome had not fallen many days before. The unexpectedly successful defence of this 'oddly shaped but very strong villa,' had, as Moltke wrote at the time, forced the French to make a lateral instead of a direct attack on the bastions next to the Porta San Pancrazio.⁴ At

¹ *Hoff.* 252, 253; *Loev.* ii. 252, 253; *Vecchi*, ii. 286; *Guerrazzi*, 788, 789. Hoffstetter's less sensational account of Laviron's death is more likely, I think, to be correct than Vecchi's or Guerrazzi's, especially as the story told by the latter about Laviron is told about a Polish officer by Dandolo and by Hoffstetter.

² *Guerroni*, i. 381, 382; *Loev.* ii. 214. The latter accurately fixes the date of her arrival, June 26.

³ *Beghelli*, ii. 389 (Medici's account).

⁴ 'Der wahre Angriff findet ohne Zweifel von Villa Corsini aus auf die Bastione zunächst Porta San Pancrazio statt.' 'Dass aber jener vorteilhaftere Angriff nicht gewählt wurde hat sein Grund wohl nur darin, dass die Römer noch immer die seltsam gebaute aber sehr feste Villa Vascello behaupten.' *Moltke*, i. 191-193. Moltke had been in Rome, 1845, 1846, studying its defences.

length, the greater part of the vast building fell with a roar, amid a cloud of darkness, like a bursting volcano. A score of its defenders were buried under the ruins, but the rest, sheltered by portions of the ground-floor still left erect, came out covered with the subsiding dust, and were quickly reposted among the fallen masonry to resist attack. 'I wish,' said Medici to Hoffstetter, 'that I had a daguerreotype of these ruins.' At night the French, with fixed bayonets, fell upon them from every side. For three midnight hours the battle raged over the rubbish heap of what had once been a magnificent villa. At dawn Medici was still in possession.¹ Rome might be taken, but not the Vascello. When the war was over the fallen ruins were cleared away, but by good fortune the walls of the ground floor were left standing, and now that Rome is free will continue to stand as long as Italians have pride in their history. On the shot-dinted wall that borders the public road some old dusty laurel wreaths are hung, and on the tablet which they adorn the stranger may read, in words that here are no idle boast, that 'he who is fighting for fatherland and freedom does not count the enemy.'

Meanwhile, within the walls, the defenders of the Janiculum endured, day after day, the last terrible cannonade, and the other parts of the city did not altogether escape. Not only were the inhabitants of the Trastevere driven in crowds from their ruined houses, but the bombardment did injury on the Capitol, and elsewhere in the very heart of Rome. The French field artillery on the east bank shelled the city, by way of creating a diversion from the main attack; whenever a serious assault was intended on the Janiculan wall, diversions were made from San Paolo on the south and from Monte Parioli on the north; Rome was bombarded from both these quarters, and shells were dropped into the Piazza di Spagna and all that neighbourhood, doing considerable damage. As early as June 25,

¹ *Beghelli*, ii. 387-392 (Medici); *Dandolo*, 262; *Hoff*, 255-257, 273; *Vacchi*, ii. 289; *Pasini*, 108, 109; *Ottolini*, 77, 78.

Oudinot had received a protest against the destruction of private property and works of art, and the death of peaceable citizens, signed by the consuls of the United States, Prussia, Denmark, Switzerland, and Sardinia, at the instigation of Freeborn, the British Consular agent, whose name appeared at their head, and who was indeed too warm in his friendship for Italy to make allowance for the military needs of her enemies.¹

While the city below was suffering more or less severely, the defences on the Janiculum were crumbling fast beneath a storm of missiles. It was clear that, in spite of the heroism of the defenders, the French would, in a few days at most, be able to storm the line of the Aurelian wall. In face of this situation the quarrel between Garibaldi and Mazzini broke out afresh. The soldier, after requesting in vain to be allowed to try to raise the siege by attacking the enemy's communications, finally urged that the Government and army should migrate from the capital, and continue the national war to the last in the mountains of Central Italy or of the Neapolitan kingdom. He had seen the Republic of Rio Grande, in time of danger, migrate in this patriarchal fashion, and he did not understand why the Roman Republic should not do the same.' No doubt, if he had been allowed to have his way on June 27, instead of five days later after the final storming of the Janiculum, he might have carried into the wilderness a still formidable army, including perhaps Manara and his Lombards,² instead of the three or four thousand broken-hearted men who left Rome with him on July 2 to share his historic 'retreat.' Mazzini's advisers, on the other hand, had perhaps a higher rationality on their side when they determined that the irrational defence of the walls of Rome should be continued to the very last. Garibaldi, finding his advice again rejected, on the evening of June 27 threw up his command, and, in an explosion of anger akin to the primitive, childish wrath of Achilles, carried off his myrmidons of the Legion from the

¹ See App. J, below, *Damage done by Bombardment*.

² *Mem.* 239; *Bissoni*, i. 428, 436-7; *Ciampoli*, 40-44. In the Italian translation of this book (1908) I have given a more complete account of this quarrel.

³ *Hoff.* 269, 307, 308.

Janiculum to the lower town. The officers of the remaining regiments were horror-struck at finding themselves deserted, and their anxiety was increased by the evident incompetence of Roselli, who, when he came in person to take over Garibaldi's command on the west bank, would not even visit the lines, but remained poring over maps in the Spada.¹ Manara hastened down to find Garibaldi, expostulated with him on his misconduct and exposed to him the fatal consequences that must ensue. Garibaldi listened to his new friend, repented and returned to his post, amid the cheers of the populace, and to the intense joy of the defenders of the Janiculum.² But for Manara's timely interference—the last but not the least service which he rendered to Italy—the siege of Rome would have ended in discord and disgrace, and Garibaldi would have carried through life the stigma of an ungenerous action, to which anger alone had prompted him, but which many of his countrymen would readily have regarded as betrayal.

When, at daybreak of June 28, the Garibaldian Legionaries returned to the Janiculum with their chief to share the last slaughter, the welcome they received was all the more enthusiastic because their rank and file on this occasion appeared for the first time in the famous red shirt, which had hitherto distinguished the General's staff. Indeed, many people, ignorant of the crisis that had been averted, supposed that the Legion had gone down to the town only to change the old for the new uniform.³

Those who donned the red shirt in the last days of the siege of Rome, and faithfully wore it during the next month, deliberately chose a dress which, from one end of the Peninsula to the other, exposed the wearer to be hunted like a wolf and shot at sight. In less than twenty years, times had so far changed, and so famous had that garb of heroes become, that poltroons sometimes chose it as the cloak of self-seeking and noisy patriotism that could not stand the stress of battle. But if, in the old age of its founder, the

¹ *Hoff.* 270, 271. ² *Loev.* i. 257–259; *Hoff.* 266–271; *Dandolo*, 263.

³ *Hoff.* 270; *Loev.* ii. 126. See p. 152, above, for the order given by Garibaldi in May for the manufacture of the shirts, only now completed.

brotherhood of the red shirt partook of the decline of his powers, before he died its warfare was accomplished, and Italy was free.¹

¹ One red-shirt expedition took place after Garibaldi's death. His son, Ricciotti, led several hundred volunteers in the Greek war of 1897. The Italians, whose generosity in going to risk their lives for the freedom of others was worthy of their dead master, behaved with courage. Some account of the expedition will be found in *Elia*, ii. 424-442. I have consulted well-known English war correspondents on that campaign, who bear impartial testimony to the valour of the Garibaldians.

CHAPTER XI¹

THE LAST ASSAULT, JUNE 30—FALL OF ROME— DEPARTURE OF GARIBALDI

‘Astur hath stormed Janiculum,
And the stout guards are slain.’

MACAULAY, *Lays of Ancient Rome*.

THE end was now at hand. The French artillery were victors in the duel which both sides had waged so gallantly for more than a week past. The Roman batteries were ‘almost choked up by the tempest of hostile projectiles,’ the breastworks along the line of the Aurelian wall were mere disorderly heaps of earth, and on the city wall proper the breach in the Bastion sloped gently down from the ruins of the Casa Merluzzo to the road outside, where the assailants were entrenched not many yards away.²

The night of June 29–30, the Feast of St. Peter and St. Paul, was selected by Oudinot for the final assault. During the earlier part of the night the *fiesta* was celebrated in the town in right Roman fashion, with lighting of candles in the windows, and sending up of rockets in the streets—functions which that mercurial people would not forgo even under the shadow of impending doom. The Triumvirate gave official countenance to these mild *circenses*, and the dome of St. Peter’s blazed with every extravagance of colour. The French officers, as they stood in front of their dark columns, waiting for the signal to mount the breach, saw below them the holy city glowing ‘like a great furnace, half-extinct, but still surrounded by an atmosphere of fire.’ Suddenly the heavens were opened in wrath, and a

¹ For this chapter see maps, pp. 125, 210, above.

² *Hoff*. 271; *Dandolo*, 264.

deluge of rain fell on the disobedient children of the Pope, extinguishing their last poor little fires of joy. When the torrential storm had passed away, one light alone, from the top of the great dome of St. Peter's, still shone through the thick darkness, beckoning the crusaders to the assault.¹

But the Italians watching on the Janiculum were in no humour for the child's play that amused their compatriots below. Scarcely more than four thousand now remained of the men under Garibaldi's command. Their reserve was posted on the central height of the Pino and San Pietro in Montorio; from that point to the Porta Portese the Trastevere quarter was lined with troops; the Villa Spada, which, though half in ruins, was still the headquarters, was strongly occupied by Manara and a part of his Bersaglieri; the battery near the Porta San Pancrazio was entrusted to the Garibaldian Legion, and to the remnant of Masina's cavalry, dismounted and armed with their lances for hand-to-hand fighting.² Finally, a detachment of the Bersaglieri were marched off, under a blinding storm of rain and shells, into the Casa Merluzzo bastion, to defend the house and the open breach below it. 'The poor riflemen, buried to their knees in mud, struck down by the frequent and fatal descent of the bombs, took the perilous places assigned to them in silent discouragement.'³ Their leader was the boy-officer Morosini, perhaps the best-loved of all the Lombard youths who served in that regiment:

'Not yet eighteen years of age (wrote the sad survivor of that band of friends) his attractive, his angelic goodness had rendered him the model and the wonder of the whole battalion. Though he was the youngest of us all, we almost looked on him as our mentor, and were used to call him our guardian angel, so great was the unsullied purity of his conduct, and the unswerving rectitude of his principles, which he sought to instil and maintain uncontaminated in those who were his friends.'⁴

¹ *Bittard des Portes*, 364; *Vecchi*, ii. 293, 294; *Journal* 16^e, 27; *Koelman*, ii. 212; *Torre*, ii. 262, 263.

² *Hoff*, 279-281; *Loev*, i. 261; *Torre*, ii. 262.

³ *Dandolo*, 268.

⁴ *Ibid.* 272.

To both sides the long delay in the attack caused by the storm seemed an unbearable suspense. At length, more than two hours after midnight, the French columns were let loose. The rain had stopped, but the night was dark as the grave. With the impetuous but ordered valour that had marked their conduct throughout the siege, the French rushed up the breach under a heavy fire from the Bersaglieri, stormed the Casa Merluzzo, and after a severe struggle overpowered the defenders of the bastion. Morosini, gravely wounded, was carried off in the darkness by four of his men, who hastened with him towards the Spada.¹

Meanwhile a second column of French, starting from the Central Bastion captured ten days before, passed along the inside of the walls of Rome, leaving the Casa Merluzzo on their left, till they came to the line of the Aurelian wall, which they stormed at the point of the bayonet.² Once within the lines of defence, this second French column obeyed admirably, in spite of the darkness and confusion, the elaborate orders which it had received. One part wheeled to the right, turning the flank of the trenches along the Aurelian wall, and rushed towards the Spada; while another part went forward to the left to capture the battery beside the Porta San Pancrazio, the guns of which commanded the Casa Merluzzo, just captured by the first French column.³

The orders of the second column, which had thus penetrated the Roman line, were to give no quarter, and the orders were rigidly obeyed.⁴ The four Bersaglieri who were carrying Morosini to the Spada, fell in with these new enemies, who disregarded their attempts to surrender.⁵

¹ *Vaillant*, 137 (134-136 for Oudinot's orders of attack; also printed in *Bittard des Portes*, 359-361); *Dandolo*, 270; *Bittard des Portes*, 367, 368; *Hoff*. 281-287.

² See map, p. 210, above.

³ *Vaillant*, 134-136 (Oudinot's orders); *Bittard des Portes*, 360, 369-371; *Hoff*. 285.

⁴ *Vaillant*, 134-136; *Bittard des Portes*, 360, 369-371.

⁵ Probably rather because of the orders to give no quarter, than because, as *Dandolo* surmised, 'they suspected some ruse.' *Dandolo* does not seem to have

'Finding themselves again surrounded and their lives threatened, rendered ferocious by the combat, they laid down the litter, and attempted to cut their way through the ranks of their opponents ; then, strange to say, the poor lad was seen to rise, and stand erect on his bloody couch, grasping the sword which had lain at his side. He continued to defend his already ebbing life, until, struck a second time in the body, he fell once more. Moved by the sight of so much courage, and such misfortune, the French conveyed him to their hospital in the trenches.'¹

There he lingered for a day, and died, moving his captors in the hospital to tears, and impressing them, as he always impressed those who saw him, with that rare quality of saintliness which in every age is the natural inheritance of some among the countrymen of St. Francis. Oudinot himself was moved to write a letter recounting these things to Morosini's mother, to whom and to his sisters the boy had been wholly devoted. When urged not to let him go to the war, she had answered : 'I give my country the best I have, my only and dearly-loved son.'² She had not bargained for his return. 'In such mothers Italy revived.'

The detachment, which had given Morosini his final wound, charged along the inside of the trenches, driving before them all the Italians they found there, until pursuers and pursued dashed up against the garden gate of the Spada, which Manara and his Bersaglieri turned out to defend. Not being able in the darkness to tell friend from foe, they reserved their volley until Hoffstetter could distinguish at a few yards the epaulettes which marked the French uniform ; then the Bersaglieri fired with terrible effect, and the French attack recoiled.³

Garibaldi himself was no longer in the Spada. Starting known of their special orders to kill everyone, which I derive from French sources only.

¹ *Dandolo*, 270-271 ; *Torre*, ii. 268.

² *Hoff*. 298, 299 ; *Dandolo*, 271, 280-284.

³ *Vaillant*, 138, 139 ; *Hoff*. 282-284.

up at the first alarm, he had sprung out, sabre in hand, crying: *Orsù! Questa è l'ultima prova* ('Come on! This is the last fight').¹ There was need of him outside, for the first onslaught of the French columns had put to flight many of the Italians, who were rushing about through the darkness in wild panic, while others were still desperately holding their own in small groups near the Merluzzo bastion and in front of the Savorelli.² At this crisis, when a disgraceful catastrophe was only too probable, Garibaldi and a few gallant men behind him flung themselves headlong on the victorious French, and checked their career. Inspired by the presence of their chief, the runaways turned back, and 'the last fight' was worthy of the siege of Rome. 'I saw Garibaldi,' wrote Emilio Dandolo, 'spring forward, with his drawn sword, shouting a popular hymn.' In the thick of the *mêlée* he sang and struck about him with his heavy cavalry sabre, which next day was seen to be covered with blood. Behind him the red-shirts pressed into battle. Along the road in front of the Savorelli, and in the battery near the Porta San Pancrazio, Italians and French fought hand-to-hand, with primæval rage. In the last hour of darkness before dawn the whole space between the Pino and the city gate was a swaying mass of men killing each other with butt and bayonet, lance and knife, to the cries of '*Viva l'Italia!*' '*Vive la France!*' The cavaliers of Bologna, who had been Masina's comrades, and were for a short while his survivors, fought on foot among the guns of the battery until nearly all had perished. Next day the French Generals saw, with admiration and pity, the ground covered with the red pennons of the lances still grasped in the hands of the slain.³

On such a scene came up the golden dawn, and there in the fresh morning were Soracte, and Lucretilis, and the Alban Mount, again as of old.

¹ *Vecchi*, ii. 294; *Hoff*. 284.

² *Vaillant*, 139.

³ *Vaillant*, 138-140, 145; *Dandolo*, 269, 270; *Hoff*. 284, 288; *Leov*. i. 261, 262; *Vecchi*, ii. 294; *Torre*, ii. 263, 264.

With the first light the Italians re-occupied the line of the Aurelian wall and the road in front of the Savorelli ;¹ but the French, with their admirable promptitude as engineers, were already fortifying themselves round the Casa Merluzzo. At these close quarters a furious cannonade and musketry fire, varied by spasmodic charges of infantry,² continued throughout the early morning. The French batteries on the Barberini and Central Bastions and the Corsini hill renewed their bombardment of the Spada and Savorelli, while the fire of the infantry from the newly captured bastion raked the Italian lines. The defenders' cannon, all except a few guns on the Pino, were now silent. Most of them were lying overturned, among the corpses, with their wheels broken, and the battery near the Porta San Pancrazio was in the hands of the French.³ Seeing that the city gate might be taken at any moment, Garibaldi at last recalled Medici and his gallant comrades from the ruins of the Vascello, which the army of France had failed to take by assault. Medici and his men retired into Rome unmolested, and in perfect order. So little was their spirit broken that they took the chief part in a successful defence of the Savorelli and of the northern bastion behind it, which the enemy had breached but now assaulted in vain.⁴

The principal efforts of the French on the morning of June 30 were, however, directed to make the Spada untenable ; and within its walls the tragedy of Manara and his Lombard regiment was fulfilled. The last scene in the little villa must always be described in the words of Emilio Dandolo, who, though not yet recovered from his severe wound of June 3,⁵ was taking his part in the defence :

' Villa Spada was surrounded ; we shut ourselves into the house, barricading the doors, and defending ourselves from the

¹ *Vaillant*, 140, 141 ; *Précis Hist.* 80, ll., 2-6 ; *Dandolo*, 273.

² *E.g. Hoff.* 289-290.

³ *Vaillant*, 144 ; *Hoff.* 288 ; *Dandolo*, 273.

⁴ *Beghelli*, ii. 391, 392 (Medici's own narrative) ; *Torre*, ii. 266 ; *Vaillant*, 144, 147 ; *Pasini*, 112, 122.

⁵ *Bertani*, i. 147.

windows. The cannon-balls fell thickly, spreading devastation and death, the balls of the Vincennes chasseurs hissed with unerring aim through the shattered windows. It is maddening to fight within the limits of a house, when a cannon-ball may rebound from every wall, and where, if not thus struck, you may be crushed under the shattered masonry; where the air, impregnated with smoke and gunpowder, brings the groans of the wounded more distinctly on the ear, and where the feet slip along the bloody pavement, while the whole fabric reels and totters under the redoubling shocks of the cannonade. The defence had already lasted two hours. Manara passed continually from one room to another, seeking to reanimate the combatants by his presence and words. I followed him, distracted by anxiety, having had no news from Morosini; a ball, rebounding from the wall, wounded my right arm. "*Perdio!*" exclaimed Manara, who was standing at my side, "Are you always the one to be struck? Am I to take nothing away from Rome?"

'A few minutes afterwards he was standing at an open window, looking through his telescope at some of the enemy who were in the act of planting a cannon, when a shot from a carabine passed through his body. "I am a dead man," he said, falling; "I commend my children to you." The surgeon hastened to his assistance. I looked inquiringly into his countenance, and, seeing him turn pale, lost all hope. He was laid on a handbarrow, and, taking advantage of a momentary pause in the firing, we passed through a broken-down window into the open country.'¹

Still, after their chief had been carried off to die, the Bersaglieri continued the defence of the villa, till almost everyone inside its walls, as well as Hoffstetter and Dandolo, had been wounded.²

Finally, when the ammunition was running low, Garibaldi headed a last desperate charge of his own Legionaries and some of Pasi's line regiment against the French positions. Again, as on the night before, it was cold steel, and again Garibaldi fought in the front, dealing death with his sword, reckless of his life, and against all the chances remaining unscathed.³ The French could not

¹ *Dandolo*, 273-275.

² *Hoff*, 293-296.

³ *Dandolo*, 278; *Vecchi*, ii. 295. Vecchi fought by Garibaldi's side in this

be dislodged ; gradually the firing slackened. A truce was arranged at mid-day for the gathering of the dead and wounded, and Garibaldi was summoned to the Capitol, where the Assembly was discussing the question of surrender. Although the ruins of the Spada had not been stormed, all knew that Rome had fallen.¹

Meanwhile Dandolo and his men had carried Manara to the rear.

'After many windings and turnings we reached the ambulance of Sa. Maria della Scala, where a hundred of the most severely wounded had been already placed, it being impossible to have them conveyed to a greater distance. The moment we arrived, Manara desired me to send for his Milanese friend, Dr. Agostino Bertani.'²

When the patriot doctor, who had done so much during the last fortnight to mitigate the wretched condition of the wounded in Rome, arrived by the death-bed of his friend, Manara exclaimed : 'Oh, Bertani, let me die quickly ! I suffer too much.' No other complaint escaped his lips during the long hours of agony.³

'After having partaken of the Sacrament, he did not speak for a considerable time. His first words were to commend his sons again to my care. "Bring them up," he said, "in the love of religion, and of their country." He begged me to carry his remains into Lombardy, together with those of my brother. Perceiving that I wept, he said, "Does it indeed pain you so much that I die?" And, seeing that my suffocating sobs prevented my replying, he added, in an undertone, but with the holiest expression of resignation : "It grieves me also." . . .

'A short time before he died he took off a ring, which he

last action ; so his evidence as to Garibaldi's personal conduct is not mere hearsay. See also *Dumas*, ii. 238-240, for whatever it is worth.

¹ *Vaillant*, 145 ; *Torre*, ii. 266, for the truce at noon-day. *Hoffstetter*, *Dandolo*, *Vecchi*, and *Paris MSS.* 20^e, p. 235, give rather different accounts as to the time of day when the last stray gun was fired, but clearly there was no real fighting after noon-day.

² *Dandolo*, 275.

³ *Bertani*, 147 ; *Dandolo*, 277.

valued greatly, placed it himself on my finger, and then drawing me close to him, said "I will embrace your brother for you. *Saluterò tuo fratello per te, n' è vero ?*"¹

So Emilio Dandolo was left desolate in the world, like many another noble Italian that year. He had lost in one month the three men whom he loved—his brother Enrico, Morosini, and Manara. And he had lost his country. With a broken heart he wrote for posterity the story of his regiment, and dedicated it to the memory of his three friends. Then he endured, distracting himself as best he might, for ten years, till his country again began to stir for her next great effort, this time with the gallant French army on her side. In February 1859, when, in the captive cities of Italy, men with secret elation sniffed the breath of coming war, welcome as the scents of spring after a northern winter, Emilio Dandolo died. *Pro solita humanitate sua*, death came when at length he was unwelcome. The great demonstration at Dandolo's funeral in Milan, in the face of the Austrians, who dared not interfere, was no unworthy national tribute to the last of the band of friends who had led the Lombard Bersaglieri to Rome.

But among the rank and file of that regiment were some whom, I think, we should pity yet more than Dandolo, if only we knew their story. After they had buried their chief, over whose grave the trumpets wailed, and Ugo Bassi, himself about to perish, spoke the funeral oration,² the regiment was in a few days' time disbanded. But the Lombards had no home to which to return; the Austrian ruled again in their native province, and as yet Victor Emmanuel dared not harbour many of them in Piedmont. So 'these unhappy exiles, driven out

¹ *Dandolo*, 276, 277. It is to be observed that these officers of the Lombard Bersaglieri were not prevented by their religion (though it was orthodox and not Mazzinian) from fighting against the Pope as Temporal ruler. In Garibaldi's Legion many of the men, like their chief, were free-thinkers, though they loved their chaplain, Ugo Bassi. Manara and Garibaldi represented the two sides of the Risorgimento, not only in politics but in religion. It was the union of these elements that made the cause national, and ultimately irresistible.

² *Hoff*. 308, 309; *Dandolo*, 283.

of Rome, condemned to beg their bread in the streets of Civitavecchia, were driven by despair either to enrol themselves in an African (French) regiment, or to give themselves up to the Austrians,' who were certain to flog, imprison, or shoot them as rebels and deserters.¹

'Such then (says Dandolo) was the fate of the Lombard rifle brigade—a corps which was a model of discipline and of courageous endurance in misfortune. . . . Thus was it left, after so many perils and hardships, in such infamous neglect that the survivors were often heard to envy those who, by an honourable death on the battle-field, had escaped the still more cruel alternative of being scattered as miserable wanderers over the face of the earth.'²

To starve in the slums of foreign cities, or serve far off under a hated flag, while the country for which a man's best friends have died has fallen back into servitude, perhaps for ever, may appear a romantic fate in the retrospect, after Italy has been redeemed, but to the actual sufferers it was bitter as the lot of Andromache.

'Exile, what of the night ?
The tides and the hours run out,
The season of death and of doubt,
The night watches bitter and sore.'

About mid-day on June 30, while Manara was dying in the hospital, Garibaldi was galloping across the Tiber to the Capitol, whither the Assembly of the Roman Republic had summoned him to attend its fateful session.³ He rode in haste, for though the fighting had died away, he would not consent to be absent from his post longer than one hour. He had missed death in the battle, and his heart was bitter within him. To add to his misery, news had

¹ *Dandolo*, 183-185, 288, 289.

² *Dandolo*, 289. Some of the officers managed to reach Lugano in Switzerland, where Hoffstetter found them a few months later. *Hoff*. 308.

³ Vecchi went with him. He is far the best authority on Garibaldi's words and actions during this day.

just been brought that his faithful negro friend, Aguyar, who had so often guarded his life in the perils of war, had been killed by a shell whilst walking across a street in the Trastevere. Garibaldi, who was far above base racial pride, and regarded all men as brothers to be valued each according to his deserts, had given his love freely to the noble Othello, who in body and soul alike far surpassed the common type of white man.¹ Sore at heart, and pre-occupied by bitter thoughts, he galloped up to the Capitol, dismounted, and entered the Assembly as he was, his red shirt covered with dust and blood, his face still moist with the sweat of battle, his sword so bent that it stuck halfway out of the scabbard. The members, deeply moved, rose to their feet and cheered, as he walked slowly to the tribune and mounted the steps.

They had sent to ask his advice on the three plans, between which, as Mazzini had told them in his speech that morning, they were now reduced to choose. They could surrender; they could die fighting in the streets; or, lastly, they could make their exodus into the mountains, taking with them the Government and army. This third plan was that which Garibaldi had for some days past been urging on the Triumvirate, and he now pressed the Assembly to adopt it, in a brief and vigorous speech.

He brushed aside the idea of continuing the defence of Rome. It could no longer, he showed them, be carried on even by street fighting, for the Trastevere must be abandoned, and the enemy's cannon from the height of San Pietro in Montorio could reduce the capital of the world to ashes. As to surrender, he does not seem to have discussed it. There remained the third plan—to carry the Government and army into the wilderness. This he approved. '*Dovunque saremo, colà sarà Roma*' ('Wherever we go, there will be Rome'), he said. This was the part he had chosen for himself and for everyone who would come with him.

¹ *Vecchi*, ii. 295, 296; *Loev*. ii. 226, 227. Aguyar, like the traditional Othello of the stage, was called a Moor, but was a Negro. On Garibaldi's feeling as regards negroes in general, see *Vecchi's Caprera*, 65, 66.

But he wished to have only volunteers, and to take no one on false pretences. He declared that he could promise nothing, and very honestly drew for the senators a picture of the life of danger and hardship to which he invited them.

Altogether it was a wise and noble speech, for it put an end to all thought of bringing further ruin on the buildings of Rome, and at the same time offered a path of glory and sacrifice to those who, like himself, were determined never to treat with the foreigner on Italian soil. Having spoken, he left the hall and galloped back to the Janiculum.¹

In the discussion that followed, Mazzini supported the proposal of Garibaldi. But to go out and perish was the part only of the few, and the Assembly did right when it refrained from adopting the exodus as an official programme. It passed the following resolution :

‘ In the name of God and the People :—

‘ The Constituent Assembly of Rome ceases from a defence that has become impossible and remains at its post.’

Mazzini protested against the decision, refused to participate in the surrender, and resigned, together with his two fellow triumvirs.²

One of the last acts of the Republican Assembly was to confer on Roselli and Garibaldi, jointly and separately, plenary power in the territories of the Roman Republic. Garibaldi always considered this decree to be in force during the next twenty years of papal usurpation. In 1860,

¹ *Vecchi*, ii. 296; *Koelman*, ii. 233, 234; *Loev*. i. 263-267; *Camossi, Vecchio*, 116; *Gabussi*, iii. 467, 468. Gabussi, who saw and heard all at close quarters, and took notes of Garibaldi's speech, denies that Garibaldi declared that if he himself had been Dictator things would have gone better with the Republic. According to Gabussi, Garibaldi only said, ‘ Errors have been committed, but it is not a time for recrimination.’ Even that might well have been left unsaid.

² *Mazzini*, v. 209-214. I see nothing inconsistent in Mazzini's refusal to go out with Garibaldi, after the Assembly had refused to adopt the plan of a general exodus of the Government. If Mazzini had gone with Garibaldi merely as a private individual, there would have been little advantage as a matter of principle, and the strained relations with Garibaldi would have been a constant source of irritation to both men, and to the army also.

1862, and 1867, in the expeditions that ended at Naples, at Aspromonte, and at Mentana, he still regarded himself as a Roman general-in-chief, by a vote never superseded until the people chose Victor Emmanuel as their king. He was, therefore, always ready to act on occasion, as one having authority in any part of the Roman Republic still unredeemed by Italy.¹ As the years went by, and old age drew on, the office which he still held was ever present to his mind, at once as a legal formula binding him over to break the peace, and as a mystical summons to deliver Rome.

The French troops were to make their entry on July 3. Garibaldi had little left to do on the 1st and 2nd, except to hurry on his own departure. Every man was supposed to have free choice to go with the General or to stay, but the officers of most of the old papal regiments used pressure to keep back those under their command, and many soldiers, including some of Garibaldi's own Legion, were, against the wishes of their chief, forcibly detained in the castle of St. Angelo.² There were searchings of heart in Rome; mothers, wives, and sweethearts strove to keep their men from going on an expedition which would reach no point of safety by advancing, and had no base on which to retreat. The motives were very various which induced some 4,000 Italians to start on the wildest and most romantic of all Garibaldi's marches. Many went to avoid the papal dungeons, some few hoped for opportunity to plunder, and some merely sought escort and company upon their way back towards their homes in the provinces. Others went out of anger at their country's wrongs, sharing the determination of their chief never to lay down arms to foreigners on Italian ground; others nourished a delusive hope that something might yet be done; and more still were

¹ *Loev.* i. 267; *Rug.* 9. *Guersoni*, ii. 51, proclamation of May 1860, signed 'G. Garibaldi, General of the Romans, appointed by a Government elected by universal suffrage'—(viz. in 1849).² *Guersoni*, ii. 550, *Mem.* 426 for 1867.

² *Rug.* 10; *Loev.* i. 272; *Bel.* 8.

ready to follow Garibaldi blindly to the world's end, asking not for victory, but to be allowed to be with him in life and death.

It was for love of Garibaldi that Swiss Hoffstetter yet awhile denied himself the happiness of returning to his free and peaceful Alps, and risked his life again for a country not his own, in a venture which he considered hopeless.¹ On the night of July 1, the eve of the departure, he dined with the General and his wife. Anita had by now made it clear that, in spite of her husband's earnest prayers and remonstrances,² she was coming with him on the march.

'She was a woman of about twenty-eight (Hoffstetter observed) with a very dark complexion, interesting features, and a slight delicate figure. But at the first glance one recognised the Amazon. At the evening meal to which the General had invited me, I could see with what tenderness and attention he treated his wife.'³

Next day Garibaldi met by appointment the soldiers who had volunteered to come with him. The scene fixed for the meeting was the Piazza of St. Peter's, the greatest of the open spaces in the city, lying in the shadow of the most famous church and palace in the world. It was filled by thousands upon thousands⁴ of the inhabitants of Rome, come to say good-bye to their heroes. The whole space enclosed by Bernini's semicircular colonnade of gigantic pillars seemed paved with human faces. The crowd stood packed up to the very doors of the Vatican. In the middle

¹ *Hoff.* 307.

² *Mem.* 240. 'La mia buona Anita, ad onta delle mie raccomandazioni per farla rimanere, aveva deciso d' accompagnarmi. L' osservazione che io avrei da affrontare una vita tremenda di disagi, di privazioni e di pericoli framezzo a tanti nemici, era stata piuttosto di stimolo alla coraggiosa donna ed invano feci osservare ad essa il trovarsi in istato di gravidanza.' See also *Denkwürdigkeiten*, ii. 144, 145.

³ *Hoff.* 309.

⁴ *Bel.* 6, 7, gives the estimate of ten to twelve thousand. It is very difficult to count large crowds, but to judge from the description of the scene by Koelman, there could scarcely have been fewer and may well have been more.

were the troops, scarcely able to keep their footing, and quite unable to keep their order, in that tossing ocean of men and women gesticulating in wild excitement to express every form of conflicting emotion. Garibaldi had not yet come, and all attention was centred on the volunteers who had undertaken to share his march. Mothers were trying to pull their sons away; youths of seventeen and eighteen were breaking by force from their families and trying to hide themselves in the ranks.¹ Suddenly a roar of cheering was heard from the Borgo. All eyes were turned towards the mouth of the narrow street where the waving of hats and handkerchiefs showed that it was he.

‘In the midst of the swaying crowd which discharged itself from the Via del Borgo on to the Piazza, we saw appear (says Koelman) the black feathers of Garibaldi; he was surrounded, not by his staff officers (for they were seen scattered here and there making efforts to reunite), but by citizens and women who stormed him from all sides. He only managed slowly and with difficulty to reach the Egyptian obelisk, that stands in the middle of the Piazza. Here he stopped and turned his horse, and when his staff had joined him, he gave a sign with his hand to stop the cheers. After they had been repeated with double force, there was a dead calm on the square.’

In that stillness after the tempest, the sonorous, thrilling voice was heard almost to the outskirts of the vast crowd:²

‘Fortune, who betrays us to-day, will smile on us to-morrow. I am going out from Rome. Let those who wish to continue the war against the stranger, come with me. I offer neither pay, nor quarters, nor provisions; I offer hunger, thirst, forced marches, battles and death. Let him who loves his country in his heart and not with his lips only, follow me.’

‘*Fame, sete, marcie forzate, battaglie e morte,*’ such was the offer, and no more. Having so spoken and appointed

¹ *Koelman*, ii. 237, 238. He was present at the scene, and gives far the best account of it.

² *Koelman*, ii. 238, 239.

the Lateran for the rendezvous of departure that evening, he rode away again, as he had come, slowly through the frantic and sobbing crowd. Above the upturned faces of those broken-hearted men and women rose the calm, set features of Garibaldi, resembling a perfect type of ancient Greek beauty, and lit up with that serene and simple regard of fortitude and faith which gave him power to lead the feeble multitudes of mortal men, as though he were the sole descendant of some fabled, god-like race of old.¹

About six in the afternoon² another assembly, smaller, sterner, and more business-like, was being held within the Lateran gate. Garibaldi and his troops had found their way thither across the Ponte Sant' Angelo, and past the adored ruins of the Forum and Coliseum, which few of them ever saw again. The open space round the Lateran, where they now held the muster-roll, hard by the gate in the ancient wall of the emperors, in full sight of the Campagna and the Alban Hills beyond, was the part of Rome specially dedicated by its associations to the antiquity, power, and terror of the mediæval Popes, whose *manes* were once more driving out to chastisement and death these children of a rebellious generation. There rose the Lateran Palace, the residence of the Popes from the time of Constantine till the migration to Avignon, during the ten centuries of their greatest power, the spot from which they had given law to the kings of Europe, and cast out their shoe over remotest England and Germany. And there rose that strange monument, the Triclinium of Leo III., displaying in mosaic work, before the eyes of the Garibaldian democrats, the forms of popes and emperors kneeling together to receive from the divine powers the insignia of their right to rule the world—the thousand year old theory of mediæval Christendom which even in

¹ There are, of course, innumerable variants as to the precise form of words (as, for instance, *sole* and *fredio* for *fame* and *sete*). But the sense is essentially the same. See *Guersoni*, i. 331; *Bel.* 7, 8. It is from *Bologna MSS.* *Bonnet* that I draw the first sentence, which *Bellussi* also accepted.

² *Hoff.* 315.

its decline was still too strong for these rebels.¹ There, too, was the basilica church of San Giovanni in Laterano, 'omnium urbis et orbis ecclesiarum mater et caput,' on the top of whose façade towered that row of colossal statues, still one of the most imposing of the sky-signs of Rome, gigantic bishops and doctors of the ancient Church leaning forward to curse all heretics—figures not of love, but of terror, holding out threatening arms to tell man that he shall not be free.

Thus, in the enchanted grounds of their enemies, the little army formed itself and waited during the last hours of daylight for the word to march. Ciceruacchio was there, kind and jolly as ever, in plain clothes, riding beside his younger son, a boy of thirteen.² And there was friar Ugo Bassi, with his red shirt and crucifix; the manuscript of a religious poem that he was writing was hung in a leather box round his waist, his long hair fell to his shoulders, and he was mounted on a spirited English horse which Garibaldi had given him so that he should be ever by his side.³ Anita came, escorted to the spot by Vecchi.⁴ She was mounted and dressed like a man, in the garb of the Legion, for her last campaign. In all there were some four thousand ready to start, mostly men of the volunteer regiments.⁵ Conspicuous among the rest were the red Legionaries, of whom far the greater part were there, and a hundred or more of the Lombard Bersaglieri.⁶ A few units of Masina's lancers who had survived June 30, and several hundred papal dragoons, some of whom had broken out from the stables where their officers had locked them

¹ See Bryce, *Holy Roman Empire*, chap. vii. 115 (ed. 1904).

² *Bel.* 10; *Bologna MSS. Piva*. His elder son, Luigi, aged twenty, who had murdered Rossi, was also in the expedition, dressed in a red shirt. *Bel.* 72, *R. I.* 1898, iii. 356-358.

³ *Dwight*, 235; *Bel.* 10, 11, 71; *Bologna MSS. Piva*. The poem, called *La Croce Vincitrice*, related the martyrdom of the Christians under the heathen empire. *Venosta*, 25, 26.

⁴ *Vecchi*, ii. 299. Vecchi himself did not go on the expedition.

⁵ For various estimates of the numbers, ranging from 2,900 to 4,800, see *Hoff.* 319; *Rug.* 11; *Varenne*, 376; *Bel.* 9.

⁶ *Rug.* 55.

in,¹ formed a small but, as it proved, a very efficient scouting force of cavalry.

Here, too, a large crowd of friends had come to see them off. Men were standing on carriages, and climbing on to each other's shoulders to get a glimpse of the sad review. At last, not before eight o'clock, the word to march was given, and the troops began to pass out gradually and in order under the ancient gateway, while the *addio* of those who were left behind sounded after them down the darkening road.²

When the rear of the column had vanished, and the last cries had died away in the night, many a man who had come to see the departure of the Garibaldians turned home with the sick feeling that they had chosen the happier lot. They were free, and they would soon be dead. But in Rome the priest, the spy, and the foreigner were the masters before whom all must tremble for long years to come. Even before the re-establishment of the papal authorities, the comparatively indifferent French caretakers, whose troops made their unwelcome entry into Rome on July 3, took steps towards the old system of delation and arrest, though at first with but little result. General Rostolan, named military governor of the conquered town, instituted a search (as we learn from his modern compatriot M. Bittard des Portes) for the most deeply compromised of the revolutionaries. The greater part escaped, thanks to the complicity of the Consular agents of England and the United States, who had always been our enemies, and who, under cover of their passports, enabled the principal chiefs of the Revolution to pass through the French lines and avoid the Conseil de Guerre.³

The anger still shared by the clerical historians of to-day was loudly expressed at the time against the British Consular agent, Freeborn, who had, indeed, by a very wide

¹ *Koelman*, ii. 237.

² *Koelman*, ii. 242; *Hoff*. 315-317; *Rug*. 10.

³ *Bittard des Portes*, 423. The French tried to search the house of the American Consul, Brown, for political refugees, but he met them on the stairs with a sword in one hand and the Stars and Stripes in the other. *Nelson Gay*, *N. A.* Feb. 16, 1907, pp. 661-662. *L' Italia e gli Stati Uniti*.

interpretation of his diplomatic privileges, issued several hundred of these passes. Even Lord Palmerston felt obliged to rebuke him for his noble fault.¹ But the fact that in Italy's darkest hour many of her best sons were saved from the dungeon or the scaffold by the representative of England, in a manner however little authorised, was one of the first links in the long chain of events that now began to bind together the two countries. Nor, in spite of clerical writers, does the France of our own day any longer regard England as an enemy because of her friendship to Italy and to freedom.

Mazzini for some days walked about the streets of Rome, as a private citizen, challenging the vengeance of a people over whom, according to his enemies, he had exercised so hateful a tyranny.² The French, knowing how much he was loved, dared not arrest him, though they were hunting in vain for the other leaders. After about a week he, too, fled, and found his way back to England, where he remained for the greater part of his long, sad life. 'Italy is my country,' he said, 'but England is my real home, if I have any.' Before the end he had grown actually to love the fogs and the hazy London atmosphere, in which the prophet seems to have found the sorrows and shortcomings of mankind more softened and bearable, than amid the hard, clear outlines revealed beneath the Italian sky.³

The restored Papacy, under the guidance of Antonelli, was no longer the half-liberal policy of Pio Nono's first years, but the old clerical *régime* of former Popes. Every vestige of representative government, every trace of institutions securing person and property against absolute power, was swept away; the Liberal press was again silenced; the spies, lay and clerical, were again let loose on the people; the prisons and galleys were filled with those who had consented to serve the Republic. Some of the victims of

¹ *Johnston*, 314. The American *chargé d'affaires*, Mr. Cass, had offered a pass to Garibaldi among others. He refused it, but recorded the fact gratefully in his *Mémoire*, 239.

² *Mazzini*, v. 214.

³ *King's Mazzini*, 138-141.

the restoration had, like Ripari, been guilty of doctoring the wounded ; others belonged to the Moderate party, on whose behalf the French had pretended to interfere.¹ The rulers soon turned against themselves those classes which had been hitherto comparatively loyal to the old order :

The inferior clergy were neither friendly to the Government nor its accomplices ; the population of the rural districts were discontented with the taxes, discontented with the foreigners who disarmed them, discontented with the police which gave them up as a prey to thieves.²

Farini, who, as a staunch Moderate, had been bitterly hostile to the Mazzinian Republic, wrote as follows to Mr. Gladstone in December 1852 :

The Government is, as formerly, purely clerical, for the Cardinal Secretary of State is the only real Minister ; Cardinals and Prelates prevail, if not in number, at any rate in authority, in the Council of State and in the Consulta of Finance ; Cardinals and Prelates govern the Provinces ; the clergy alone have the administration of all that relates to instruction, charity, diplomacy, justice, censorship, and the police. The finances are ruined ; commerce and traffic at the very lowest ebb ; smuggling has sprung to life again ; all the immunities, all the jurisdiction of the clergy are restored. Taxes and rates are imposed in abundance, without rule or measure. There is neither public nor private safety ; no moral authority, no real army, no railroads, no telegraphs. Studies are neglected ; there is not a breath of liberty, not a hope of tranquil life ; two foreign armies ; a permanent state of siege, atrocious acts of revenge, factions raging, universal discontent ; such is the Papal Government at the present day.³

This *régime* differed in no essential point from that of Gregory XVI., except that it was maintained by foreign bayonets not only in the distant provinces, but in Rome itself, and that it stood no longer as a venerable though decayed relic of the nation's past, but as a tyranny re-imposed by force on the ruins of a free Government and of a people's hopes.

¹ *Farini*, iv. 322-324 ; *Massini*, v. 236 ; *Loev*, ii. 264.

² *Farini*, iv. 317-318.

³ *Ibid.* iv. 328.

CHAPTER XII¹

THE RETREAT, I—ROME TO AREZZO—ESCAPE FROM THE FRENCH, SPANIARDS AND NEAPOLITANS

‘As Garibaldi fortunately marched out of Rome to the South at the head of his six thousand partisans, who are hotly pursued by the First Division of the French, the worst enemies of the country will probably be annihilated.’

Times (Leading Article), July 10.

‘There is a Mrs. Garibaldi; she went out with him to the Abruzzi. I hope the French won’t cut them to pieces, but *vice versa*.’

ARTHUR CLOUGH (Letter from Rome), July 6.

THE column of about four thousand² men who, with a train of waggons and one little cannon, set out at night-fall of July 2, from under the Porta San Giovanni, had need to be across the low ground before daylight. Next morning must see them twenty miles away in some defensible post on a spur of the Sabine hills, no longer exposed in the open Campagna to the attack of the foreign soldiers who had so kindly made it their business to ‘annihilate the worst enemies of the country.’

Every precaution had been taken by a chief who was a master of the art of night marches. He sent out the cavalry to scout through the darkness for the French columns, in front, rear, and flank, round the walls of Rome and along the numerous roads diverging in all directions over the plain. The infantry marched in silence at the top of their speed; the officers whispered their orders; the consolations of the cigar (that friend so treacherous in the darkness) were forbidden to the fugitives.³ Now and

¹ For this Chapter see map p. 141 above, and map at end of book.

² Compare *Hoff.* 319; *Rug.* 11; *Bel.* 9. (Figures given by *Varenne*, 376, apparently refer to period after junction with Forbes.)

³ *Hoff.* 318.

again a tomb of some ancient Roman, or a line of ruined aqueduct, hove dimly in sight, and vanished like a ghost. Hour after hour went by, and still they plodded on through the veiled, silent Campagna. The least melancholy, perhaps, were those who were dreaming of home, hoping that the column would pass by their native town, wondering how easy it would be to slip out of the ranks, how the family would receive the returned hero or prodigal, and how much the priest would ask and suspect. Others questioned death, whether it would seem bitter to them, wounded and alone, high on the barren mountains. To some who would gladly face the firing party, the prospect of the Austrian rods, the Papal dungeons, had terrors. But many, besides Bassi and Anita, had no thought save for Italy, or for the safety of their chief. Garibaldi himself revolved the vision of Venice, of brave Manin still at bay among its lagoons, of the perilous road that led thither by land and sea. And all had Rome to remember, what men and things they had seen there. The Pole Müller and the Brazilian Bueno—courageous mercenaries trusted by the Chief—as they galloped to and fro among the cavalry that night, were each, it is to be feared, already asking himself how much longer it was worth while to serve a fallen cause, a hunted outlaw, and how much gold the enemy would give for betrayal. And so, each man searching in the depth of his own heart, that strange army moved in silence towards the hills.

Along a line stretching for several miles southward from Tivoli, the Sabine mountains rise steeply out of the Campagna, and the barrier which they here present to the plain is clothed in a great forest of olives, that glittered in the rising sun as the tired Garibaldians straggled up the ascent. They reached Tivoli at seven in the morning of July 3.¹ Of all the ancient and beautiful cities set upon

¹ The route followed from Rome to Tivoli is not certain, but probably it was by Zagarolo. The evidence to that effect given by *Bel.* 210 is insufficient; but, as Major de Rossi writes to me, 'Militarily considered, the march to Zagarolo was the only one which could have really deceived Garibaldi's enemies' into thinking

hills, under the walls of which they camped during the next four weeks, none is more beautiful and few are more ancient than Tivoli, the *Tibur* chosen by Horace for the seat of his old age, shining above many groves and waters. For here the riotous Anio makes one leap of it from the mountain to the plain, and the trees and gardens hanging on the precipice beneath the Temple of the Sibyl are kept green by the spray and resonant with the thunder of the eternal fall. It is one of the few places in the Apennines where there is a sense of abundance of water, and where the lush verdure of a moist bank is added to all the native beauties of Italy. Above it perches the old town with its towers set to watch distant Rome. After their long night march, Garibaldi granted his men a day of sleep and recuperation among the olive-groves, terraces and gardens outside the southern gate of Tivoli,¹ where they could sleep in the shade, or gaze out over the Campagna fading indistinguishably into sea and sky beyond, with the dome of St. Peter's clearly visible, afloat above the misty distance. Looking back over this great expanse, they could see that they had given the enemy the slip, and that no army was moving after them from Rome. During this first bivouac, made sweeter by the enthusiastic and inquisitive friendship of the townspeople, and by scenes of loveliness and repose so strangely contrasted with their real situation, their Chief took stock of his position and decided on his course.

In the strange campaign which Garibaldi had now undertaken, immortalised in Italian history under the title of 'the Retreat from Rome,' he was guided by one principle, in accordance with which he pursued two military objects. The principle was never to capitulate to the foreigner on Italian soil. Of his objects, the first was to rouse the populations of Central Italy to war; the second was to

that he had gone to the Alban Hills. And such was their belief next day in Rome. (See p. 242 below.)

¹ It was just outside the Porta Santa Croce, where the tramway from Rome now ends. (*Hoff.* 318; *Bel.* 15; *Bologna MSS.*, *Coccanari.*)

get into Venice and join Manin, before the famous siege, already nine months old, should be brought to its inevitable close. Circumstances would decide for him which of these plans he could pursue with any chance of success. On July 3, when he still required to be taught by experience the utter impossibility of the first plan, he determined to move northward from Tivoli, into Umbria, Tuscany, and the Romagna, because, although the Austrian armies were in occupation of those districts, the inhabitants were, in his opinion, more likely to rise than those of Naples or the Abruzzi.¹ And such a course was at least not taking him away from Venice.

In whatever direction he had turned he would have been met and pursued by hosts of enemies. All the hunters were out to catch the lion. In Tuscany and the Papal States alone there were some 30,000 French, 12,000 Neapolitans, 6,000 Spaniards, 15,000 Austrians, and 2,000 Tuscans, who had no other enemy to contend with, and no other operation on hand but the chase of Garibaldi. At Tivoli, on July 3, he was fairly in the middle of all these armies. To the North, the bulk of the Austrians were concentrated at Florence, with their faces turned in his direction; a powerful body lay at Perugia; another at Ancona on the Adriatic, and smaller garrisons of white-coats occupied all the coast towns whence he might have embarked his army for Venice. To the East, besides this seaboard watch, there were Austrians at Ascoli and at Macerata in the Marches, and Neapolitans close at hand at Aquila. To the South, there was the main body of Neapolitans at Frosinone; while the Spaniards, whose equipment and quality had surprised and pleased the reactionary courts at Gaeta, were already moving from Velletri to Valmontone to cut him off if he turned to Naples or the Abruzzi.² To the West were the French in Rome, sending

¹ *Mem.* 241. 'Mossomi da Tivoli verso tramontana, per gettarmi tra popolazione energiche e suscitare il patriottismo . . .'

² See *D'Ambrosio, Kriegsbegebenheiten, Mittheilungen*, and *De Rossi*, 10, 11.

out expeditions against him, though fortunately in wrong directions.

To penetrate through so many armies, flushed with conquest and confident in numbers, Garibaldi had 4,000 men, of whom a good half were seeking home and safety rather than those fresh battles which their leader and the stalwarts had come out to seek. Every night there were desertions by the score, at first even by the hundred ; and of those who remained together, it may be doubted whether as many as 2,000 had any real heart left for giving and taking blows, after the fight to a finish in which they had just taken part in Rome. This army, if it can so be called, was badly equipped, badly armed, and possessed eighty rounds of ammunition per man.¹ Far the greater part of Garibaldi's best officers had been killed or wounded, or had declined to come on the hopeless expedition.² As to the rank and file, his force was made up of handfuls of men from different bodies, whom he brigaded together in two provisional regiments at Tivoli. He could not therefore wish to fight a pitched battle with any large body of French or Austrians, since disaster would be the not improbable result, and even in case of success the hunted army would be obliged to leave its wounded behind.³

Under such conditions it is doubtful whether any other leader in the world could have penetrated right through the immense hosts of the enemy, and reached the Romagna and the Adriatic coast. Such a feat was rendered possible only by the peculiar arts of war which Garibaldi had learnt and developed for himself in South America, and by the vigour and mobility with which he managed to endow his motley force. After a few days he changed the waggons for beasts of burden, so that he could, when necessary, leave the roads and range the bare Apennines in any direction at will. From the first he adopted his South American custom of making the food of the army walk, in the shape of driven cattle. Marches of irregular length, by day and by night ; the camp broken up at uncertain and unexpected

¹ *Hoff.* 319.

² See list, pp. 325, 326 below.

³ *Hoff.* 402.

hours, often at sunset ; the feint, when in the presence of the enemy or of the public, shortly followed by some unseen turn in another direction ; the elaborate means by which he set afoot rumours exaggerating his numbers, and the genuine fear that his red-shirts still inspired by their reputation for hard fighting ; above all, his use of cavalry—the perfect system of scouting which kept him informed of what the enemy was doing scores of miles away, and the moving screen of horsemen with which he bewildered the minds of the opposing Generals as to his own position and movements—these were the means by which he carried his army through from Rome to San Marino.

In such a system, the cavalry were the most active arm. They were always on the move in numerous detachments, often ten, twenty or thirty miles away from the column. The ex-Papal dragoons were, in fact, taught by Garibaldi, and by the officers of his school, to play the part of the American *gauchos*, and became, for all scouting and masking purposes, vastly superior to the regular European cavalry of that decade. Ill-equipped, they were fortunately well mounted, and though they would scarcely have withstood the shock of a French or Austrian charge of horse, as scouts they completely deceived, outrode and outwitted their slow-moving enemies.¹

In the night march from Rome, Garibaldi had so covered up the traces of his flight to Tivoli that Oudinot, believing him to have gone to the Alban Hills, next day ordered General Mollière to take a division after him in that direction. Mollière started on the morning of the 4th, still under the impression that he would find, near Albano,² the man who had never gone there at all, and who was at

¹ *De Rossi*, 110, and *passim*, on this, the most important military aspect of the retreat. No one should pronounce judgment on Garibaldi as a soldier until he has read *De Rossi*. *General Saletta* fully endorses his opinions. See also *Rug.*, *Bel.*, *Hoff* 319 and *passim*, *Cadolini*, *N.A.* (1902), 319. *De Rossi* regrets that the methods of employing cavalry were so much more antiquated in the regular Italian army in 1866 than those of Garibaldi in 1849.

² *Paris MSS.* 20', 236 ; 33', 217 ; *Bittard des Portes*, 408-410.

that moment on the other side of the Campagna, racing away from Tivoli over the lower slopes of Lucretilis towards Monte Rotondo and the Tiber.¹ For the great north road up the Tiber valley, left open to the guerilla chief by the inaction of the French Generals whom he had duped, would set him on his way to Terni, the town best situated for the maturing of his plans, where, moreover, he could join hands with the last detachment of the Republic's provincial army, lying there under the Englishman Forbes. He had therefore to strike westward from Tivoli onto the Terni road through Monte Rotondo, and he must effect this movement while persuading his enemies that he had started eastward into Neapolitan territory. The operation of carrying his army from Tivoli to Monte Rotondo so swiftly and secretly that no one in Rome found out for several days what had happened, was the more difficult because the spurs of Lucretilis which he had to cross were exceedingly mountainous, and the direction of the march ran athwart that of the principal roads, all of which led to Rome. It was an operation of the most dangerous kind, for if the French had got wind of his return westward they could have poured out from Rome along any of those roads with great rapidity, and so taken his column in flank.

For this reason, Garibaldi began his march to Monte Rotondo with a feint in the opposite direction. The friendly inhabitants of Tivoli, and the clerical spies among them, saw the Garibaldians march off before sunset on the 3rd, by the main road leading to Vicovaro, in the direction of Neapolitan territory. At nightfall they encamped somewhere off this road, but not far from Tivoli.² The report, therefore, spread far and wide, and was believed by the French, Spanish, and Neapolitan Generals, that Garibaldi had started for the Abruzzi. But before daylight next morning (July 4) his column secretly turned back to the west and crossed by a mule-track over a high spur of

¹ It is essential that the reader should follow the map, p. 141, above.

² *Hoff.* 326, 'nahe bei Tivoli,' not near Montecelio, as *Bel.* 22 suggests.

Lucretilis, through the mountain village of San Polo dei Cavalieri, which

‘ Like an eagle’s nest, hangs on the crest
Of purple Apennine.’

A more extraordinary march can hardly be imagined for an army burdened, as they still were, with waggons. The peasants told them that no wheeled carriage could pass that way at all, and such is the first impression left on anyone who walks over the route. But Garibaldi, who, after his custom, had visited San Polo the day before, while his men were resting at Tivoli, had decided that it could be done, and so, with much cursing and shoving, the waggons were hoisted to the top of the mountain and down again on to the Campagna.¹ After that the worst difficulties were over. But there was still no good road leading westward to Monte Rotondo, and the mass of Lucretilis towered grey above the heads of the infantry, as they struggled along over the broken ground at its feet through the vineyards and olives that surround the hill-villages of Montecelio and S. Angelo, and afterwards on to Mentana across an open stretch of desert ground. Meanwhile the cavalry scouted over the lower Campagna, nearer to Rome, whence, if Oudinot got wind of what they were doing, the supreme danger would come.² At last, towards noon, the infantry passed through the long street of Mentana, which then meant no more to Italy and to Garibaldi than any other poverty-stricken village within twenty miles of Rome.

¹ *De Rossi*, 12-14; *Hoff*. 328. The route followed from Tivoli to Montecelio is not exactly described by Hoffstetter or by any authority except Gaetano Sacchi (commander of one of the two divisions formed at Tivoli). Sacchi's notes are now in the possession of Maggiore de Rossi, and are the basis of much of that officer's narrative. The description given by *Hoff*. 328 of the difficulties encountered on the morning of July 4, and the incredulity of the peasants as to the practicability of the route, bears out Sacchi's authoritative statement that they went by Casale Ottati and San Polo. (*De Rossi*, 12-14) We have, besides, to account for the strong and universal impression of Garibaldi's enemies that he had marched from Tivoli into the Abruzzi. If he had not started out of Tivoli up the Anio he could not have set this rumour afloat; and if he started that way he could have reached Montecelio only by San Polo.

² *De Rossi*, 14.

Leaving there his rear-guard, he himself camped with the front division at the fine old hill-town of Monte Rotondo—which dominates the Tiber valley. Here he spent the evening of his forty-second birthday. From the grounds of the monastery, where he took up his quarters just outside the town walls, he could see Rome, and the dome of St. Peter's shining in the sunset, and there Hoffstetter watched him as he stood gazing at it in motionless, speechless sorrow and longing, while, from a neighbouring vineyard, a boy was singing 'one of those yearning melodies peculiar to Italy.'¹ Garibaldi may well have thought that it would be his last view of Rome, for though he never despaired of the ultimate liberation of his country, he could scarcely have felt confident on that summer evening that he himself, ringed round as he was by enemies, would live to see the vintage.

Next morning (July 5) the army marched off, passing beside the old gate of Monte Rotondo, which long afterwards Garibaldi burst open when he stormed the town eight days before the battle of Mentana. As the cavalry had by now reported that there were no French coming out from Rome, and that the way to Terni was open, the column boldly entered the great road, and proceeded by it northwards, up the left bank of the Tiber.

None of Garibaldi's enemies had learnt of his march to Monte Rotondo—so effective had been his feint in the wrong direction when he left Tivoli on the evening of the 3rd. The Spaniards, having heard that he had gone from Tivoli up the Anio into the Abruzzi, had started from Valmontone on the previous morning over the steep Sabine ridges, and, after a magnificent day's march, in which their hemp sandals must have assisted these hardy mountaineers, dropped down into the valley of Subiaco on the evening of the 4th, at an hour when Garibaldi, who had gone that day in a direction so unexpected, was gazing at Rome from Monte Rotondo. On the morning of the 5th, again deceived as to the road taken by the heretics, the indefatig-

¹ Hoff. 329.

able crusaders set off from Subiaco northwards for Rocca Sinibalda, with a rapidity of movement in difficult ground which far surpassed that of the French and Austrians in this campaign. On July 5-6, while Garibaldi was marching to Poggio Mirteto on the road to Terni, the Spaniards pushed as far as Rieti, unwittingly travelling by a line parallel to his route and rather in advance of his column. Thus it was entirely owing to his *ruse de guerre* at the moment of leaving Tivoli, that they were not now falling on him in the Tiber valley, but were trudging along, some fifteen miles away on his right flank, on the other side of the mountain range. The Spaniards for three days (July 4-6) marched as well as the Garibaldians themselves, but as their scouting was inferior, they failed to use the chances which their energy secured to them.¹

Deceived by the same stratagem of the feigned march into the Abruzzi, Oudinot passed July 5 and 6 in complete ignorance that Garibaldi had come back to the Tiber Valley. When he discovered his mistake, it was only to fall into another—namely, to suppose that Garibaldi had marched from Monte Rotondo across the Tiber towards the west coast. This deception had also been carefully arranged by his antagonist, who had sent Müller and fifty horsemen from Monte Rotondo to make a demonstration in the direction of Viterbo; they swam the Tiber and rode through all the region round the Lago Bracciano, to spread the false news that Garibaldi was coming that way.² These rumours, which even asserted that he was threatening Civitavecchia, so far deceived Oudinot that, instead of sending men up the Tiber, he sent General Morris, on July 7, to find Garibaldi in the region west of Lago Bracciano. The French marched first by the sea-coast as far as Corneto, and only then turned inland.³

¹ *De Rossi*, 15, 16, 18; *Military Events*, 321; *D'Ambrosio*, 67.

² *Hoff*, 329; *De Rossi*, 14.

³ *Bittard des Portes*, 412. From the *Historiques*; I do not think this deviation to Corneto, due to Garibaldi's skill in disseminating false reports of his movements, has been noticed by Italian writers.

Having thus thrown his pursuers off the scent, by a strategic feat comparable in design and execution to the great march by which, at the supreme crisis of his life, he effected his entry into Palermo in 1860, Garibaldi moved northwards, unmolested, from Monte Rotondo to Terni. On the 5th he followed the main road, first along the flat Tiber bank, and then over desert hills towards Poggio Mirteto, with Mount Soracte close in view all day across the river. Since he had determined to march through the following night, the troops were halted at noon for a siesta of seven hours, in a cool, wooded valley, beside a 'great stone bridge.'¹ Here the soldiers bathed in the river, and here they slaughtered eight of the twenty oxen which they were driving with them; the flesh was roasted Homerically on green spits plucked from the trees around, with culinary results which delighted Hoffstetter, new to these South American customs. Meanwhile Anita sat under a rock, smiling and talking cheerfully with Garibaldi, Ugo Bassi, Ciceruacchio and the staff. On these occasions she worked at a tent which she was making for herself, while Garibaldi spoke with hope and courage of better times to come, and told stories of their adventures in South America. The stirring tale of Anita's escape from her captors, and lonely ride through the Brazilian forest to rejoin her husband, he repeated in her presence to this circle of friends, made more dear to each other by the recent loss of so many comrades in Rome, and by the shadow of their own approaching doom.²

During the night of the 5th to 6th they marched up into

¹ The account of the place in *Hoff.* 331 does not exactly suit either Passo Corese or the Ponte Sfondato over the Farfa, a tributary of the Tiber; yet it must be one of these two places. From observations on the spot I incline to think that it was the latter, and this idea also occurred to *Belluzzi* (see his *Note-book*) when he visited the places. The Ponte Sfondato is in a wild, narrow, rocky, and wooded valley, and Hoffstetter might well call it a 'great stone bridge,' for it is the living rock through which the Farfa torrent has burrowed its way, hastening down to the Tiber. They certainly passed over it, whether they camped there or not.

² *Hoff.* 327, 331, 332, 337, 339, 340; *Bel.* 23, 24. For the story see p. 33 above. *Rug.* 13.

the vine-covered hills as far as the remote town of Poggio Mirteto, near which they encamped among a friendly population.¹ On the 7th, a day of great heat, they started in the morning twilight and made a long march, first over hills of vine and olive, then across an empty river-bed and past a dried-up fountain at Vacone, up a long pass, by a road skirting the bottom of the wild evergreen forests that variegated the grey mountains above. Those who have walked along these roads from fountain to fountain will realise what the army must have suffered when half the usual springs were dry. At last, after a day of unquenched thirst, the fortunate vanguard came to the roadside fountain below Confine, whose waters are caught in a series of long troughs, where men and horses drank together in crowds—so long that evil effects were expected. But they slept all the better for that draught on the top of the pass among the scattered oak-copses, below the hamlet of Confine, and next day dropped into the broad vineyard-clad plain of the Nar, and entered Terni amid the rejoicings of the population. The Spaniards, who ought to have attacked them there, remained inactive near Rieti, in close touch with the division of Neapolitans coming up from Aquila, and utterly deceived as to Garibaldi's movements by the Italian cavalry outposts who were set to watch and bewilder them.'

Having reached Terni, and there effected his union with the 900 men under Colonel Forbes, Garibaldi had done all that was possible. And yet he was bitterly disappointed. It grieved him sorely, though it did not surprise others, that even in the friendly towns no recruits would join the forlorn hope, and that desertions were constant. He found European soldiers wanting in hardihood, for he judged them by comparison with the half-civilised *gauchos* and horse-breakers of Rio Grande and Uruguay :—

'In my own heart' (he wrote of these first days of the retreat)
'I often recalled the steadfast endurance and self-abnegation

¹ *M.S. Poggio Mirteto*. Henceforward consult map at end of book.

² *De Rossi*, 16, 109; *Bel.* 25, 26; *D'Ambrosio*, 67, 68.

of those Americans among whom I had lived, who, deprived of every comfort of life, content with any kind of food, and often with none at all, kept up a war of extermination for many years in deserts and forests, rather than bow the knee to a tyrant or a foreign invader.' ¹

The child of the Ocean and the Pampas now for the first time realised the physical limitations of the ordinary inhabitant of Europe, the idealist was reading hard fact, and the sanguine patriot was discovering that all Italians were not of the same temper as the best, and that his countrymen were not the race of impossible warrior-heroes of whom he had dreamed for a dozen years in the American wilderness. But he showed no outward sign of disheartenment or of rage; to his followers he was all dignity, kindness and courage, and as they watched him riding 'grave and quiet' past the monuments of antiquity along the deserted roads of the Roman States, many felt the greatness of the time, the country and the man, nor would they have changed, for a more commonplace and hopeful expedition, their armed pilgrimage through Italy under this strange leader to some unknown fate beyond the mountains.²

Though half his army served him splendidly on the retreat, he had much to embitter him. Most of those who stole away at night left their muskets behind and went innocently back to their homes³; but some were thieves, who took with them their horses and arms, and went about in small bands requisitioning and robbing in the name of the chief whom they had deserted, and the cause which their conduct disgraced.⁴

It may be well here to inquire what was Garibaldi's own system of treating the various classes of inhabitants on his passage, and what was his method of provisioning the troops who remained under him during the July of 1849. It was a difficult problem, for he had no base and no

¹ *Mem.* 241.

² *Hoff.* 348, 349.

³ *Rug.* 16; *Mem.* 241.

⁴ *Rug.* 17; *Bel.* 50-52; *Military Events*, 328, 329; *Mem.* 244; *Farini*, iv. 233.

supplies, and his war-chest only contained the now valueless paper-money of the slain Republic. He solved it by taking loans and requisitions of food from almost every town or large village near which he camped, acting in his right as General of the Republic with plenary powers. The municipal bodies and the townsmen gladly gave their wealth for the use of the men, who, as they felt, were acting as their proxies in patriotism; if they were sparing of their own blood, they were not niggardly of their money for the national cause, even now when all was lost. Sometimes, indeed, the municipality registered a touching claim for repayment in years to come, when Italy should be free. The monasteries, on the other hand, paid their shares most unwillingly, being on the other side in politics, and expecting anything rather than reimbursement under future Liberal governments.¹

By means of these loans the Garibaldians were able to pay the peasantry for everything which they took on the road, and the General enforced this rule by the only effective means: 'The soldiers feared, as well as loved him, for they knew that he would order them to be shot without taking his cigar out of his mouth.'² The oxen which they drove with them, having been bought from *contadini*, had been paid for, cash down.³ And so, in effect, Garibaldi made the towns and the monasteries pay the tillers of the soil for what he needed to take. It was a just distribution of the burden, because the poorest suffered the least, and his conduct in this respect is the more to be commended, since the *contadini* in the outlying districts, unlike the townspeople, were hostile to the national cause, and sometimes turned out under the leadership of priests and Sanfedists to cut off the stragglers.⁴ But Garibaldi would not rob the poor, merely because they were misled.

The only criticism that could be made of this system of

¹ *Hoff.* 323, and *passim*; *Bel.* 35, 73, 74, 96, 97, and *passim*; *Bolzi*; *Bologna MS. Cetona.*

² *Hoff.* 333; *Bel.* 27-29.

³ *Hoff.* 331; *Bel.* 63, 125.

⁴ *Rug.* 29.

maintaining the war was its heavy incidence on the religious communities. In that respect he showed himself, not the bandit, but the Revolutionary soldier. His men, says one who witnessed the retreat, 'were excellent towards private individuals, and scrupulously paid for whatever they took from the peasants, but were in like degree hostile and fatal to the monasteries.'¹ This was true, at least in the sense that while the lay townsmen paid their quotas willingly, the religious corporations had often to be forced to reveal their hidden wealth. But these inquiries were not roughly conducted, and were sometimes made palatable by kindly chaff; in a dispute over the alleged resources of a monastery at Castiglione Fiorentino, a bottle of *Vino Santo*, judiciously fetched up from the cellar, induced the Garibaldian officer to take his pen and write 150 *scudi* for 200, and crack a good-natured joke, which the monk recorded in his diary.²

The other grievance of the religious was that Garibaldi generally quartered his men in their grounds, because he preferred, for the better discipline of his troops, to camp outside the walls of the friendly towns, on some neighbouring eminence, either in an olive grove, or, by preference, among the cypresses and laurels of the garden of the local San Francesco, of which also the cool cells and cloisters were in much request at mid-day halts. The behaviour of the troops in the monasteries was not bad upon the whole. Only in one place was there looting of convents on the retreat, and nowhere any personal violence.³ Indeed, the relations, though strained, were courteous,⁴ except on occasions when the men of religion fired from their windows or loosed the mastiffs on their unwelcome guests, or when

¹ *Bologna MS., Manfredini.*

² See the monk's own story, in *Bolsi*. The officer, pocketing the 150, said with a laugh: '*Ah frate! cinquanta scudi hai, ma gli hai specolati con una bottiglia di Vino Santo.*' 'Il Padre Ugo Bassi,' 'dressed like an officer,' then confessed himself to one of the fraternity. A *scudo* = 5 *lire* (*Bel.* 220).

³ For conduct at Citerna see *Magherini*, 27; *Bel.* 123.

⁴ The statements in this paragraph are deduced from scores of individual incidents recorded in *Bel.* (e.g. 39, 61), *Hoff.*, and the *Bologna MSS.* (See also *Rug.* and *Bolsi.*)

the lean red-shirts seasoned their repast in the refectory by lecturing the brothers on their life of ease and want of patriotism.¹

While the French had been accomplishing the reduction of the capital, the Austrians had destroyed the provincial armies of the Republic, of which the last remnant, under Colonel Hugh Forbes, was stationed at Terni, on July 8, when Garibaldi entered the town. The Forbes family were British citizens, resident in Tuscany; Forbes, who had begun his military career more than twenty years before in the British Coldstream Guards, now a spare, grizzled man of forty, had taken the field on behalf of Italian freedom. He had served first the Venetian and then the Sicilian rebels during the past twelve months, and now he and his boy were in Terni, quarrelling with its citizens, who found the Colonel too arbitrary. Hugh Forbes was *italianissimo* but not *simpatico*—at any rate, not to the people of Terni. Garibaldi's arrival restored concord, and the soldiers of both armies fraternised with each other and with the citizens in a grand *festa* of the Italian tricolor. Forbes and his men now became part of the column of retreat, and Garibaldi soon learnt to admire, as a 'most courageous and honourable soldier,' 'the eccentric Briton,' who cared so little about the garniture of war, that he went through the campaign in the summer suit and white chimney-pot hat of his class and country.²

But the 900 men, who had only in the last few weeks been committed to the charge of Forbes, were not all of the same kidney as their officer. When the rest of the Republican regiment, of which they had formed a part, disbanded on the news of the fall of Rome, these soldiers, who were chiefly Swiss and other ex-Papal troops and employees, remained in arms, but not entirely out of

¹ *Rug.* 17-19, notes; monasteries some miles north and west of Todi.

² See App. N., below, *Hugh Forbes*; also *Hoff.* 342, 414; *MS. F.O. Papers*; *Bel.* 30-34, 230; *Vecchi*, ii. 315; *Ovidi*, 127; *Bologna MS. Piva*; *Mem.* 241: *De Rossi*, 7, note. Neither Hugh Forbes nor his son is identical with Capt. C. S. Forbes, R.N., author of the *Campaign of Garibaldi*, 1861.

patriotic enthusiasm, for they were subsequently distinguished on the retreat for the rapidity with which many of them deserted, in order to pillage the country in the name of Garibaldi. Since a large number of the men whom he had led from Rome to Terni remained behind in the town, he cannot be said to have quitted it with his strength seriously increased.¹

More than twenty-four hours were spent at Terni, while the troops were rested and reorganised, and while the arms abandoned by the deserters were disposed of to local patriots who could be trusted to secrete them, be it for months or for years, until another wave of revolution should sweep over the Papal States. Before leaving the town, Garibaldi had, moreover, to determine once for all the direction in which he was going to break away. For Terni was the central point on which his enemies were converging from three sides. The Austrians at Perugia were sending out forces towards Foligno and Spoleto; the Spaniards still occupied Rieti, backed by the Neapolitans at Città Ducale; the French, under Morris, were at last turning inland from Corneto towards Civita Castellana and Viterbo. But since Garibaldi's energetic cavalry so imposed on the Spaniards and on the Austrians as to check their advance, and at the same time kept their chief informed of the movements of the French, he was at leisure to decide on his direction, and determined to go north-west into Tuscany before the French should block his route thither by seizing Orvieto. His troops, therefore, left Terni by the northern road.²

The march out of the plain of the Nar to the upper valley of the Tiber was made under comparatively easy conditions, though Forbes' men were astonished to find that not even the General slept under a roof, and that everyone had to do without supper. Garibaldi, Ciceruacchio, and the staff gave to the soldiers the little water which was procured for themselves on the way, and Anita made a

¹ *Pianciani*, 10, 11; *Farini*, iv. 233; *Rug.* 16; *Forbes MSS.*

² *Hoff.* 344, 345; *De Rossi*, 19, 20; 105-107; *Mem.* 241; *Bittard des Portes*, 412; *Bel.* 34; *Rug.* 14, 15, 22; *D'Ambrosio*, 67.

like sacrifice, though she was in far greater need of comforts.¹ On the morning of July 11, they reached Todi, which rises far-seen above a gorge of the curving Tiber. A few hundred yards outside the gate they were welcomed by the citizens with the inevitable band of music, and lodged in the garden of a pretty little white-walled and red-roofed convent on a hill by the roadside, where, amid the Franciscan laurels, cypresses and fruit trees, the soldiers built for Anita a straw-hut in which she received the visits of the ladies of Todi.² From the garden there was a broad view up the Tiber Valley, which opens out to the north, so that she could see the hill of Perugia where the Austrians lay in force twenty-five miles away, and even the dim outline of the crater of Lake Trasimene.

Leaving his troops outside, in the convents, to make friends with the friars, as they very soon managed to do, Garibaldi, with his staff, entered Todi. The red-shirted horsemen clattered up the narrow street which pierces three concentric circles of ancient fortification in its way up to the centre of the town. So steep and straight is the ascent that no wheeled carriage can mount to the mediæval piazza, which, with its fine Cathedral, Town Hall, and Government House, resembles that of Perugia in style and beauty, though not in spaciousness. Here, where his statue stands to-day, Garibaldi transacted business with the patriotic municipality, and obtained from it freely both money and provisions. The column of retreat was so badly armed that it was considered advantageous to exchange 200 of their firearms for those of the Civic Guard of Todi.³

The march westward into Tuscany was now to be carried out. The cavalry were sent great distances in all directions, to find and bewilder the various hostile armies, and had orders to rejoin the column near Cetona in five or six days' time.⁴ The infantry started for Orvieto, where they had need to arrive before the French, if they did not wish to

¹ *Rug.* 19.

² *Bel.* 37-39.

³ *Hoff.* 359, 360; *Bel.* 37-39.

⁴ *Rug.* 22, 23; *De Rossi*, 10

be caught in a trap.¹ The difficulties of the way thither were great : it was necessary to cross the Tiber by the Todi bridge and scale the mountains to Prodo ; but the good road that now runs that way did not exist in 1849. A roughly paved bridle-path then climbed steeply through the thin oak copses of the mountain, and enough of it still remains for the modern pedestrian to experience for himself parts of the route by which the half-starved and thirsty men made their way, driving and dragging ninety heavily laden beasts of burden, and in the worst places walking in single file and bearing on their shoulders the beloved piece of cannon they had brought from Rome. The waggons and Forbes' two pieces of artillery were wisely left behind at Todi.²

The night of July 13-14 was spent in a crevice of the naked mountain, above the thick forests that slope down into the Tiber gorge below. Here, in this 'gash of the wind-grieved Apennine,' below the old castellated hamlet of Prodo, that seems to shiver with the fear and poverty of centuries, Anita slept in the tent which she had made. Near by trickled a half-dried fountain, and around lay the tired soldiers. Her husband, alert at daybreak, rode off to reconnoitre, and, seeing a shepherd, approached to question him as to the route. The half-savage fellow in his sheepskin shuffled off for the woods in panic. Hoffstetter would have threatened him, but Garibaldi forbade all show of force, and riding up to him soon won his friendship. 'What do you fear? Do we speak *Tedesco*? We are fighting for you. We are your countrymen.' New words these, full of difficult matter for the poor thick head; he and his ancestors, toiling here among the mountains for unnumbered centuries, have heard of a God and of a Lady who care for

¹ At Todi, Garibaldi learnt from his cavalry that the French were *en route* for Viterbo, and probably, therefore, for Orvieto. (*De Rossi*, 109, 111.)

² *Hoff*. 362; *Bel.* 46-55. Besides Hoffstetter's account of the path, see *Murray's Central Italy*, 1850, which calls it a 'bad mountainous bridle road.' See also all contemporary maps, and especially the large-scale map in the Municipio of Narni, for the absence of any great road from Todi to Orvieto. The 'great road' down the Tiber gorge spoken of in *Hoff*. 361, 362, as purposely avoided by them for fear of the French, only began after Prodo; it is not possible to go along the bottom of the gorge of the Tiber running south-west from Todi.

their sorrows, but never before of a country that was theirs, of a cause that was the people's, of soldiers who were not the natural enemies of the poor. But this armed horseman is kind, and has a voice that is not like other voices, so the sad, frightened face of toil melts into a smile, and the poor man answers gladly in his uncouth dialect, and even offers to lead the way. Whereat, other shepherds, who have been watching from behind cover, come up, their Italian inquisitiveness conquering fear, and in a few minutes the stranger has won all their hearts, and each is clamouring to be his guide.¹

After Prodo * the track was no better than before, save that it began soon to turn down-hill, and that the march was cheered by the sight of old Etruscan Orvieto rising on its acropolis of tufa rock above the junction of the Paglia, the Clanis, and the Tiber, while behind lay green vistas of Tuscany and of Monte Amiata stretching into the western distance. The race had been won, and the French had not yet arrived from the south. In Orvieto, famous since the twelfth century for its internal feuds, there were two parties among the citizens; but the Democrats got the upper hand, invited Garibaldi and his staff to come up on to the rock, illuminated the city in his honour, and gave supplies and money for his army encamped in the valley below.²

But the French were close at hand; so close, indeed, that the food consumed by Garibaldi's soldiers had been prepared by order for those of General Morris. But before their arrival the retreat was resumed, on July 15, by the road that leads over the mountains to Ficulle. Garibaldi hoped to pass through Città della Pieve, but it was found by the cavalry to be closed and garrisoned by Tuscan troops, and large Austrian forces might be expected to arrive there from Perugia. He, therefore, turned west at Santa Maria,

¹ *Hoff.* 362-365. Even in this wilderness, where there was none to bear witness if they wronged any one, a soldier was shot for stealing a hen. (*Hoff.* 365.)

* See Garibaldi's Prodo despatch at end of chapter.

² *Bel.* 55-57; *Hoff.* 369.

and on the night of July 16-17 crossed the canalised plain of the Clanis (Chiana) towards Salci. The night was pitch black, the rain fell in torrents, the mules floundered into the ditches, the men lost their way on the miry tracks and bridges of the canals, and the inhabitants roused at midnight were hostile and unhelpful. But at last the night came to an end, and the column reunited on *terra firma*, at the fortified village of Salci—a curious relic of mediæval life consisting of a score of peasants' houses, built in a square, with the gates and defences of a walled city.¹

That morning (July 17), as they crossed the border into Tuscany, everything smiled on them. The morning was warm, sunny, and fresh after the tempestuous night, the Tuscans were friendly, and their wine was good; the landscape, bounded on the west by the ridge of Monte Cetona, and on the east by the distant hills round Lake Trasimene, was rich with fruit, and wine, and oil.²

By the terrible march of the last night, Garibaldi had finally thrown off the French, whom he did not again see for ten years, and then as his allies for the deliverance of Italy. In crossing the Tuscan border he left behind all the armies of the Latin races; but there remained ahead of him a foe more formidable than the Spaniards and Neapolitans, more cruel than the French—the *Tedeschi*, waging their war of extermination on Italian rebels. The network of Austrian armies, stretched across Italy through Florence, Siena, Perugia, and Ancona, had yet to be passed before he could reach the Adriatic, and stand by Manin in Venice.

¹ *De Rossi*, 114, 115; *Hoff*. 377-380; *Bel*. 56-66.

² *Hoff*. 380, 381.

* The following despatch of Garibaldi's—one of the very few despatches of which the originals are now remaining, that were written on the retreat—is addressed to 'Col. Hugh Forbes, commanding the 2nd Legion,' and dated 'Prodo, 14 July, 1849, 9 A.M.' It is among the *Forbes MSS.* (see App. N. below): 'Citizen Colonel, I have received yours of yesterday with the enclosure and thank you for it. At this moment I am marching the cavalry for the Paglia bridge, as there is not here enough water to give the horses to drink. I shall start towards afternoon by the same route with the rest of the column. I have demanded rations at Orvieto. I have no news of the enemy. Yours, G. GARIBOLDI.'

CHAPTER XIII

THE RETREAT, II.—FROM TUSCANY TO THE BORDERS OF SAN MARINO—THROUGH THE AUSTRIAN ARMIES

‘ Fuga di cauto leone inseguito
che si rimbosca, cupido di strage,
contenendo nel gran petto il ruggito,
e sbarrando nel buio occhi di brage.’

MARRADI.—*Rapsodia Garibaldina*.

GARIBALDI, when he turned westward to cross the Tuscan border, hoped to rouse another revolution against the Grand Duke Leopold, and another war against the foreigner, in a State whose inhabitants had failed to do very much for Italy, even when times were far more propitious. He was quickly undeceived. When, at Montepulciano, on July 19, he issued a manifesto calling Tuscany to arms against the Austrian invaders, it met with no response. For all knew that, after Novara and the fall of Rome, a popular rising in Central Italy had no chance of success, in the face of the whole power of Austria and of France. Moreover, in spite of the unwelcome entry into Florence of the Austrian troops,¹ as the protectors, or rather now as the task-masters, of the restored Grand Duke, that pliable and kindly old man was not actively disliked by his subjects; indeed, Leopold still hoped to make his rule popular, in contrast to the Papal tyranny in the neighbouring State, of which he spoke with disapproval to the British Minister.²

¹ For the entrance of the Austrian troops into Florence, see Mrs. Browning's *Casa Guidi Windows*, Pt. II.

² *F.O. Papers, MS.* Letter of Sir G. Hamilton to Lord Palmerston, August 19, 1849. The Grand Duke was, however, in the habit of saying one thing to one man and another to another.

And so the leader of revolution marched through eastern Tuscany, generously aided with money and provisions by the municipalities, and loudly welcomed by the populace, sometimes with the strange cry *Viva Garibaldi, Re d' Italia*, yet all the while bitterly disappointed at the absence of recruits. But the young men to whom he appealed vowed themselves to the service of their country in future years, and as he passed on he left the inhabitants of each little town devoted to the legendary hero who had ridden through their streets, drunk at their fountain, and spoken to the mothers and children thronging round him of the time to come when the motherland would need those young lives.¹ Stories of what he had said and done, passing from mouth to mouth, worked in secret for ten years, and prepared the season when Italy was indeed created by the irresistible impulse of all her populations. Although as a military operation the retreat was foredoomed to failure, it served as a mission of political propaganda in the highest sense of the word.

In this way they marched on through Cetona² and Sarteano, through Montepulciano, famous for its wine and its view of Lake Trasimene, through Torrita, with its pretty towers of red brick, through Bettolle and Fojano, right across the central plain of Italy, tramping to the monotonous chorus of frogs from the half-dried ditches that distribute the canalised waters of the Clanis among the vineyards—on towards the north-eastern mountain wall on which hangs Cortona. The Tuscan regular troops, who might have resisted their passage of the plain, shrank away and let them pass, merely skirmishing with their scouts at Clusium. So, on July 21, they reached the edge of the mountains and entered Castiglione Fiorentino.

Now that his extravagant hope of rousing Tuscany to

¹ *Rug.* 30, 35, 38; *Bel.* 63, 77, 90, 91; *Magherini*, 13, 14.

² See map at end of book for this chapter. At Cetona the Garibaldians were quartered in houses, for the first time since Rome. They were hospitably received, and some, I hope, partook of a certain brand of the white wine of the district. Here, too, Anita changed her man's dress for a woman's.

war had been dissipated, Garibaldi determined to strike across the highest ridges of the Apennines, descend on some Adriatic port, and there embark for Venice. Four armies of Austrians (under the supreme command of General D'Aspre), amounting to 15,000 men or more,¹ occupied the whole ground over which he would have to manœuvre. Two of these armies—that of Archduke Ernest at Ancona, and that of Hahne at Bologna—lay on the other side of the *massif* of the Apennines, ready to catch him as he descended on the Adriatic, if ever he were to reach the top of the passes. The other two were on either flank of him, where he now was; for Paumgarten lay at Perugia, and D'Aspre himself at Florence, each sending out strong expeditions to catch the guerilla, and each prepared to follow with the rest of the troops if once he were located.² On July 13, D'Aspre had written a shrewd letter to Oudinot, saying that the threatened irruption of Garibaldi into Tuscany must be a *ruse de guerre*, and that he would probably turn back to the Adriatic;³ but a week later D'Aspre's lieutenant, Stadion, commanding the portion of the forces despatched from Florence to deal with the 'Bandits,' was deceived on that very point by Müller and his active cavalry, whom Garibaldi had sent out for this purpose from Sarteano. Fully persuaded that the Italian army was coming into the valley of the Umbro in order to reach the west coast, Stadion lingered near Siena and Buonconvento during the critical days when the Garibaldians were traversing the open plain of the Clanis.⁴ Meanwhile, on their right flank, Paumgarten, scarcely less bewildered than Stadion as to their movements and intentions, kept part of his men at

¹ *De Rossi*, 10. There were 10,000 Austrians in the Papal States alone by the end of April (*Mittheilungen*, 233, 234).

² *Mittheilungen*, 283 and *passim*; *Kriegsbegebenheiten* and *De Rossi*, *passim*.

³ *Torre*, ii. 398 (letter from Florence).

⁴ *De Rossi*, 116-119; *Kriegsbegebenheiten*, 19, 20. After this last service the Pole, Müller, betrayed the cause and chief whom he had served so well, and sold himself to Stadion. *Vecchi*, ii. 317, 321; *Rug.* 32; and *Farini*, iv. 233, dispose of the doubts of *Bel.* 184, note.

Perugia and sent out others in ill-directed or belated expeditions to Città della Pieve, Clusium and elsewhere.¹

Garibaldi, having thus freed himself from all immediate pressure at the moment of entering Castiglione Fiorentino on the 21st, marched along the foot of the mountains to Arezzo. His desire was, before beginning the passage of the higher Apennines, to recruit his tired troops in the chief city of the district. He also hoped, by this move on Arezzo, to deceive Paumgarten's men once more, and draw them westward, for he feared lest they should march from Perugia up the Tiber valley, and cut off his retreat at San Sepolcro, near which point he would have to pass on his way to the Adriatic.²

Arrived in front of the walls of Arezzo, the tired patriots underwent a cruel disappointment. The gates were closed in their faces by the officials of the Moderate party, backed by quiet citizens afraid of Austrian vengeance. The energetic Gonfaloniere of Arezzo, the poet Guadagnoli, manned the walls with a few Tuscan regulars, and ninety invalided Austrian soldiers, while he improvised and armed a Civic Guard of 260 men, partly consisting of peasants called in from outside to keep down the city Democrats. The latter, normally the strongest party in Arezzo, which had sent many volunteers to Lombardy in '48, were indignant at an act of inhospitality degrading to the reputation of their town in the annals of patriotism. They attempted a revolt, but were suppressed, and many suffered long terms of imprisonment. Meanwhile, during the greater part of July 23, Garibaldi lay encamped in front of the walls, on the hill of Santa Maria, parleying in vain for an entry. His angry troops clamoured to be led to the assault, which could not have failed, but their chief dreaded the scandal of a victory over Italians, especially as it might have been followed by looting on the part of the undesirables in his army; he also told Hoffstetter that he did not wish to leave behind a number of wounded to be shot by the Austrians, and that he feared to be caught in a trap inside the town by

¹ *De Rossi*, 119.

² *Ibid.* 120-122.

the arrival of Paumgarten and Stadion. Indeed, at night-fall of the 23rd, Paumgarten's troops were already drawing so near, that he was forced to hasten on his way up the road leading to the Scopettone pass. The failure to enter Arezzo had a demoralising effect on his men, who now felt too clearly that they were no more than fugitives.¹

This impression was enhanced by the horrors of the night retreat, when the rearguard went astray and became engaged with the Austrians under the walls of Arezzo; when all over the hills and up to the pass, deserters, stragglers, and wounded were hunted down by bands of peasants under the leadership of friars and priests, dispatching their countrymen or handing them over to the Austrian butchers. So strong was the reactionary sentiment among some of the *contadini* in the mountains behind Arezzo, that during the same week a traveller saw cottages illuminated, and heard rude voices chanting festal hymns in honour of the Austrian Emperor, who was not even legally their lord. The hills resounded with

‘ Evviva la corona
Del nostro Imperator,’

till the astonished gentleman could believe himself in Tyrol rather than Tuscany. Such, in its effect, was the political teaching of the Church in the era of Italy's resurrection.²

Meanwhile the main body of Garibaldians, having slept at midnight on the top of the Scopettone Pass, descended, next day, the long gorge beside the clear Cerfone torrent, the rays of the July sun falling pitilessly on their heads, until, on the afternoon of the 24th, they crossed out of Tuscany into the Papal States, and emerged into the valley of the Upper Tiber.³ This reach of the great river, where it first leaves its mountain cradle, has a peculiar effect on the

¹ *Salaris*, 9-25; *Bel.* 99-106; *Rug.* 39-44, 56; *De Rossi*, 245; *Hoff.* 402, 403; *Guerzoni*, i. 342. *Torre*, ii. 400 (D'Aspre's letter).

² *Corsi*, i. 186, 187; *Rug.* 29, 44; *Hoff.* 403-407; *Bel.* 108, 122, 123.

³ *Hoff.* 407, 408.

imagination, for the valley, several miles broad, through which it flows, combines the freshness of an Alp with the wealth and spaciousness of a populous country-side. It is studded with small towns, of which San Sepolcro is the chief; and through the thick web of vines that nets the plain runs the line of a poplar wood shading the course of the Tiber—not here a yellow flood, but a clear stream of blue and silver eddies. The whole valley is shut in on the south-west by the mountains, covered with oak forest, out of which Garibaldi emerged; and on the other side by the central ridge of the Apennines—the Monte Luna, and the precipitous ascent to the Trabaria pass, by which alone his hunted army could now hope to escape to the Adriatic.

The spirals by which this road winds up the mountain, and the whole panorama of the valley below, were clearly visible from the old walled village of Citerna, whose ruined keep crowns an olive-clad hill, enclosed on three sides by tributaries of the Tiber.¹ In this position, dominating the plain, and too strong to be stormed except by overwhelming numbers, Garibaldi remained for more than forty-eight hours, to reorganise and rest his exhausted troops, and prepare for the passage of the water-shed of Italy. From Citerna hill, on the second day of the bivouac, he watched the Austrian divisions, numbering many thousand men, pour one after the other into the valley below. Some came on his traces from Arezzo; others, as he had feared, up the Tiber from Perugia; and finally, Stadion's men began to enter from the opposite direction, behind Anghiari.² He could observe the white columns crawling in different directions over the green plain, each ignorant of the other's movements, but all as clear to him as pieces set out on a war map; he could see the road climbing up the mountain wall on the further side of Tiber—a ladder to the foot of which he must attain by passing between these various hostile bodies; and he was thus enabled to lay his plans

¹ See illustration, p. 269, below.

² *Kriegsbegebenheiten*, 21, 22; *De Rossi*, 247–249; *Bel.* 114, 115; *Magherini*, 23, 24; *Rug.* 45, 46.

according to what he saw himself, as well as by the reports of his outposts, who were watching and skirmishing all along the valley.¹

Until the word to move was given, the hours of repose were passed in pleasant quarters. Most of the troops were bivouacked inside the walled grounds of two small monasteries, situated upon the ridge of which Citerna crowns the summit. The Cappuccini, a pretty little white building, is set in a large garden that slopes half-way down the hill, where

‘all the flowers and trees do close
To weave the garlands of repose.’

In July the flowers of spring were gone, but cypresses and stone pines, figs and fruit trees, besides oak, brushwood and exotic plants, gave that look of dark coolness in the midst of lucent heat which is the most prized of the beauties of Italy. Here Anita slept under a bower of evergreens.² And here Garibaldi interviewed the patriots of the Tiber valley, who came up the hill to offer him their services at no small risk to themselves. ‘This time things have gone badly,’ he told a deputation from Città di Castello, ‘but the blood shed at Rome will be productive, and I hope that in ten years at most Italy will be free.’³ It was, in fact, not till September 1860, that the Bersaglieri of Victor Emmanuel, set in motion by the victories of the red-shirts in Sicily, marched gaily down this way to Perugia, amid the wild rejoicings of the liberated people, who had never forgotten, and whose descendants will never forget, Garibaldi’s passage across their valley in July 1849.⁴

During the long encampment on Citerna hill, some of the men looted in the rooms of the monasteries—almost the only case of such misconduct that occurred during

¹ This is evident to anyone who has stood on Citerna hill.

² The edge of Anita’s bower of evergreens, together with the monastery itself, can be seen in illustration opposite. (*Hoff.* 408, 409; *Bel.* 109.)

³ He repeated this strangely correct prophecy two or three days later at Mercatello (*Magherini*, 14; *Bel.* 112, 113, 131), and again at Gatteo (*Modoni*, 86, 87). Salvagnoli made the same prophecy of ‘ten years.’ *Tabarrini*, 9.

⁴ *Della Rocca*, 180–184; *Magherini*, *passim*; *Bel.* 124, 125.

the Retreat. Ugo Bassi's *bonhomie* was not altogether unsuccessful in consoling the victims, who received much sympathy from the officers when the fault was discovered.¹

About a mile distant from Citerna lies Monterchi, another little town on a lower hill to the south. Here the Austrians lay in force, and Garibaldi, watching from the garden of the Cappuccini their preparations to attack or surround the Citerna hill, and their guns planted against him, determined that it was time for him to be gone. Indeed, his escape northwards across the valley might be closed at any moment by the troops from Città di Castello and Anghiari, some of whom were already in the neighbourhood of San Sepolcro. The forces of the Austrians within a few miles of Citerna were three or four times as numerous as his own, and their generals believed themselves to have blocked every road by which he could escape out of the Tiber valley; this error arose from the dependence of their Staff on a map which did not show the great road up to the Bocca Trabaria, though it was in full sight of Garibaldi at Citerna.² At its foot lies San Giustino, and he determined to reach that town by a secret march on the night of July 26-27.³

To effect this he had first to escape from the Austrians in Monterchi, and then to pass through their other armies on the line of the Tiber. The attention of the former was engaged by a false attack on Monterchi during the afternoon of the 26th, and by a screen of men left on Citerna hill, while the main column secretly descended its steep northern slope and began to cross the plain in the falling dusk. Through the night they made a forced march to San Giustino, one division going round by the road and bridge of San Sepolcro, and the rest moving in a straight line across the sandy fords of the Tiber.⁴ In the poplar

¹ *Magherini*, 27; *Vecchi*, ii. 319; *Bologna MS. Manfredini*.

² *Corsi*, i. 189; *Rug.* 46; *De Rossi*, 247-249.

³ The date, about which an erroneous statement is made in *Bel.* 110, is correctly given in *Bel.* 119; and is proved by *Bologna MS. San Giustino*. (*Magherini*, 27, 28; *De Rossi*, 249, 250; *Rug.* 46, 47.)

⁴ *Bologna MS. Piva*; *Magherini*, 31, 37; *Hoff.* 410, 411; *Rug.* 46;

grove on its banks there was a struggle with the fat friars of Citerna, who complained bitterly at the necessity of wading up to their knees; it had been thought prudent to take them along, because if left in Citerna they would have found means to warn the Austrians in Monterchi of the escape of their common enemies.¹

Marching through the darkness, often in single file, by the narrow tracks of the vineyards and the rough fords of the streams, the army left behind—besides many baggage animals and much of their scanty stock of ammunition—a number of men who lost their way in the darkness, and were picked up in the following days by the Austrians. Many, when asked to what corps they belonged, although they knew that death or torture was awarded to all who followed Garibaldi, confessed him to the drum-head court-martials as their ‘chief and father.’ Some were shot, and others flogged with that revolting cruelty which did so much to turn against Austria the sympathies of our country, happily forgetful that, fifty years before, she had been guilty of the same form of wickedness in Ireland.²

At dawn of the 27th the column of retreat reached San Giustino, but, too fatigued by the night march to begin at once the scaling of the great mountain, they remained during the greater part of the day at the foot of the pass, while the Austrians, only a few miles away, on three sides, left them strangely unmolested. This inactivity surprised the Italians then, and has surprised their historians since. The truth is that Garibaldi's enemies, all through July, were unduly afraid of him, being deceived by his devices into supposing him stronger than he was; and at this moment their troops were utterly exhausted by the forced marches that had brought them from Perugia, Arezzo, and Siena. But when all is said, the Austrian generals were very stupid, and the best excuse for their inaction at this

Vecchi, ii. 320; *Bel.* 110, and *Belluzzi's Note-book*, Bologna MS.; *De Rossi*, 250.

¹ *Magherini*, 28; *Bel.* 111.

² *Rug.* 47, 48; *Magherini*, 29. (See also *Rel.* 114.) See App. M, below, *England and Austrian atrocities.*

crisis—namely, that they thought ‘the bandit’ could not escape because they did not know of the important road over the Bocca Trabaria—in itself shows by how much they were inferior to their antagonist in personal activity and observation, as well as in the use of scouts. The Austrian officers were well aware that he was more than a match for their chiefs; as day by day they urged their tired men over fresh mountains, they cursed and admired the man who led them such a dance. ‘This devil,’ they said, to an Italian gentleman, ‘will lead us to Africa at least.’¹

On July 27, after a long halt at San Giustino,² about 2,000 men who still followed the desperate fortunes of Garibaldi began to move up the road to the Bocca Trabaria by ‘gigantic spirals,’ like those which join valley to valley in Hoffstetter’s fatherland. The Switzer, riding in front with the Staff, looked back to watch the army winding up from below, ‘like a long beautiful snake,’ through the scattered oak copses, corn-fields and farms sprinkled over the steep mountain side. In the front Garibaldi rode beside Anita—his white poncho streaming out on the mountain breeze. Then came the few remaining lancers of Masina’s devoted squadron; then the baggage-mules, now reduced to forty, and then, moving with deliberate steps, a majestic herd of white bulls with long, curved horns, destined to be the provisions of the army on the foodless mountains. Below, the red shirts of the Garibaldian Legion, and still further down, the light summer suits of Forbes and his boy were visible among the darker uniforms of their companions.³ At the bottom of all lay the broad, green valley, the scene of their night march, across which the last patrols and rearguard were hastening to the foot of the pass, and the white Austrian columns were still aimlessly in motion. The size and nature of the hunted army, the driven cattle, the wild scenery into which the war was being carried, the near

¹ *Corri*, i. 193, 194; *Rug.* 46, 47; *Bel.* 35, 36, 104; *Torre*, ii. 398.

² *Bologna MS.* *San Giustino* and *Bel.* 126, say they started at 6 P.M.; while *Hoff.* 412, and *De Rossi*, 250, say it was in the morning. But all agree they rested some time just outside San Giustino. (See also *Rug.* 48, 49.)

³ *Hoff.* 413, 414.

prospect of death, were the same for Anita and Garibaldi, this day, as when, nine years before, they had ridden thus side by side in the Brazilian mountains, near the time of Menotti's birth. Nothing was changed, except that love, which then was young, was now rich in memory.

After this first climb they traversed several miles of flat road along a high barren ridge, and night had fallen before they reached another spiral ascent. When they had mounted it they were on the top of the water-shed of Italy. Here, on the Bocca Trabaria, they slept at midnight, though many watched from thirst and sorrow. The carpet of primroses, crocuses, and blue squills, which beautify this remote place in spring time, had vanished with the summer heats; there was no sign of vegetation or of any living thing, but a hungry wind was moaning among the rocks. All were glad when the dawn sprang up over the grey mountain-tops below them, and lighted their way down towards the Adriatic. At first their road ran by a wooded gorge of one of the head-springs of the Metaurus, till after many miles the river opened into a broad valley, in the middle of which lay Sant' Angelo in Vado. Entering its streets on the evening of July 28, they found, to their dismay, blocking their further descent a short distance below the town, another Austrian army under Archduke Ernest, whom D'Aspre had ordered up from Ancona, through Urbino, to cut off Garibaldi if by chance he should succeed in crossing the water-shed. The Italians, who had been greatly elated at the skill with which their leader had extricated them from the Tiber valley, saw themselves once more entrapped.¹

Retreat was impossible, for the enemy were following them from behind, while on both sides the mountains shut them in, and in front lay the new foe. But once more Garibaldi found a way overlooked by the slow Austrian generals, where, three minutes walk below Sant' Angelo in Vado, a rough road diverges to the left, leading over the hills into the Foglia valley. Since the enemy, who would

¹ *Rug.* 47-51; *De Rossi*, 247; *Kriegsbegabenheiten*, 21.

have had time to occupy the foot of this important pass, if they had known of its existence, had drawn themselves up a mile or so lower down the Metaurus, Garibaldi on the morning of the 29th made a false attack on their position, as if he intended to force their line, and under cover of this feint took the strategic turn to the left, and carried his column over the hills to Pian di Meleto.¹

Again the Italians had escaped, but not quite unscathed. A rearguard of cavalry, left in Sant' Angelo in Vado after the main column had started, were surprised by Hungarian hussars, following from the Tiber valley, who galloped in under the unguarded western gateway, sabred the Republicans in the street, and dragged them out of the houses. It was a general massacre, no quarter being given.² Indeed, the murder of prisoners, if they belonged to Garibaldi's band, was the rule approved at the head-quarters in Florence by D'Aspre himself.³ A man-hunt was instituted in Sant' Angelo and the surrounding hills, in which the peasants were forced to assist by threats of burning their houses and crops. In the town itself some of the soldiers were hidden, and afterwards smuggled away in disguise by patriotic citizens, who risked their own lives by these acts of mercy. In all Sant' Angelo there was only one man, a shoemaker, who turned false; the poor fellow whom he denounced was taken and shot; but the traitor, unable to endure the hatred of his fellow-townsmen, went mad, and shortly died.⁴

Meanwhile Garibaldi was struggling over into the Foglia valley; the road winds along a high ridge, whence the northern landscape in the direction of Monte Carpegna and San Marino becomes clearly visible. It is one of the strangest regions of Italy: the higher mountains, naked

¹ Illustration opposite is a view of S. Angelo in Vado, taken from this road by which Garibaldi escaped. *Rug.* 51-53; *Hoff.* 415-421; *De Rossi*, 254-256.

² *Rug.* 53, 54; *Bel.* 134-139; *De Rossi*, 255, 256; *Hoff.* 421, 422.

³ *Torre*, ii. 400, 401. Letter of D'Aspre, July 31, to Oudinot, recounts that 'an officer and several men of Garibaldi's band were taken and immediately shot,' in 'the mountains of Borgo S. Sepolcro.'

⁴ *Bel.* 138-142.

peaks and tables, rear themselves on the sky-line in fantastic fortress shapes, hard to distinguish, except by their size, from the works of man—the old robber castles perched on their summits. The aspect of the lesser hills, skeleton ridges, washed bare of soil and corrugated by the rain-torrents, baked by the sun into a hard white grey, with patches of brown or of sparse verdure, is well known in the backgrounds of Piero della Francesca and other painters of the Umbrian school. The broad valley bottoms are white as snow-drifts, being filled from side to side with the polished stones of the dried-up river courses. The olive is no longer seen; thin vineyards and corn are the only cultivation. Such was the country through which the Tyrolese sharpshooters followed on the heels of the Garibaldians from Sant' Angelo in Vado to San Marino, killing all whom they caught, and sometimes treating even the wounded with revolting brutality. They were kept off from the main column by a handful of Manara's old Bersaglieri, commanded by Hugh Forbes in his top-hat, with a courage which won the admiration of his brother officers.¹

After passing Pian di Meleto, with its beautifully machicolated castle, the army descended the Foglia for some miles; the fatigues of the way were great, for the road was not, as it is now, supplied with bridges over the numerous torrent-beds that cross it. Towards evening on the 29th, Garibaldi turned to the left out of the Foglia valley, marched up the gorge of the Apsa, and reached Macerata Feltria, which rises on the edge of the dried-up torrent.²

The troops could scarcely drag themselves along for

¹ *Rug.* 55; *Hoff.* 423; *Bel.* 151, 152, 156. In some rough notes on the story of the Retreat in the handwriting of Col. Forbes himself (*Forbes MSS.*) we read, immediately after the mention of St. Angelo: 'G(aribaldi) looks for F(orbes). Finds him *Rear Guard*—Go rest of retreat together to the camp. G. and F. continue together with the last *drapello* of Rear Guard. Such is the spirit which animated both, instead of the petty jealousy which so frequently reigns between the Chiefs of the same army.'

² See 'Illustration, p. 272, below, in which the bed of the Apsa consists of white stones, not water. The photograph was taken in April, so, *a fortiori*, the torrent must have been dry in July.

weariness, but the enemy were too close to allow of any halt at Macerata, except to eat the food provided by the friendly inhabitants. Affairs were indeed getting desperate. Bueno, the commander of the cavalry, Garibaldi's South American comrade of the longest standing—a countryman and old friend of Anita—had sold himself to the pursuing Austrians, and passed over to the Emperor's service: unlike Müller, who had deserted a week before, he was of no military value except for his courage in a charge; but Anita and Garibaldi felt that a link with their romantic past had been most cruelly cut.¹ Next, some of the Italian officers fled from the doomed army and took refuge in the territory of San Marino.² The morale of the 1,500 men who still held together was seriously undermined, and a general dispersion was not unlikely. Archduke Ernest was close on them to south and east, Stadion's men were pouring over the hills to the west behind Monte Carpegna, and Hahne, from Bologna, was hastening down the Via Æmilia and towards San Leo to cut them off from the north.³ With his disheartened and exhausted troops, Garibaldi saw that he could no longer hope to capture a large port on the Adriatic and embark with 1,500 men for Venice. He therefore determined, from information received at Macerata, to make for the neutral territory of the Republic of San Marino.⁴

And so again, without a rest, they staggered on through the midnight from Macerata up the head-waters of the Apsa to the Convent of Pietra Rubbia, standing at the foot of the naked mass of the Carpegna mountain that blocks the head of the valley.⁵ Hence, on the 30th, utterly exhausted by the extraordinary exertions of the day before, they turned north and crossed a high moor covered with thin grass and white stones, not unlike the tops of some of

¹ *Hoff.* 424; *Bel.* 139-141, 144, 147-149; *De Rossi*, 255; *Rug.* 56, 57.

² *Rug.* 55; *Brizzi*, 8.

³ *De Rossi*, 257-259; *Mittheilungen*, 283; *Kriegsbegebenheiten*, 23.

⁴ *Bel.* 148; *De Rossi*, 256, 257.

⁵ They did not go to Carpegna village, as is wrongly stated by *Hoff.* 430. (See *Bel.* 154; *De Rossi*, 259.)

the Yorkshire fells, and so reached the hills surrounding the upper waters of the Conca. In front of them rose the fantastic rock fastness of Monte Copiolo, shadowing the large village of Villagrande, built 2,700 feet above the sea. Here they turned north-eastwards towards San Marino by the grass tracks that lead along the wooded ridge of the Serra Bruciata. In this remote and sylvan solitude night again overtook the straggling column: the difficulties of finding the roadless way were great, and only Garibaldi's extraordinary personal exertions saved the rear from being lost in the darkness. At length the moon shed her light among the dwarf oak-trees of the mountain, and the tired soldiers flung themselves down and slept. But their chief never closed his eyes.

When they awoke they could see, five miles away across the chasms and cleft ridges of the hills, the City of Refuge, the Republican towers and precipices of San Marino, reared high in heaven against the morning sun.¹

¹ See illustration p. 264, above, and illustration opposite, for San Marino. *Bel.* 155-157; *Rug.* 61; *Hoff.* 431. Belluzzi is right; there are only oaks, not beeches, on the Serra Bruciata.

CHAPTER XIV

SAN MARINO AND CESENATICO, JULY 31-AUGUST 1

‘And many a warrior-peopled citadel,
Like rocks which fire lifts out of the flat deep,
Arose in sacred Italy,
Frowning o’er the tempestuous sea
Of kings, and priests, and slaves, in tower-crowned majesty.’

SHELLEY: *Ode to Liberty*.

THE Republic of San Marino, when Garibaldi drew near its borders, was, as it is to-day, the sole survivor of the innumerable sovereign cities which nursed the free and vigorous life of Mediæval Italy; it had outlived a hundred more splendid sister cities, partly because the peasants who tilled the rugged sides of the Monte Titano had never accumulated the wealth that tempts the invader, and still more because the market town, which serves as capital to this rural community, is enclosed by the walls of a virgin fortress of immense natural strength.¹ The last serious attempt on its independence had been made, in 1739, by the famous Cardinal Alberoni, then Papal Legate in the Romagna. It was the only Italian State which Napoleon spared and befriended.²

On the edge of the precipice facing the Adriatic, 2,437 feet above the sea-level, stand the highest towers of San Marino, and from their base the cliff falls sheer away for 700 feet.³ Down below, the twelve miles of undulating, fertile country that descend to Rimini on the coast; the stony bed of the Marecchia river, a straight, broad, white band through the vineyards; the ships at sea, and the towns along the shore, are all visible, as in a bird’s-eye view, from the rock of the freemen. On the land side, the Monte

¹ See illustration, p. 272, above.

² He characteristically offered to send a present of four cannon for the rock, and forgot his promise (*Modoni*, 5-8).

³ See illustration, p. 264, above.

Titano falls away only less steeply than to seaward, and the western view ranges far over gnarled mountains and torn ravines, among which rises the frowning fortress of San Leo, the Papal dungeon where the arch-quack Cagliostro breathed his last, and where many a Carbonaro has languished for Italy and freedom, and left neither name nor memory. Through this wild region, on July 30, 1849, Garibaldi was coming from the south, with the Archduke Ernest at his heels; Holzer was approaching from the south-west,¹ and Hahne, unknown to Garibaldi, from the north. Distant glimpses of all these hosts might have been caught from time to time from the piazza of San Marino, where the fathers of the city were anxiously on the watch, divided between desire to befriend the Roman Republicans and anxiety to preserve their own State from the vengeance of the reactionary powers, to whom it had for many years been notorious as the place of refuge for the persecuted Liberals of the Romagna.²

The arrival of mounted Garibaldian deserters had first warned the little community that danger was in the air.³ Then, early on July 30, a messenger from Garibaldi rode up the winding ascent of the Titano, and announced that his Chief intended to pass through the neutral territory; to which the Captain-Regent, Belzoppi, replied that if he did so he would violate his principles by endangering the existence of a Republic, and would not help himself, because the Sammarinesi could see from the rock that their dominions were already surrounded on all sides by Austrians.⁴

The next ambassador was Ugo Bassi himself, who arrived late on the night of the 30th.⁵ Having received the same reply from the Regency, coupled with a friendly offer to feed the troops at the boundaries of the Republic, the red-shirted friar began to wander disconsolately about the streets of the frightened town, looking out for somewhere to sleep, until at last 'a true Republican,' Lorenzo

¹ Holzer commanded a part of Stadion's army (*De Rossi*, 248, 258, 260).

² *Franciosi*, 3-6; *D'Azeglio*, 74-76; *Simoncini*, 6-9.

³ *Brizi*, 8.

⁴ *Bel.* 162-164; *Brizi*, 8, 29; *Franciosi*, 14, 15.

⁵ *Brizi*, 8.

Simoncini, drew him into his *café*. This house, which became the scene of memorable events during the next thirty hours, stands close to the western gate, and overlooks the outer wall of the city,¹ in which convenient position it had often served its generous owner to entertain and expedite fugitive Liberals and Carbonari of the enslaved provinces below.² After a much-needed supper, Ugo Bassi went to the window and looked out at the moonlit mountains. Suddenly he started back in horror, for he had seen the watch-fires of Hahne's men stretched along the hillside below San Leo. 'My God,' he cried, 'the General is caught between two fires: he is lost. But we must save him.' Sitting down at once he wrote to Garibaldi warning him that he was headed off by yet another army from the northward, and the good Simoncini, with the unofficial aid of the Secretary of State, found an enthusiastic and capable messenger, named Balda, who in the darkness of the night picked out the rugged and difficult way across the slopes of Monte Tassona to Garibaldi's presence, and gave him Ugo Bassi's letter. Warned thus before daybreak that he could no longer pass along outside the western boundary of the Republic unless he wished to fall into the midst of Hahne's troops, Garibaldi, if he still entertained any doubt, saw that he had no alternative but to enter uninvited the territory of San Marino and throw himself on the mercy of its citizens.³

Therefore, at earliest daylight of July 31, his troops resumed their march along the ridge of the Serra Bruciata, and then turning north over the slopes of Monte Tassona, made straight for the towers of San Marino. Garibaldi rode on in front to explain his action to the authorities, and arrived on the piazza of the town about eight o'clock. In the Hall of Audience he was publicly received by Belzoppi and his colleagues.

¹ Simoncini's *café* is the house to the left of the town gate in the illustration on the opposite page.

² *Simoncini*, 8, 9.

³ *Simoncini*, 10-12; 25-29; *Bel.* 166. It is impossible to say for certain whether the letter did more than confirm Garibaldi in a previous resolution.

'Citizen-Regent,' said the General, 'my troops, pursued by superior numbers of Austrians, and exhausted by the privations they have endured among the mountains and precipices, are no longer in a condition to fight; it therefore became necessary to cross your border to obtain bread and a few hours' repose. They shall lay down their arms in your Republic, where the Roman war for the independence of Italy now comes to an end. I come among you as a refugee; receive me as such.'

'Welcome to the refugee,' answered Belzoppi. 'General, this hospitable land receives you.'

It was then and there agreed that the Government of San Marino should mediate with the Austrian commanders, to secure the safety of all who laid down their arms.¹

While this interview was taking place, Garibaldi's column, still several miles away, crossed the bare slopes of Monte Tassona by stony lanes, passed through the village of Castello, and at length reached, at the foot of Monte Titano, the ravine which divides the territories of Pope and Republic. Here, on the steep slopes, the little cannon got into difficulties, and since the men were unwilling to leave their favourite behind, and Garibaldi was absent in San Marino, a long delay took place, during which the advanced guard of Hahne's men fell upon their flank. A large part of the demoralised soldiers fairly fled up the Monte Titano; but Anita, as soon as she heard the first shots, rode to the point of danger, looking for her husband, and crying, 'Where is Peppino?'² With the help of Forbes, she rallied a strong rearguard and checked the Austrian pursuit, until the white mantle was seen floating along the hillside above, and Garibaldi came galloping back down the spirals of the road, meeting and rallying the fugitives as he came. When he had restored such order as was possible, the remnants of the army, some 1,500 men in all, proceeded together up to the city of refuge. But the little cannon, which they had dragged with such pains and pride over so many mountain paths and river

¹ *Brisi*, 10, 11; *Franciosi*, 16, 17; *Bel*. 166, 167.

² A common abbreviation for Giuseppe. *Bologna MS.* *Piva* gives this detail.

beds, the whole way from Rome, was left, fallen, at the bottom of the last ravine.¹

And so, about mid-day, they reached the summit of the Titano, a band of veritable refugees. The confusion of their ranks and the variety of their uniforms, the *ponchos*, the red shirts, the cocks' feathers, the top-hats, formed a strange medley. There were cavalymen limping along on foot, infantry and wounded on horseback; pale-faced boys who had thrown away their arms in the last skirmish, strong men fainting with every kind of anguish and exhaustion. The citizens, moved to deep compassion, vied with each other in supplying the wants of the army. It was quartered in the Cappuccini convent on the road outside the walls, where all, especially the wounded, were treated with the utmost kindness by the non-political friars of San Marino. On the steps of this convent² Garibaldi sat down and wrote the last Order of the Day:—

‘REPUBLIC OF SAN MARINO.

Order of the Day, July 31, 1849, 2 P.M.

‘SOLDIERS,—We have reached the land of refuge, and we owe the best behaviour to our generous hosts. We, too, have earned the consideration due to persecuted misfortune.

‘From this moment forward I release my companions from all obligation, and leave you free to return to private life. But remember that Italy must not continue in shame, and that it is better to die than to live as slaves of the foreigner.

‘GARIBALDI.’³

That afternoon and evening the authorities of San Marino busily negotiated with Archduke Ernest for the safety of their guests, and, after some bargaining, obtained the offer of terms which would not have been unreasonable

¹ *Mem.* 244; *Rug.* 62-65; *De Rossi*, 260; *Bologna MS. Piva*; *Bel.* 158, 159; *Hoff.* 431-434.

² See illustration, p. 275, above. It is only a few hundred yards from the gate in the companion picture.

³ *Brizi*, 11, 12; *Rug.* 66; *Bel.* 168, 169; *Mem.* 245; *Hoff.* 434-436. There are slight variants as to the wording of the Order of the Day, but not as to the sense of the words.

if there had been any security for their fulfilment. The Italians were to surrender their arms to the San Marinesi, who were to hand these over to the Austrians, and the disarmed men were to be allowed to return safely to their homes. Garibaldi and his wife were to take ship for America. But these conditions were not to hold good unless they were ratified by Gorzkowski, Governor-General of the Cavalry resident at Bologna, to whom the whole question was referred. This delay, which left all to the mercy of a cruel man, was eagerly seized on by Garibaldi and his Staff as a sufficient reason for breaking off negotiations, upon which they had entered most unwillingly and only for the sake of their followers. That same night, at a Council of War held in Simoncini's *café*, the faces of those present lit up with joy when it was decided to refuse the terms, for Garibaldi was thus set free to seek Venice with a small body of volunteers, leaving the bulk of his disbanded army to the good offices of the friendly Republic. But the decision was not at once made known. Since the faithful few would have to steal through the Austrian lines on the Marecchia before daylight, secrecy was essential; it would have been fatal to arouse the main body of the troops, who were sleeping on the road between the Cappuccini and the town gate, and equally fatal to warn the authorities of San Marino, who were bound to prohibit the setting forth of an armed force from their dominions. It was, therefore, not till the birds were flown that the Regency received the following note, hastily written in pencil :—

'Citizen Representatives of the Republic.—The conditions imposed by the Austrians are unacceptable; and therefore we will evacuate your territory.—Yours, G. GARIBALDI.' ¹

This laconic statement of facts, scribbled in the hurry of preparation for the dangerous sortie, was somewhat brusque, but Garibaldi was deeply grateful to the San Marinesi, and always spoke in warm terms of his debt to

¹ *Rug.* 67, 68; *Brisi*, 15, 16, 22; *Franciosi*, 19–22; *Hoff.* 437–439; *Bel.* 171–177.

‘those excellent Republicans’ and ‘generous hosts.’ Whether his departure with the other notorious Republican chiefs, such as Bassi and Ciceruacchio, whose lives neither Austria nor the Papacy would willingly spare, made it more likely, or less, that the remainder of the troops would be well treated, it is difficult to decide. Probably, in leaving the army, which he had already disbanded, to obtain what terms it could for itself, he by no means betrayed its interest. But one thing is beyond all doubt : it was no *coup de théâtre*, but an act of heroism requiring iron nerves and fortitude of mind, for the man who had been in command night and day during the whole siege and retreat, and who during the last forty-eight hours had not closed his eyes, to start out once more from a haven of present rest and at least of possible salvation, and face again a sea of immediate hardship and danger, in the hope of penetrating into Venice so as to share in its last, hopeless defence.

Late at night (July 31) the preparations for departure were made by the band of friends who were in the secret, gathered in the *café* Simoncini, and round the city gate. Garibaldi supped with Ciceruacchio, Ugo Bassi, and Anita, who was showing grave signs of illness. He implored her to remain among the kindly Republicans, in a house whose inhabitants were already treating her with tenderness and affection. ‘In vain ; that resolute and noble heart, indignant at all my remonstrances on this subject, silenced me at last with the words : “ You want to leave me.” ’¹

It was close on midnight. Garibaldi was sitting on a stone outside the *café*, reading his map by the light of a lantern, and from time to time questioning three peasants of the Monte Titano, who stood reverently before him. He was smoking a cigar, and listening with his usual quiet manner to their replies as to the exact position of the Austrian forces that surrounded the borders of the Republic. His officers were standing round him. Suddenly he rose

up. 'Whoever wishes to follow me,' he cried, 'I offer him fresh battles, sufferings and exile : treaties with the foreigner, never'—*patti con lo straniero, non mai*. So saying, he leapt on his horse, and rode out under the gateway of San Marino, which ought by rights to have been closed by the porter, had he not been in collusion with Garibaldi. In the next minute everyone present had to determine whether to go or stay. More than 200 devoted men, and one all too devoted woman, followed after him, and in silence they began to descend the great mountain, northwards, through the night.

It was done so suddenly that even Ugo Bassi would have been left behind, had not Garibaldi remembered to ask for him at the gate. One of the officers went back to fetch the friar from the *café*, whence, in the hurry of departure, he forgot to take his collar and his writing materials ; they were found lying on his bed and preserved in San Marino with great veneration, after his martyrdom.¹

When, early next morning, the remainder of the army awoke to find their leader gone, they picked up their weapons, and rushed after him down the road almost to the borders of the Republic. Their next instinct was to return and occupy the citadel, and die defending it against the Austrians ; but, finally, their remaining officers and the civic authorities brought them to reason, and induced them to surrender their arms. The negotiations with the Austrians were then resumed, and dragged on during the whole autumn, the victors securing the surrender of the arms, but giving only equivocal and ill-observed promises as to the treatment of the interned army. The good Sammarinesi spared neither efforts nor expense to help the poor fellows, gave them each a sum of money, and sent them off in civilian clothes to their homes. Some went in large bodies, others in small groups, others alone. Some were seized, flogged almost to death, and shut up for long terms in horrible prisons. Others

¹ The gate by which they went out is that in the illustration, p. 275, above. *Simoncini*, 15-17 ; *Modoni*, 76-80, 82 (Zani's narrative) ; *Hoff*, 440 ; *Bel*, 178, 179.

were allowed to pass, and yet more got away by avoiding the enemy, as the cordon of troops round the Republic was gradually relaxed.¹

Meanwhile, between midnight and dawn, Garibaldi and his column had escaped through the Austrian blockade. Just outside the north-west corner of the territory of San Marino, the bed of the Marecchia, almost dry in summer, but broad as the London Thames, lay athwart their course, and the moment of greatest danger was while they were stumbling in the darkness across this quarter of a mile of white stones, pools, and sandbanks, between two bodies of Austrians, at Pietracuta above, and Verucchio below, the point of their passage. But again the enemy came up too late—only in time for his cavalry to skirmish with the rearguard under Forbes, Hoffstetter, and Ugo Bassi.²

Once across the Marecchia, the Garibaldians had little cause to fear being overtaken that night. Climbing the high mountains on the further bank by mule tracks, they stumbled on till dawn, up and down the sides of terrific ravines such as that of the Uso, by stony, breakneck paths of the nature of dried watercourses, difficult in the daytime, and impossible at night to ordinary soldiers. At Garibaldi's side, constantly pointing out the invisible path, rode Zani, a workman of San Marino, who used sometimes to act as professional guide, and who had volunteered for love to show the way over the northern mountains as far as the plain of the Romagna. Under these conditions not a few lost the column, and set off alone to find their homes; Hoffstetter, left behind in a cleft of the Uso valley, sold his horse, changed his clothes, and made off, eager at

¹ *Rug.* 73, 74, 84-86; *Franciosi*, 27-36; *Brizi*, 16, 17; *Farini*, iv. 237; *Modoni*, 93.

² *Modoni*, 82-84 (Zani's evidence); *Hoff.* 440-443; *Bel.* 185, 186. The Garibaldians descended Monte Titano by the Acquaviva road, and crossed the Marecchia near the point where the San Marino river enters it. The bridge over that tributary must be the fine modern bridge referred to by Zani (*Modoni*, 83). If the Austrians blockading the Republican territory had kept a body of men at the place where the San Marino road and river debouch together into the Marecchia valley, Garibaldi could not have crossed their line without giving battle.

length to quit the parched Apennines for the echoing torrents of the Alps, and to become, in the leisure and freedom of his native Zurich, the Xenophon of the Retreat from Rome.¹

By the time the column touched a road once more, near the high-perched village of San Giovanni in Galilea, the men were utterly exhausted; but they were soon cheered by the rising sun, and revived by the fresh bread, wine, and water-melons sent out to them by the friendly townspeople of Sogliano.² All that day (August 1) they raced on, sometimes by roads along high narrow ridges, sometimes by mule tracks across ravines, traversing hills that gradually became less rugged, re-entering the region of olives, and crossing the deep valley of the Rubicon (Fiumicino)³ through corn and vines and fruit-trees. In the scattered hamlet of Musano they halted from one o'clock till three near the pretty little parish church, which the authorities afterwards ordered to be 're-blessed,' because Garibaldi and Anita had entered it.⁴ Anita, who was rapidly growing worse, called all day most piteously for water.

After Musano they regained the high road, and passed close by the town of Longiano, staggering along, stupid with fatigue; Garibaldi himself had not slept for three nights and days.⁵ At about four in the afternoon they found themselves standing at cross-roads, on the very edge of the weary hills, at a spot where the traveller suddenly sees spread before him the plain in which Cæsar crossed the Rubicon, and beyond it, only eight miles away, the blue Adriatic dancing in the sun. As they stood there gazing on the sea, the face of Garibaldi the sailor lit up as though he had arisen fresh from sleep, and his eyes kindled darkly in their strange fashion.⁶

¹ *Hoff.* 444, 445; *Modoni*, 75-86 (Zani's evidence); *Bel.* 182-187.

² *Bel.* 187; *Modoni*, 85.

³ It is not quite certain whether the Uso or the Fiumicino is the ancient Rubicon. In either case, they crossed it in the march from San Marino.

⁴ The parish priest himself befriended them (*Bel.* 187, 188). *Modoni*, 86.

⁵ *Bel.* 182, 188; *Bologna MS. Roncofreddo. Modoni*, 86.

⁶ A memorial pillar and little grove now mark the spot. It is within half a

An hour more, and they were in the full plain of the Romagna, crossing at right angles the great highway of the Via Aemilia. When, late in the afternoon, they reached the village of Gatteo, Zani's task was done; he had led them safely off the hills. Garibaldi took his hand and said: 'Good-bye, dear Zani; I thank you for your work. In ten years I hope to see you again, with better fortune.' The faithful guide went back to his shop on the summit of the Titano, and, in precisely ten years' time, came down into the liberated Romagna to be welcomed by the hero of the age, as one of those who had saved him in the hour of need.¹

From Gatteo they hurried on, in growing weariness and excitement, through the darkening vineyards, past Sala, towards the sea. The goal of their extraordinary march of twenty-two hours from San Marino, was to be Cesenatico, where Garibaldi heard that there were many fishing boats and few Austrians. The neighbouring municipalities were patriotic and active, as became Romagnuols. The Governor of Savignano sent false reports that Garibaldi was spending the night at Longiano, and so prevented the Austrians, who were thick along the Via Aemilia, from following to Cesenatico until it was too late. The savage Gorzkowski, come from Bologna to Savignano to catch Garibaldi, was unable to find and shoot this splendidly lying governor, who had decamped, and so had to be content with kicking the secretary.²

It was past ten at night, in the little town of Cesenatico. The fishing fleet had come home and thirteen of the *bragozzi* (or *baragozzi*) by which the inhabitants made their livelihood, were lying in the canal that runs down the middle of the main street.³ 'The *bragozzi* are the most picturesque boats that traffic on the lagoons,' writes Mr. Horatio Brown, who can make such a statement with authority. 'It is the *bragozzi* alone that carry upon their bows those wonder-

mile of Longiano, and quite close to the high, squarely built Villa Pasolini, which is the most prominent landmark on the edge of the hills. *Bel.* 188-190.

¹ *Modoni*, 86, 87 (Zani's evidence).

² *Bologna MS. Savignano*; *Bel.* 194, 195.

³ See illustration opposite.

ful flying figures of fame blowing a trumpet in a swirl of drapery. Nothing can be prettier than to see them lying, bow by painted bow, in a long row.'¹ Even so they lay in Cesenatico that night. Their dyed sails, which had shone in the daylight, sheets of scarlet and saffron, orange, brown and white in curious patterns, were furled and muffled in darkness. The tired owners were fast asleep in the houses on both sides of the canal; half a dozen white-coats were dozing or playing cards with guttural exclamations in their guard-house, and a few Papal Carabineers were similarly off the watch in another barrack. The street and the little square, and the masts of the sleeping ships in the midst, were wrapped in peace and darkness, when suddenly the silence was broken by a clatter of horsemen, the voice of a leader, men dismounting and hammering at doors and scattering in all directions on their errands. The guards were dragged, dazed and half-awake, out of their quarters into the square (where Garibaldi's statue stands to-day); some of the desperate band were for shooting the officer of Carabineers—a man named Sereni—lest he should give information after they had gone; but since Ugo Bassi pleaded for his life, and Garibaldi would not hear of imitating Austrian methods of warfare, it was decided to take the prisoners on the voyage.²

And now the serious work of embarkation began. The fishermen of Cesenatico were hauled out of bed, sulky and sleepy, to take an unenthusiastic part in the commandeering of their own boats; the municipal authorities were brought into action, and the town was ransacked for ropes and provisions. The thirteen *bragozzi* were towed down the half mile of canal that joins the town to the shore,³ as far as the harbour entrance, which consists of two piers, built of wood-piles and stones, carrying the canal out into the sea. So far all had gone well; but here, as Garibaldi writes in his

¹ *Life on the Lagoons*, 151, 152.

² *Mem.* 246, 247; *Bel.* 196, 197, 201; *Guerzoni*, i. 257, 258, note; *Bologna MS. Cesenatico*, *Piva's communication to the Corriere del Polesine*, November 15, 1896; *Boll. Ris.* ii. 112–113.

³ See the lower of the two illustrations, p. 283, above.

Memorie, fortune ceased any longer to favour him that night.

'There had been a violent squall from the sea, and the breakers were so heavy in the mouth of the port that it was almost impossible for vessels to put out.

'Here I found the advantage of my seamanship. It was absolutely necessary that we should leave the port; day was at hand, so were the Austrians, and no retreat was open to us except by sea.

'I went on board each of the *bragozzi*, had ropes fastened to two kedge-anchors lashed together, and tried to get out of the harbour in a small boat, in order to drop the anchors and warp the *bragozzi* out. Our first attempts were fruitless. In vain we sprang into the sea, to push the boat by force of arm through the breakers; in vain we encouraged the rowers with cheering words and many promises. Only after repeated and laborious attempts did we succeed in carrying the anchors to the proper distance and sinking them. As, having let down the anchors, we returned to the harbour, gradually letting out the ropes as we went, the last one, being thin and made of inferior hemp, parted, and we had to do the whole of the work over again. Such mishaps were enough to drive a man crazy. At last I was obliged to return to the fishing-boats, and get fresh ropes and fresh anchors; and all this with a sleepy and unwilling crew, who could be made to move at all—not to speak of doing the necessary work—only by means of blows with the flat of our swords. At last we tried once more, and this time succeeded in taking out the anchors as far as was needful.'

In these prolonged operations of 'warping out,' Garibaldi took the most arduous part upon himself, plunging through the breakers to shove out the little boat with the kedge-anchors on board, and diving into the sea to fasten them. While he was engaged in this latter operation, his companion, unable to keep the boat still, dropped away from him, but saw him, when he had fastened the anchors, swim back with ease through the stormy water and, as dawn was breaking, leap into the boat, 'like a sea-god,' 'shaking out his long locks with a vigorous motion

of the neck.' ¹ He was in his own element once more, and the vigil and journeying, and strain of so many days and nights seemed to have had no effect upon his iron frame.

For seven hours Anita sat by the shore, faint and in great pain, but propped up so as to watch her husband at his work.² Half a mile away, at the inland entrance of the town, Hugh Forbes had thrown up a street barricade against the Austrians, who were expected at every moment throughout the long agony of delay. There he stood, with the rearguard, until all the rest were aboard.³ * He and his white top-hat deserve a place in the Garibaldian epic. The forerunner of Peard, Dunne, and others of our countrymen who won names for themselves under the great Italian in less calamitous times, Forbes professed the faith ten years too soon for prudence and respectability, and so earned nothing but detraction, besides an excellent chance of being set up against a wall and shot.⁴ He was by no means a perfect character, but he appeared at his best in 1849.

At last, between half-past six and eight in the morning, the *bragozzi* with the men on board had been 'warped out' into the open sea, and all was ready for departure. Garibaldi, not without emotion, kissed the forehead of the horse that had carried him so far and so well, and gave him to a patriot of Cesenatico with the words: 'Do what you will with him, but never let him pass into the hands of the Austrians.'

And so they set sail for Venice; about an hour later the Austrians entered the little town.⁵

'The day was already somewhat advanced when we left Cesenatico; the weather had turned fine, and the wind was favourable. If I had not been so distressed by the situation of my Anita, who was in a deplorable state of suffering, I might have said that our condition—having overcome so many difficulties, and being on the way to safety—could be called fortunate.

¹ *Bologna MS. Cesenatico, Fiva's communication to the Corriere del Polesine, Mem. 247.*

² *Denkwürdigkeiten*, ii. 146.

³ *Mem.* 248, and note at end of chapter.

⁴ *F.O. Papers, Tuscany. January to December 1849*, 141.

⁵ *Bel* 200; *Forbes' Volontario*, 121, note; *Boll. Ris.* ii. 113; *Citt. Cesena, Uccellini's Garibaldi*, 9.

But my dear wife's sufferings were too great ; and greater still was the misery caused by my own inability to relieve them.

'What with the stress of weather, and the difficulties encountered in getting out of Cesenatico, I had not been able to turn my attention to the provisioning of the boats. I had entrusted it to an officer, who had collected all he could ; but at night, in a strange village, where we had taken the inhabitants by surprise, he had procured but a small quantity of supplies, which were distributed among the different boats.

'The chief thing wanting was water, and my poor suffering wife was tormented by a feverish thirst—no doubt one of the symptoms of her illness. I too was thirsty, worn out as I was by the night's work ; and we had very little drinking-water. All the rest of that day (August 2) we coasted along the Italian side of the Adriatic, at a certain distance off shore, with a favourable wind. The night, when it came, was most beautiful. The moon was full,¹ and it was with a terrible misgiving that I watched the rising of the mariner's companion, contemplated by me so often with the reverence of a worshipper. Lovelier than I had ever seen her before, but for us, unhappily, too lovely—the moon was fatal to us that night. East of the point of Goro lay the Austrian squadron.'

¹ *Mem.* 248, 249. Full moon was on August 4 (see Almanacs of 1849).

* The Mayor of Cesenatico, in his official report, declared that he tried to send word to Cesena during the night, 'but all was useless, as the Garibaldians had stopped up all the exits from the town, having also barricaded the roads out of the place with carts, tables, benches, and other objects. In this way they held the town till half-past six this morning' (*Citt. Cesena*). This is borne out by Forbes himself, who says that he concealed two men in ambush, 30 yards beyond the sentries, on every road leading out of the town, and that these men and the sentries between them secured the arrest of everyone either leaving or approaching the town. Forbes believed that but for this device the Austrians would have got news, and Garibaldi and all his men would have been caught during the 'warping out,' and destroyed. *Forbes' Volontà*, *io*, 121, *note*.

CHAPTER XV

THE DEATH OF ANITA

'I cannot count the years,
That you will drink, like me,
The cup of blood and tears,
Ere she to you appears :—
Italia, Italia shall be free !

'You dedicate your lives
To her, and you will be
The food on which she thrives,
Till her great day arrives : —
Italia, Italia shall be free !

'She asks you but for faith !
Your faith in her takes she
As draughts of heaven's breath,
Amid defeat and death :—
Italia, Italia shall be free !'

GEORGE MEREDITH (*Vittoria*, chap. xxi.)

IN that extreme north-eastern angle of the Romagna formed by the Adriatic and the Po, lies the lagoon district of Comacchio, a southern counterpart to the more famous region round Venice to the north of the great river. Although its islands, marshes, and strips of sandy soil are seldom visited by tourists from Ravenna, owing to some difficulty of access, it has, for all who reach it, a fascination and beauty of its own. Comacchio, like a diminutive Venice, rears its beautiful red towers out of the middle of the inland sea, upon which it seems to float, a princess of the waters. Canals run through some of the principal streets, and the island city is joined by a narrow causeway road, across the lagoon,¹ to Ferrara and the western mainland on

¹ In the map at the end of the book, which must be used for this Chapter, the breadth of the causeway carrying the road has been inevitably exaggerated.

one side, and to the little port town of Magnavacca on the other. The district which included Comacchio and the neighbouring city of Ravenna was noted as a nursery of brave men, and its peasants, boatmen and fishermen, fine fellows as any in the Romagna, were good patriots and Liberals, alike when Byron dwelt in their midst, and when Garibaldi entrusted his life to their keeping.

The leading citizen of Comacchio, in 1848-49, was Nino¹ Bonnet, the owner of a good deal of land round the lagoon, and a man of great influence with all classes, except with the Papal Governors of the country. In November 1848,² he had taken a leading part in rousing Comacchio to defend Masina and his lancers against the Government troops sent from Ferrara by Rossi and Zucchi, had gone the length of erecting a barricade and a battery on the causeway over the lagoon, and had even fired the cannon to warn off the advancing column. In the following week, at Ravenna, he had seen Garibaldi and been taken into his counsels while the Legion was forming, and had, as he tells us, been won to a lifelong devotion by 'the air of nobility and heroism which radiated from that manly countenance.'³ Since then eight months had gone by, during which two of Bonnet's younger brothers had fought, and one of them had died, under Garibaldi at Rome; while a third, named Celeste, was with Nino in Comacchio during the eventful first days of August 1849.⁴

Nino Bonnet, secretly informed by his Liberal confederates of Garibaldi's march through San Marino to take ship for Venice, was strolling along the seashore near Magnavacca on the evening of August 2, with an anxious eye on the eastern horizon, when he descried, by the last light of day, the red and orange sails of a fleet of *bragozzi* in the offing, running before a favourable wind for Venice. He knew at once who must be on board, and he knew also,

¹ Short for Gioacchino (Joachim), a common name, especially in patriotic Italian families at this period, in honour of Joachim Murat.

² See p. 79, above.

³ *Bonnet*, 5, 6; *Guersoni*, i. 361, 362.

⁴ *Bonnet*, 20, 25, 41; *Loev*. ii. 234. See list, p. 326, below.

from his friends in Venetia, that an Austrian squadron was cruising off the mouths of the Po. With sombre forebodings he stood and gazed, until darkness rose out of the sea to blot the view; then, returning to his house in Comacchio, he flung himself down in his clothes, not to sleep, but to lie nervously listening for what he most dreaded to hear. Shortly before midnight the distant boom of cannon from the sea sent him leaping from his bed, and in a few minutes he was driving like a madman, back along the causeway to Magnavacca, in his little *biroccino*.¹ Arrived at the mouth of the harbour, which, like that of Cesenatico, consists of two piers carrying the canal out into the surf, he found the population of Magnavacca and 150 Austrian and Papal soldiers crowded on the mole, straining their eyes over the disturbed and moonlit surface of the sea. But nothing could be made out beyond the breakers except an occasional flash, always followed by the sullen roar of a cannon. As the night grew grey, more and more troops poured down to the beach, and the excitement became intense, as the people and their foreign oppressors watched together, but with such different feelings, the veiled spectacle of the tragedy that was enacting on the waters.²

At sunrise, experienced mariners in the crowd by the pier could distinguish that most of the *bragozzi* had been captured, but that three of them were running for shore some miles north of Magnavacca, pursued by pinnaces and long-boats. If Bonnet had now remained inactive, or if the Austrian commandant had at once marched a part of his men northwards to cut off the fugitives as they landed, as he certainly ought to have done, it is not likely that one of the men on board the three *bragozzi* would have survived to deliver Italy in years to come. But while the officer kept his soldiers drawn up on the pier of Magnavacca—perhaps because he did not clearly perceive what was going on at sea—Bonnet, informed by an old salt of the real

¹ A light one-horse gig between two high wheels, much used on the sandy tracks of the Ravenna and Comacchio district.

² *Bonnet*, 12-16; *Gualtieri*, 182 (Lieut.-Governor of Comacchio's report); *Benko*, 631-2; App. O, below.

state of the game, drove his *biroccino* along the track that runs northward, a little inland, but parallel to the shore. After travelling thus for two or three miles, till he was out of reach of the Austrians, he sent on his confidential servant with the vehicle to await him at Cavallina farm, and himself, leaving the track, made his way down to the beach. As he emerged from among the sand-dunes on to the open shore, the first things that met his eyes were the three *bragozzi*, safely aground, half a mile further to the north, and a group of men disembarking from them and rapidly disappearing into the covert of the dunes, in various directions. As he ran towards them along the hard sands by the water's edge, he saw the last two men of the party wading through the surf from the fishing boats, one of them carrying a woman in his arms. 'It is he, it is he,' the runner whispered to himself, straining every muscle to reach them before they should follow the others and disappear among the dunes.¹

Among the men whom Bonnet had seen making off inland were Ugo Bassi and Ciceruacchio, to whom their Chief bade a hasty but tender farewell with the sure foreboding that he would never see them again. At that moment his own chance of life was even less than theirs, for the Austrians were more eager to catch and kill him than all the rest of his band put together, and he could move away from them no faster than he could carry Anita. He had ordered all to disperse and escape, but to one other man, who could himself move but slowly, he accorded the privilege of remaining with him : this was his devoted friend Captain Culiolo, commonly called *Leggiere*, who, wounded in the leg during the siege of Rome, had not been able to leave the city till July 14, but had succeeded, with the aid of good horses, in overtaking the column of retreat.²

The greater part of the *bragozzi*, with 162 Garibaldians on

¹ *Bonnet*, 12-16. The place of Garibaldi's disembarkation is about four miles north of Magnavacca, not at the memorial pillar near the port.

² *Mem.* 250, 251 ; *Locv.* i. 271, 272 ; *Bel.* 157 ; *Bologna MS. Verità ; Citt. Cesena.*

board, had been captured out at sea.¹ The fishermen of Cesenatico, less than half-hearted in performing the *corvée* imposed on them by the red-shirts, and scared by the Austrian cannonade, had shown so little activity in obeying the orders shouted by Garibaldi, that the greater part of his commandeered fleet had been easily overhauled. The Austrians, as they leapt on board, spat in the faces of the Italians, but refrained from massacre, and took them to the fortress of Pola on the Illyrian coast. There, although the female population of the town received the enemies of their Kaiser with the same charming courtesy with which they had been first greeted by their captors at sea, their lives were spared on the ground that they had been taken, not as rebels against the Pope, but as prisoners of war in Venetian waters; and after some months of severe imprisonment, they were released under an amnesty. If they had been caught in Papal territory, or if they had been landed there immediately after their capture, they would, many of them, have been shot, as were most of Garibaldi's companions who were hunted down on land during the first days of August.

Hugh Forbes was released in October, rather before his fellow-prisoners of Pola, owing to the representations of the British ministers, and the entreaties of his wife, a lady of partly Italian origin, who personally visited General D'Aspre to entreat mercy. Throughout August and September, this poor woman, hourly fearing to hear that her husband had been handed over to the Papal authorities and shot, must also have had grave fears for young Forbes, who had been left behind by his father, probably at San Marino, and whom the reactionary Governments were making special efforts to arrest; however, he escaped uncaught. His father lived to devote himself to the liberation of the American negroes and of the Poles, and to take part under Garibaldi in the more fortunate Sicilian campaign.³

¹ See App. O, below.

² She was Forbes' second wife; his former wife, the mother of young Forbes, had been an English lady.

³ See App. N, below, *Hugh Forbes. Bologna MSS. Cesenatico, Piva; F. O.*

But, when Garibaldi waded through the surf, on the morning of August 3, there was little prospect that he would live to win future victories. Set ashore on the Bosco Eliseo, a strip of land three miles wide by six long,¹ which was already beginning to be searched by hundreds of soldiers incited to kill him by the promise of rich rewards, himself bound, by ties dearer than life, to a dying woman clinging to his breast, and accompanied only by a friend halting on a wounded leg, he could not move a mile or find fresh water for Anita's parched lips but by the help of the peasants, who had the fear of the Austrian murderers heavy upon them. Gorzkowski, moved to brutal rage by the news of the escape from San Marino, and knowing that he himself would be held responsible if Garibaldi escaped alive, proclaimed death to all who should give bread, water, or the shelter of the hearth, to any of his following, and, with the generosity peculiar to the hunter after blood, announced that the leader might be identified at sight by the companionship of a woman far gone with child.²

While Garibaldi heavily mounted the nearest of the sand-hills with his precious burden, and descended towards the marsh water beyond it,³ if he did not then think his last day had dawned, it was because he was sustained by a strong faith in his destiny. If he had such faith, it was answered, as it were by miracle. Suddenly, in that desert place, a panting but well-dressed young gentleman stood at his side, holding out his hand, with a look of earnest determination and intelligence on his face.⁴ 'Bonnet!' cried Garibaldi, in a rapture of surprise, seeing, when he least expected him, the one man who might procure for the fugitives some means of escape through the farms on

Papers, Tuscany and Rome, Aug.-Sept. 1849, 3, 139, No. 147, and Tuscany, Jan.-Dec. 1849, 141; Guerzoni, i. 359; Bel. App. I.; Rug. 87-90; Vecchi, ii. 323; Forbes, 109.

¹ This strip of land was cut off by the sea to the east, by the lagoon to the west, by the Magnavacca canal to the south, and by one of the mouths of the Po to the north. In contemporary accounts it is called the *Bosco Eliseo*.

² *Rug. 72; Boggio, 17; Scampo, 9; Guerzoni, i. 358; Bonnet, 64, 65.*

³ This he must have done, as personal observation of the scene will show.

⁴ See picture of Bonnet, frontispiece *Bonnet*, ed. 1887.

his land, and the intricate waterways of his native district.¹

Scarcely had they exchanged greetings, when they became aware of a man hovering near them, whom Bonnet recognised as a character well known on the countryside under the name of *Baramoro*, a beach-comber, one of the poorest of the very poor, but none so poor as to sell his countrymen to the foreigner. '*Baramoro*,' cried Bonnet, pointing inland across the marsh to a straw-roofed hut on the edge of the cultivated ground, 'do you see that little cottage?' 'Yes, I see it.' 'Well, take my friends there, while I am off after some other business. The lady is ill, and needs to be carried.' While *Baramoro* and Garibaldi conveyed Anita to the hut, and *Leggiero* hobbled along behind, Bonnet ran down to the three *bragozzi* to fetch out some papers and clothes needed by the fugitives. But the Austrian long-boats, arriving in belated pursuit, opened fire, and drove off Bonnet before he had time to effect his purpose.²

Returning inland, he reached the hut, to find Garibaldi already dressed as a peasant. With infinite difficulty and danger—for the Bosco Eliseo was now swarming with Papalini and white-coats—they proceeded to carry the agonising woman across two miles of country to Cavallina farm, where they arrived well after midday. Here Bonnet's servant and *biroccino* were waiting, and here Anita was laid on a bed and given such nourishment as she could take. Here, too, Bonnet had time to take the chief aside and expose to him at length the utter impossibility of crossing the Po and reaching Venice, and the need, if he wished to save his own life for his country, of parting from Anita as soon as she had been placed in safety and comfort. At last Garibaldi consented to leave her, provided that he could himself bear her company as far as the house designed by his friend for her accom-

¹ *Bonnet*, 16; *Mem.* 251.

² *Bonnet*, 16-19; *Gironi*, 39. Gironi's book represents local tradition; but where it differs from Bonnet, as regards scenes at which he was present, Bonnet is the more likely to be right.

modation—the large Zanetto farm. He agreed that after that he would try to escape, with *Leggiero*, through the Romagna and Tuscany into Piedmont, by such means as the Liberals of Ravenna should provide.¹

About this time a large portion of the searchers had fortunately got on to the track of another party of fugitives, possibly that which included Ciceruacchio and his sons, and had followed the trail out of the Bosco Eliseo, passing close by the Zanetto farm itself and going on northwards for many miles, as far as Massenzatica, on the edge of the Austrian territory. They found along the route arms thrown away by the fugitives, and were lured on apace by false reports that Garibaldi, in company with his wife dressed as a man and mounted on a horse, had been seen among the party whom they were following.²

In the middle of the afternoon (August 3) Garibaldi and *Leggiero* started on again, taking Anita in a cart, towards the Zanetto farm on the borders of the great lagoon, where, at Bonnet's request, every comfort was being prepared, and where her husband might with a good conscience leave her behind. Meanwhile Bonnet himself hastened back to Comacchio to engage and despatch the boat which, according to the plan as now agreed upon, was to fetch Garibaldi away from his wife. Entering his native town at imminent risk of being arrested, he found Ugo Bassi in bed at the *Luna* inn, under surveillance as a suspect, having deliberately come to Comacchio in the belief that as he was a non-combatant his life would be spared. Bonnet, who knew better, urged him and his companion Livraghi to instant flight; they hurried on their clothes and would have escaped forthwith, had not the Austrian soldiers burst in while they were in the act of eloping by the window, and arrested them under Bonnet's eyes. They had been denounced by Sereni, the Papal Brigadier, the very man who had been spared at

¹ *Bonnet*, 19–24, 35; *Gironi*, 39–41; *Itinerary*.

² *Gualtieri*, 184–185 (Lt.-Gov. of Comacchio's report). The map shows that they could not have got to Vaccolino without passing close to the Zanetto farm. Had Garibaldi yet arrived there when they passed its door? Probably not.

the friar's own intercession at Cesenatico, and carried off on the voyage ; rather than take his life in cold blood, Garibaldi had set the potential informer free that morning, when they had dispersed from the *bragozzi* on the beach.¹

Leaving Bassi to his now inevitable fate, Bonnet, with the help of his brother Celeste, despatched the boatmen to Zanetto farm, but without informing them of the character of the party whom they were transporting, and himself stole back thither, avoiding numerous parties of white-coats. At the farm he found that a new difficulty had arisen. Anita, growing hourly worse, and no longer well able to understand what was going on around her, was in agony at the idea of being separated from Garibaldi. 'Bonnet,' he said at last, 'you cannot imagine all that this woman has done for me, nor how tenderly she loves me. I owe her an immense debt of gratitude and love. Let her come with me.' After again making clear, but to no purpose, the great danger which the two men would incur by this change of plan, their friend bowed to the ruling of love, and granted that death alone should part the wife from her husband. And so, when the boat arrived from Comacchio, they laid her beside him, among the cushions in the stern, and at the moment when the *Ave Maria* was sounding over the broad, still surface of the lagoon, Bonnet watched Anita, Garibaldi and *Leggiero* float from the shore and recede into the gathering gloom.²

Anita, in her last hours, still held by the undogmatic religion of her husband—to which, perhaps, she had adhered more consistently than he. It had been noticed at Rieti, on Good Friday of that year, that, while Garibaldi pleased the population by dismounting and taking off his hat to a procession, Anita, who was at his side, remained in the saddle.³ The minute daily records of those who watched her during the Retreat from Rome, and during her long death agony throughout the first four days of

¹ *Bonnet*, 24, 25; *Bel.* 196; *Venosta*, 136-139; *Facchini*, 126, 127; *Gualtieri*, 95-6, 183.

² *Bonnet*, 25-29; *Mem.* 252.

³ *Loew*, i. 131; see also *Bel.* 86, ll. 13-16, for another incident indicating her opinions.

August, mention no sign of craving on her part for those miraculous consolations which she had rejected in her days of health and strength. Dying on the breast of Garibaldi, she needed no priest.

The land-locked sea over which Anita was taken for her last voyage, called the Valli di Comacchio, is cut into two unequal parts by the highroad causeway that joins the island city to the mainland and to the seashore—the part of the lagoon north of Comacchio, known as the Valli Isola and Ponti, being smaller than the portion lying to the south. The lagoons are again subdivided, though in less marked fashion, by long strings of narrow islands, some of bare earth and some covered with rough grass, never more than two feet above the water, and not many feet wide, but extending often for miles in length. Except the towers of Comacchio, the low black lines of these *argini*, as they are called, alone break the monotony of the lake; and a few huts rising upon them, at intervals of many miles, serve as the only landmarks within the wide boundaries of the green, encircling shores. Under a spring sky, with larks singing above the causeway, and white cloud masses rolling along the horizon over the distant Apennines, and Comacchio near at hand rising red out of the blue waters, there is neither terror nor gloom in all the tranquil scene. But on that hot August night, danger lurked in the still lagoon, and death was companion in the boat.

They rowed safely across the northern Valli Isola and Ponti, and then, carrying Anita and their little vessel across the highroad causeway, at midnight and unobserved, they embarked upon the larger southern lake. But during the portage over the causeway something aroused the suspicions of the crew, the identity of Garibaldi was disclosed to them, and, in terror of their lives, they abandoned him, at about three in the morning of August 4, alone with his wife and *Leggiero*, in a hut upon one of the desert islands to the north of the *argine* Agosta. The sun, rising from behind Comacchio on the desolate scene, brought neither comfort nor hope; she, it was now too clear, would in any case be dead before

nightfall, and the Austrians would in all likelihood be the next visitors to the oozy isle on which they were marooned.¹

But the boatmen had not returned to Comacchio in order to betray, and the fact that they had declined to prosecute further a task imposed on them under false pretences reached the ears of their employers and not of the Austrians.² At an early hour, Nino Bonnet was roused from bed by his brother Celeste's wife, who rushed into his room with the calamitous news. A few minutes later he was battering at the house of a patriotic boatman named Michele Guidi, whom he soon roused from sleep. It was neither possible nor necessary to conceal from this man the real nature of the case, and he agreed to fetch away Garibaldi and his party to a certain dairy-farm near Mandriole, whither Nino Bonnet hastened to prepare the inhabitants for their arrival.³

And so at eight in the morning, after five hours of terrible suspense, they were taken off the lonely island by Michele Guidi and his brother, who rowed them across the lagoon to the Chiavica di Mezzo (or Pedone), their chosen landing-place on the southern shore. They arrived here about one in the afternoon (August 4), but only to encounter fresh delays and difficulties before they could transfer the dying woman to the dairy-farm at Mandriole. It was necessary first to carry the boat across the bank which divides the lagoon from the Po di Primaro; after that, a cart and horse had to be fetched from the farm by Michele Guidi. He and his brother worked with indefatigable zeal, for Bonnet was now absent at Ravenna, making arrangements for the further escape of the fugitives; and the scared peasants, though friendly, and not altogether unhelpful, were afraid of doing too much, since it was easy to guess the character of such strange travellers. Not till half-past seven in the evening (August 4) did the little procession reach the Guiccioli dairy-farm, near the scattered hamlet of

¹ *Gironi*, 43; *Bonnet*, 29, 30; *Itinerary*.

² There are two different accounts as to how the Celeste Bonnets were informed of the marooning of Garibaldi. (*Gironi*, 43; *Bonnet*, 29, 30.)

³ *Bonnet*, 29-33.

Mandriole.¹ It is a finely built, spacious house, standing among vineyards; but the reeds and waste land of the southern marsh come almost to its doors, and from its upper chambers the tall trees of the famous pine forest of Ravenna are seen, the nearest of them scarcely a mile away. It was here that the tragedy of Garibaldi's life took place.

The last words that he had heard Anita say to him concerned the children whom she left to his care. Then, for long hours, her speech had failed. All day she was losing her hold on life, and Garibaldi could but clasp her closer in his arms, as their boat glided over the smooth surface of the lagoon. No longer conscious of anything save that he was there, the dying woman may have fancied that they were escaping once more over the well-known waters of another lagoon now all too far away; or that they were riding together to war, in the first glory of youth and love, over rolling, infinite spaces.

When they drew near the door of the farm in the long shadows of evening, she was lying in the cart, on the mattress in which they had lifted her from the boat. The good doctor, Nannini, who had been fetched from Sant' Alberto, arrived almost at the same moment. 'Try and save this woman,' said Garibaldi to him as they met. 'Then we must make a shift to get her to bed,' he replied. 'The four of us then each took a corner of the mattress,' writes her husband, 'and carried her into the house, to a room at the head of the stairs. In laying her down on the bed, I thought I saw the death-look in her face.'

It was too true. She had passed away as they bore her into that quiet chamber. Then the noble outward calm of Garibaldi, which had been proof against the thousand dangers, disappointments, and sorrows of the past months, and had inspired his fainting followers with courage, all in an instant gave way, and he burst into a flood of prolonged and bitter weeping.²

¹ *Bonnet*, 52 (Guidi's narrative); *Gironi*, 47; *Itinerary*.

² *Mem.* 251, 252; *Bonnet*, 53 (Guidi's narrative); *Gironi*, 47-49; *Uccellini's Garibaldi*, 12-14; see Appendix P, 'The death of Anita.'

CHAPTER XVI¹

THE ESCAPE OF GARIBALDI

'That second time they hunted me
 From hill to plain, from shore to sea,
 And Austria, hounding far and wide
 Her blood-hounds thro' the country side,
 Breathed hot and instant on my trace,—

'At first sight of her eyes, I said,
 "I am the man upon whose head
 They fix the price, because I hate
 The Austrians over us: the State
 Will give you gold—oh, gold so much!—
 If you betray me to their clutch,
 And be your death, for aught I know,
 If once they find you saved their foe!"'

ROBERT BROWNING, *The Italian in England*.

STUNNED by the first blow of the irreparable loss, and for awhile, as it seemed to those who were in the room, deprived of his reason, Garibaldi no longer concealed his identity, and in a few minutes the crowd of peasants who had gathered outside the door of the house were whispering the name of joy and fear.² But there was not found among them one who would sell Italy for gold. In Romagna, the patriotism of the *contadini* was as staunch as that of the townspeople in Umbria, and from this moment forward Garibaldi's life was handed on with religious devotion from one poor man to another, until, after many days, they had safely transferred him out of the region where the hunt was hottest.

It was impossible to permit him to linger in the house of death, close to the high road, for the Austrian searchers might arrive at any moment, and the corpse would betray

¹ See map at end of book for this chapter.

² *Bonnet*, 43-5. (Ravaglia's evidence.)

them all. 'I directed the good people,' he writes, 'to bury the body, and left, yielding to the entreaties of the inhabitants of the house, whom my farther stay compromised.' Then he 'staggered along, scarcely able to walk,' accompanied by *Leggiere* and a guide, who took him, partly in the doctor's cart, to the little village of Sant' Alberto, and lodged him there in the cottage of a poor handicraftsman, where he was received with a generosity that sank deep into his heart. He himself belonged to the poor, by origin, and by the simple habits of his early life which he never abandoned; the heroism and kindness of his hosts on this dreadful night pierced the armour of his grief, and he determined to live for a country whose humblest children were ready to die for him. Another feeling, less tender but no less wholesome as an antidote to sorrow during the crisis of his soul's malady, was roused as he looked out from the window and saw the white-coats swaggering down the village street, with their insolent airs of mastery towards the defenceless natives. Wrath choked him at the sight, and he hungered for new battles.¹

Very early on the next morning (August 5), *Leggiere* and he, accompanied by one of the faithful men of Sant' Alberto, started back eastwards towards the coast. The Austrians were swarming close around them, but they managed to make their way down the course of the Po di Primaro, sometimes walking, sometimes hiding in the tall Indian corn, and sometimes rowing with the help of one regular

¹ *Mem.* 252-4. *Bonnet*, 45-6; *Uccellini's Garibaldi*, 14; *Mini*, 39-41. Garibaldi calls his host of Sant' Alberto a *tailor*, but Marie von Schwartz, who accompanied him in his pilgrimage to these scenes in the autumn of 1859, records that 'our return journey to Ravenna led us through the hamlet of Sant' Alberto, where, during his adventurous retreat from Rome in 1849, Garibaldi sought refuge and found shelter at the hands of a poor *cobbler*. This very cobbler now lay at the point of death. He had already received extreme unction. But when the shouts of the people announced Garibaldi's triumphal procession through the village, the poor man tried to leave his sick bed to welcome the hero of Varese and Como. The General was informed of this, and at once paid a visit to his former benefactor, who, as I learnt afterwards, was so strongly affected with joy by the visit that he recovered from his illness.' *Melena*, 72. He had been moved about from one house to another during the dangerous night's residence in Sant' Alberto, occupied as it was by some 200 Austrians. *Itinerary and Mini*, 40-1.

oar and of a big stake, picked out of the water by Garibaldi, and shaped for use with the large knives which were now the only arms borne by the two fugitives. When they had in this way approached the northern end of the pine forest of Ravenna, they stole out of the fevered marshland into the covert of that luxuriant and health-giving jungle that grows beneath the tall pine stems.¹

The pine forest of Ravenna has been so perfectly described by John Addington Symonds, that no inferior hand need attempt the task:

‘As early as the sixth century,’ he writes, ‘the sea had already retreated to such a distance from Ravenna that orchards and gardens were cultivated on the spot where once the galleys of the Cæsars rode at anchor. Groves of pines sprang up along the shore, and in their lofty tops the music of the wind moved like the ghost of waves and breakers plunging upon distant sands. This Pinetum stretches along the shore of the Adriatic for about forty miles, forming a belt of variable width between the great marsh and the tumbling sea. From a distance the bare stems and velvet crowns of the pine-trees stand up like palms that cover an oasis on Arabian sands; but at a nearer view the trunks detach themselves from an inferior forest-growth of juniper and thorn and ash and oak, the tall roofs of the stately firs shooting their breadth of sheltering greenery above the lower and less sturdy brushwood. . . .

‘As may be imagined, the spaces of this great forest form the haunt of innumerable living creatures. Lizards run about by myriads in the grass. Doves coo among the branches of the pines, and nightingales pour their full-throated music all day and night from thickets of whitethorn and acacia. The air is sweet with aromatic scents; the resin of the pine and juniper, the may-flowers and acacia-blossoms, the violets that spring by thousands in the moss, the wild roses and faint honeysuckles which throw fragrant arms from bough to bough of ash or maple, join to make one most delicious perfume. And though the

¹ *Uccellini's Garibaldi*, 14-18; *Itinerary*; *Bologna MS.*, *Belluzzi's Note-book*, from personal information given by one of Garibaldi's saviours. The part of the pine forest north of Ravenna (*Pineta San Vitale*), where Garibaldi hid on August 5-6, still exists, though the larger southern forest has been mostly destroyed by a fire. The thick underwood of the *pineta* of Ravenna distinguishes it from the corresponding *pineta* on the Tuscan coast, Shelley's Pisan haunt.

air upon the neighbouring marsh is poisonous, here it is dry, and spreads a genial health. The sea-wind murmuring through these thickets at nightfall or misty sunrise conveys no fever to the peasants stretched among their flowers. . . .

' You may ride or drive for miles along green aisles between the pines in perfect solitude ; and yet the creatures of the wood, the sunlight and the birds, the flowers and tall majestic columns at your side, prevent all sense of loneliness or fear. Huge oxen haunt the wilderness—grey creatures, with mild eyes and spreading horns and stealthy tread. . . .

' Then there is a sullen canal, which flows through the forest from the marshes to the sea, it is alive with frogs and newts and snakes. You may see these serpents basking on the surface among thickets of the flowering rush, or coiled about the lily leaves and flowers—lithe monsters, slippery and speckled, the tyrants of the fen.

' It is said that when Dante was living at Ravenna he would spend whole days alone among the forest glades, thinking of Florence and her civil wars, and meditating cantos of his poem.' ¹

And here, in a later age, Byron had taken his daily ride, meditating a less divine comedy, and finding strange companions under the greenwood tree. In his diary of 1821 we read :

' Met a company of the sect (a kind of Liberal club) called the *Americani* in the forest, all armed, and singing, with all their might, in Romagnuole, "*Sem tutti soldat' per la libertà*" (" We are all soldiers for liberty "). They cheered me as I passed.'

And again :

' The *Americani* give a dinner in *the Forest* in a few days, and have invited me, as one of the *Carbonari*. It is to be in *the Forest* of Boccaccio's and Dryden's " Huntsman's Ghost " ; and, even if I had not the same political feelings (to say nothing of my old convivial turn which every now and then revives), I would go as a poet, or, at least, as a lover of poetry ' ²

And now Garibaldi, conducted by the sons of Byron's *Americani* through the same enchanted thickets, lay concealed for more than twenty-four hours amid these scenes

¹ J. A. Symonds. *Sketches in Italy. Ravenna.*

² *Byron*, v. 192, 206, January 29 and February 20, 1821.

of untamed nature, the sight of which was a talisman more sure to touch and heal his heart, than formerly to dispel the *ennui* of the English lord.

The beauty of the forest, the long hours of repose in its salubrious air, varied by the occasional excitement of dodging the Austrian searchers, had a recuperative effect upon Garibaldi's body and mind.

'The Austrians,' he writes with a certain gusto, 'had divided a battalion into sections, which marched in every direction through the pine forest. . . . On one of these occasions it happened that, while I lay stretched out beside my comrade *Leggiero*, on one side of a clump of bushes, they passed on the other—their voices, anything but welcome, somewhat disturbing the quiet of the forest and our peaceful reflections. They passed very near us, and we probably formed the subject of their rather animated conversation.'

'Several people,' he tells us, 'were in the secret of the concealment which saved me from the researches not only of the Austrians, but of the Papalini, who were worse still. These courageous Romagnuols—most of them young men—were untiring in their care for my safety. When they thought me in danger in one place, I used to see them coming up at night with a cart, to remove me to a safer situation, many miles distant. . . .

'My young protectors had arranged their night-signals with admirable skill, so as to transfer me from one point to another, and to give the alarm in case of danger. When all was known to be safe, a fire was lit in an appointed place, and we passed on; if, on the contrary, no fire was seen, we turned back or took another direction. Sometimes, fearing some mistake, the driver stopped the cart, got down, and himself went on to reconnoitre—or else, without getting down, found some one to give him directions at once.

'These arrangements were made with admirable precision. Be it noted that, if anything had transpired—if my persecutors had had the slightest hint of what was happening—they would have shot even the very children of the people who showed me such devotion, without trial and without mercy.'

¹ *Mem.* 253-4. Within a few miles and a few days of this hunt for Garibaldi in the forest, they shot Ciceruacchio's younger son, a boy of about thirteen, guilty only of following his father on the retreat from Rome. See p. 307 below.

On the evening of August 6 he was conducted out of the pine-wood to a little thatched hut standing in a position of extraordinary loneliness in the middle of the strip of marsh between the forest and the sea. 'Garibaldi's hut,' now a small museum in the wilderness, can only be reached by boat, for it stands amid a network of canals—a situation which had commended it to the peasants as a place of safety for their guest. Indeed, it was never visited in those days except by a club of sportsmen who shot duck there in springtime. The spot where Garibaldi and *Leggiero* landed at its door is marked by a stone. All around, the dark, flat, unprofitable marsh stretches away for miles, bounded on one side by the sea, and on the other by the beautiful curving sweep of the pine forest. Here they remained for twenty-four hours, until the secret preparations undertaken by Bonnet's Liberal friends in Ravenna were in a state of readiness. During this interval Garibaldi in his hut nursed schemes of procuring a ship to take him to Venice, but the shore was so strictly watched from both sea and land that the wiser counsels of his friends prevailed. And so, just before nightfall of August 7, the two fugitives re-embarked on the canals, and were smuggled safely, first as far south as Savio, and then into the Sisi suburb outside the southern gates of Ravenna.

There, in the closest neighbourhood to the Papal and Austrian authorities, they passed nearly a week in strange safety, moved on sometimes from one house to another, and latterly quartered on a farm a mile or two to the southwest of Ravenna, among the damp rice-fields of Porto Fuori, not very far from the solitary and ancient Church of S. Apollinare in Classe. Here Garibaldi could hear through the door of the room where he lay concealed the conversation of the gangs of farm-labourers at their dinner; one day, they were telling tales of his already legendary escape, and added the terrible story—all too true—of how Anita's body, hastily concealed from the police in the thin sand near Mandriole, had been grubbed up and gnawed by unclean animals. At that the door opened, and for a

moment a spectre stood gaping with horror at the feasters but was instantly pushed back before it could gather voice to speak.

Meanwhile arrangements were being made for his reception at Forlì and subsequent passage thence into the Tuscan Apennines. When all was ready, he and *Leggiero* were driven by night along the direct road from Ravenna to Forlì; one of their most active friends, Savini, went in front to prepare the way, and succeeded in making the guards in the roadside hamlet of Coccolia so drunk that they did not wake to question the midnight travellers. When they reached Forlì, they had recrossed the plain of the Romagna, and were once more at the foot of the Apennines.¹

While Garibaldi and his sole companion were thus escaping from the toils, some fifty or more patriots who had disembarked with them on the shore and whom Garibaldi had ordered to shift for themselves, had made off, most of them throwing away their arms, assuming disguises, and for the most part disappearing from the knowledge of history.²

Ciceruacchio and his two sons, with half a dozen other Italians, made northwards for Venice, and with immense difficulty succeeded in crossing several of the mouths of the Po, and entering Austrian territory; but there, about the middle of August, they were betrayed by a fellow-countryman covetous of the blood-money, condemned by a drum-head court-martial, and shot in the market square of San Nicolò in the district of Ariano, close to the central mouth of the great river. The elder of Ciceruacchio's sons, Luigi Brunetti, who had stabbed Rossi with his own hand, deserved his fate, though he was sentenced under an *alias*, and by men who, even if they had known his real name, would have been totally ignorant that he had committed any worse crime than that of following Garibaldi. The secret of his guilt, confined to private individuals for

¹ *Uccellini's Garibaldi*, 24-36; *Mini*, 40-57; *Itinerary. Mem.* 254-5. *Bologna MS. Verità. Stocchi*, 668-672, 690, and notes.

² See App. O, below.

many years after his death, has only in recent times been revealed, to a generation which can look without blind partiality on Rossi and his assassins.¹ Luigi's brother, somewhere between ten and fifteen years of age, stood at his father's side to face the levelled muskets, with the innocence and courage of boyhood.² The public execution of such a lad among a band of 'Liberal thieves,' was not, in those months, a thing that aroused surprise or comment.

So fell Ciceruacchio, the man who first won the populace of Rome to a tardy but enduring sense of their place in the national movement. He was himself a loveable, hearty, simple-minded man, who had earned, not merely the applause of the market-place, but the admiration and friendship of Garibaldi and Ugo Bassi, and even of so respectable a person as the Whig grandee, Lord Minto, during his residence in Rome in the winter of 1846-7. The crime of Ciceruacchio's elder son overshadows the father's name in history with a doubt;³ if he was implicated, he paid the penalty with his blood and that of his children; if he was guiltless, he was one of the chief of Italy's martyrs, should there be any order of precedence among those who died for her cause.

No shadow of any sinister suspicion rests on the pure fame of Ugo Bassi. After the soldiers had seized him and Livraghi in the bedroom of the Comacchio inn, on August 3, they were taken to the Government prison 'with barbarous treatment and at the point of the bayonet.' They remained in the island city two days longer, and on the wall of the prison Ugo Bassi drew in pencil 'a beautiful Christ,' with this motto—'Ugo Bassi here endured somewhat, glad of heart in feeling himself innocent. Livraghi, captain of Garibaldi, was present and with him through all.'⁴

¹ See pp. 80-81 above. *Pasini*, 127-130 (Braga's letter). *Bel.* 193 and *Mem.* 250 convince me (in spite of *Ortore* and *Carcani* in the *R.I.* 1898, iii. 356-558) that the absence of Luigi Brunetti's name from the lists of the party executed, does not prove an *alibi*, but only that he gave an *alias*.

² *R. I.* 1898, iii. 356-358. *Pasini*, 128-129. *Bel.* 10.

³ See p. 80 above, note 4.

⁴ *Gualtieri*, 97 (Bonnet's evidence).

On the fifth the two friends were carried off, bound, in an open cart towards Bologna. As the tragic procession passed along the roads, there were not wanting priests who mocked the outcast of Church and State; at the bridge of Castenaso, a few miles east of Bologna, the parish priest of the neighbouring village called out, 'Preach your war against the Austrians now.'¹ On their arrival in the capital of the Romagna Gorzkowski at once had Bassi condemned to death on the utterly false accusation that he had been taken with arms in his hands. The sentence, which the General was anxious to have sanctioned by the spiritual power before carrying it into execution, was approved by a council held in the Palace of the Cardinal Legate Bedini, composed entirely of secular priests, nine Bolognese and three Hungarians. The Italians, whose names are on record, signed the disgraceful document; the Hungarians refused, and were seen to leave the palace in tears.² That evening (August 7) Bassi was taken to the Penitentiary prison 'della Carità,' and left there for his last night on earth, in the hands of his bitter enemies the secular priests.³ At half-past eleven on the morning of the eighth, he was led to hear his sentence, to which he merely answered, 'I am innocent.' In the afternoon of the same day he was carried to execution, like Browning's 'Patriot,' through the streets of the city where his noblest triumphs of fame and popular success had been won.⁴ A mile outside the city gate, close under the Church of the Madonna of St. Luke standing on a hill visible for many miles round Bologna, the cart stopped and Bassi and Livraghi were taken out to die. Bassi's last spoken thought was of a brother-worker, whom he had

¹ *Gualtieri*, 185, 97-8; the scene of this incident shows that they were not taken by the Via Aemilia, but by cross-country roads. There is not sufficient evidence of the route traversed to render it possible either to accept or reject the story of Bassi and his captors passing close to Garibaldi's hiding-place in the Pineta (*Uccellini's Garibaldi*, 20).

² *Montasio*, 78. *Gualtieri*, 99-100, note. This fact alone would dispose of the ridiculous excuse of Cardinal Bedini that he had not had notice of the execution; but indeed *Gualtieri* says (p. 187, note): 'All the city was given notice of it eleven hours before it took place.'

³ *Gualtieri*, 100, 179-181.

⁴ See pp. 76 and 77 above.

perhaps known many years before in his struggle with the cholera in Palermo:—‘This handkerchief,’ he said, ‘is not mine, but it belongs to Padre Filippo, a bare-footed Augustinian of Palermo, my intimate friend; let it be returned to him, and tell him that it has wiped the tears of my agony.’ The officer who was to give the order to fire had not the heart to do his duty; another took his place, and a minute later the two victims had fallen, bathed in blood. That night Ugo Bassi’s grave, which was dug near to the spot where he fell, was found covered with flowers and garlands; the people regarded him as a saint and martyr; visions of him descending from the clouds in an aureole of light were accredited by the pious and simple; and his tomb outside the gate became a place of pilgrimage, until the Papal authorities thought it wise to dig up the body and hide it away. But that did not cause Bologna to forget him.¹

The memory of Ugo Bassi may be revered by men of all creeds. The heroism of the saint who fought the cholera in the streets of Palermo, and of the patriot who rode unarmed in the thick of so many battles, the fiery eloquence of the prophet and reformer, were softened by a pure gentleness of soul and manner, which Garibaldi compared to that of a maiden tenderly nurtured far from such dreadful scenes as those in which this true Christian moved unstained.²

The news of these murders, overtaking Garibaldi during his secret peregrinations not many miles to the south, moved him to intense pity and anger. In the years to come, he always thought and spoke of the Austrians as ‘the men who shot Ugo Bassi and Ciceruacchio.’³ But time takes its revenges, sometimes with a kindly smile. The youth in whose Imperial name these and many like cruelties were committed in that summer nearly sixty years ago, is now, wary old expert that he has long since become in constitutional ways and means, urging the populations

¹ *Gualtieri*, 101–103, 179, 187–188. *Venosta*, 139–147. *Zirani*, 119–124. *Vecchi*, ii. 323–325. *Facchini*, 132–152. *Montasio*, 75–81.

² Letter of Garibaldi to Mrs. Hamilton King, Feb. 4, 1873—shown me by the poetess.

³ *Mem.* 250–251, 305.

who still remain under his facile rule, to adopt the principle of manhood suffrage.

Garibaldi's own escape from the region of the lagoons was visited upon Gorzkowski by his removal. This event, which has its humorous side if we consider how little the General's failure was due to want of zeal, incidentally saved the life of Nino Bonnet, who had been arrested on just suspicion, and, after some delay, 'taken to be shot at Bologna,' as the newspapers put it. Gorzkowski had specially sent for the person whose activities had so seriously injured his reputation as a man-catcher, and had no intention of foregoing his revenge. Bonnet was lodged in the cell occupied a few days before by Ugo Bassi, and would certainly have left it for the same destination, had not Gorzkowski's disgrace occurred in the nick of time. His successor gave Garibaldi's saviour both life and freedom, in circumstances from which we may conclude that the hero's marvellous escape, while it stimulated the brutality of some of the Austrian generals, awakened the chivalrous sympathy of others.'

As Garibaldi re-entered the valleys of the Apennines and approached the Tuscan border, he was eagerly awaited by Don Giovanni Verità, the parish priest of Modigliana, a pretty little mountain town built at a meeting-place of three valleys. This good man, as Garibaldi writes,

'had saved, by hundreds, the proscribed Romagnuols, who, condemned by the inexorable rage of the clergy, had sought refuge in Tuscany—a country whose government, though not good, was at least less atrocious than that of the priests. Proscriptions were frequent among the unfortunate and courageous people, and whenever, in my wanderings, I met with banished Romagnuols, I always heard them bless the name of this truly pious priest.'¹

Verità, who lived long to tell his stories of these strange times, relates that, having received instructions to expect

¹ *Bonnet*, 54-65; *Guerzoni*, i. 362, note.

² *Mem.* 255-256.

Garibaldi, he waited up for him night after night on the Faenza road, until at last, when that route proved to be too strictly watched, he was told that his guest would come by way of Terra del Sole. And so, on the night of August 20-21 (or possibly 21-22),¹ the good priest was waiting by the cross at Monte Trebbio in a torrent of rain, when Garibaldi at length arrived, walking beside a cart on which he had placed *Leggiere*. Verità had been led to expect the hero alone, and the need of providing for his lame companion added greatly to the difficulties of finding a passage across the Apennine summits. To this task, however, he gladly addressed himself, as he had done on behalf of many less celebrated refugees. After hiding the two in his house for more than twenty-four hours,² he started with them over the mountains, solving the problem of *Leggiere* sometimes by the aid of a cart, sometimes by the help of certain Liberal muleteers and horse-owners, accustomed to act as his secret service on these occasions.³

In this way, riding, driving, or walking beside a cart, the three friends traversed the Apennine ridges by winding and rocky paths, crossing almost at right angles the innumerable rivers that flow down into the Romagna plain,⁴ until on the night of August 23-4 (or 24-25) they found themselves standing on the great road between Florence and Bologna. They had struck it at a point a mile or two south of Filigare, the village wherein Garibaldi had spent some anxious days with his infant legion, in the snows of the previous November; ⁵ it was therefore a district where he was only too well known by sight. Here Verità left his friends, protected by the darkness, while he went down towards Filigare to find a rich merchant farmer named Francia, whom he could trust to guide and help them. But Francia was not at home, and it was hours before the priest could find him and return. Meanwhile day had dawned,

¹ See Ap. P., in the Italian edition of this book (1908), my argument on the difficult question of the dates (Aug. 20-25) based on *Mini* and *Stocchi*.

² *Un par di giorni*, says Garibaldi, *Mem.* 256. Verità's statement that they remained a week or more is an error, as the known dates of the escape prove.

³ *Bologna MSS.* Verità and Oriani; *Bellussi's* note-book; *Stocchi*, 688-691.

⁴ *Bologna MSS.*, *Bellussi's* Note-book, and Verità.

⁵ See p. 78 above.

and its light exposed the two fugitives lingering on the high road patrolled by Austrian and Tuscan troops.¹ No longer daring to wait about for Verità, they chartered a tumble-down country cart and the sorry jade that drew it, and drove southwards up the pass, meeting numerous Austrian columns on the way.²

In this adventurous manner they traversed a dozen miles of hard white road between the wooded sides of the mountains, and recrossing the watershed of Italy began to descend towards Florence. Just below the top of the pass stands the wayside inn of Santa Lucia, then kept by the patriotic family of Baldini, and here the fugitives, cut off by their recent misadventure from all friends and helpers, presented themselves at the door and called for coffee. The mother happened to be ill in bed, and the house was in charge of her daughter Teresa, then a beautiful girl of twenty, who survived to a great and honoured old age, to tell a generation of free Italians the story of what befell her with those strange guests in the inn.³

The elder of the two strangers began to chat with the girl as she waited on them, and to ask the news of the country. 'Oh,' said Teresa, 'the Tuscan and Austrian troops are out looking for you.'

'What! You know me?'

'You are Garibaldi.'

'Where have you seen me?'

'Don't you remember that you passed here last November with your volunteers, on the day of Galliano fair?'

'Basta, basta.'

¹ There is a tradition that an officer of Tuscan cavalry, during a halt near Filigare, recognised Garibaldi, but made no sign of the discovery, and at once gave the order to mount and ride on. *Ricciardi*, 7.

² *Mem.* 256. *Stocchi*, 673-678. *Bologna MS. Verità*.

³ See her narrative, *Stocchi*, 678-683. *Mem.* 256-257 tells the same story. Where there are differences of detail, Teresa Baldini's recollections are to be preferred to those of Garibaldi, as it was the great event of her life, the memory of which she cherished, while to him it was only one adventure out of a thousand. The same principle applies in comparing the *Mem.* to *Bonnet*, *Sequi*, etc. (See *Ap. P.*, Italian edition of this book, for reasons why *Stocchi's* version of Teresa's narrative is to be preferred to *Mini's*.)

⁴ Galliano, or Gagliano, is a few miles to the south.

An understanding was soon arrived at, after which Garibaldi, sleepy from his night upon the hills, sat leaning over the table, and letting his face fall forward on his arms, dropped off into a doze. Roused by a touch from *Leggiero*, he looked up to see a party of whitecoats sitting down with them to the board. Signing Teresa to keep them in conversation, he drew a cigar from his pocket and lit it at the lantern, which he replaced in such a position as to leave his face in shadow; the poor room had no windows, and the light from the door was by itself too feeble to betray him. There he sat and smoked in silence, while the Austrian sergeant, who found Teresa most engaging, informed her and her guests in broken Italian that the army to which he belonged was coming up from Barberino in Mugello, 3,000 strong, to catch 'the infamous *Garipalda*.' At length the *Tedeschi* got up and left the room, intent upon the chase.¹

The fugitives were then placed, for their greater safety, in a hut at Pian del Monte, just on the other side of the road, but on ground considerably above its level, where they sat under a chestnut-tree and watched through a telescope more Austrians passing the inn. Some of them handled Teresa roughly, calling her 'Garibaldi's wife,' and threatening to shoot her; they treated many other women along the road in the same manner. Garibaldi and *Leggiero* were then supplied with guides by their new friends in Santa Lucia, and on the night of August 25-26 were conducted westward out of the dangerous valley, by mountain paths south of Mangona, over the slopes of Montecuccoli. Travelling all night, on the following morning they dismissed their guides and descended off the mountain side into Cerbaja in the Val di Bisenzio, where they arrived, friendless once more, but once more destined to find deliverers.²

¹ The evidence as to whether Garibaldi had shaved his beard is contradictory. *Guerzoni*, i. 386. *MS. Verità*. *Stocchi*, 679 and note. Teresa's recollection was that he wore 'only his moustache' during this dangerous interview.

² *Stocchi*, 678-688. *Mem.* 256-257. *Guelfi*, 40. *Sequi*, 5, 9-10. *Sequi* states, and *Guelfi* and *Stocchi* prove by sufficient arguments that Garibaldi arrived at Cerbaja on the morning of the 26th, and not as the *Memoria* and *Ricciardi* say, on the former evening. Of the places mentioned by *Sequi*, 9-10, Montepiano = Pian del Monte, at S. Lucia; and Calvano is a continuation of Montecuccoli.

While the fugitives were coming down from Montecuccoli in the early morning of August 26, a young man named Enrico Sequi set out with his dog and gun from Vajano a few miles down the valley, in pursuit of game—but of what size and species, history, fearful perhaps of alienating English sympathy, has providentially left unrecorded. About eight o'clock the sportsman took refuge from the rain in the mill of Cerbaja, which was also kept as a rustic inn by the host and miller, a jolly fellow, but no politician and above all no Liberal. Here Sequi was joined by the two travellers, and they ate and smoked together, charmed with one another's company. Being himself an active Liberal, the young Tuscan, as he took stock of his new acquaintances, at once had the thought of refugees, an idea naturally uppermost in the minds of all members of his party in those months. Partly in order to test their politics, he drew a Val d'Arno newspaper from his pocket and handed it across the table. Seeing the elder of the two laugh and show his companion the advertisement about Garibaldi and *Leggiero*, he could not refrain from exclaiming, 'And where is our Garibaldi now?' 'Friend,' said the stranger, rising suddenly and advancing to embrace the young man, 'Garibaldi is in your arms.'¹

When Sequi, having recovered from his first delight and surprise, heard that their intention was to cross the mountains towards Spezia in the hope of reaching the territory of Piedmont, he declared the venture too hazardous, because the whole frontier region was thickly occupied by the troops of the reactionary powers, on the watch for the passage of such fugitives; he himself undertook to provide them with better means of escape. Leaving Garibaldi and *Leggiero* at Cerbaja, he took horse and rode in haste to Prato, the pretty little town at the northern edge of the Val d'Arno plain, where the cathedral, with its Renaissance bas-reliefs and its balcony of Donatello's dancing boys, looks out over the square to tell the traveller that he is in the enchanted neighbourhood of Florence.

¹ *Sequi*, 5-8. *Guelphi*, 1-10. *Mem.* 257.

Here Sequi made one of his friends take him at once to Antonio Martini, the chief of the Liberal party in Prato, whom they found at his midday meal. It was arranged then and there that the two fugitives should be carried southwards in a closed carriage across the Val d'Arno, and over the hills near Volterra to a solitary point on the Maremma of Tuscany, where there were good patriots who would ship them off to Piedmont. This scheme, actually accomplished during the ensuing week, speaks much for the energy and faithfulness of these Tuscan Liberals, for it was a plot in which, before all was over, a score of persons took an active share, and of which many more were cognisant. Nets of conspiracy, when they are as widely spread as that, usually become tangled or break at some one point.

Meanwhile, in the mill of Cerbaja, taking his meals with the jolly miller and his family, who seem to have suspected nothing, Garibaldi confidently awaited the return of the stranger, whom he had trusted to the death on no other security than that of his honest face and bearing. And surely after sunset the young man came back—without the police—and drove Garibaldi and *Leggiero* down the river towards the Val d'Arno, to the rendezvous with his friends. In the dead of night the various parties to the plot met in the Prato railway station on the outskirts of the town, under the nose of an Austrian sentry. There the last plans were made, the greetings and farewells were exchanged, and the two wanderers, having been transferred into an excellent four-wheeled carriage, were driven off along the outside of the city walls. Going round by the flattest road, they crossed the Arno at Empoli about dawn, and ascending the Elsa valley reached Poggibonsi at eight in the morning of the 27th, having accomplished in six hours a drive of nearly forty miles from Prato.¹

After a short rest, they started on again at midday with a new carriage, and travelled for eleven anxious hours, with coachmen who were not in the secret. At the first

¹ *Sequi*, 10-14. *Guelfi*, 11-27, 40. *Ricciardi*, 6-8. *Mem.* 257-258.

short stage, Colle d'Elsa, they sat through a bad quarter of an hour, suffering much from the inquisitive habits of their countrymen, who happened to be collected there in great numbers for a *festa*.

'Our journey from Prato to the Maremma was indeed singular. We passed over a great extent of country in a closed carriage, stopping every now and then to change horses. Our halts in some places were rather longer than was absolutely necessary, some of our drivers being much less careful of us than others. In this way time was given to the curious to surround the carriage; sometimes, too, we were obliged to leave it for meals, instead of having them brought to us, to conceal in some degree our exceptional situation. In small towns, our vehicle was, of course, turned into a species of pillory by the idlers of the place, who offered aloud a thousand conjectures as to who we were, and were naturally disposed to gossip about people whom they did not know, and who, therefore, in those difficult and terrible times of reaction, seemed doubtful or even dangerous characters. At Colle, in particular, nowadays quite a patriotic and advanced place, we were surrounded by a crowd, from whom our faces, certainly not those of peaceful and indifferent travellers, drew manifest tokens of suspicion and dislike. However, nothing took place beyond a few abusive epithets, which, as was to be expected under the circumstances, we pretended not to hear.'¹

From Colle they left the valley of the Elsa and travelled westward, until their carriage had by three in the afternoon climbed onto the far-seen table mountain of

'lordly Volaterræ,
Where scowls the far-famed hold
Piled by the hands of giants
For godlike kings of old.'

Passing near the colossal masonry of its Etruscan gate and walls, they dared not look out at the town—nor even at the view which would have been to them more thrilling, of the distant western sea—but sat well back in the carriage with their hats pulled over their eyes, until they felt themselves rattling down the mountain on its southern side.²

¹ *Mem.* 258-259. *Guelph*, 34.

² *Mem.* 259. *Ricciardi*, 8. *Guelph*, 36.

On hearing that the village of Saline was full of soldiers, they crossed the Cecina river a little further down, making a *détour* which clearly showed the coachman that they were not the innocent merchant farmers they pretended to be. From the valley bottom they again mounted the hills by the high road that leads through Pomarance, straight southwards for the Maremma. An hour before midnight (August 27) they entered the local health resort of Bagno al Morbo, and drew up at the door of Girolamo Martini, a sturdy old Liberal, who looked hard at their letters of introduction from his namesake and relation of Prato, mysteriously recommending the two nameless travellers to his good offices. At last one of them said, 'I am General Garibaldi and this is my companion, *Leggiero*.' 'Courage, General,' answered the old man, 'all will come right again.'¹

Girolamo Martini now took matters in hand. Several days would be required to communicate with the Liberals of the Maremma, who were to make all ready for a speedy embarkation in the neighbourhood of Follonica. Meanwhile, the fugitives, who could not safely be left to the tender mercies of the gossips and invalids of Bagno, now at the height of its season, were transferred off the high road to the remote and high-lying village of San Dalmazio, and lodged in the house of one Serafini, specially chosen for its facilities of escape into the mountain. Here Garibaldi remained more than four days, enjoying his first holiday since the siege of Rome began, while a dozen devoted adherents were guarding his neighbourhood, or at work down in the Maremma procuring a fishing boat with a faithful crew, who should carry him to the ports of Piedmont.

On the evening of September 1, all was ready for the last rush to the sea. At nine o'clock they left their mountain fastness, armed to the teeth for whatever might befall, walked over a few hundred yards of broken ground to their horses, rode by stony paths back to the high road at Castelnovo, mounted a carriage that was waiting for them a

¹ Ricciardi, 8-9. *Gulf*, 37-44. For incidents at Bagno di Morbo and S. Dalmazio, Ricciardi is the primary authority.

little farther to the south, and were driven, during the darkest hours of night, at a smart pace down towards the coast. After diverging a short while from the road, in order to avoid passing through the town of Massa Marittima, they entered the plain of the Maremma, and, at two in the morning of September 2, drew up at the door of the Casa Guelfi, a large and solitary farmhouse prepared as their headquarters, whence the final venture was to be made.¹

¹ *Ricciardi*, 10-20. *Guelfi*, 51-117.

CHAPTER XVII

THE EMBARKATION—SEPTEMBER 2, 1849

- Push hard across the sand,
For the salt wind gathers breath;
Shoulder and wrist and hand,
Push hard as the push of death.
- Out to the sea with her there,
Out with her over the sand;
Let the kings keep the earth for their share
We have done with the sharers of land.
- They have tied the world in a tether,
They have bought over God with a fee;
While three men hold together,
The kingdoms are less by three.
- All the world has its burdens to bear,
From Cayenne to the Austrian whips;
Forth, with the rain in our hair
And the salt sweet foam in our lips.
- In the teeth of the hard, glad weather,
In the blown wet face of the sea;
While three men hold together,
The kingdoms are less by three.'

SWINBURNE, *A Song in Time of Order.*

THE Casa Guelfi, a square house of three stories, rising high by the side of the road that leads from Pisa to Grosseto, is far seen as a landmark in the partly reclaimed marshlands that stretch between the port town of Follonica and the wooded hills of Scarlino. In 1849 the upper stories of the Casa Guelfi were inhabited by the inmates of the farm, while the ground floor, then as now, was used for

¹ For this chapter see inset in large map at end of book.

My authority for the incidents recorded in the remainder of the book is *Guelfi*, 117-147. See also *Guerzoni*, i. 386-387 (Azzarini's narrative), and *Mem.* 259-260. I have visited all the scenes.

cattle and stores; the house took its name from the proprietor, who was one of the chiefs of the plot. When Garibaldi alighted at its door two hours after midnight, greeting his hosts with a cheery 'Good-morning, friends,' he and *Leggiere* were at once conducted upstairs, refreshed with food and coffee, and sent to lie down for the last two hours of darkness, while their protectors kept guard below. The great expedition was to start at first glint of dawn.

At four o'clock Pina, one of the most active of these young Liberals of the Maremma, knocked at Garibaldi's door; never was Alpine climber waked in the early hours by the low tapping of his guide, for a more thrilling, a more eagerly-expected day. 'In a few hours,' the wanderer must have thought as he looked from the window, 'I shall, if all goes well, be sniffing the sea-breeze from deck, bound for my own Ligurian coast.'

Half an hour later, while they were all assembling and arming for immediate departure, a strange figure at the door alarmed the conspirators. It turned out to be a Hungarian, a deserter on patriotic principles from the conscript Austrian army, who, having heard of Garibaldi's presence at the Casa Guelfi (no one knows how, but the web of the plot was wide), had come with the request to be taken with him across the sea. The general nature of his petition was clear, but in trying to tell his whole story he had no medium of communication except his native Magyar, an unknown tongue to the impatient Italians; he obtained, however, one eager listener, for the name of his great countryman, *Kossuth*, kept occurring at intervals in his obscure discourse. 'This man,' said the generous Garibaldi, 'must come with us.' 'No, he shall not,' said Pina, who protested, not without reason, that he and his friends were risking their lives for a great national object, and would not jeopardise its success for the sake of an unknown foreign wayfarer. A heated dispute arose, only ended by Pina's declaration that the boat which they had engaged could hold but two travellers, besides the crew.¹

¹ This was quite true, as we gather from Azzarini's narrative, *Guerzoni*, i. 386-387.

The Hungarian was given a rendezvous for a later hour, and sent away, content with the assurance that his case would be attended to when once Garibaldi was safely embarked.

And so, at five o'clock, six Italians, one of them still halting a little in his gait, all attired as sportsmen, accompanied by large dogs, and each carrying a double-barrelled shot gun—charged that morning for big game—set out on foot from the back door of Casa Guelfi, and made across the low, damp farmlands towards the hills south of Scarlino.¹ Striking the great Allacciante canal which drains the fen, they marched in Indian file along the top of its western dyke for some distance. On every side of Garibaldi, as he strode along, Italy was looking her best in the morning light. Behind him lay the sombre mountains out of which he had escaped; far off to the right stood the hill-promontory of 'seagirt Populonia'; in front of him, the pointed peaks of Elba rose in a bunch out of the shining sea; close at hand to his left were the forest-clad hills above Scarlino, itself standing high on a slope of glittering olives. Its morning bells sounded sweetly over the marsh. 'What town is that?' said Garibaldi, who was in high spirits. 'It is Scarlino, our native town,' was the answer, 'and if you order it, General, it will change the tune,' meaning that its young men were all Liberals and would gladly sound the tocsin of revolt.

Turning to the left, they crossed the canal by a rustic bridge, ascended off the level of the marsh, crossed a country road, and entering the forests of the hills, began to traverse them in a south-westerly direction, towards Cala Martina, the bay where their boat was in waiting. At first they walked by easy paths through glades of oak, but gradually the nature of the vegetation changed to a thickly matted jungle of dark evergreens, more impenetrable than any kind of woodland known to us in Britain. The paths, too, became narrow almost to vanishing-point, and the men began to struggle like explorers in a tropical forest. Here

¹ See their approximate route marked in red in the inset of the large map at end of book.

the question was raised whether they ought not to go round by way of the Portiglione coastguard station, where they could strike into the coastguard path through the jungle, and so reach Cala Martina by way of the shore. This would be a quicker and less fatiguing route, but on the other hand it would be more dangerous, because there were six coastguards in the station. It was argued, however, that the garrison of Portiglione were well known for cowards, and that even if they showed any fight they could easily be overcome. But Garibaldi, knowing that any encounter would expose his saviours to vengeance after he had gone, decided for the safer and more wearisome route. 'Not for us two,' he said, 'but for the sake of those who remain on land we must use prudence.'

And so they plunged on once again through the depth of the forest, tearing their way through the dark-green boughs, which shut from them all view of the silver sea they were approaching. After a couple of hours or more of hard work, they leapt out into the coastguard path, a broad ride cut through the jungle. Crossing it, they dashed through the last few yards of forest, down a steep slope, and stood on the sand and rocks of the little bay.

The Cala Martina¹ was an ideal spot for the conduct of a secret embarkation. A few yards from the water's edge lay the safe shelter of the jungle, stretching up over the high hills for miles and miles, in solitude uninvaded save by a few herds of swine and white oxen thrusting their way through the bushes in search of food, and by the herdsmen whose horns at evening alone break the silence of that brooding, lonely coast. The bay was out of sight alike of the guardstation at Portiglione and of another station perched on the top of the Punta Martina, where another small garrison, though close at hand, was far removed from all view of what was happening on the shore below. Soon after the

¹ I accept the decision of *Guelfi*, 140, that the bay where the embarkation took place was the one to the north of the Punta Martina, though the one to the south of the point is, I find, often called the Cala Martina by the herdsmen of the shore. But in either case my description and story will hold good without needing alteration on that score.

new-comers emerged on to the beach, the fishing boat hove in sight, and at the given signal moved towards them, manned by four chosen mariners. While they awaited its approach, Garibaldi's companions observed him stand, flushed with life and joy by the presence of the sea, bathing his naked feet in its ripples with the pleasure of a child, and looking out towards Elba where they were first to touch, in an ecstasy of desire to cleave the waves once more.

It was ten o'clock on the morning of September 2 when the boat reached the shore and the rapid embarkation took place. The last words of farewell have been recorded by the actors themselves :

Garibaldi.—' Nothing could be a recompense for what you have done for me. But I hope to find you again in happier times.'

Pina.—' A piece of your handkerchief is reward enough for each of us : we shall leave it as an heirloom to our children. Our object was to save you in order to preserve you for Italy. We will willingly go with you to Genoa, if you will let us.'

Garibaldi.—' No. On the sea I fear no one. We shall meet again.'

Then they embraced, Garibaldi stepped on board with *Leggiero*, and the boat was pushed from shore. When a few yards of water separated him from the land he loved, and from the men who had saved him and who now stood silently watching his receding form, the chief, standing in the stern of the boat, cried out in tones that vibrated for ever in their memory, ' Viva l' Italia ! '

EPILOGUE

I cannot here relate all that befell Garibaldi after his embarkation. Suffice it that he was now in relative safety, that after touching at Elba he reached the ports of Piedmont, saw his motherless children for a few hours at Nice, and was then hurried out of the country by Victor Emmanuel's government, not yet in a position to harbour him for long. Expelled once more, he passed six months at Tangier, enjoying the hospitality of the Piedmontese and British Consuls, until in 1850, feeling that he ought no longer to depend on the charity of others, he passed by way of Liverpool to the United States. He was never more noble than during the obscurity of the years that followed. He acquired none of the faults and habits characteristic of the exile, but cheerfully set about the task of earning his bread, first as a journeyman candle-maker, then as a merchant captain, and finally as a farmer, until the time came round for him to deal in the manufacture of kingdoms, and to be hailed by his countrymen as 'Captain of the People.'

LIST OF SOME OF THE OFFICERS WHO DEFENDED ROME IN 1849

(Names of those who went on the Retreat in *Italics*.)

- Avezzana . The Minister of War.
- Roselli . The Commander-in-Chief.
- Garibaldi* . General of Division, commanding on west bank of river.
- Medici . . (Giacomo), commanding a ' Legion ' of his own during the siege, though a Garibaldian red-shirt both before and after, in South America, the Alps, and Sicily. Defended the Vascello. A Genoese, æt. 32.
- Pietramellara (Colonel Pietro, Marquis), commanding a regiment of his own, mortally wounded, June 5, and died in Rome early in July. A Bolognese noble.

MANARA'S LOMBARD BERSAGLIERI

- *Manara . (Luciano), commanding the regiment, æt. 24 ; killed in Villa Spada, June 30.
- Dandolo . (Enrico). Captain of a company, æt. 21 ; killed June 3, at the Corsini.
- Dandolo . (Emilio). Brother of Enrico. Wounded June 3 and 30 ; æt. 19. Died in 1859.
- Morosini . (Emilio), æt. 17. Killed June 30. The favourite of the regiment.

IN GARIBALDI'S LEGION OR ON HIS STAFF

- Daverio . (Francesco). Chief of Garibaldi's staff ; æt. 34. Killed June 3 at the Corsini.
- *Manara . (Luciano), see above, commander of Lombard Bersaglieri, but became Chief of Garibaldi's staff, June 4. Killed June 30.
- Vecchi . . (Candido Augusto). Joined Garibaldi Jan. 1849, at Ascoli, and was at his side on June 30, 1849.

- Afterwards became his intimate friend, and wrote of him at *Caprera*, etc. ; æt. 35.
- Masina** . . (Angelo). A rich young man of Bologna, where he raised his lancers, attached to Garibaldi's Legion ; æt. 33. Killed at the Corsini, June 3.
- Sacchi** . . (Gaetano). Old Garibaldian of South American days ; æt. 44. Commanded one of the two divisions on the Retreat.
- Bixio** . . (Nino). A Genoese. (He and Medici were afterwards two of Garibaldi's chief lieutenants in Sicily and Naples, 1860.) Wounded, June 3, at the Corsini ; æt. 27.
- Mameli** . . (Goffredo). Poet ; friend and fellow-townsmen of Bixio ; æt. 21. Mortally wounded June 3 at the Corsini.
- Marocchetti** . (Guiseppe). Old Garibaldian of American days. wounded in siege, but accompanied the Retreat as Chief of the Staff ; æt. 45.
- Hofstetter** . (Gustav). A Swiss. Attached sometimes to Manara's Lombards, sometimes to Garibaldi's staff. Wrote long and valuable account of Siege and Retreat.
- Laviron** . . (Gabriel). French citizen and artist. Captain of the Ordnance ; æt. 35. Killed June 25.
- Leggiero** . . Giovanni Battista Culiolo, commonly called *Leggiero*. Wounded at end of siege, so only left Rome July 14 ; but caught up the column of Retreat, and alone accompanied Garibaldi in his adventures and escape in August and September ; æt. 35.
- Bonnet** . . (Gaetano) of Comacchio, æt. 23. Killed at the Corsini, June 3.
- Bonnet** . . (Raimondo). Twin-brother of the above, went through siege, and accompanied Retreat as far as San Marino.
- N.B.—The eldest brother, Nino Bonnet, who was at home, saved Garibaldi's life, Aug. 3, and subsequent days, when Garibaldi arrived as fugitive in district of Comacchio. In this he was assisted by a fourth brother, Celeste Bonnet.
- Bassi** . . (Ugo). Chaplain to Legion, æt. 47. Arrested in Comacchio, Aug. 3, and shot by the Austrians. at Bologna, Aug. 8.

GARIBALDI AND THE THOUSAND

INTRODUCTION

WHEN, on New Year's Day 1859, the Emperor Napoleon III startled Europe by a few polite but ominous words spoken to the Austrian ambassador, Italy of the Italians was still confined to the small state of Piedmont, nestling between the Alps and the sea. Strong not in the numbers but in the character of its citizens, it enjoyed the respect of Europe, the sympathy of France and England, and the wistful affection of the inhabitants of the other states of the peninsula—sentiments inspired by the well-ordered Parliamentary government of King Victor Emmanuel and his minister Cavour. The rest of Italy, still partitioned among half a dozen different rulers, was exposed to the absolute power of priests, of foreigners, or of native despots, bound together in a close triple alliance against the rights of the laity, personal freedom, and Italian independence. Two years went by, and the aspect of affairs had undergone a change so complete and sudden that many would not believe that it was indeed destined to be permanent. When, in November 1860, Garibaldi resigned the Dictatorship of Sicily and Naples, and sailed back to his farm on Caprera with a large bag of seed-corn and a small handful of *lira* notes, he left Victor Emmanuel acknowledged as constitutional monarch in all those territories that we now know as the Kingdom of Italy—with the exception of two or three fortresses where the Bourbon flag flew for yet a few months

longer, of the ancient territories of the Venetian Republic, still guarded by the Austrian Quadrilateral, and of that narrow ' Patrimony ' of the earlier Popes, where the herdsmen and vine-dressers could descry the cupola of St. Peter's floating above the evening mist, like the ark of the Church above the tide of revolution. In the winter of 1860-61 a patriot could have travelled from Brescia to Reggio and Palermo by the whole central chain of the Apennines, without let or hindrance from any anti-national force except an occasional party of brigands in the Neapolitan provinces. If it was not till 1866 that the Austrian colours were lowered from the three great flag-staffs that stand in front of St. Mark's at Venice, if it was not till after the news of Sedan that Italy could wisely dare to enter Rome, none the less the creation of the new State was already an accomplished fact when Garibaldi quitted Naples for Caprera.

We may therefore say that in the years 1859 and 1860 the Italians acquired their national independence, their civic freedom and their political union. This profound and permanent change in the European polity was effected contrary to the expectations and wishes of nearly all the rest of Europe, and under the guns of France and Austria, who, differing on so many points as regards the fate of Italy, were at least agreed in objecting to her union under a single ruler. To neither of these powers could she have offered a prolonged military resistance, yet she attained her purpose in their despite.

The rapid series of events that led to results so great, and apparently so improbable, was brought to fruition by the supreme political genius of one Italian, and by the crowning achievement of another, whose name is to the modern world the synonym of simple heroism. The story of Italy in these two years is rich in all the elements whereby history becomes inspiring, instructive and dramatic. In it we read of all the qualities that make us respect or despise mankind ; here the heroism and there the cowardice of whole populations ; the devotion of individuals and of families, side by side with the basest egoism ; the highest wisdom

and the wildest folly ; the purest patriotism and the meanest jealousy, not always found in opposite factions or even in separate breasts. We watch the play of great personalities ; the kaleidoscopic shifting of the diplomatic forces of Europe ; bewildering turns of chance, messengers who would have saved a kingdom stopped by the whim of villagers, decisions of peace or war reached a few days too late or a few days too soon to turn the current of destiny, hair-breadth escapes of men and armies on whom all depended ; heroism, tragedy and burlesque taking the stage of history together. Finally, we witness the success of the most hazardous enterprises ; the fall of kingdoms and principalities : the dismemberment of the most ancient and terrible Theocracy of the western world ; the realisation of those hopes for which the martyrs of Italy had suffered and perished for two generations, and a full share of the discontent and disillusionment which follows when the dreams of the noblest of men are carried out in actual fact by populations just set free from the corrupting servitude of centuries.

It has sometimes been said that ' Italy was made too fast.' It has been argued that the too rapid introduction of modern political machinery and the too rapid unification of such different populations as those of the north, centre and south, are largely responsible for the shortcomings of the Italy of to-day, though these may with more justice be ascribed to deep-seated sociological causes stretching back through two thousand years of Italian history. But however this may be, it appears highly probable that if Italy had not acquired her independence when she did, and as rapidly as she did, and in the form of complete political union, she might never have acquired it at all. If she had not shaken off Austrian, Pope, and Bourbon, in an age of war and revolution, she would scarcely have done so in a later age of nations perilously armed, but afraid of war and impatient of all questions that might endanger peace. Italy could never have been liberated without one European war at least. Her liberty was not, in fact, fully completed short of three European wars, those of 1859, 1866 and 1870.

In each of those three years of cataclysm she picked her own advantage out of the clash of combatants stronger than herself. If she had not been freed before 1871, nay, if she had not been three parts freed before the death of Cavour in 1861, her cause would not improbably have declined like that of Poland. Poland's last struggle was in 1863; if Italy had struggled and failed in 1860, the golden moment might never have returned. In the last thirty years of the nineteenth century no country would have gone to war so lightly as did France in 1859 on behalf of oppressed Lombardy, and anything analogous to Garibaldi's attack on the Bourbon would have been prevented by the Concert of Europe, as a wanton outrage on peace and order. But, in July 1860, England broke up such partial Concert of Europe as then existed, and refused to prevent Garibaldi from crossing the Straits of Messina. That decision of Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston is one of the causes why Italy is a free and united State to-day.

Furthermore, the Risorgimento movement in Italy herself, after two generations of ever increasing heat, was at boiling point in 1859-60. If the cause had failed again in those years as hopelessly as in 1848-49, it may well be doubted whether these ardours would not have cooled and frozen in despair. The 'disillusionment' and 'pessimism,' of which we hear talk in modern Italy, would have been more widespread and of a far more deadly kind if the hopes of achieving the Risorgimento had perished. The Italy of the twentieth century might have relapsed into the Italy of the eighteenth. Again, even if the patriotic movement had continued unabated, the social problem would have arisen to complicate and thwart the political movement for independence, by dividing classes which were united for the national object in the Italy of fifty years ago.

In short, if Cavour, Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi could not have freed their land in the days of Napoleon III and Palmerston, and while the impulse given by Mazzini was still fresh, it is doubtful whether anyone would have been able to free her at a later period. She could not afford

to await the slow processes of an uncertain evolution in the face of hostile forces really stronger than she, and determined to crush any natural growth by brute force ; she had to seize the opportunity created for her by Cavour **before** it went by for ever. Like most other great steps that have been made to ameliorate the human lot, the Italian revolution was not inevitable, but was the result of wisdom, of valour, and of chance.

Only outside Italy, and by persons who have not studied Risorgimento history in any detail, do we ever hear it denied that Garibaldi's great expedition of 1860 carried on the main work of Italian unity, at a time when no other means could have availed for its accomplishment. All schools of Italian historians are, I think, agreed that the Sicilian and Neapolitan populations had proved incapable of effecting a revolution in the face of an army of 90,000 men, without external help ; that Cavour was unable, owing to the attitude of Europe, and in particular of France and Austria, to give that help with the regular forces of the North Italian kingdom ; that nothing, therefore, could have liberated Sicily and Naples except an irresponsible 'raid' by volunteers of the revolutionary party, and that no such 'raid' could have succeeded except one led by Garibaldi ; finally, that it was only the Garibaldian revolution in Sicily and Naples that put Cavour into the position from which he ventured, in the face of Europe, to attack the Pope's possessions in Umbria and the Marches, and so to unite the whole length of the peninsula in one continuous state. This chain of reasoning, which establishes the supreme historical importance of Garibaldi's expedition, has been fortified by the patient research of Italian scholars during recent years, when so much has been done for the scientific study of the history of the Risorgimento.

The question still in debate among Italian historians is the degree of credit which Cavour can claim for Garibaldi's success. One school, of which Signor Luzio is the able

representative, maintains that the great minister aided and abetted the Sicilian expedition from the first, not under compulsion from king and people, but as a part of his own policy ; the opposite school seeks to deny to him even the merit of goodwill. It is possible now to trace many of Cavour's principal actions in the matter, but his motives and intentions from day to day are not always clear and are still in some cases open to different interpretations. But there can be no question that the assistance which he gave was absolutely indispensable to the success of the enterprise.

The technical reputation of Garibaldi as a soldier depends on the history of 1859 and 1860, when he himself was at the late prime of his powers, and in command of an instrument suited to his methods. In 1849, he had not yet fully adapted to the conditions of European warfare the system which he had evolved on the Pampas ; in his later campaigns of 1866, 1867 and 1870, old and lame, he had no longer the ubiquitous personal energy which was the first condition of success in his method of war, he was in command of forces of mixed quality, and, in short, neither he nor his men were any longer

that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven.

The generation now passing away has judged Garibaldi overmuch by what they recollected of the performances of his decline and decadence, which his partial countrymen have praised too much. But his ultimate place in history, not only as a soldier but as a patriot and magical leader of men, must depend primarily on those great achievements which I shall here attempt to record.

There is, for the historian, an unique interest in the detailed study of the Garibaldian epic. We can make no such minute inquiry into the lives of Wallace' and Tell, and of others who resembled him both in the nature of their work as liberators, patriots and partisan warriors, and in the romantic and old-world circumstances of their

achievements. The records of Wallace and the dimmer legends of Tell are so meagre that they leave on us the impression of the heroic figures of Flaxman's outlines, with certain noble stories attached to their names. Even the fuller records of Joan of Arc, to whom Treitschke compared Garibaldi, date from a time so far back in the infancy of historical method, that in our day the learned can still dispute as to the nature of the influences which she underwent herself, and exerted over others. But the records of the Italian national hero and his deeds are detailed to the point of realism. We possess such a mass of evidence, official and unofficial, printed, written and oral, of his friends and his enemies, his followers and his opponents in the field, that we certainly do not lack the material to fill in a living picture of the man and his achievements.

How then, examined in so clear a light, do the legendary exploits of Garibaldi appear? Does the surrounding atmosphere of poetry and high idealism, when considered curiously, evaporate like a mirage? Or does it not rather take shape as a definite historical fact, an important part of the causes of things and a principal part of their value? To my mind the events of 1860 should serve as an encouragement to all high endeavour amongst us of a later age, who, with our eyes fixed on realism and the doctrine of evolution, are in some danger of losing faith in ideals, and of forgetting the power that a few fearless and utterly disinterested men may have in a world where the proportion of cowards and egoists is not small. The story of that auspicious hour when the old-new nation of Italy achieved her deliverance by the wisdom of Cavour and the valour of Garibaldi will remain with mankind to warn the rash that the brave man, whatever he and his friends may think, cannot dispense with the guidance of the wise,—and to teach the prudent that in the uncertain currents of the world's affairs, there come rare moments, hard to distinguish but fatal to let slip, when caution is dangerous, when all must be set upon a hazard, and out of the simple man is ordained strength.

CHAPTER I

GARIBALDI IN EXILE, 1849-54

We who have seen Italia in the throes,
Half risen but to be hurled to the ground, and now,
Like a ripe field of wheat where once drove plough,
All bounteous as she is fair, we think of those

Who blew the breath of life into her frame :
Cavour, Mazzini, Garibaldi : Three :
Her Brain, her Soul, her Sword ; and set her free
From ruinous discords, with one lustrous alm. . . .

GEORGE MEREDITH. *For the Centenary of Garibaldi.*

Times, July 1, 1907.

THE hopes of the revolutionary leaders of 1848-49, after a brief period of fulfilment, were shattered in Italy as elsewhere by the military force of the powers of reaction. The idealists, patriots, and demagogues who had for a few weeks borne rule in half the capitals of Europe were crowded into prisons or huddled into nameless graves, while in little towns overlooking the waters of Swiss lakes, and on board steamers bound for America or England, groups of emaciated and ill clad men, their faces scarred with misery, could be seen dividing among themselves scanty sums of money with more than fraternal affection, and imparting in whispers some new tale of disaster and death.

The most memorable of the closing scenes of the European tragedy had been the defence of the Roman Republic, which the patriots from the north Italian provinces, led by Mazzini and Garibaldi, had inspired with heroism and invested with an imperishable glory. From the moment when the flag of the degenerate French Republic was victoriously planted on the Janiculum among the corpses of the Bersaglieri and the Red-shirts, the Catholics of France enjoyed that coveted occupation of Rome which was

destined by a bitter irony to involve them and their cause in irreparable ruin ; and Louis Napoleon commenced to drag towards the final catastrophe of Sedan the lengthening chain of servitude and embarrassment, which, as he soon found, was all that he gained from his protectorate of the Pope.

Meanwhile Garibaldi, not content with having defended Rome long beyond the last hour of hope, gathered round him those who would not or could not ask grace of the restored Papal government, and, carrying the lost cause into the Apennines, eluded during the month of July 1849 the pursuing armies of Naples, Spain, France and Austria, until his last forces were captured or disbanded. Then, in the marshlands near Ravenna, his wife Anita died in his arms, and he himself, torn away from her death-bed lest the Austrian searchers should find him there, escaped across Italy after a series of perilous adventures in company of a single follower, *Leggiero*. At length, on the 2nd of September 1849, the two fugitives embarked in a fishing boat provided by the patriots of the Tuscan Maremma.¹ Some ten days earlier, the surrender of Venice and its heroic defender Manin to the Austrians had brought the last struggle to an end, and 'order' reigned once more from Sicily to the Alps.

Before we turn our attention to Italy's convalescence under the skilful treatment of Cavour, it will be well first to follow the course of Garibaldi's proscribed and wandering life, and to note how he preserved himself for his country through years of banishment and grief, without acquiring either the faults usual to exiles and fallen chieftains, or those which marred his own later life after the successes of 1860. He who is accused of being the most impatient and headstrong of men, showed a marvellous patience and a sound political instinct for awaiting opportunity during the years of his life when he had most to bear, and most temptation to grow weary of delay.

The first occasion for the display of this spirit of patriotic

¹ The events here alluded to, including the siege of Rome, are told at length in the author's *Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Republic*.

self-restraint arose only a few hours after he and *Leggiero* had landed on September 5, 1849, on the asylum of Piedmontese territory.¹ The presence of the military chief of the late Roman Republic, who, next to Mazzini and Kossuth, was in the eyes of Austria the most obnoxious of all refugees, created a situation of embarrassment and even of danger for the only free State in Italy. Piedmont, not yet recovered from the consequences of the unfortunate Novara campaign of the previous March, could not too boldly defy the wishes of Austria. It was much that the brave young king, Victor Emmanuel, should venture, in the face of the twice victorious white-coats camped on the Ticino, to preserve the Parliamentary Constitution to which he had sworn, especially as the Parliament was at that time dominated by a somewhat hysterical Democratic party, unwilling frankly to accept the facts of defeat. France, indeed, was the ultimate protection from the insulting demands of Austria, but to France the defender of Rome was as hateful as he was to Austria herself. The external situation, therefore, made it dangerous to harbour Garibaldi. But the internal situation rendered it no less dangerous to expel him, except with his own consent. For in the towns of the long sea-board of Piedmont, especially in Genoa, the hotbed of Republican democracy, in Chiavari, whence Garibaldi's family originated, and in Nice, where it now resided, he was regarded at once as the national hero of Italy, and as the pride of his own Ligurian coast. At Chiavari, where, on the evening of September 6, his arrest was effected in the most polite and friendly manner possible, he would certainly have been released by the populace from the *Carabinieri* who were to accompany him to Genoa, but for his own active collusion with the authorities.² And not only was the mob on his side, but the Parliamentary majority, moved by a natural

¹ This took place on the morning of September 5, at Porto Venere, at the north end of the Gulf of Spezia, see *Guerzoni*, i. 386, 387; *Mem.* 260 for the voyage, and *Riv. di Roma*, July 1907, 396-398 for date of landing, etc.

² *Riv. di Roma*, July 1907, p. 398.

and praiseworthy desire to do honour to the man who had honoured Italy by his heroism, and moved also by a factious desire to render the Moderate government odious, passed on September 10 the following resolution :—

‘ That the arrest of General Garibaldi and his threatened expulsion from Piedmont are contrary to the rights assured by the statute, to the sentiments of patriotism, and to the glory of Italy.’

Thus supported by the majority of the Chamber, the claims of Garibaldi to residence in his own country were perilously strong, and if at this point he had yielded to the temptation to exploit his popularity and to accept the flattery of a party at the expense of the welfare of the State, he might have caused grave hurt to Italy. But he had not come to Piedmont with any expectation of being permitted to reside in her territories. He had preferred it to a British ship as his first harbour of refuge, only because he desired to see his now motherless children at Nice.¹ No friendly enthusiasts could persuade him to resist, or even to resent, the determination of the Government to send him again on his travels. To one of his principal champions in the Piedmontese political arena, he wrote with simple gratitude and dignity :—

‘ I sail to-morrow for Tunis with the *Tripoli*. I have been watching all that you and your generous colleagues have done for me. I charge you to convey to them the sense of my gratitude. I have no reason to complain of anyone. The present is a time for resignation, because it is a time of misfortune.’²

Before his final departure, the Government allowed him to spend a few hours at Nice. The little port beside whose wharfs he was born and bred is closely penned in by steep hills, which happily still shut out from the old ‘ Nizza ’ of Garibaldi the long modern esplanade which is the ‘ Nice ’ of the visitor,—‘ the cosmopolitan seat of all that is corrupt,’ as its great citizen called it in his anger after it had been ceded to France. But the old town beneath the shadow of the hill was all alive with its simple sailor life

¹ *Mem.* 260.

² *Ciampoli*, 48. *Mem.* 261.

on the September evening in 1849 when Garibaldi, having given his *parole* to those who had him in charge, landed from the steamer, and was received into the arms of his own people. A crowd of relatives and friends of his boyhood, at the head of the enthusiastic populace, carried him to the door of his sad home. As he entered it, his old mother fell on his neck, while little Menotti and Ricciotti clung round their father's knees and cried out: 'And is Mama coming too?' It was a bitter meeting, and yet all too short. When he was gone, his mother, who was eighty years old, said to a friend that she should never live to set eyes again on her son who was so great and good.¹

Though driven from Italy, Garibaldi still hoped to remain somewhere on the shores of the Mediterranean. The Piedmontese Government sent him first to Tunis, but the Bey refused to allow him to land. Thus left on the hands of his native state, he was temporarily put ashore on Maddalena, the chief of a group of small islands off the north coast of Sardinia, where he remained for a month as an honoured guest and friend among a patriotic sea-going population. The neighbouring rock ridge of desert Caprera is divided from Maddalena by a channel only a few hundred yards wide, but as yet no thought of settling there appears to have crossed his mind, and no dream that through him Caprera would become a name in history and in song.²

On October 24, 1849,³ he was taken off Maddalena by a Piedmontese vessel which conveyed him to Gibraltar.

¹ *Mario*, 178; *Mem.* 9, 261.

² *Risorg*, anno 1., lv. 590-598, *Gar. da Genova a Tangieri*. *Falconi*, 12-24, local authority on Garibaldi at Maddalena and Caprera. At Maddalena it was observed that Garibaldi wore a 'mediaeval' costume, 'consisting of a close-fitting blouse of black velvet, trousers of the same, with top-boots, and an Italian hat with brim turned up and feather' (*Falconi*, 14, 19). In the following years in America, England and Italy he wore a black frock-coat buttoned up to the neck (see frontispiece). Only on the famous evening of May 5, 1860, was the red shirt again unpacked.

³ *Falconi*, 21, 22, and *Risorg*, anno 1., lv. 602 give us this date. *Guerzoni*, l. 394, wrongly speaks of the date of departure from Maddalena as some time in 1850.

There the British governor allowed him to land on November 10, on condition that after fifteen days he should go to England or to some other land of refuge. Garibaldi was hurt at this notice to quit. 'From a representative of England,' he wrote, 'the land of asylum for all, the blow cut me to the heart.'¹

But he was not entirely abandoned. At this nadir of his fortunes, he received a welcome invitation from the Piedmontese consul at Tangier to come and live in his house. There Garibaldi stayed, from November 1849 to June 1850, under conditions well suited to heal his deeply wounded spirit. For he was a man of the old world and of the open air. He did not require for his distraction either intellectual stimulants or artificial excitement, but found the medicine and food for which he craved in long, solitary gazing on the sea and on wild nature; in severe exercise out of doors, varied by some quiet handicraft; and in the company of one or more of those numerous persons, great and small, wise and simple, who could boast the title of 'Garibaldi's friends.' All these resources he had at Tangier, as afterwards when he settled for so many years at Caprera. At Tangier his friends were *Leggiero*, who had been the comrade of his recent adventurous escape across Italy, his kind host, and the English consul Murray. He occupied himself in making sails, fishing tackle and cigars, and in using them all when made. Once at least he shot a wild boar, and he describes himself as the 'scourge of the rabbits.' Alone with his dog Castor, to whom he became fondly attached and who died of grief on his departure, he would spend days together in the wilds, living on the game he shot, and sleeping out in the southern night under groves of magnificent olive trees. It was thus that he struggled with the greatest sorrow of his life.

'Tortured by certain memories,' he wrote in February 1850,

¹ *Risorg*, anno I., iv. 598, 602. *Mem.* 263. The British islands themselves would of course have been open to him, as the Governor himself expressly stated. Also he had fifteen days' notice, not six as he wrongly says in his *Memoirs*.

and by the low condition of our country's affairs, I try to distract myself by shooting expeditions, and succeed—materially at least, very well.'

His one intellectual employment at Tangier was writing the memoir of his South American life, which still remains as the chief source of our knowledge of his lost Anita, her heroism in obscure skirmishes long forgotten, and her devotion in a love that the world will never forget.¹

During his seven months' holiday at Tangier, he was constantly but vainly seeking employment as a merchant captain. He had already accepted a pension of twelve pounds a month, offered by Massimo D'Azeglio, Victor Emmanuel's upright premier, which he devoted to the support of his old mother at Nice. His acceptance of the pension proves his friendly attitude to the Piedmontese monarchy.² The education of his children, left with the Deideris and other kind friends at Nice, must be defrayed by the labour of his own hands, if he would not depend on the abundant charity of those who loved him. The prospect of regaining, after sixteen years of lawless adventure, his youthful footing in the mercantile marine of the Mediterranean faded away before the opposition of European diplomacy, determined to drive him back across the Atlantic.³ In April 1850 he had some thoughts of returning to Monte Video, but in June he left Tangier for North America.⁴

Going by way of Liverpool to New York, he was seized on the voyage by the severe rheumatic pains which maimed and tortured him at intervals during the remainder of his life. 'I was lifted on shore like a piece of luggage,' he writes. His hopes of obtaining a ship for himself at New York proved illusory, and he was fain to work as a journeyman candlemaker in a small factory just set up on Staten

¹ *Ciàmpoli*, 49-60, and 935. *Mem.* 263, 264.

² *Gay* (*N.A.* June 16, 1910). *Panzzi*, 478 (D'Azeglio's letter, July 25, 1864). *Ciàmpoli*, 50, 51, 59, 62. *Risorg.* anno i., iv. 598-600.

³ *Ciàmpoli*, 56.

⁴ For these dates, see letters in *Ciàmpoli*, 56, 59-61.

Island by his good friend and compatriot, Meucci, who treated him, however, not as a mere employee, but as one of his own family. In company with another Italian labourer, and the inevitable Pat, the defender of Rome and the future conqueror of Sicily and Naples might be seen 'bringing up barrels of tallow for the boiling vat' from 'the old Vanderbilt landing.'

New York was at that time full of political refugees, and the Americans regarded the victims of 'feudal Europe' with the sympathy due to fellow Republicans. But Garibaldi, unlike Kossuth, politely refused to allow the 'leading citizens' to fête him or produce him in public, as they had wished to do on his first arrival in their midst. He lived among his own people, melancholy and more depressed than even they were aware, but gentle and generous as ever. His spare linen and even the red shirt in which he had defended Rome went to clothe his poorer compatriots.

An American who knew him at this period noted his 'free and athletic movements, notwithstanding ill health and rheumatism which disables his right arm,' and his 'easy, natural, frank and unassuming carriage,' 'his freedom of utterance and the propriety and beauty of his language' when he spoke in French or Italian. He was at this time learning English, which he never mastered so completely as the various Latin tongues. 'Although,' says the same American, 'I had heard men speak eloquently and impressively before, . . . Garibaldi raised my mind and impressed my heart in a manner altogether new, surprising and indescribable.'¹

But, grateful though he was to the Meuccis and his other friends, he was secretly unhappy and yearning to be once more on the ocean. 'One day,' he writes,—

'tired of making candles, and perhaps driven by my natural and habitual restlessness, I left the house with the intention of changing my trade. I remembered that I had been a sailor ;

¹ *Century*, June 1907, 174-184. *Mem.* 264-266. *Mario*, 206, 207, note.

I knew a few words of English, and I went down to the Staten Island docks, where I saw some coasting vessels loading and unloading. I approached the nearest, and asked to be taken on board as a common sailor. The men I saw on the ship scarcely paid any attention to me, and continued their work. I went to the second and did the same, with the same result. Finally, I went to a third, where they were busy unloading, and asked to be allowed to help in the work. I was told they did not want me. "But I don't want to be paid," I insisted. No reply. "I want to work to warm myself." No use. I was deeply mortified.

'I retired, thinking of the day when I had the honour to command the fleet of Monte Video, and its warlike and glorious army. What did all that serve me now? I was not wanted. I got the better of my mortification, and returned to work at the tallow factory. Fortunately, I had not made known my intention to the excellent Meucci, and so the affront and disappointment, being my own secret, were less bitter.'¹

At length his merchant friend Carpanetto, of Genoa, came over to New York, and some time in 1851 carried him off on a business tour to Central America. There he fell ill of marsh fever, and was with difficulty nursed back to life by the devoted care of Carpanetto and some Italians of Panama. He then travelled along the Pacific coast to Lima in an English ship, recovering his health on board, and contrasting the scenery of the Andes with the Alpine and Apennine shores of his own Liguria. He was warmly welcomed by the Italians of the South American ports, who, occupying more important industrial positions than those of New York, were better able to help their famous compatriot. At Lima, Pietro Denegri gave him command of an old sailing ship called the *Carmen*, bound with a cargo for China. It was a year's voyage there and back, and he wished for nothing better, until Italy again drew her sword in earnest. Meanwhile, he would listen to no rumours of the useless revolts which the Mazzinians constantly attempted to promote. 'Many see Italian risings every day,' he wrote from Lima on his return from the voyage; 'I see

¹ *Mem.* 265, 266.

nothing and remain a sailor.’¹ In the life of the sea he found the best preparation for the great war, when at last it should come. He wished that all the other exiles would join him. ‘A man,’ he said,

‘must either be a slave or let himself be ruined, or live peaceably in England. Settling in America is even worse: for in that case all is over; that is a land in which a man forgets his native country. He acquires a new home and different interests. . . . What could be better than my plan? The whole emigration assembled round a few masts, and traversing the ocean, hardened by a rough sailor’s life in a struggle with the elements and danger; that would be a floating emigration, unapproachable and independent, and ever ready to land on any shore.’²

The year’s voyage, which began from Callao on January 10, 1852, was prosperous and uneventful. Garibaldi was happier at sea than he would have been anywhere else, but there too he was pursued by memory, and by a fear that was worse than memory itself

‘What shall I say to you of my wandering life, my dear Vecchi?’ he wrote next year. ‘I thought distance could diminish the bitterness of the soul, but unfortunately it is not true, and I have led a sufficiently unhappy life, agitated and embittered by memory. Yes, I am athirst for the emancipation of our country, and you may be sure that this wretched life of mine, though sadly the worse for wear, would be again honourably dedicated to so holy a cause. But the Italians of to-day think of the belly, not of the soul, and I am terrified at the likely prospect of never again wielding sword or musket for Italy.’³

This worst of all terrors came not unnaturally to a man of forty-six, troubled as he now so often was by old wounds and disease, the scars of his conflict with man and nature in two hemispheres; the fear haunted him in the night watches on the broad Pacific. There, too, he was visited by a strange dream—of the women of Nice bearing his mother to the

¹ *Ciampoli*, 68, 69. *Mem.* 270. *Guerzoni*, 1. 397.

² *Rodenberg*, 1. 214, 215. *Athenaeum*, April 27, 1861, 568.

³ *Ciampoli*, 70, omits a line and so makes nonsense of this fine letter, but see the real text in *Jack La Bolina*, 96.

grave—which, as he declares, came to him on the very day when she died far off on the other side of the world of waters.¹

Having reached the China ports, and done business for his employers in Hong Kong and Canton, he returned by way of South Australasia. Passing close by Tasmania, he put into one of the Hunter Islands to water. It was a lonely and beautiful spot, and as the Italians landed, a cloud of birds rose from the primeval vegetation, amid the murmur of the clear flowing streams. The scene chanced to make on the mind of this Ulysses, who had seen so many wild and beautiful places all the world over, a profound and permanent impression, such as the daffodils 'along the margin of a bay' once made on Wordsworth. Again and again in after life, in moments of political irritation and despair, he thought of the lonely island with a sudden joy. His attention and sympathy were also attracted by a comfortably fitted house and other traces of recent settlement, which an English family had made and since abandoned, owing to the death of their comrade, as the carving on a solitary tomb bore witness. It is not improbable that the memory of this scene, and the idea of setting up such another home for himself and his children on such another desert island, helped soon afterwards to draw Garibaldi to Caprera.²

Indeed, he was now, though he did not know it, homeward bound for Italy by slow stages. Shortly after his return to Callao and Lima in January 1853, he was sent off on another voyage, rounded Cape Horn, and so reached New York in the autumn.³ Early in January 1854 he sailed for Europe as captain of the *Commonwealth*, three masts, 1,200 tons, with a cargo for Newcastle, whence she

¹ *Guerzoni*, I. 398, 399 for Garibaldi's own account. Also Basso, his devoted friend and secretary, who met him in New York and remained with him for twenty years, and who was with him on board the *Carmen*, told the Marlos of the extraordinary effect this dream produced on Garibaldi; *Mario*, Supp. 120. It was dreamt on March 19, 1852.

² *Mem.* 272-274. *Guerzoni*, I. 399, and *Cansio* MS.

³ *Cansio* MS. *Mem.* 274, 275. *Ciampoli*, 68, 69. Cf. *Jack La Bohna*, 95-97 for testimony by Denegri, Garibaldi's employer, as to his great merits as captain of the *Carmen*.

was to carry coals to Genoa. The crew consisted of a dozen Italian and a smaller number of English-speaking sailors. By the middle of February they were in London docks, and Garibaldi and Mazzini met once more.¹

In all the long life which Mazzini devoted so wholly to the service of Italy and of mankind, there were only four months during which he found himself 'drest in a little brief authority,' and they ended with the fall of the Roman Republic in July 1849. The ex-triumvir returned to the dingy lodging houses of London, and resumed, until his death in 1872, the part which was his as by right,—to suffer, to meditate, to exhort, and for ever to conspire.

In the summer of 1852, the very year in which Garibaldi in mid-Pacific had been troubled by the dream of his mother's death in Nice, Mazzini's mother also died. It was a terrible blow. He had failed in the ambition of his 'individual life,' 'to see her in the joy of triumph, when Italy was free.' 'I have now,' he wrote, 'no mother on earth except my country, and I shall be true to her as my mother has been true to me.' For the rest, his English friends, men and women like the Ashursts, the Taylors, the Mallesons, the Shaens, the Stansfelds, gave him an untiring devotion and all the little that henceforward he had of that *happiness* which he thought it man's duty to despise. The natural fitness of this tender, pure, and withal quietly humorous man, for the endearing trivialities of home life, which he had deliberately foregone at the call of a still higher duty, ensured his welcome at many an English fireside, not only as a teacher who raised life high but as a friend who made it cheerful and kind.²

He had need of such an atmosphere to protect him a little from the miseries of his ever-frustrated mission. In 1852-53 the conspiracy of Mantua and the abortive revolt of Milan, followed by the cruel floggings and executions with which the Austrians as usual avenged themselves, were

¹ *Cansio MS. Cidampoli*, 71. *Risorg.*, anno i. 3-4, pp. 683-4.

² *King's Mazzini*, 144. *Mazzini*, ix. pp. lxxv-lxxii.

laid at Mazzini's door by the exasperated Liberals of Europe, who cried out that the time for hopeless insurrections on the principle of the 'popular initiative' had now gone by. The horror inspired by what men regarded as a vain waste of noble lives was successfully exploited by Cavour and the Moderates of Piedmont to draw over the youth of Italy from the banner of Mazzini and the Republic to the banner of Victor Emmanuel and the monarchy. That this political concentration was necessary as the next step towards national unity cannot be doubted, but it is another question whether the Moderates were wholly in the right when they condemned the Mantuan and Milanese movements as altogether opposed to the interests of the cause. As revolutionary movements they had no chance of success, and ought not to have been undertaken. But as the protest of martyrs they had a great effect in rendering Austria odious in England and in France, and in keeping the hatred of the foreign soldiery hot in the minds of the very men who cried out against the rashness of the victims and the criminality of Mazzini as the supposed instigator.¹ The workmen who were hanged from the red brick walls of the magnificent Castello of Milan, in sight of the spot where Garibaldi's statue rides to-day; the priest and the band of gentlemen who, after suffering horrors in the old fortress of Mantua, stood at last under the gallows outside the town walls and gazed undismayed over the beautiful and melancholy landscape, across Virgil's marsh and the enslaved plains, to the heights of Monte Baldo and the towering Alps of Verona—these men did not die in vain.

Indeed, the Government of Piedmont well knew how to use the story of these tragedies against Austria no less than against Mazzini.

'Last night,' wrote Greville² in his London diary for March 1,

¹ This is the opinion of such a strongly Cavourian and monarchist historian as Signor Luzio himself, e.g., *Luzio, Mazzini*, 55, 56, and *Luzio, Belfiore*, 293-294. For the degree of Mazzini's responsibility for the Milanese movement see *Mazzini*, ix, pp. xliii-lxlii., *De Cristoforis*, chap. vi.

² *Greville*, vii. 47, 48.

1853, 'the Marquis Massimo d'Azeglio came here. He was Prime Minister in Piedmont till replaced by Count Cavour, and is come to join his nephew, who is minister here. He is a tall, thin, dignified looking man, with very pleasing manners. He gave us a shocking account of the conduct of the Austrians at Milan in consequence of the recent outbreak. Their tyranny and cruelty have been more like the deeds in the Middle Ages than those in our own time. . . . They have thrown away a good opportunity of improving their own moral status in Italy, and completely played the game of their enemies by increasing the national hatred against them tenfold. If ever France finds it her interest to go to war, Italy will be her mark, for she will now find the whole population in her favour, and would be joined by Sardinia . . . nor would it be possible for this country to support Austria in a way to secure that Italian dominion which she has so monstrously abused.'

In this strangely correct prophecy, made by a man who was as far removed from a Mazzinian as a typical Englishman can possibly be, we see the connection between the tragic events of Mantua and Milan in 1852-53, and the battles of Magenta and Solferino in 1859. And yet, perhaps, the most important effect of those events was to diminish the prestige of Mazzini, and to hasten the process by which the youth of Italy withdrew from him their allegiance and transferred it to Victor Emmanuel, to Cavour and to Garibaldi.

And so when, in February 1854, the captain of the *Commonwealth* landed in London docks and went to find his old friend and teacher, Mazzini was in fact face to face with one of his supplanters. But his only thought was at once to use him and all that his name was worth to initiate another revolt.

'Garibaldi,' he wrote on February 16, 'is here; ready to act. Garibaldi's name is all powerful among the Neapolitans, since the Roman affair of Velletri.¹ I want to send him to

¹ For battle of Velletri, 1849, see *Trevelyan's Gar. Rome*, chap. viii.

Sicily, where they are ripe for insurrection and wishing for him as a leader.'¹

It appears, however, that Garibaldi's 'readiness' to go to Sicily was entirely conditional on the Sicilians first rising themselves and calling on him to come over and help an insurrection already afoot.² These were the conditions on which he absolutely insisted, both now and on every later occasion when the scheme was proposed, until its successful execution in 1860. Indeed, in August 1854, only six months after this interview with Mazzini, he wrote to the Italian papers to warn the youth of his country against 'rash enterprises' initiated 'by men deceiving and deceived, which only serve to ruin or at least discredit our cause.'³

But whatever really passed between the two men with regard to Sicily, the most significant word spoken by Garibaldi to Mazzini at this time in London was that related for us by an ear-witness, Alexander Herzen. It would not, said Garibaldi, be well to offend the Piedmontese Government, for the main object now was to shake off the Austrian yoke, and he doubted greatly whether Italy was as ripe for an United Republic as Mazzini supposed.⁴

Garibaldi spent more than a month in London, making some close friendships, and forming those strong ties of mutual attachment which ever afterwards bound him to our country.⁵

The disinterested affection for Italy and her champions that grew up in our island during the fifties and sixties, left a mark on the literary, political, and social life of Great Britain. Apart from the unrivalled appeal to the imagination which Italy of all lands can make; apart from the knowledge, then so prevalent among educated

¹ *King's Mazzini*, 355 (from the *Taylor MSS.*).

² 'Nel marzo 1854 Mazzini avvertì Fabrizi che Garibaldi sarebbe pronto a capitanare una spedizione in Sicilia, se ivi fosse iniziata l'insurrezione ed egli fosse chiamato,' *Mario's Mazzini*, 367. *King's Mazzini*, 173.

³ *Ciampoli*, 71, 72.

⁴ *Rodenberg*, i. 214, 215. *Athenaeum*, Ap. 27, 1861, p. 568.

⁵ *Mario Supp.* 125.

Britons, of her history, her literature ancient and modern, her art, her music, her cities and her landscape ; apart from the attractive personal qualities of her champions, who captivated the English as no other body of refugees ever did before or since, there were other special causes for that Italian enthusiasm of our grandfathers, which now began to be an important factor in Garibaldi's career.

In the first place, the bulk of the propertied classes, having secured their position against a narrow oligarchy by the Reform Bill of 1832, and being no longer alarmed, after the failure of Chartism, by any serious pressure from below, could afford to indulge in a good deal of speculative Liberalism. Social reform had not yet become a leading question, and Liberal sentiment ran largely into anti-clerical and anti-despotic feeling, for which it found more vent upon the Continent than at home. Domestic politics were in an unusually stagnant condition, and many public spirited men had therefore ample leisure to found the society of ' Friends of Italy ' in 1851, and to carry on the work of its propaganda for many years with ever increasing success. The most exciting alleviation of the dullness of English politics was the ' no-Popery ' cry, which, however futile and misdirected as an influence on our home affairs, led a large section of the religious world, not usually very prone to revolutionary sympathies, to take a generous interest in the cause of freedom in Italy. Lord Shaftesbury himself lived to be one of Garibaldi's ardent admirers. The fact that the Irish were on the side of the Pope, and occasionally disturbed the pro-Italian meetings, dispelled the last doubts of the average Englishman as to the propriety of the movement.

Furthermore, when the revolutionary governments of 1848 were replaced in one country after another by absolutism and military rule, it was very natural that we should begin to pride ourselves on the unique position occupied by Britain as the only free country among the great powers of Europe. We were to the whole Continent what Piedmont was to Italy. Because we harboured the exiles, and held up in

that night of time the beacon light of an ordered freedom, we were hated whole-heartedly at St. Petersburg, Vienna, Berlin, Naples and Rome, and half-heartedly and with secret envy by the would-be Liberal who sat discontented in the Tuileries under the protection of priests and bayonets.¹ We were soon made aware of this ill feeling and its cause. Our national pride thereupon took fire for freedom, and under Palmerston's spirited lead those forces and passions which in a later generation were termed 'Jingo,' were enlisted on behalf of Continental Liberalism. When the Austrian General Haynau unwisely came over to England in 1850, a personal assault was made upon him in Barclay's brewery on the ground of his barbarity to women and to better men than himself, and it is noticeable that not only *Punch*, but the Foreign Secretary, Lord Palmerston, applauded the draymen's undiplomatic zeal.² The Crimean war was regarded by many as an attack upon the arch-despot who had aided Austria in 1849. Not only the *Daily News* and the Liberal press proper, but Palmerston's organ, the *Morning Post*, were strongly pro-Italian. The *Times* indeed remained Austrian until well on in the year 1859, when it became evident that the Italian cause might not improbably succeed.

While many of the propertied classes were thus growing hostile to the Italian tyrannies, the only part of the working class which then had any political consciousness was deeply sympathetic with Mazzini and Garibaldi as the champions of European democracy.³ This feeling was specially strong on Tyneside, whence Joe Cowen sent out Mazzini's proscribed literature to Italy concealed in the famous bricks which he manufactured at Blaydon. He brought down distinguished exiles to instruct industrial Northumberland. Here Father Gavazzi⁴ lectured to audiences wholly unfamiliar with the Italian tongue, who sat enchanted by his Demosthenic gestures and delivery in a style unknown in

¹ *Greville*, vii. 49-52.

² *Ashley's Palmerston*, I. 240.

³ *Holyoake*, I. 210, 211.

⁴ For Father Gavazzi, see *Trevelyan's Gar. Rome*, 76, 77.

Northern Europe, and applauded loudly when he was understood to be saying something against the Pope, or when they caught the words 'Mazzini' or 'Garibaldi.' When, therefore, the men of Newcastle learnt that Garibaldi was coming in his ship to fetch away a cargo of their coals, they bought him a sword of honour, and since, according to his custom at this period, he declined to attend a public reception in the town, they sent a deputation on board the *Commonwealth* to present it to him as he stood among his little crew. The miners tramping about the deck in heavy hob-nailed boots amused the Italian sailors.

'The sword,' said Cowen in presenting it, 'is purchased by the pennies of some hundreds of working men, contributed not only voluntarily but with enthusiasm, and each penny represents a heart which beats true to European freedom.'

Garibaldi replied in a carefully prepared English speech:—

'One of the people—a workman like yourselves—I value very highly these expressions of your esteem, the more so because you testify thereby your sympathy with my poor, oppressed and down-trodden country. . . . Italy will one day be a nation, and its free citizens will know how to acknowledge all the kindness shown her exiled sons in the days of her darkest troubles.'¹

It is doubtful whether this brotherly reception of the proscribed champion of a ruined cause and an enslaved country by the working men of Tyneside and their middle-class leaders is not as much to the credit of England as the portentous uprising of the whole nation to welcome the same man in 1864, as the world-renowned liberator of Sicily and Naples.

¹ Cowen, 8-16. *Risorg.*, anno i. 3-4, p. 685. There is an oil portrait of Garibaldi taken on board the *Commonwealth* during this visit; it is now in the Free Library, North Shields. Mr. Herbert Craig has kindly sent me a photograph of it. It represents him in a frock coat buttoned up to the neck, such as he wears in the frontispiece to this book. For the facts here narrated about Tyneside, I rely on letters and oral information from Dr. Spence Watson, Sir J. Wilson Swan, Mrs. Boyce, and others.

CHAPTER II

CAVOUR AND THE CONVALESCENCE OF ITALY.—GARIBALDI AT CAPRERA

Italy, what of the night ? —
Ah, child, child, it is long !
Moonbeam and starbeam and song
Leave it dumb now and dark.
Yet I perceive on the height
Eastward, not now very far,
A song too loud for the lark,
A light too strong for a star.

SWINBURNE.—*Songs before Sunrise :*
A watch in the night.

IN the spring of 1854 Garibaldi returned to Italy and settled down to live at Nice, apparently without any communication with the Government of Piedmont. The fear of Austria lay less heavy on the land than five years before, when it had been judged dangerous to harbour the revolutionary chief. In those evil days, after an obscurantist *régime* lasting for a whole generation (1815-48) followed by a brief period of sudden change at home and ill-conducted and disastrous war on the frontiers, the ship of State had almost foundered. Destitute of many of the accessories of modern life, with ruined finances and an ill-organised and defeated army, threatened by a reactionary priesthood on the one side, and an excitable and not too loyal democratic party on the other, the Liberal monarchy had just escaped destruction, thanks to the character of the young King Victor Emmanuel and the services first of the honest D'Azeglio, and then of the great Cavour.¹ This

¹ The best brief life of Cavour is that by Countess Martinengo Cesaresco in the *Foreign Statesmen Series* (Macmillan). There is not yet an authoritative biography, nor have all his papers yet seen the light, though the collection in *Chiala* is most valuable. De la Rive's life is that of a close friend and acute contemporary observer.

marvellous man, hated alike by Democrats and Reactionaries, and disliked personally by the king, had imposed himself on king and country, by astute Parliamentary manœuvres and alliances, and by the display of a genius for government which both king and country had the sense to value at its incalculable worth. Like our own William III in his superiority to the men and parties who disliked him, but could not do without him, he too was not invariably scrupulous in the means by which he baffled the yet more unscrupulous champions of clerical and despotic predominance in Europe.

Cavour had trained himself—for no one was his teacher—in what was then the British school of politics. Passionate Italian as he was, his political and economic ideas were based on acute observations made in England, and on a close study of the work of Grey and Peel. Believing in civil and religious freedom to a degree unusual among Continental statesmen of any party, he regarded freely elected Parliaments as the essential organ of government, and force as no remedy, except to expel the stranger and the despot. Any fool, he said, could govern by martial law. According to him, it was the business of a statesman to govern by Parliament, not indeed obeying every behest of ignorant partisans and corrupt interests, but persuading the country and the Chamber to take the right course, by weight of the authority due to wisdom, knowledge and experience. This ideal, seldom realised in any country, was the actual method by which Cavour governed Piedmont in the fifties. If he had lived to govern all Italy in the same manner during the sixties and seventies, the country which he created would have avoided many misfortunes besides those of Custoza, Lissa, and Mentana. And if then the example of Cavour had been preferred to that of Bismarck as the model for the patriots and statesmen of modern Europe, the whole world would now be a better place than it is.

Garibaldi, having settled down to live under the government of this man, soon became aware of the stir of new hopes and energies in the changed country to which he had

returned. The life of Piedmont was, during this decade, enriched by many thousands of exiles from the other States of Italy, the very pick of the land which they were all sworn to make into a nation. As soldiers, statesmen, journalists, business men, they served Piedmont as the microcosm of the Italy to be. One section of these exiles, still clinging to the Republican faith, and only half pleased with the Government that sheltered them, was for ever striving to stir up Mazzinian revolts in different parts of the peninsula. But the other section, enthusiastic supporters of Cavour, ready to wait for his initiative, and unwilling to compromise his deep-laid plans by any rashness on their part, had accepted the monarchy as the only way to national unity and independence. This party was increasing its numbers by conversion from the Republicans, and to this party Garibaldi attached himself.

When he first returned to Italy the two questions of the day in Piedmont were the suppression of the monasteries, and the participation of the country in the Crimean war, both of which he strongly approved. The first was naturally popular with the Liberal¹ parties of almost every shade, though fiercely contested by the influence of the priests and reactionaries, still very strong among the peasantry especially of the Savoyard mountains. The Crimean expedition, on the other hand, had few hearty supporters. It was generally regarded as a folly of Cavour's, a waste of those slender resources of Piedmont which ought to be carefully husbanded for the coming struggle with Austria. But Garibaldi was from the first almost as much delighted by the expedition to the Crimea as by the suppression of the monasteries. The suppression was the first thing that gave him confidence in Cavour. Of the expedition he said, that

'Italy should lose no opportunity to unfurl the Italian flag

¹ I take this opportunity of explaining my use of the word 'Liberal' in this book. I use it in the sense in which it was used in the Italy of that day, to cover all the parties, Republican or Monarchist, Federalist or Unitarian, who desired to see changes in the various Italian States in the direction of liberty from autocratic government.

on any battle-field that should recall to the remembrance of European nations the fact of her political existence.'¹

Probably he did not understand the further and more definite object of Cavour, which was to prepare the way for an alliance with Napoleon III, or with England, or with both, against the Austrian power in Italy.

But however much Garibaldi approved of the war, he could take no part in it, for the French would have considered his presence at the front in any capacity as an insult to themselves. The 17,000 Italians whom General La Marmora led to the Crimea had to wait long for an opportunity of proving to Europe anything to the advantage of their country, except that their commissariat was better organised than that of their British allies. At length, in August 1855, they were taken into battle on the banks of the Tchernaya, and behaved well. At the news of the battle, public opinion in Italy caught fire, and Cavour's Crimean policy was at length endorsed by the nation.

Garibaldi, meanwhile, used the immense weight of his influence with the Democratic party to discourage premature movements of insurrection, by a strongly worded letter to the papers.² This was the more creditable on his part because he himself had the best of all reasons to be impatient :—

'I do not enjoy good health,' he wrote to his old friend Cuneo, in January 1855, 'and I wish I might use what is left of me on behalf of my country before I am quite broken up.'³

Meanwhile he did his best to keep himself in training. Rising at dawn, he roamed the mountains behind Nice for four hours every morning, with his now inseparable friend and secretary Basso, in pursuit of partridges. The middle of the day he spent in teaching his younger boy to write, tracing out the large letters in pencil with his own hand for

¹ *Mario Supp.* 132-134. *Mario*, 210. Jessie White (Mario) saw much of Garibaldi at Nice during this period.

² *Ciampoli*, 71, 72, letter to *Italia del Popolo*, August 4, 1854.

³ *Ciampoli*, 72.

Ricciotti to cover them over in ink, and in visiting his daughter Teresita, who had been adopted by his friends the Deideris. The evenings he spent at a house rented by an English widow lady to whom he was for a time engaged.¹ He appeared to Jessie White, one of our countrywomen who was of the party, as 'a quiet, thoughtful, unpretending gentleman,' very ready to make friends, but subject to childish gusts of anger that passed away often with laughter, and always without bitterness, as when the ladies mimicked the peculiarities of his speech, or failed to learn to shoot against the coming of the holy war, or praised Mazzini as the first man of the age. This was when he was ashore; but he often went on short cruises in command of the screw steamer *Salvatore* to Marseilles, Civitavecchia, and elsewhere, taking his elder son Menotti as cabin boy.²

In the autumn of 1855 his brother Felice died, leaving him an inheritance of 1,400*l.* (35,000 *lire*) which, together with a smaller sum saved out of his own earnings as a sea-captain, placed him in a position to alter his mode of life. Short of another war of liberation, the thing he most desired was, as he told his friends, to end his days far from the world, in communion with the grand solitudes of nature. He remembered the rocky coast and islands of northern Sardinia, and in December 1855 he sailed for that region, intending, as he wrote,

'to traverse the Gallura, where I think it will be possible to choose a place on which to make a settlement, to pass some of the spring months there or perhaps to stay there permanently if I find a suitable place.'

The point in the Gallura which he had in view was the *Capo Testa* (Santa Teresa di Gallura), a headland on the coast of Sardinia running out into the Straits of Bonifacio. But when he touched at the Island of Maddalena, where he had spent a month in 1849,³ some old naval friends of

¹ *Mario Supp.* 125. *Mario Vita*, i. 143-145, 148.

² *Mario Supp.* 132. *Mario Vita*, i. 143-145. *Jack La Bolina*, 98-101.

³ See p. 12 above.

his in that port, particularly the Susini family, anxious to have him yet nearer to themselves, warned him that if he settled on the solitary *Capo Testa* he might easily be carried off or murdered by an expedition fitted out in French Corsica. It was not easy to frighten Garibaldi, but he believed Napoleon, 'the man of December,' capable of any crime, and perhaps also he saw greater convenience as well as safety in a closer neighbourhood to Maddalena. Before the end of the month he had agreed to buy the northern half of the island of Caprera for about £360.¹

His new home was indeed admirably suited to all his purposes, and to the purposes of Italy in him. Stationed within an hour's row of the little port of Maddalena, where the ships of the Piedmontese navy often touched,² 'the hermit of Caprera' was never in the way and never out of the way from the point of view of Victor Emmanuel's Government. He could be fetched off the island at two days' notice if his sword was wanted. If peace was made and he was angry, he could retire there and work off his feelings in piling up the granite rocks into rough walls, or taking what he called his 'spade bath.'³ Safely back on Caprera, he was less in the mood to listen to politicians and makebates, nor did they find it easy to follow him to his lair, since the ordinary steamers crossed from Genoa to Maddalena only once in a month.⁴ Thus he preserved his dignity by a picturesque seclusion, and his vigour by a healthy and hardy existence. In the great years 1859 and 1860 Caprera proved, as we shall see in the course of this

¹ *Falconi*, 24-31. *Mario, Vita*, I. 144. *L'Isola*, 32, 33. *Guerzoni*, I. 401. *Canzio MS.*, *Convenzione passata tra me ed i proprietari della Caprera il 29 December 1855.*

² Maddalena had been the scene of young Bonaparte's first defeat in 1792. Later, it was a favourite haunt of Nelson, who saw in it a future naval base, and coveted it as such for Britain. In recent times it has been put to that use by the Italian Government, and already when Garibaldi came to Caprera it was inhabited by a seafaring population, who supplied the Piedmontese navy with men and officers. *Mahan's Nelson*, Index. O. Browning's *Boyhood and Youth of Napoleon*, 199-202.

³ 'Bagno della zappa.' *Ciampoli*, 83.

⁴ *Melena*, 21 note. *Melena*, 1861, p. 189.

book, an institution of no small value to Italy. And even after 1860, when during the last twenty years of his life he regarded himself overmuch as a privileged being, endowed with the right of levying war on his own account, Caprera saved him from making more numerous and worse mistakes.

The island, which is roughly five miles in length and fifteen in circumference, appears to-day almost¹ exactly as Garibaldi left it, that is to say very much what it has been from the beginning of time. And so long as the State, whose property it now is, preserves it free from the profanation alike of modern improvements and of national monuments, it will, in the rugged grandeur of its scenery, and in its untouched record of what has been, remain in itself the noblest of all monuments of the Italian Risorgimento. From on board ships working southward along the coast of Corsica from Genoa and Leghorn, or eastward through the Straits of Bonifacio, Caprera and its white house are seen from a considerable distance out to sea. From the base of the rock precipice that crests the top of the island, the ground on the western side inclines somewhat less steeply to the shore, and there, shining white on the moorside, a quarter of a mile from the water's edge, appears the long flat roofed house of one storey, built by the labour of Garibaldi and his friends. It is the only object that catches the eye, amid the grey rocks and dark green plants that share the island between them. Caprera is still, and may it for ever remain, a desert moorland, only to be traversed on foot by pushing through the odoriferous brushwood and leaping or climbing from one granite crag to another. Every cranny in the rock where earth has lodged, every space between the tumbled boulders, is the cradle of wild vegetation—orchid, lavender, red saxifrage, the stately asphodel, the spurge with its yellow flower, the tamarisk and the evergreen lentisk with its smooth leaves. But more than all else the cistus, raising its white rock-rose to the traveller's knee, delightfully impedes his progress over

¹ There is now a long bridge joining Caprera to the nearest point of the island of Maddalena. A road has also been made on Caprera.

the greater part of the island. Only here and there are miniature lawns of grass, breaking the thickness of the jungle. The trees are few, stunted and hidden among the rocks. Indeed, swept as it is by a peculiarly fierce and persistent wind, Caprera has in it more than a touch of the feeling of our northern landscape. Even on a fine day, when the wind has dropped a little, when the sun brings out the odours of all the aromatic plants together, and the fraction of Mediterranean waters enclosed by the little archipelago swells gently in its granite basin—even then, if cistus and lentisk could be changed into purple heath, the scene would pass for one of those inlets on the western coast of Scotland, where, amid shelving moorland and jagged heaps of rock

‘The great sea-water finds its way.’

Such an island is not altogether characteristic of Italy, but it is altogether characteristic of Garibaldi.¹

When, in the spring of 1856, Garibaldi came to occupy his newly-purchased property, he was not quite the only inhabitant of Caprera. During the period of the Marlborough wars, a bandit named Ferraciolo, pursued by justice, took refuge with his wife and child on the island, which they found completely deserted, though there are traces of habitation in Roman or pre-Roman times. For a hundred and fifty years, generation after generation of this wild man’s descendants perpetuated their race on this lonely spot, living as goat-herds and smugglers in the hut which their ancestor had built of stones and mud. In Garibaldi’s time the Ferraciolo of the day still continued to dwell there with his family, on excellent terms with the new-comer. Half a dozen other herdsmen kept their goats on Caprera, one or two housing there themselves in huts or in natural grottoes, others on Maddalena. Not many years before Garibaldi’s arrival, an eccentric and ill-conditioned Englishman named Collins, together with his rich wife whose attachment to him was considered at once romantic, touching and inexplicable, had bought a large part of

¹ See Appendix A, ‘Caprera,’ l., below.

Caprera from the Piedmontese Government, and built a house upon it, though they lived chiefly in Maddalena. After Garibaldi had bought from them and from the Ferracioli the northern and more mountainous half of Caprera, his relations with Mr. Collins became strained. The Englishman's goats and pigs, wandering loose as of old through the brushwood, soon found out the general's potato and cabbage patch; the cows of the new settler retaliated, and international complications ensued. But Garibaldi solved the problem by turning out with his friends, and building a rough stone wall right across the island from west to east, along the border of his property. About 1859 Mr. Collins died, and his faithful but more sociable widow made friends with the Italian colony. In 1864 a number of Garibaldi's wealthy admirers in England purchased the southern half of the island from Mrs. Collins, and presented it to the hero of their choice. But the visitor struggling through the brushwood of Caprera still comes unexpectedly upon the now useless wall half hidden by the tall vegetation.¹

Wall building and house building were indeed the chief occupations of Garibaldi's early years on the island. His first habitation, in 1856, was a tent, which the winds often carried away at night. He and his stalwart son Menotti lived under canvas until they had run up the still existing wooden pent-house in which to receive his daughter Teresita. From that new base of operations they then proceeded, with the help of Basso and some other friends, to build the pretty, flat-roofed mansion in the style of the architecture of Montevideo. The first part of it was habitable, after a fashion, by the end of 1857, but a second part was afterwards added. This second portion, finished in 1861, had an ill-fated upper story, which was taken down again five years later because it was not sufficiently solid to resist the winds of Caprera.²

¹ *Conv. Canzio and Canzio MS. L'Isola*, 37-41. *Cagnoni*, 81, 89, 92. *Melena*, 1861, p. 234. *Vecchi*, 16, 25-28. *Sacchi's Visit*, 13. *Mistrali's Pell.*

² See Appendix A., 'Caprera,' ll., below.

Garibaldi was the first to attempt the cultivation of the island soil on any extensive scale. But even his cornfield, olive yard, and potato patch, picked out from among the stones, was the land of a crofter rather than of a farmer. He was first and foremost a shepherd and goat-herd, rearing a particularly fine breed of goats, which he imported from Malta to run loose among the rocks. The cows were each known by name, and were most tenderly treated.

'He is as kind,' wrote Vecchi, 'to the brute creation as to man, and is so pained to see an animal struck that he never permits it in his presence. He takes a special delight in planting and cultivating useful vegetables, and is highly displeased if a plant be trodden on, or pulled up by mistake.'¹

Garibaldi himself, in a curiously emotional description of his own gardening operations in Caprera, exclaims :

'The soul of the poor plants was in communion with mine, as I know when, thrown back into this sea of misery, far away from them, I turn my thoughts back to them, and feel myself cheered and exalted.'

He himself, the plants, and the butterfly that flits around them, are alike 'part of the soul of the universe, part of the infinite, part of God.' This thought, he tells us, 'raises him above miserable materialism.'²

The frugally furnished little house was often overflowing with guests, who gladly took part in the gardening, building and herding occupations of the day.

'Here is liberty in all things,' writes Vecchi in 1861, 'even to the cellar, although the General drinks nothing but water; . . . for supper he has new milk. For the rest there are salted viands, with coffee, tea and milk at discretion. He helps his neighbours, beginning with the women, and invites his distant guests to take care of themselves. When he speaks to his daughter, he says "Teresa" in such a soft voice that it is impossible to imitate it. If he is in good spirits, he lights his cigar, and—excited by some name or deed which I allude to on purpose—he narrates, modestly

¹ *Vecchi*, 8, 11. *Melena*, 24.

² *Ciampoli*, 935, 936.

of himself, but with full meed of praise for others, the great feats of arms in America, or particulars of the more recent events in Lombardy, Sicily, and Naples. . . . If he is oppressed by gloomy thoughts, he rises immediately from table, and walks out; for he constantly suffers from the feeling of desolation, repeopling in thought the battlefield with fallen friends, and those who died for the noble cause for which he has ever drawn his sword.'¹

One evening, as Vecchi narrates, the party in the house heard that a new-born lamb had been lost among the rocks. Long searches by lantern-light, guided by Garibaldi over the crags and through the brushwood, failed of success, both before and after supper.

'It was nine o'clock and raining, and we were very tired, so we once more returned to the house, and went to bed. An hour afterwards we heard the sound of footsteps in the next room, and the house-door opened. . . . About midnight we were roused by a voice: it was the hero returning, joyfully carrying the lost lamb in his arms. He took the little creature to his bed, and lay down with it, giving it a bit of sponge dipped in milk to suck to keep it quiet, . . . and he spent the whole night caressing and feeding the foolish creature. . . . At five in the morning we found him planting potatoes in the garden. We took our spades and began to work also.'²

The qualities which endeared him to the simple souls who lived in his house on Caprera similarly won the hearts of the most critical and experienced judges of men in Italy and England. The fond simplicity of a child, the sensitive, tender humanity of a woman, the steady valour of a soldier, the good-heartedness and hardihood of a sailor, the imposing majesty of a king like Charlemagne, the brotherliness and universal sympathy of a democrat like Walt Whitman, the spiritual depth and fire of a poet, and an Olympian calm that was personal to himself—all plainly marked in his port and presence, his voice and his eyes—made him, not the greatest, but the unique figure of the age. That this rare creature had no head for administration or politics

¹ *Vecchi*, 8, 9.

² *Vecchi*, 44, 45.

need cause no surprise. That he had an instinctive genius for guerilla war was a singular piece of good fortune. Such another nature will never be bred in cities or by the typical life of modern times. It had been nurtured in the solitudes of the sea and of the Pampas, and was preserved intact by the life of Caprera. 'He loves solitude,' wrote Vecchi, 'and the sea, itself a solitude, conducive to dreams and deep emotions.'¹ He used often to climb alone on to the rocky crest that crowns Caprera, and thence cast his eye on all sides over sea and mountain and moor: to the north, across the strait, he beheld the magnificent peaks of Corsica; to the south, some of the lower Sardinian hills; to the west, close below him, the group of uncultivated and rocky islands, and the lodge that he had built for himself in that wilderness. But to the east, where the granite crags sloped down from under his feet so ruggedly and steeply to the sea, that its murmur round their base was, even on calm days, audible on the summit, no attempt at human habitation had been made; only the wild plants clung and trailed round the rocks, the eagle cried above his head, and the deep primeval quiet, undisturbed by man since the beginning of time, filled him here with the breath of liberty, the utter release from crowds and courts and officials and the whole scheme of modern life, to which he was always in mind and heart a stranger: and this liberty would have sufficed him to the end of his days as he gazed over the unbroken surface of the sea, had he not in his mind's eye seen beyond the eastern horizon those still enslaved Italian shores.²

¹ *Vecchi*, 7.

² Appendix A, 'Caprera,' below.

CHAPTER III

THE NEAPOLITAN PRISONERS

O miseri, o codardi
Figliuoli avrai, miseri eleggi.

LEOPARDI;

'Thou shalt have children either cowards or unhappy; choose then the unhappy.'—LEOPARDI. *To his sister, on her marriage, 1821.*

IT was the work of the French Revolution, and of the many national movements to which it gave rise in other countries, to destroy three distinct systems:—the feudal rights of the noble, the secular privileges of the church, and the absolute political power of the monarch. In no country of Europe was this triple revolution more lamentably overdue than in Naples,¹ where the tyranny, uncontrolled through long centuries, of priest, of noble, and latterly of king, had left marks of devastation not only on the welfare of a few passing generations, but deep in the national character itself. In the Middle Ages, Campania and Apulia knew no burgher life such as that which rendered Lombardy and Tuscany the hearth of European civilisation. Indeed, the feudal rights exercised by the nobles of Germany and France were inferior both in number and in kind to those acquired by the Norman adventurers of the eleventh century and their degenerate descendants over the hill towns of Southern Italy. In those miserable abodes of fear, poverty and superstition, the Dark Ages were prolonged down to the end of the eighteenth century, and it was there that the character of the Neapolitan people was

¹ I have left over to Chapter viii. what I wish to say about Sicily, the other half of that Bourbon State officially called the 'Kingdom of the Two Sicilies,' which was overthrown by Garibaldi in 1860.

moulded. It is then scarcely matter for surprise that the mountain shepherds who might claim to be the descendants of the Samnites and the Bruttii displayed a half-animal savagery; the tillers of the plain a dull helplessness; and that the cities of the coast, once the seat of Hellenic civilisation, had developed the vices of the *Graeculus esuriens* into the proverbial qualities of the 'Lazzaroni.'¹

Then suddenly came the armed inrush of the French Revolution, sworn to 'shake the dead from living man.' The Napoleonic kings, Joseph Bonaparte and Joachim Murat, abolished the feudal system with a completeness characteristic of that epoch of reform, but with an equitable consideration for all parties that secured the permanence of the change after the Restoration of the Bourbon Monarchs.²

Feudalism, which had in fact long been yielding to the principle of Monarchy, thus disappeared. But the rule of priest and king was not so easily disposed of, and when Murat had been shot, and Waterloo had decided for awhile the fate of Europe, it was not difficult to subject once more to the obscurantist despotism of the Spanish Bourbons a people prepared for slavery by so many centuries of abject oppression at the hands of feudal lords, by ignorance and poverty still almost universal, and by peculiarly gross superstition.³

Yet there were other elements in the Neapolitan kingdom. At the first coming of the French armies, in 1799, the small educated class which alone had any real public spirit had hailed the opportunity of progress, and though the *lazzaroni*, under a protection which Englishmen would like to forget, had aided their royal master in making a hideous massacre of the most respectable inhabitants of Naples,⁴ the subsequent rule of the Napoleonic kings had raised and encouraged that section of the community. After five years of restored Bourbon rule (1815-20) this class succeeded, through the agency of the secret society of

¹ *Johnston*, l. 1-38.

² *Id.*, l. 221-223.

³ *King*, l. 86-94.

⁴ *Giglioli*, last four chapters.

the Carbonari, in winning over the military forces of the kingdom and extorting from Ferdinand I. the famous constitution of 1820. The unexpected news thrilled all Italy, and for awhile many observers, besides the impatient Byron at Ravenna, believed that all Italy would rise in arms. But another generation was to pass before the time was ripe for such a national movement, and meanwhile the Neapolitan Liberals did not know how to use the power they had so easily seized. They quarrelled with the Sicilians, who had also revolted against Ferdinand I., perorated ceaselessly in their Parliament, made no effective preparations for resistance, and fell an ignominious prey to the armies of Austria, sent down by Metternich and the Holy Alliance to eradicate from the European body this plague-spot of constitutional government. Ferdinand I., who had, according to the family custom on these occasions, sworn to the constitution and then brought in foreign troops to put an end to it, took a horrible vengeance. Henceforth cruelty and espionage became the leading features of Bourbon rule, which, from 1815 to 1820, had been corrupt and obscurantist indeed, but not wantonly tyrannical.

From 1821 to 1860 the history of the government of Naples is little more than the annals of the police, who were assisted by all the other civil functionaries, by the remodelled army, by the priesthood, and by innumerable spies. The local authorities, chosen by the central government from among the fiercest reactionaries of each district, were primarily delators and police-agents,—little or nothing was done in the way of road-making, public works or local improvements of any kind. The whole energies of government, local and central, were devoted to repression. Every private person had to bribe and fawn upon the *Capi Urbani* (mayors and headmen of villages), the police, the priests and their innumerable dependants, or he would incur the greatest risk of being ruined, however innocent he might really be. There was, in practice, no law but the will of these harpies of Government. Sometimes the soldiery put in their oar; one poor wretch in the province of Salerno

was given a hundred lashes by the order of a colonel 'for despising the authority of the king.' The comic element is never long absent in Italy; to wear a beard was considered a sign of Liberalism, and the police marched men off to the barber as readily as to prison. In such a state of society the ridiculous scrupulosity of the censorship, which practically barred all serious modern literature, was one of the lesser evils. It caused no surprise that a barber of Reggio was fined 1000 ducats for having a volume of Leopardi's poems in his shop. 'The police,' wrote the British Minister in July 1856, and he might have written the same words with equal truth any time during the previous thirty years,

'the police, composed as it is of the most brutal and reckless set of individuals, who have the power to imprison and maltreat any person without affording him the means of defence or redress, of course intimidate individuals, and prevent any concerted plan or action, as the fear and corruption introduced by the system is so great that nobody can trust his neighbour.'¹

This system was so humiliating, so ubiquitous, and so corrupting that men of any public spirit or even of any self-respect became actively hostile to the authorities. The mild and tender Luigi Settembrini, one of the most 'sympathetic' characters ever produced by Italy, thus records the reasons why in 1839 he deliberately abandoned his happy and idyllic family life and the easy career of a provincial Professor of Greek and Rhetoric, to spend the best twenty years of his manhood, either in filthy prisons or in obscure poverty:

'In Lombardy and Venice,' he writes, 'there was the foreigner, worse than any native tyranny; but there the Austrian was strong, not stupid. He punished ferociously every political crime, but favoured good administration, and was just to all within certain limits. In the North there were two camps; in

¹ *De Cesare*, l. 45, 46, 92, 93, 121, 122, 197, 201; ll. 110-119, and *F. di P.*, p. lxxvi-lxxvii. *Settembrini*, l. 60, 61, and *passim*. *Br. Parl. Papers*, 2, pp. 8, 9, 14. *Castromediano*, l., 84, 85. *Poerio*, 21, note 2.

one the foreigner, in the other the whole people. . . . But we in Naples, on the contrary, had fraternal tyranny, the cruellest of all; and it was not Ferdinand who was the tyrant, no, it was the priest, the gendarme, the royal judge, the tax-gatherer, every employee of government: these men left us no hour of peace, but continually, daily, in the public square and in the private chamber, stood by us, crying like robbers, "Give, or I strike." Such oppression corrupts a nation to the bones.¹

The embodiment of this rule was King Ferdinand II. (1830-59), the *Bomba* of Italian and English history. Like other exceedingly bad kings he had a fair share of domestic virtues, and he was not devoid of a queer personal attractiveness. It is true that his first wife, the refined and lovable Maria Christina of Savoy, the representative of a higher type of civilisation, was miserable at Naples. Whether or not the traditional story be true, that he pulled away the chair from under her as she sat, and that she leapt up in anger and called him the 'King of Lazzaroni,'²—he certainly was bored by what he regarded as her airs of superiority, and treated her with scant attention. She died in 1836, revered as a saint by the Neapolitans, and leaving a son Francis, feeble alike in body and mind, destined to forfeit the throne and end the dynasty.

Ferdinand's second wife, the Austrian Maria Theresa, suited him better. He was invariably faithful to her. They lived a simple, secluded and frugal life, somewhat after the manner of George III. and his queen, except for the coarse practical jokes which were Ferdinand's delight. It would have been well for him if he had been of a more widely sociable disposition. A few jovial words spoken, as he knew so well how to speak them when he wished, to the leading men of the kingdom, a few more court ceremonies, a few more public appearances, a few largesses and smiles to the mob would, in the opinion of those who knew Naples, have done much to establish his

¹ *Settembrini*, l. 206, 207.

² *Settembrini*, l. 54. *Trinity*, 125. *De Cesare*, l. 213, 214.

dynasty. But he could not endure either court functions or general society. He would not even have the clergy as his companions, though he was superstitious to a degree that was remarked and ridiculed even in Naples, and though it was his fixed policy to increase the already extravagant privileges of the Church. When he chose, he could fascinate an enemy in a few minutes' conversation; but there was often a malicious humour under his cordiality. 'Keep beside him,' wrote one shrewd observer, 'and he was all you could desire—lose sight of him for a moment and you might find yourself in the next five minutes under arrest.' He was clever with the cunning of a Neapolitan street loungeur, but ignorant, and proud of his ignorance. Men of education he always spoke of as 'scribblers' (*pennaruli*). He was politically a complete cynic, disbelieving in all public virtue, and disliking those who had a reputation for it, as tedious fellows who would not play the game. Deceit and tyranny were the two main principles of the art of government which had been taught him in youth and to which he adhered all his life.

But, though unscrupulous as to means, he was faithful to what he regarded as the ends of politics. He was a true Neapolitan patriot: he disliked the idea of Italy a nation, but he kept Austria at arm's length more than his predecessors had done, refusing a strict alliance that would have made his throne secure. He knew how to resent with spirit the hostile interference of England and France. He was abler than his father. He reformed and strengthened the army, within the limits set by the universal system of corruption, which he made no effort to change in any department of government. He worked with industry as the head of an over-centralised system. He was his own prime minister and his own favourite.¹

The Bourbon rule was odious to all good men, even to the few who, like Generals Filangieri and Pianell, loyally served it in the vain hope that it would some day be reformed.

¹ *De Cesare*, i. 191-214. *Nisco's Ferd. ii.* 366-371. *Trinity*, 109-125, 167-171. *Settembrini*, i. 52-54.

But it remained unaltered from 1821 till its destruction in 1860, except during four months at the beginning of the year 1848, when, owing to the outbreak of the revolution in Sicily, the Neapolitans secured from Ferdinand II. another of those constitutions which this royal house was ever ready to swear to at need. The story of 1820 repeated itself with a difference. This time, indeed, as all Italy rose, and the national war against Austria was waged in the North, there was no Austrian invasion of Naples, and the reaction there was effected without foreign intervention. In May 1848, while the fortunes of free Italy were still at their zenith in the valley of the Po, while Radetzky was still at bay behind the Quadrilateral, the Neapolitans succeeded in forfeiting their newly won freedom. There was a general want of experience, and, with honourable exceptions, a general want of public spirit. Violent counsels and cowardly conduct, the impolitic erection of barricades, and the refusal to fight behind them when erected, destroyed the Liberals, and enabled Ferdinand II., by the help of his Swiss regiments, to re-establish his despotic power on May 15, 1848.¹ One of the most powerful arguments for the necessity of that union of Southern to Northern Italy which took place in 1860 was the utter failure of the Neapolitans to maintain their own freedom when left to themselves in 1848.

An ill-supported rising of the more spirited Calabrian peasants was speedily crushed, and Sicily was more gradually reconquered (September 1848—May 1849), with those horrors of bombardment and sack which won for Ferdinand II. the cognomen of *Bomba*.² The Neapolitan troops, who had been foolishly insulted by their Liberal compatriots during the excitement of the days of freedom, had rallied to the throne, and henceforth hated the Liberals of the mainland hardly less than they hated the Sicilians.³ With this force Ferdinand was strong enough in the spring

¹ Nisco, *Ferd. II.* 176-184. Settembrini, I. 282-302.

² Short for *Bombardatore*, 'the bombarder.'
Settembrini, I. 321.

of 1849 to conduct a crusade against the Roman Republic on behalf of his guest, the exiled Pope Pío Nono.¹ But the only result was the defeat at Palestrina at the hands of Garibaldi, and the disgraceful retreat from Velletri, fatal to the confidence which the army had begun to feel in itself after the Sicilian victories. Such was the terror inspired by the 'red devil' in this campaign, that eleven years later the mere rumour of Garibaldi's approach could unnerve the Neapolitan regiments.

So King Ferdinand returned from the vain pursuit of military glory to a task for which he had greater qualifications, the persecution of his subjects. In the summer and autumn of 1849, the prisons of Naples and the provinces were rapidly filled with men, of every shade and variety of political opinion, who had taken part in the movement of the previous year. Some, especially in Calabria, had risen in arms against the reaction, but others had been opposed alike to the Calabrian and Sicilian rebels, and were guilty of no more than trying to work the constitution which the king had granted. It is impossible to estimate the number of Ferdinand's subjects who were languishing in prison for political offences by the year 1851, because the Government never published, and probably never compiled, lists of any except two very restricted classes of prisoners; but the number, 20,000, which Mr. Gladstone quoted as 'no unreasonable estimate,' is considered as probably below the truth by Signor de Cesare, the impartial and well-informed modern historian of Naples.² This high figure would include the large numbers who were being detained year after year before trial, or after acquittal, or 'correctionally,' that is by administrative order. But, besides the prisoners, there was an equally indefinite number of *attendibili*, or suspects under police supervision—estimated

¹ Trevelyan's *Gar.* Rome, chap. viii.

² De Cesare's *F. di P.* p. lxix. For the arguments *pro* and *con* see Gladstone (Letter 1.) 7; Gladstone *Rass.* 23-25 and Appendices; Gladstone *Exam.* 24-30. De Cesare considers Gladstone's reply in the *Examination* to the *Rassegna* as 'victorious.' See also *Br. Parl. Papers*, 15, p. 2, and Racioppi, 26.

by Signor de Cesare at 50,000; these men, generally the most intelligent and often the wealthiest citizens of the districts where they severally resided, were cut off from all civil and academic functions, were forbidden to leave their houses without special licence from the police, and had their every action supervised by the authorities, who found pleasure in annoying them, and profit in extorting money for the least concession.¹

These proceedings of *Bomba*, as our grandfathers almost invariably called him,² became known to the whole world, and particularly to England, in their true colours, without the decorous coating of phrases and reticences in which the official world usually drapes such matters. Englishmen, for reasons which I have discussed in a previous chapter, were not at that period in the habit of finding excuses for this sort of tyranny. So the drama was unveiled to England and to Italy not only in its horror, but in its strange beauty; for the leading victims—Poerio, Settembrini, and Castromediano—were men of such lofty idealism and gentle but resolute character as must qualify the sweeping condemnation so often, not unnaturally, pronounced on the inhabitants of the land of Vesuvius. If, in the terrible words wherein Filangieri unloaded the bitter experience of a lifetime, 'it is often a great calamity to a man of honour and spirit to be born a Neapolitan,'³ the worst consequences of that calamity have been endured without such complaint by some of the choicest spirits who ever adorned the history of a people.

Carlo Poerio, a man who held what would in England be called Conservative views, had opposed every sort of

¹ *De Cesare's F. di P.* lxxi, lxxx. *Br. Parl. Papers*, 15, pp. 2, 3, 9, 31, 32, 36. *Elliot*, 13, 14. *Castromediano*, l. 39-59, 84, 85. *Racioppi*, 34.

² 'The captain of an English merchantman once horrified a party of very loyal Neapolitans by saying, on seeing the portrait of Ferdinand, in what he meant to be a very respectful tone: "So that is King Bomba!" The terror of his audience, who thought that the invisible and ever-present police would at once swoop down on the auditors of such a treasonable remark, it is not easy to describe.' *Trinity*, 118.

³ *De Cesare*, tl. 246.

armed insurrection in Sicily or elsewhere.¹ This man, whom Mr. Gladstone justly compared to the most high-minded of his own English colleagues and rivals, was by reason of his character and abilities regarded as the natural head of the Constitutional party. He had been one of Ferdinand's ministers under the constitution of 1848, and as such had been treated by his master with even more than usual *bonhomie*. Ferdinand introduced him with effusion to the Queen, called him *Carlino*, and pressed on him his best cigars. For the 'King of Lazzaroni' had a very real, though peculiar, sense of humour, and he had determined that his *Carlino* should rot in a noisome dungeon.² Poerio, Settembrini and forty others were brought to trial in June 1850; the case lasted till February 1851, although it was shortened by the fact that the prisoners were not allowed to bring their witnesses into court.³ After a patently forged document had come to grief and been 'reserved for further investigation,' a false witness named Jervolino was set up to swear one ridiculous absurdity after another against Poerio, floundering through with the help of the judges. There was this difference between Jervolino and Titus Oates, that no one in court believed a word he said. This formality sufficed to secure for the most respected subject of the Crown a sentence of twenty-four years in irons. While the tragic farce proceeded, Poerio's forty fellow prisoners, including several of the noblest men in Italy, looked on in despair, pre-doomed, as they knew, to ruin and long years of horror. One of their number, named Leipnecher, had already died of gaol fever, having been dragged from his couch and carried into court as a malingerer; 'God, the avenger of the oppressed, will exact retribution for this man's death,' his friend Pironti cried out to the presiding judge. Little did they dream that the man who should be sent to avenge them was earning

¹ Poerio, 19-23. *Detailed Exposure*, 50, points out that when the Neapolitan Government allowed its apologist to accuse Poerio of former connection with Mazzini (*Rassegna* 37), it lied, and knew that it was lying.

² *De Cesare*, I. 194. *Trinity*, 120-125.

³ *Gladstone*, II, 12, 19.

his daily wage in carrying up barrels from the wharves of Staten Island. Still less did they suppose that his fore-runner was in court among the spectators. But there on the public benches sat an English visitor, come to Naples for his daughter's health, a man of middle age but with more than the fire of youth in his eyes, as he glowered with ill-restrained indignation at the wicked judges and false witnesses, and shook to think that this was perpetrated in the name of order and of religion.¹

Mr. Gladstone, who found himself at Naples for reasons entirely unconnected with politics, had no belief in the idea of Italian unity and nationality, which for many years to come he regarded as an idle dream. So far from sympathising with revolution he was still, as he declared on his return to England, 'a member of the Conservative party in one of the great family of nations,' 'compelled to remember that that party stands in virtual and real though perhaps unconscious alliance with all the established Governments of Europe as such.' Any man so situated, and made of ordinary clay, would have been well content to spend his time at Naples in 'diving into volcanoes and exploring buried cities.'² But in this man's heart, deeper than party associations and personal predilections as to European politics, deeper even than the curiosity of the classical scholar, and far deeper than the desire for ease on a well-earned holiday, flamed the disinterested hatred of injustice and cruelty, often found as the handmaid of other passions, but seldom thus the lord and dictator of the soul.

At the British Embassy he had come across its legal adviser, a worthy Neapolitan gentleman, shortly afterwards exiled and naturalised in England, where he rose by public service to high estimation as Sir James Lacaita.³ He told Mr. Gladstone much, and showed him more. Naturally the Liberal clergy were sought out with eager sympathy,

¹ Gladstone, 14-23. Nisco, *Ferd.* II. 293-299. Morley, I. 389-391. De Cesare's *F. di P.*, p. lxxv.

² Gladstone, 4. Morley, I. 389, 390, 401, 402.

³ For details of his career see *Gigli's Scrittori Manduriani*.

but the friend of Newman acknowledged with a sigh the connection of another section of the clergy with the Government, and the services rendered by the confessional to the police. Then came Poerio's trial. After that the glories of the most beautiful bay in Europe lost hold upon his imagination, and when he looked out at 'the picturesque and romantic forms' of 'those lovely islands scattered along the coast,' knowing now that they were the prisons, he could think of nothing but 'what huge and festering masses of human suffering they conceal.'¹ His spirit, shaking itself free of every impediment of interest and old association, rose in its native majesty, and heedless alike of the scandal to official Europe, of the discomfiture of his own colleagues, of the triumph of Palmerston, to whom he would be forced to apologise, he determined on a line of action which, as his friend and biographer tells us, was the turning point of his own life, and may well be counted as the turning point in the shrunken tide of Italy's fortune.²

Poerio and his forty companions, except a fortunate half-dozen, were condemned. They were consigned to various terms of imprisonment—in the case of the principal leaders, for life, or for terms of years which it was thought probable they would not survive. Mr. Gladstone thereon determined to visit the Vicaria prison in Naples. The Government was so confident of its strength, and so ignorant of the visitor's intentions and power, that he obtained entry. The horrors of the Vicaria, probably the best prison in the kingdom, as being in the capital and therefore more exposed to inquiry and criticism, Mr. Gladstone was accused of exaggerating. But when an English friend of the Neapolitan Government had seen it, he was

¹ *Gladstone*, 13, 41-48. *Morley*, 1. 391. Of the visits to the Liberal clergy I have heard in Italy.

² It must be remembered that Mr. Gladstone was recanting. Gladstone and Molesworth, wrote Lord Palmerston in 1851, 'say that they were wrong last year in their attacks on my foreign policy, but they did not know the truth.'¹ *Palmerston*, 1. 257.

obliged to confess that 'the atmosphere was as thick as in a London fog from the horrible exhalations,' that the prisoners were 'evidently always addressed and treated as brutes,' and that 'human life was in a living tomb, assisting at the spectacle of its own decay.'¹ It was here, then, that Mr. Gladstone saw

'the official doctors not going to the sick prisoners, but the sick prisoners, men with almost death on their faces, toiling upstairs to them, because the lower regions of such a place of darkness are too foul and loathsome to allow it to be expected that professional men should consent to earn bread by entering them.'²

On the island prison of Nisida, whither he next proceeded, he found Poerio and other distinguished men, in the coarse red garb of convicts, each of them chained either to a fellow sufferer in the cause, or else to a common criminal.

'The prisoners had a heavy limping movement, much as if one leg had been shorter than the other. But the refinement of suffering in this case arises from the circumstance that here we have men of education and high feeling chained incessantly together.'

The couplings were never removed on any occasion either by day or by night.

'I myself,' wrote Mr. Gladstone, 'saw a political prisoner, Romeo, chained in the manner I have described to an ordinary offender, a young man with one of the most ferocious and sullen countenances I have seen among hundreds of the Neapolitan criminals.'

Another unfortunate, by a refinement of cruelty, was chained to the false witness named Margherita, who had been suborned against him at his trial.³

'I must say,' wrote Mr. Gladstone, 'I was astonished at the

¹ *Rassegna*, 29, 30. *Detailed Exposure*, 36-40.

² *Gladstone*, p. 12.

³ *Castromediano*, l. 281, says Poerio was coupled to Margherita in Nisida, but *Gladstone*, 27, implies that it was some one else. *Castromediano* was not in Nisida, so Mr. Gladstone's is the better evidence.

mildness with which they spoke of those at whose hands they were enduring these abominable persecutions, and at their Christian resignation as well as their forgiving temper, for they seemed ready to undergo with cheerfulness whatever might yet be in store for them. Their health was evidently suffering. . . . I had seen Poerio in December during his trial, but I should not have known him in Nisida. He did not expect his own health to stand, although God, he said, had given him strength to endure. It was suggested to him from an authoritative quarter, that his mother, of whom he was the only prop, might be sent to the king to implore his pardon, or he might himself apply for it. He steadily refused. That mother, when I was at Naples, was losing her mental powers under the pressure of her afflictions.¹

This lady died, in fact, in September of the following year. Her other son, Alessandro, of more fiery temperament and advanced politics, had fallen fighting for Italy in Venice. She had brought them up for such service, preferring unhappy sons to cowardly, but when the inevitable end came, it broke her heart.²

It was here in Nisida that the chained prisoners implored their visitor not to consider the further penalties which any public action on his part might bring down on themselves, but to consider only how he might accelerate the liberation of their country. Before he left the island prison he had agreed with Poerio that public exposure was what was needed. 'As to us,' said that generous man, and his companions re-echoed him, 'as to us, never mind; we can hardly be worse than we are.'³

Having made this agreement with Poerio, it was perhaps a mistake on Mr. Gladstone's part that on his return to England he persuaded himself, or allowed Lord Aberdeen to persuade him,⁴ to delay publication until the elder statesman, 'as an old friend of the Austrian Government' in pre-Waterloo times, had applied privately to Vienna.

¹ *Gladstone*, 26, 27.

² *Martinengo Cesaresco*, 142, 143, 148, 156.

³ *Nisco*, *Ferd. II.*, 302. *Morley*, 1. 392, 393. Both pieces of first-hand evidence on this important point.

⁴ *Morley*, 394, note. *Aberdeen*, 203.

Lord Aberdeen, convinced and shocked by what he heard, hoped that Austria, as the patron of Ferdinand, would use her influence to obtain 'some improvement.'¹ Two months elapsed before Schwarzenberg's answer came to hand, and during the interval Mr. Gladstone not unnaturally became impatient. Early in July 1851, two days before the arrival of the Austrian's reply, he published his famous 'Letters to Lord Aberdeen.' He should have done so two months before: publishing them when and how he did, he slightly offended his benevolent and honourable colleague. The Austrian negotiation with Naples, unsympathetically² but honestly³ undertaken by Schwarzenberg, was from the first predestined to futility if it was in any way intended to fulfil the agreement with Poerio and his companions at Nisida. It is not conceivable that Austria, with her own black record as it then stood, and her entire policy based upon repression in Italy, would or could have obtained from Ferdinand—who was moreover no such complete slave of Austria as his predecessors had been⁴—more than the release of a certain number of prisoners. The question was not of a few dozen men but of many thousands, not of a single state trial but of a political system.

'It is not,' wrote Mr. Gladstone in his first letter, 'it is not mere imperfection, not corruption in low quarters, not occasional severity that I am about to describe; it is incessant, systematic violation of the law by the power appointed to watch over and

¹ *Aberdeen*, 204.

² *Morley*, I. 396.

³ Lord Stanmore tells me that the reason why his father, Lord Aberdeen, was left so long without an answer by Schwarzenberg, was that the latter had written to Naples to get private assurance that Ferdinand would accede to the Austrian request when it was officially made. Lord Stanmore says that Schwarzenberg had got this assurance, though the exact nature of the promised concessions is not ascertainable. On the other hand, *De Cesare*, I. 65, 66, says that the Neapolitan Ministry absolutely disregarded the warning sent them by Castelfidardo, their representative in London, of the forthcoming publication of Mr. Gladstone's letters (of which Aberdeen had notified him), and concealed these warnings from King Ferdinand.

⁴ *De Cesare*, I. 197.

maintain it. . . . It is the wholesale persecution of virtue when united with intelligence, operating upon such a scale that entire classes may with truth be said to be its object, so that the Government is in bitter and cruel, as well as utterly illegal¹ hostility to whatever in the nation really lives and moves and forms the mainspring of practical progress and improvement ; it is the awful profanation of public religion, by its notorious alliance, in the governing powers, with the violation of every moral law. . . . It is the perfect prostitution of the judicial office. . . . I have seen and heard strong and too true expressions used, " This is the negation of God erected into a system of government." ' 2

This terrible invective, and the yet more terrible array of facts supporting it, produced a profound and permanent effect on the sympathies of our country. It moulded English opinion on the subject of Naples, as Burke's more abstract ' Reflections ' moulded it on the subject of the French Revolution, and in both cases the pamphlet was the more persuasive because the author was a noted adherent of the English party least inclined to the views advocated. The press, almost without exception, joined in the outcry, and the *Times* gave up King Ferdinand, whom it had supported in 1848.

In political circles abroad the letters aroused more controversy, but scarcely less interest. The reply of the Neapolitan Government convicted Mr. Gladstone of a few small mistakes which he readily acknowledged, but only served to demonstrate by its silences the truth of the bulk of his accusations, and was pounded to pieces in his ' Examination of the Reply,' and in an anonymous ' Detailed Exposure.' The hatred felt for England in the Papal and reactionary world rose to extravagant heights. One of the principal historians of that party, De Sivo, in his elaborate

¹ The constitution granted in January 1848 was never repealed, but was treated as a dead letter. This insolent indifference to the law was what chiefly offended Mr. Gladstone's Conservative instincts.

² ' *La negazione di Dio eretta a sistema di governo.*' It is to be noted that this famous epigram was not originally Mr. Gladstone's, but of Italian origin. *Gladstone*, 6.

'History of the Two Sicilies,' more than ten years later, answered 'Lord Gladston' by saying that the English sold their wives with ropes round their necks for a few 'pences,' and then had the impertinence to complain of 'little trials in Naples.' Although an important section of the French press, especially the Catholic papers, loudly defended the King of Naples, although high Parisian society made a dead set against England and Mr. Gladstone, yet the ultimate effect was very considerable on Napoleon III. and his subjects, who had moreover their own 'Murattist' designs on Southern Italy. In 1856, France joined England in withdrawing her minister from Naples as a protest against the royal misgovernment, and in the supreme crisis of Garibaldi's fate in 1860, the sense that the Neapolitan Bourbons were pariahs prevented Napoleon from interfering on their behalf. For that strange man, though he had himself committed a great political crime, was not, like the despots of Eastern Europe, insensible to the moral responsibilities of diplomacy. Mr. Gladstone, in fact, created in France and England the feeling which kept the international ring clear for Garibaldi's final attack on the kingdom of the two Sicilies. When, in 1864, the Liberator of Naples came to our island, at a great reception held in his honour at Chiswick, Mr. Gladstone stood among other distinguished men to receive him on the staircase. As he came up in his red shirt and *puncio*, he saw the friend of the prisoners, seized his hand, and said with deep feeling the single word: '*Précurseur.*'¹

But the most terrible sufferings of all—those which were endured in the mountain fortress of Montefusco and the island of San Stefano—were never witnessed or described by Mr. Gladstone. Posterity, however, possesses a yet more lifelike and intimate record than any which he could have given, for these experiences were narrated by the chief

¹ *Argyll*, l. 118. *Morley*, l. 396-402. *Panizzi's Life*, ll. 96. *Times*, Sept. 26, 1851. *De Sivo*, ll. 259, 265. *De Cesare's F. di P.* lxi, lxx.

victims themselves, in the *Memorie* of Castromediano and the *Ricordanze* of Settembrini—memoirs such as can be written only by men of remarkable character and intellect under circumstances of transcendent interest.¹

The Neapolitan nobility as a whole, while often disapproving of the action of the Government, left the constitutional movement in the hands of the class just below them in the social scale.² But there were exceptions to this rule:—

‘Sigismondo Castromediano, Duke of Morciano, Marquis of Caballino, lord of seven baronies, died on the 26th of August, 1895, in the smallest room of his vast, ruined castle, a few miles from Lecce. He left no heir to his poverty. With him disappeared a house which was already illustrious and ancient when one of its members fought for fair-haired Manfred of Benevento. On his coffin were placed the chain of a galley-slave and the red jacket worn by Neapolitan convicts. These, he used to say, were his decorations.’³

The man whose life history is thus epitomised was more an antique Roman than a Neapolitan Liberal. He had the qualities of that aristocratic and stoic ideal adumbrated in the characters of Plutarch. His pride differed from the pride of other Neapolitan nobles, being inward not outward, moral not social; he wished for no approval save from his own conscience. But he knew what the ancients did not always know, that the true pride is generous to enemies, and when, in the hour of triumph, Garibaldi asked him for the names of his unjust judges, he replied: ‘I have forgotten them.’ He was no politician, and he held in scorn the secret societies of Southern Italy with their ‘ridiculous mystical rites.’ He had no ambition save to live and to die in his old castle, vastly remote from the world in the

¹ Those who cannot read these works in the original, will find the two stories told in an admirable form in the *Italian Characters* of Countess Martinengo Cesaresco. Only the later edition (1901) contains the essay on Castromediano. I take this opportunity of thanking the authoress of Italy’s book of heroes for the many services which she has rendered to me in the study of Garibaldian history.

² Gladstone, 48.

³ Martinengo Cesaresco, 1.

scorched Apulian wilderness. There, in fact, after 1860, he passed the remaining thirty-five years of his long life. But in the early months of 1848 he felt bound to take his proper part as local magnate in the welcome given by the neighbourhood to the brief reign of liberty. For this he was seized, tried and condemned by the provincial court of Otranto to thirty years in irons.¹

In the prison on the island of Procida, where he was first confined after his sentence, the *camorra* ruled among the prisoners with little interference from the gaolers. The criminals had knives and murdered each other with relative impunity, while vice of every kind was rampant and uncontrolled. The more respectable inmates sometimes begged to be confined in the worst penal dungeons of the place in order to avoid this terrible and dangerous society. But Castromediano was treated by the most abandoned wretches with the awe due to a superior being. At last, one day, the gaolers burst in with cries of '*Viva il Re! Libertà, libertà,*' and informed the 'politicals' that they were released by the clemency of the king. They were sorted out from the common criminals and put on board ship for the mainland. For some hours the pitiless jest deceived many, but it soon appeared that they were only being moved to a place of yet more cruel torment. On the way thither, they were joined by another group of prisoners from Nisida, including Poerio and the men whom Mr. Gladstone had visited. Poerio was hailed by them all as their father and chief. Soon it was whispered in their ranks, but for long it was not believed, that they were bound for the up-country fortress of Montefusco, which had been closed seven years back as no longer fit for human habitation. In the damp walls of this medieval ruin, Ferdinand had determined to confine fifty of the principal political prisoners under harsh rules specially approved by himself, and under a gaoler who was the incarnation of cruelty. As the files of chained prisoners, already fainting with hunger and

¹ *Castromediano*, 1, 18-20, 126. *Martinengo Cesaresco*, 2

misery, wound up the mountain road to this dreadful place, a gaunt, half-naked beggar suddenly rose up on the wall of a town beneath which they were passing, and waving his great stick cried out in devilish glee : ‘ *Viva ’o Re ! Carbonari ! Jacobins ! Montefusco is waiting for you.*’ And then, breaking into song, he croaked out :

‘ Whoe’er comes back to life
From Montefusco’s towers
May boast himself twice born
Into this world of ours.’

They passed on with sinking hearts.¹

On their first arrival in the damp and vermin haunted dungeons, they were almost starved to death, and only obtained food as the result of long expostulations. The chief gaoler exhausted every device to aggravate their misery. Though they were all men of refinement, orderly and long suffering, they were daily threatened with flogging, which was actually carried out upon one of them. Their letters were not only read by the gaolers but were often kept back with cruel insult, except on those frequent occasions when the death of some broken-hearted wife, father, mother, or sister was announced ; then, indeed, the letters were handed on with alacrity, but without a sign of compassion. Many of them were permanently ruined in health, eight died of disease, and none were ‘ born again ’ without carrying away lasting traces of their entombment. Castromediano’s hair turned white, but he and Poerio, though both shaken by illness, supported the spirits of their comrades, which were indeed of metal kindred to their own. The song of a nightingale pouring out from bushes below the castle gave them comfort and hope ; it was therefore killed by the gaoler.²

At last half a dozen out of the fifty were corrupted and became spies on the rest. They were perpetually worried

¹ *Castromediano*, l. 229-233, 251, 252, 273-298, 306.

² *Castromediano*, l. 319, 326, 327 ; ll. 194, 195. *Martinengo Cesaresco*, 10-12. *Nisco*, *Ferd. II.*, 313-315. *Poerio*, 53.

to sue for pardon. Indeed, it is probable that the worst severities were applied in order to break the spirit of the men whose names now stood for so much in Italy and in Europe, and induce them to recant and humble themselves before the throne so gravely imperilled by their now famous sufferings and their continued defiance. But they knew they were in the forefront of Italy's battle, and were ready to die at their posts.¹

Meanwhile on the desert island of San Stefano, ten leagues out to sea off Gaeta, Luigi Settembrini, under a sentence of death commuted to that of perpetual imprisonment, was shut up with thirty other 'politicals' in the famous *ergastolo*, among eight hundred wretches condemned for murder and other more abominable crimes to hopeless and unending punishment. Over a doorway opposite the prison-house ran a Latin inscription :

*'Donec Sancta Themis scelerum tot monstra catenis
Vincta tenet, stat res, stat tibi tuta domus.'*²

These words,' wrote Settembrini, 'were not read or not understood by most who entered, but they froze the hearts of the political prisoners, warning them that they were entering a place of everlasting woe, among a lost people, of whom they themselves were to become part. One must have great faith in God and in virtue not to despair.'

Here no one was chained. There was in fact much licence. Drink went the round among the worst of the inmates, perhaps alleviating their misery and certainly shortening its term, but greatly adding to the discomfort of the respectable prisoners. Knives were common, and murder was an ordinary incident. Ten men were shut up together in each cell, the political prisoners being carefully scattered about so that they should in all cases be physically and morally at the mercy of their dreadful companions. 'Men become

¹ *Castromediano*, li. 39-66.

² While sacred Justice holds in chains so many monsters of crime, your wealth and house stand safe.

beasts, descended to the utmost depth of moral degradation,' wrote Settembrini, although he succeeded in forming close human and spiritual relations with one or two of these children of unutterable woe.¹

The diary of this man's agony, written in the gaol of criminals condemned for life, has become an Italian classic.

'The three years,' he wrote, after that time had elapsed, 'are for me as one sole day—both short and long. I turn to contemplate this lapse of time, unmarked by events, and it seems brief; one day does not differ from another; one always sees and suffers the same things. Here time is like a shoreless sea, without sun or moon or stars—immense and monotonous. Many of the prisoners who have been here for thirty years say, when they speak of what they did or saw thirty years ago, "Not long since I saw this, I did that." I also say, "Not long since I was condemned to death." But when I look upon myself and my soul and this poor, torn heart, when I reckon up my woes and uncover the wounds which reach even to the depths of my soul, oh, then these three years seem to me infinite! I cannot recall the few pleasures and the many griefs I had before: the griefs of these three endless years seem all my life. Three years, and if I have to say ten, and twenty, and thirty? I shall never say it, for I shall not live so long.

'My body and my clothes are soiled; it is of no use to try and keep clean; the smoke and dirt make me sickening to myself. My spirit is tainted; I feel all the hideousness, the horror, the terror of crime; had I remorse, I should think I too were a criminal. My spirit is being undone. It seems to me as if my hands also were foul with blood and theft. I forget virtue and beauty.

'Oh, my God, Father of the unfortunate, consoler of those who suffer, oh save my soul from this filth, and if Thou hast written that I must here end my sorrowful life, oh let that end come soon. Thou knowest grief does not frighten or subdue me; I bear my cross; even on my knees I drag it after me; but I fear to become vile, I fear my soul growing perverted; even now, I recognise it no more.'²

¹ *Settembrini*, il. 225-279. *Nisco*, *Ferd. II.* 316, 317.

² *Settembrini*, il. 288-291. *Martinengo Cesaresco*, 66.

In April 1854 he wrote to his wife:—

‘I kissed your portrait, my beloved one, but I kissed it in secret. The men among whom I live, if they had seen me would have laughed at me, because they have no knowledge of virtue or of love. . . . Were anyone to read the words I write to you he would laugh at me and at my love. But you will not laugh, my beloved. Those who have not suffered as we have suffered cannot understand how misfortune strengthens and purifies love.’¹

Settembrini preserved his life and his reason in this hell by applying his mind to his famous translation of Lucian, and by enjoying the friendship of his fellow prisoner Silvio Spaventa.²

In the winter of 1854–55 the political prisoners were at length separated from the criminals and confined together in two rooms overlooking the sea. Here they began seriously to devise means of escape, concerted by secret correspondence with their Italian friends through the medium of Temple, the British Minister at Naples. Anthony Panizzi, an exile from Modena ever since 1821, famous in the land of his adoption as the Librarian of the British Museum, formed a plot for the release of Settembrini and Spaventa. Money was collected for this purpose from Lord and Lady Holland, Mr. Gladstone and others. Sir James Hudson, the British Minister at Turin, who had already earned the confidence of all parties of Italian patriots, from Cavour downwards, introduced the English conspirators to the Democrats of Genoa, well knowing that they were better suited than Moderates and Cavourians for an enterprise of this character.³ The Italian end of the plot was therefore placed in the hands of three men: Medici, who had so gallantly defended the Vascello, the key to the Janiculum, in the siege of 1849; Bertani, the head doctor of the Roman hospitals on that occasion, now the chief agent and friend of Mazzini in Italy; and Garibaldi himself—

¹ *Settembrini*, II. 323–325.

² *Spaventa*, 156–160.

³ Cavour, indeed, knew of the plot, and believed that Palmerston knew also. *Castromediano*, I. 273.

three old friends who were destined ere long to organise and execute a more important but no less hairbrained adventure than the release of Settembrini from San Stefano. Garibaldi, all agog for action on however small a scale, undertook to command the expedition, and a detailed plan of escape was arranged with the prisoners. But the ship, purchased by the English sympathisers, was lost off Yarmouth in October 1855, before ever Garibaldi had set foot on her deck. The plot never fairly recovered from this blow, though Garibaldi paid a flying visit to Panizzi in the British Museum in February 1856. But Temple had long thought it imprudent, and Panizzi was won over to that opinion. By the end of the year even Bertani gave up hope. So Garibaldi remained on Caprera, and Settembrini on San Stefano for another three years.¹

While the emissaries of this abortive plot were passing between Caprera, Genoa and England, the stir of movement began again in the Neapolitan dominions. After 1848 all hope had been dead, and even indignation had been muffled by fear, until Cavour's Crimean policy encouraged the Italian cause in general, and England and France raised the Neapolitan question in particular. Finally, in October 1856, the two Western powers withdrew their representatives from Naples for no reason in the world except that the king sturdily refused to listen to our advice as to his methods of governing his own subjects.² This action of Palmerston and Clarendon, though it was shrewdly criticised by men of the world as being at once interfering and impotent, had real effect in encouraging King Ferdinand's rebellious subjects, who saw in it a promise of help, and an official endorsement of Mr. Gladstone's accusations. The victories of the Italians in the Crimea, and the importance of the English and French action at Naples, were both greatly exaggerated as rumour passed secretly from mouth

¹ *Milan MS., Archivio Bertani, Plico D. Risorg. anno 1., l. 22-65. Cattaneo, 127, 128. Panizzi's Life, ll. 131-143. Mario Supp. 135. Mario Vita, l. 147, 148.*

Br. Parl. Papers, 2, p. 34 and passim.

to mouth among the Sicilians and South Italians, whose ill-informed and easily excited minds were rendered doubly credulous by the artificial ignorance imposed by the censor. The era of hope and conspiracy began again.¹

But in order to understand the three rival policies directed against the King of Naples—the Murattist, the Mazzinian and the Cavourian—and Garibaldi's relation to each, it will be necessary to take a wider survey of Italian affairs.

¹ *Greville*, viii, 60–65, 72, 89. *De Cesare's F. di P.*, lxxxii, lxxxiii.

CHAPTER IV

CAVOUR BRINGS THE DEMOCRATS AND NAPOLEON III. INTO HIS CAMP.—PISACANE'S EXPEDITION.—PLOMBIÈRES AND THE DECLARATION OF WAR AGAINST AUSTRIA.—1856-59

'The adhesion of Garibaldi to our principles is an event of immense importance. We must make the utmost of this event, which secures for us the sympathies, and, when required, the active assistance of all the youth of Italy.'—Letter of PALLAVICINO to MANIN, 1857.¹

THE Democratic party, in which resided most of the faith, vigour and initiative of the Italian *Risorgimento*, as well as most of its unwisdom and rashness, had in the summer of 1849 come into deadly conflict on the walls of Rome with France and Napoleon III. Nothing short of the supreme genius of Cavour could in ten years' time have brought these irreconcilable enemies side by side into the field against Austria. Indeed, Cavour was one of the very few men who so much as realised the necessity for this strange combination, but he saw from the first that the Piedmontese statesmen and soldiers could not overcome Austria and the princes dependent on her in Italy, without the assistance both of France and of the Italian Democrats. In September 1856 he made his pact with the Democratic leaders. In July 1858, at Plombières, he made his pact with the French Emperor. In the spring of 1859 he forced on the war and the revolution.

On the side of the Italian Democrats, the originators of the alliance with Cavour were Manin, the creator and defender of the Venetian Republic of 1848, and his intimate friend Pallavicino.² The immense value which they attached to the adhesion of Garibaldi to their new policy

¹ *Manin e Pall.*, 312.

² *Gioberti e Pall.*, and *Manin e Pall.*, *passim*.

is shown by the words which stand at the head of this chapter. That adhesion was readily given. On August 13, 1856, Garibaldi, introduced by Pallavicino, had his first interview with Cavour. The guerilla chief was received with courteous familiarity, and went away rejoicing and speaking of the great minister as 'his friend.'¹ The interview was secret, but Garibaldi next year publicly proclaimed his acceptance of Victor Emmanuel's kingship as the basis of Italian unity. When the world knew that the defender of the Roman Republic had, at the instigation of the defender of the Venetian Republic, accepted the principle of Monarchy, all chance of further disruption in the Liberal ranks was removed, and the Italian patriots, with a few important exceptions, were united under one flag. Mazzini's policy of the 'neutral banner'—that is, the policy of temporary alliance with Piedmont against Austria, leaving the question of Monarchy or Republic to be settled after the war—was now repudiated. Garibaldi never ceased to think that a Republic was ideally the best form of government, but he remained for the rest of his life actively loyal to the Italian monarchy, and never, though often under severe temptation, consented to raise the 'neutral banner.'

To this great decision, the most important and the best political action of his long career, he was urged by many motives. Above all else he saw that the Monarchy would unite a country which the Republic would divide. 'I was and still am a Republican,' he wrote, 'but I have no belief in a system of popular government so uncompromising as to impose itself by force on the majority of a nation.'² Another motive perhaps was irritation with Mazzini, the legacy of their quarrels during the defence of Rome, and the result of the natural incompatibility of their characters.³

¹ *Manin e Pall.* 172.

² *Mem.* 277.

³ When Garibaldi came to London in 1864, Mr. John Morley, who had seen his triumphal entry, was describing it in the evening to Mazzini. Mazzini asked, 'Well, Mr. Morley, have you ever seen a lion?' 'Yes, I have, at the Zoo.' 'Have you noticed the face of a lion? Do you not think it is a very foolish face? Well, that is Garibaldi's.' I have this story at first hand.

Another, closely connected with this feeling, was his soldierly dislike of the Mazzinian method of undertaking wars with undisciplined and insufficient forces, and his perception that the regular army of Piedmont was essential to the expulsion of the Austrians.¹ We must also take into account at this period his confidence in Cavour, and his belief that Italy was on the eve of war and revolution, stirred up this time 'from above.'² He had, besides, at all times, a vague belief in the uses of a popular Dictator to supplement or replace Parliamentary government, and this theory, which ran strangely athwart his democratic and republican principles in his illogical mind, predisposed him to accept the headship of Victor Emmanuel.³ Last, but not least, we must count his personal devotion to the chivalrous warrior king. Garibaldi's belief in Victor Emmanuel survived by many years his belief in Cavour, and was ended only by death.

In the summer of 1857 the leaders of the new 'National party' formed the 'Italian National Society,' modelling its organisation on that of the English Anti-Corn-Law League. Italians of all the provinces, free or enslaved, were invited to join, and did so in thousands. The officers of the society were converted Republicans; Pallavicino was president, Garibaldi vice-president, the Sicilian La Farina secretary. Manin, in his exile in Paris, signed the articles of the society on his death-bed in August 1857, and did not live to see the ripening of his well-laid scheme for the liberation of Italy.⁴

Hitherto the policy of the House of Savoy, even when patriotic and Liberal, had been 'provincial'—or 'municipal' as the Mazzinians tauntingly called it—aiming at the extension of the boundaries of Piedmont, not at the creation of an Italian State in which Piedmont should merge its own existence. Hitherto the 'men of the revolution,' the Democratic party inspired by Mazzini, had been

¹ Mario, 212. Manin e Pall. 164. Ciàmpoli, 74. ² Ciàmpoli, 76.

³ Ciàmpoli, 85, 952-954. Mem. 320, 344. Guerzoni, l. 411.

⁴ Manin e Pall. 341-348. Cappelletti's V. E. l. 347, 348.

the leaders of the movement for national unity, which had seemed a chimera to Piedmontese statesmen. Cavour's predecessors and many of his colleagues 'wished to annex Lombardy and the Duchies but not to make the nation.'¹ But now things had changed. The Prime Minister of Piedmont was in secret alliance with a society, headed by ex-Republican chiefs, whose avowed aim was to place the crown of all Italy and Sicily on the head of Victor Emmanuel. Each side had accepted something of the programme and spirit of the other.

But the degree to which Cavour was conspiring with Pallavicino and Garibaldi against the Pope and the King of Naples had to be concealed, lest Napoleon should take alarm and so the other conspiracy against Austria in the North be utterly frustrated. For Napoleon would not allow North Italy to annex either Rome or the South. On the one hand he was protector of the Pope, and on the other he had designs of placing on the throne of Naples his own kinsman Lucien Murat, who, through his father Joachim, had some rights of memory in that kingdom. All that Cavour dared do, to thwart these Murattist designs so dangerous to the prospects of Italian unity, was to put the English diplomats on their guard.² In September, 1857, he explained his position frankly to La Farina, the Sicilian secretary of the National Society:—

'I have faith,' said Cavour, 'that Italy will become one State, and will have Rome for its capital. But I do not know whether it is ready for this great change, for I do not know the other provinces of Italy. I am minister of the King of Piedmont, and I cannot, I ought not, to say or do anything prematurely to compromise his dynasty. Make your National Society, and we shall not have long to wait for our opportunity. But remember that among my political friends no one believes the enterprise (viz. the union of Italy) possible, and that haste would compromise me and the cause. Come to see me whenever you like, but come at daybreak, and let no one else see or know. If,' he added smiling, 'I am questioned in Parliament or by

¹ *Giob. e Pall.* viii, ix. *Chiala*, II, 144. ² *Chiala*, II, 143, 296, 458, 459.

diplomats, I shall deny you, like Peter, and say, "I know him not." "

From that time forward La Farina regularly visited Cavour, coming up to his bedroom every day before sunrise, by a secret stair.¹

For the present, therefore, the Piedmontese propaganda in Naples and Sicily had little open support from the Piedmontese Government. But it was vigorously pushed by Cavour's Neapolitan friends living in exile at Turin, like Antonio Scialoja, as also by La Farina and the National Society.² It was also favourably regarded by the men who from the Neapolitan prisons exercised a profound influence over Neapolitan opinion. Poerio managed to smuggle out from the dungeon of Montefusco a pencilled note with the words: 'Let our pole-star be always and only Piedmont.' Both he and Settembrini condemned the French Murattist movement as anti-national, and the action of the Mazzinians as factious, premature, and sometimes criminal.³ For the Mazzinian party, though it did useful work in combating the Murattists,⁴ attacked the Bourbon rule by some very questionable methods. The attempt to assassinate King Ferdinand, in December 1856, made by the soldier Agésilao Milano, who wounded him with the bayonet during a review, was the act of a solitary individual, a Mazzinian fanatic ready to sacrifice his own life, and endowed with moral qualities which explain, though they can hardly justify, the high esteem in which his memory was held by Italian and English sympathisers.⁵ But to Mazzini himself and a large section of his followers must be assigned the praise and blame for Pisacane's expedition of the following summer.

The Mazzinians, alarmed at the progress of Murattism, determined on immediate action in the south. A plan

¹ *Chiala*, II. 144. ² *De Cesare's Scialoja*, 34, 35. *Manin e Pall.* 338.

³ *Castromediano*, II. 37, 38. *De Cesare's F. di P.* p. lxxxiii. *Poerio*, 40-42, 52. *Settembrini*, II. 414-416, 434.

⁴ *Mazzini*, IX. p. clv, cv.

⁵ *De Cesare*, I. 167-176.

was formed to invade the Neapolitan coast from Genoa, the sea-cradle of Italian democracy. Mazzini himself left England, and came disguised to the base of operations. But the resources of his party, after the recent secessions to the National Society, were so small, the reports from the Neapolitan capital so discouraging, that half even of the faithful remnant tried to persuade their chief to abandon the rash project. His old friend Saffi, who, having shared his triumvirate in Rome, now shared his exile in England, and Bertani, his agent in Genoa, were alike opposed to the design. The best Neapolitan soldier among the exiles, Cosenz, afterwards Garibaldi's able lieutenant in Sicily and Naples, refused to lead men to destruction.¹ Garibaldi himself, when Jessie White Mario upbraided him for declining to join the expedition, replied to her with kindness and good humour, but declared that he disapproved of sending men to the slaughter 'to make the *canaille* laugh.'²

But Mazzini found men of the right temper for his purpose in the Neapolitan Carlo Pisacane, the Calabrian Nicotera, and the Sicilian Rosolino³ Pilo. On June 25, 1857, Pisacane and Nicotera sailed from Genoa in a small steamer named the *Cagliari*, taking with them two dozen young men of a spirit no less determined than their own. They missed Pilo, who was on the look out for them with a similar force in another small ship, and sailed on alone to meet their fate.

The original design had been to land first on the island of San Stefano, and release Settembrini, Spaventa, and their fellow prisoners. But Spaventa, whom they found means to consult, would have nothing to do with the plan, for fear that the forcible capture of the island would involve the release of the malefactors as well as of the political

¹ *Bertani*, l. 242. *Saffi*, chaps. I-vII. *Paolucci's Pilo*, 217. *Mazzini*, lx. p. cxxx-cxxxviii.

² This letter is given in full in *Mario Supp.* 139, 140, where its real date, Feb. 3, 1857, and its context is given. The date of the letter in *Mario*, *Vita*, l. 149, and *Ciampoli*, 73, is incorrect.

³ Often spelt Rosalino, but Sicilian writers, notably Signor Paolucci, spell it Rosolino.

prisoners.¹ Pisacane therefore landed instead at the neighbouring convict island of Ponza, which the little force captured by a brilliant stroke. There followed the disgraceful scene averted from San Stefano by Spaventa's unselfish caution. Pisacane released and took away with him on the *Cagliari* some 200 common convicts, besides a dozen 'politicals' and a hundred old soldiers of the War of Liberation.² With this undesirable force they landed at Sapri. Some of the Liberals of the neighbourhood tried to raise the cry of *Viva Murat*, but the cries raised by the invaders were *Viva l'Italia* and *Viva la Repubblica*.³ As they marched up country into the mountains of the Basilicata, they found the peasantry in some villages neutral, while others turned out to defend their homes against a force which they justly believed to be principally composed of criminals, although Pisacane was able to repress any tendency to misconduct during the short time the expedition lasted.⁴ Reactionary feeling, stirred up by the village priests, was not wanting, and the Liberators found themselves opposed not only by Neapolitan troops, but by armed peasants, and even by women and children. After two severe conflicts with the troops and peasantry at Padula and Sanza, in which the convicts bore themselves well, the Republican force was overpowered. A pitiless massacre ensued, for the peasants were mad with rage. Pisacane died fighting; Nicotera and others were captured, desperately wounded.⁵

Meanwhile at Genoa, Mazzini plotted to surprise and capture the royal arsenals, in order to fit out further expeditions in aid of Pisacane. The Piedmontese government had warning, and forestalled the attempt. Thereupon, by Mazzini's advice, it was decided to abandon the project, but one small party of the conspirators proceeded to carry out

¹ *Nisco, Ferd. II.* 362. The Panizzi-Garibaldi plot for their release (see p. 61 above) had involved no risk of freeing the common convicts, as stealth, not force, was the principle of that plan.

² *Sapri*, 156. *Nisco, Ferd. II.* 362.

³ *Sapri*, 195. *Nicotera*, 15.

⁴ *Sapri*, 197. *Nicotera*, 15. ⁵ *Sapri*, chaps. xv.-xlix. *Nicotera*, 15-22.

its original orders, and a scuffle took place in which a Piedmontese soldier was killed. Throughout the peninsula the indignation of patriots was aroused against the men who had fired on the national uniform and wantonly risked a civil war in the State which was now regarded as Italy in embryo. Public opinion enabled Cavour to indulge to the full his lifelong hatred of Mazzini, which contrasted so strongly with his admiration for Garibaldi. Mazzini escaped to England, but was condemned to death in his absence, and many of his followers were sentenced to long terms of imprisonment. His prestige had received an even more severe blow than that which it had suffered from the affairs of Mantua and Milan five years before. His party was in ruins.¹

Pisacane's expedition against the Bourbons is related to Garibaldi's successful expedition three years later, exactly as John Brown's raid on Harper's Ferry is related to the American Civil War. Pisacane was at the time condemned by almost all the friends of freedom, as having brought discredit on the cause, but a few years later his name was the watchword of that cause in the hour of its triumph, when the ghosts of the forerunners seemed to be marching in front of the triumphant columns of liberation. Like John Brown, he had exacerbated the feud, made compromise impossible, and so helped to bring on the final struggle. Like Brown, he had committed some acts that were criminal, and some that were sublime, and above all else he had known how to die. The Genoese part of the plot, the attack on the Piedmontese arsenals, had scarcely the shadow of an excuse, but its failure served at least to show that without the secret connivance of the Piedmontese authorities no effective expedition could sail from Genoa against the Bourbons. In 1860 this lesson was not forgotten by Garibaldi—nor by Cavour.

Although Cavour's severe reprisals on the Mazzinians

¹ *Sapri*, chap. xlv. *Chiala*, II. 168-173. *Kings Mazzini*, 174, 175. *Mazzini*, IX, cxxxix-clv. *Risorg.* anno II., II. p. 205.

for the Genoese insurrection incurred some censure from contemporaries, and more from posterity, those measures were thought too lenient by the nervous usurper in the Tuileries, who denounced Genoa as the most dangerous city in Europe and, like a true Bonaparte, ceaselessly complained that political exiles were permitted to live in Piedmont, and that the press there enjoyed a relative freedom.¹ His querulous outcries about exiles and newspapers were treated with scorn when addressed to Great Britain, but caused grave anxiety to Victor Emmanuel and Cavour, who on the one hand could not abandon the system of liberty in Piedmont without sacrificing the newly-won attachment of the Democrats throughout the Peninsula, nor, on the other, offend Napoleon without losing their last chance of driving the Austrians out of Milan. From this dilemma they escaped in strange fashion through an event which seemed certain by its very nature to precipitate them into the abyss.

On the night of January 14, 1858, as the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Eugénie were driving together to the opera, three bombs were hurled at them near the entrance of the theatre. The horses were killed, but the Emperor, like his uncle under the curiously similar circumstances of the royalist plot of 1800, stepped out unhurt from the ruins of the carriage. Around lay 156 wounded, of whom eight expired. When Cavour heard of this wanton slaughter, equally provocative to the sovereign who had been the intended victim and to his people who had been the actual sufferers, he exclaimed in an agony of apprehension—'if only this is not the work of Italians!' Soon his worst fears were realized. The criminal turned out to be Felice Orsini, ex-official of the Roman Republic of 1849, in the service of which he had distinguished himself by suppressing terrorism and political crime at Ancona.² Since then he had lived much in England, seeing Mazzini's English friends, and still sharing his political views. Of these views, perhaps the most erroneous was a fixed belief

¹ *Bianchi*, vii. 381-384.

² *Trevelyan's Gar. Rome*, 104.

that only Napoleon prevented France from going to war on behalf of Italy, whereas the exact opposite was the case. Under this delusion as to politics, and a yet worse delusion of his own as to ethics, Orsini, who had at this time quarrelled with Mazzini over some private affairs, devised his plot without the knowledge of his old associates, but with the help of some mean tools of his own finding.¹

Austria herself could not have wished for an event more compromising to the hopes of Italy, except for the one circumstance that the bombs and bomb-throwers had come to France not from Piedmont but from England. The anger of France was expended against 'perfidious Albion,' with whom a long and complicated quarrel arose out of the affair. At first, indeed, Napoleon was scarcely less angry with Piedmont, and demanded of her in set terms the expulsion of the emigrants and the silencing of the Democratic press. The moment was one of extreme peril. But now, as on several later occasions, the King came to the rescue of his great minister. In a spirited but friendly letter Victor Emmanuel stated the position with a wise frankness.

'If the Emperor wishes me to use violence in my kingdom, let him know that I should lose all my influence, and he all the sympathies of a generous and noble nation. . . that he has no right to treat a faithful ally in this fashion; that I have never endured violence from anyone; that I follow the path of honour without reproach, and am responsible for that honour only to God and my people; that our house has carried its head high for 850 years, and that no one will make me bow it; and that with all this I desire to be nothing but his friend.'

In accordance with instructions received, General Della Rocca 'committed the imprudence' of reading to the Emperor these words which would have goaded the first Napoleon to some outburst of vulgar fury. 'That is what I call courage,' was the generous reply; 'your king is a

¹ *La Gorce*, II. 212-224, 239. *King*, II. 45. *Mazzini*, x, p. xv. *King's Mazzini*, 165. *Martinengo Cesaresco's Cavour*, 128.

fine fellow ; I like his letter.' ¹ The doubtful and weak-willed guide of Europe's destiny was touched by the undiplomatic sound of truth, purpose, and courage ; the adventurer was held in envious admiration of ' that ancient royalty which was the one thing he could not purchase.'

And, indeed, the fiery little warrior, with the immense moustache, who strutted about, head in air, as though he were vainly trying to overtop his courtiers, was ' every inch a king.' Victor Emmanuel came of a royal stock so ancient and so honourable that it could afford to have democratic sympathies without losing caste. Like the warrior of Navarre, who, two centuries earlier, had done for France a work somewhat similar to that which he himself was doing for Italy, he had been nursed to hardihood as a mountaineer and hunter, and had early learnt, by the discipline of evil times, to estimate men and things as they were, and not as they seemed when viewed from palace windows. Though of rougher speech and blunter manners than the ' gentle Henry,' he too was loved by the common people whose welfare he had at heart and whose company he was always glad to share in war and in the chase. He, too, hunted women with as little rest or scruple as he hunted game. But, in other respects, Victor Emmanuel had great virtues. His personal and family pride, perhaps the strongest motive in all his actions, took a noble form, for it was his first rule of life to be the ' man of honour,' the *galantuomo* in all his dealings—with his subjects, to whom he had sworn constitutional oaths, with Napoleon, with expectant Italy. He too often deceived, or allowed Cavour to deceive, perfidious enemies, but those to whom he owed an obligation, or who put their trust in him, never had reason to repent it. His courage was boundless, his good sense remarkable, and his Italian patriotism stronger than his religious devotion, with which it so often came into conflict.

It soon appeared, to Cavour's astonishment and joy, that not only was the master of France not alienated from

¹ *Della Rocca*, 127-132.

Italy, but that he had now at last decided actively to befriend her. His conduct towards the man who had tried to murder him is one of the strangest chapters of the fascinating and mysterious book of the psychology of Napoleon III. He permitted the trial to be so conducted as to become rather the apotheosis of a martyred patriot than the condemnation of a criminal. Though Orsini perished on the scaffold, it was in the odour of a sanctity cast about him by his executioners. The letter in which he appealed to Napoleon to win the gratitude of twenty-five millions of Italians by freeing their country from Austria, was not only allowed to be read in the most impressive manner at the trial, but was printed in the French papers, and even, at Napoleon's special request, in the Piedmontese Official Gazette. Cavour, who had no sympathy with murderers anywhere, nor with conspirators outside diplomacy, was almost shocked at Napoleon's prostration before his would-be assassin, but since the publication of Orsini's letter was a direct challenge from France to Austria, he gladly printed it, and it remains perhaps the strangest document that ever enlivened an official newspaper.¹

The reasons why Napoleon relented to Orsini and to Italy will always be open to conjecture. His enemies attributed all to fear of assassination, remarking that by a campaign in Lombardy he could make reparation for Rome, and so sleep at nights without dreaming of that single-minded Italian ferocity of purpose which otherwise would dog him to the grave. But those know little of Napoleon who think that fear or any other single passion or single object can explain his conduct in anything. If he had

¹ *Que Votre Majesté se rappelle que les Italiens, au milieu desquels était mon père, versèrent avec joie leur sang pour Napoléon le Grand, partout où il lui plut de les conduire ; qu'elle se rappelle qu'il lui furent fidèles jusqu'à sa chute ; qu'elle se rappelle que tant que l'Italie ne sera pas indépendante, la tranquillité de l'Europe et celle de Votre Majesté ne seront qu'une chimère, que Votre Majesté ne repousse pas le vœu suprême d'un patriote sur les marches de l'échafaud ; qu'elle délivre ma patrie, et les bénédictions de 25 millions de citoyens la suivront dans la postérité.* La Gorce, II, 349-353. Bianchi, VII, 403, 404. Chiala, II, 540, 541. Martinengo Cesaresco's Cavour, 129, 130.

been summoned before the throne of Omnipotence to give an account of his intentions, he could hardly at any moment of his reign have given a clear and consistent answer. He was at once a selfish and scheming adventurer who murdered liberty in his own country and protested against its natural manifestations in neighbouring lands, and a romantic idealist who wished to extend the principles of the French Revolution over Europe. The liberticide heard the cry of Poland and of Italy, which rose in vain to the ears of many who disapproved his tyranny in France.¹ He was touched by the spectacle of Orsini's self-sacrifice, and remembered the day when, twenty-seven years before, he had himself conspired and revolted on behalf of Italian freedom. The Buonapartes were of ancient Italian origin. The founder of their modern fortunes had first leapt to European greatness by his Italian campaign of 1796, and perhaps the purest and best result of all his mighty activities had been the resurrection of Italian life after two centuries of death-like trance. Was that resurrection now to be completed or to be suppressed? And if military glory was to be one of the bases of the restored Napoleonic dynasty ('peace,' of course, was to be another), where could it be better won than in the plains of Lodi and Marengo, and in sight of the hills of Rivoli?²

Such were Napoleon's personal aspirations, encouraged by his intimate friend, the Italian Count Arese, and by his cousin Prince Jerome Napoleon, who, with all his faults, felt a strong and disinterested enthusiasm even for the extreme idea of complete Italian unity.³ But, for the most part, Napoleon III. was served, surrounded, and maintained

¹ *Greville*, viii. 219, 220.

² Material for the fascinating study of Napoleon III. is most easily available in La Gorce's fine work, and in Ollivier's *Empire Libéral*.

The best works on the subject in English are Mr. H. A. L. Fisher's *Bonapartism* (1908) and Mr. F. A. Simpson's *Rise of Louis Napoleon* (1910).

³ *Arese and Principe Nap.* I call Prince Napoleon (*Plon-Plon*) 'Prince Jerome,' as he was usually called, though his real name was Joseph; Jerome was also the name of his father (ob. 1860) and of his elder brother (ob. 1847).

by reactionaries and Clericals. His wife, whom he had married for love, was a Clerical. His throne depended on the French Catholics, and the fixed price of their support was the defence of the Pope's temporal power by the armies of France. The story runs that Cardinal Antonelli was asked one day—'When will the French garrison be withdrawn from Rome?' 'When I withdraw my garrison from Paris,' was the reply. The flagrant contradiction between the terms on which Napoleon held his throne in France and his desire to liberate Italy involved him, during the remainder of his reign, in weak and crooked courses which led him to ultimate disaster. If he had been more far-seeing or less generous he would certainly have shrunk from stirring up the Italian question.

It was characteristic of his mind and method that when he entered into negotiation with Cavour for an offensive alliance against Austria, he did not dismiss the reactionary Walewski, but was content to deceive him, carrying on the most important diplomatic transaction of his reign as a profound secret behind the back of his foreign minister. Through the agency, first of Prince Jerome and then of the Emperor's physician, Dr. Conneau,¹ a meeting was arranged between Cavour and Napoleon at the quiet health-resort of Plombières during the holiday season of 1858. On July 21, a single conversation, protracted for nearly eight hours, partly indoors and partly in the Emperor's phaeton among the wooded valleys of the Vosges, sufficed for the two men to adjust the fate of Italy. When the diplomatic world heard that Cavour had been at Plombières *incognito*, there was some uneasiness, but the secret of what he had done there was well kept.

The result of that long day's conversation was at once epitomised by Cavour in letters to General La Marmora and to the King.² A suitable cause of quarrel was to be found with Austria, to give colour before Europe to a premeditated attack. Then 200,000 French and 100,000

¹ *Principe Nap.* 13. *Chiala*, II. 556, 557.

² *Chiala*, II. 568-584; III, p. xxxii.

Italian troops were to drive the Austrians from Milanese Lombardy and from the Venetian Quadrilateral, and finally to dictate peace at Vienna. The Cisalpine domination of the *Tedeschi* was to come to an end. Liberated Italy was not, however, to be united in one state; Napoleon, as a good Frenchman, could no more tolerate a united Italy than a united Germany—though by the irony of fate he was destined to be instrumental in the creation of both. By the pact of Plombières Italy was to consist of a federation of weak States, nominally under the Presidency of the Pope, really under the protection of France. Of these the strongest would be that of North Italy, under Victor Emmanuel, which would include Piedmont, Lombardy, Venice, and the Pope's Adriatic dominions. His Umbrian dominions would be added to Tuscany to form a Central Italian State, while he himself would retain Rome and the province in which it stood. Naples must be reformed, or, as Napoleon did not attempt to conceal, given to Lucien Murat. In return for these benefits Italy would cede to France Savoy and possibly also Nice, and Victor Emmanuel would be asked to give his daughter Clotilde in marriage to Prince Jerome.

There were two miscalculations in this great plan. One was that the French and Italian forces were not strong enough to reach Vienna or even Venice. The other was that the French Catholic world would never allow the Emperor to despoil the Pope of three-quarters of his Italian dominions. Not only Napoleon but Cavour was still under some delusion as to the attitude of the Papacy. A month after Plombières, Cavour sounded Count Pasolini, the old friend of Pio Nono in his more Liberal days, and learnt that there was no chance at all that the Church would consent to surrender any part of her temporal power. And if she would not consent, Napoleon dared not be a party to her coercion.¹

¹ *Chiala*, II. 225. *Pasolini*, 156-157, 169. The Pope, in January 1859, told Odo Russell, the British Resident, plainly that he would not even consent that any part of the Papal States should be administered by laymen: the 'States of the Church' must be governed by priests. *Queen's Letters*, vol. III. 397, 398 (Jan. 14, 1859).

But if Cavour did not at first realise all the difficulties of executing the pact of Plombières, at least he understood all the dangers that would arise if it were executed. It would substitute French for Austrian supremacy in the peninsula. Cavour desired this no more than Garibaldi or Mazzini, but he had the nerve to risk the new danger as the only possible way of getting rid of the old incubus. He hoped, not without reason, that he would somehow be too clever for Napoleon in the end, and that Italian patriotism would rise to the level of the occasion. In the interval between Plombières and the outbreak of war he set himself to cultivate that patriotism in its most uncompromising forms, partly in order to strengthen his position against his too formidable ally, and partly as a means of provoking Austria to war. For this dual purpose he summoned the patriots of all the other Italian States to flock to Piedmont and enlist in the National forces. A secret organisation for smuggling young men over the frontiers was established by the National Society in almost every town of Northern Italy. Many thousands from Austrian Lombardy and Venetia, from the Papal States and the Duchies were enrolled in the Piedmontese regular forces, and in March and April 1859, 3,000 more were formed into a small volunteer corps called the *Cacciatori delle Alpi*, to be commanded by Garibaldi.¹

By this policy of the enlistment of volunteers from all Italy, including Austria's own subjects escaped from her odious conscription, Cavour succeeded in provoking the war. In December 1858, he had told Odo Russell, who happened to be passing through Turin, that he would 'force Austria to declare war about the first week in May'; he kept this extraordinary promise with a week to the good.² He kept it in spite of the most adverse circumstances. The first four months of 1859 were perhaps the greatest, as they certainly were the most agonising, of Cavour's life.

¹ *Chiala*, lll. llll-lvi, lxxxvii-xcv. *Venosta*, 411, 412. *Bianchi's Cavour*, 64. *Bianchi*, viii. 19. *Arrivabene*, I. 9.

² *Quarterly*, July 1879, p. 129, note.

On January 1, Napoleon opened the ball by saying to the Austrian ambassador that he regretted to find his relations with Francis Joseph not as good as he could wish. Nine days later Victor Emmanuel introduced into his speech to the Parliament at Turin the famous words suggested by Napoleon himself¹—*il grido di dolore*—‘the cry of suffering that rises to our ears from so many parts of Italy.’ The alarm thus fairly given, all France and all diplomatic Europe rose up in protest to prevent the war. Napoleon found himself deserted by the elements in French society on which his dynasty depended—the Catholics and the propertied classes—while the Liberals and Republicans could not be expected at once to put confidence in their foe, or to hail the prospect of his triumphant return as the Cæsar of a victorious army.² In England the Conservative ministers of the day, who pleased themselves with the belief that Italian grievances could be remedied without the expulsion of Austria, placed themselves vigorously at the head of the peace movement, but with a strong Austrian bias. They took their stand, wrote Lord Malmesbury, on ‘the territorial arrangements of 1815, which have ensured the longest peace on record.’ Most Englishmen, though more sympathetic with Italy and less well disposed to Austria, shared the ministers’ terror lest this war should be the prelude to another age of Napoleonic conquest. Hostility to France at this moment damped our enthusiasm for Italy, just as six months later it served greatly to enhance it.³

¹ *Chiala*, p. lll. xxlll–xxv.

² *La Gorce*, lll. 396–401. *Malmesbury*, 148–153, 179. *Chiala*, *Storia Contemp.* 3, 4.

³ *Br. Parl. Papers*, 4, and *Malmesbury*, 147. *Elliot*, 7. This terror of France, with whom we had just been quarrelling, explains the inconsistency of the common British attitude to Italy in the spring and autumn of 1859, so amusingly exposed by Matthew Arnold in *Friendship's Garland*. Ruskin, though he despised the Italian Risorgimento, despised still more the English attitude towards the war of 1859. He writes on June 15: ‘The Italian nation is unhappy and unprosperous; its trade annihilated, its arts and sciences retrograde, its nerve and moral sense prostrated together; it is capable only of calling to you for help, and you will not help it. The man you have been calling names, with his unruly colonels, undertakes to help it, and Christian England, with a secret hope that, in order to satisfy her

France and England together were too much for Napoleon's infirm purpose. He shrank before the storm which he had raised, threw over Prince Jerome and Cavour, and in the middle of April joined England in recommending that Piedmont should reduce her armies to a peace footing, while France and Austria similarly and simultaneously disarmed. Cavour knew that in the state to which patriotic feeling had then been worked, an order to disarm issued in Turin would mean mutiny, revolution, anarchy, and the disappearance of the House of Savoy. To fall fighting Austria single-handed would be a better way to perish. For some hours Cavour contemplated suicide. He was found by his friends burning his papers, and he did not deny that he had had ill thoughts.¹

But meanwhile he had left no stone unturned. There was still a desperate chance that Austria would refuse the simultaneous disarmament, and in this hope he had himself accepted it—though he could scarcely have intended really to fulfil the agreement. But meanwhile his provocations to Austria, consistently prolonged for so many months, had at last broken down the counsels of wisdom at Vienna. Austria refused the English proposals for simultaneous disarmament, and on April 23 her couriers arrived at Turin bearing an ultimatum with three days of grace. Never were messengers of victory or of peace received with greater transports of delight. That night Cavour dined in triumph among the small circle of his intimate friends. On April 27 Austria ordered her troops to invade Piedmont, and Napoleon, with the sullen acquiescence of England and amid the rising enthusiasm of France, came to the rescue of the peaceful little State against the wanton aggressor. Bismarck, in 1870, may have equalled but did not surpass this masterpiece of Cavour. England, angry with Austria,

spite against the unruly colonels, the French Army may be beaten, and the Papacy fully established over the whole of Italy—Christian England, I say, with this spiteful jealousy for one of her motives, and a dim, stupid, short-sighted, sluggish horror of interruption of business for the other, takes this highly Christian position,¹ &c., &c. *Arrows of the Chase*, 13.

¹ Castelli, 82, 83. *Chiala*, III, pp. cxxviii-cxxx.

angry with Napoleon, retired for a season, soon to reappear under a new government and in a very different temper.¹

But Italy, rejoicing in her opportunity thus snatched from the claws of fate, confident in such a group of leaders as few nations have ever had at the crisis of their history, remembering her past failures only as lessons, and thinking of her dead as arising from their graves to watch, entered upon the two years of war and revolution which secured for her the right to be.

¹ *Bianchi*, viii. 1-67, 482-490. *Bianchi's Cavour*, 63. *Principe Nap.* 19-27. *Br. Parl. Papers*, 4. *La Gorce*, li. 425-449. *Castelli*, 84.

' Though it is *originally* the wicked folly of Russia and France that have brought on this fearful crisis, it is the madness and blindness of Austria which have brought on the war *now*.¹—Queen Victoria to the King of the Belgians, April 26, 1859.

CHAPTER V

GARIBALDI'S ALPINE CAMPAIGN, 1859

Si scopron le tombe, si levano i morti,
I martiri nostri son tutti risorti !
Le spade nel pugno, gl' allori alle chiome,
La fiamma ed il nome d' Italia sul cor !
Veniamo ! Veniamo, su, o giovani schiere,
Su al vento per tutto le nostre bandiere !
Su tutti col ferro, su tutti col foco.
Su tutti col foco d' Italia nel cor.
Va fuori d' Italia, va fuori ch' è l' ora,
Va fuori d' Italia, va fuori, o stranier.

The tombs are uncovered, the dead come from far,
The ghosts of our martyrs are rising to war,
With swords in their hands, and with laurels of fame,
And dead hearts still glowing with Italy's name.
Come join them ! Come follow, O youth of our land !
Come fling out our banner, and marshal our band !
Come all with cold steel, and come all with hot fire,
Come all with the flame of Italia's desire !
Begone from Italia, begone from our home !
Begone from Italia, O stranger, begone !

Garibaldi's Hymn.

TOWARDS the middle of December 1858, Cavour summoned Garibaldi, who, leaving Caprera, landed at Genoa on the 19th, and spent the evening there with his friends of the Democratic party. Neither he nor they knew of the pact of Plombières, but they already scented powder in the air. ' Write me a hymn for my volunteers,' he said to Mercantini. The result of this commission appeared in ten days' time, in the shape of ' Garibaldi's hymn,' destined in the coming years to resound on the battlefields of Italy from the Alps to the Sicilian mountains, and to become in effect the National Anthem.¹

¹ *Guersoni*, I. 417. *Mario*, 231.

On December 20, Garibaldi proceeded to Turin, and was taken by La Farina, the secretary of the National Society, on one of his secret visits to Cavour. It was probably at this interview that Garibaldi was told of the important part assigned to him in a plot of Cavour's, soon afterwards abandoned, for beginning a revolution in the Carrara district in order to provoke Austria to war. It was certainly at this interview that Cavour told him that he was to be put in command of a volunteer force to be raised among his own friends. Returning to Genoa, he at once commissioned Bixio to begin privately enrolling names. He sailed back to spend Christmas at Caprera, telling La Farina that a steamer must be sent to fetch him when he was wanted. A few days later, at the New Year, came Napoleon's public warning to the Austrian ambassador.¹

At the end of February Cavour sent once more for the hermit of Caprera. The design of the Carrara revolution was being gradually abandoned in favour of an easier method of provoking Austria, the enlistment of her runaway subjects under the banner of Piedmont. Thousands were being drafted into the regular army, but Cavour's favourite scheme was the formation of Garibaldi's corps of volunteers. On March 2, 1859, the decisive interview on this subject took place. Garibaldi had reached Turin the night before, and in the morning Cavour's confidential valet came into his study 'to announce that there was a man demanding to see Monsieur le Comte. "What is his name?" "He will not give it; he has a big stick and a big hat, but he says that he has an appointment with Monsieur le Comte." "Ah!" said Cavour rising, "bring him in!" ' The man entered, whose appearance had so much astonished the valet. His skin was tanned by wind and weather, his hands were hardened with daily toil. His eyes

'were surrounded by a network of fine lines. This had no trace

¹ *Paolucci, Pilo*, 224, 225, 'Giorgio's' letter of December 23. *Guerzoni*, I, 417-420. *Mem.* 278, 279. *La Farina*, II. 82-84, 91-99, 110, 124.

² *De la Rive*, 390.

of cunning, as is so often the case with wrinkles round the setting of the eyes, but was obviously the result of habitual contraction of the muscles in gazing at very distant objects. In short, Garibaldi's eyes, both in this respect and in respect of a certain steadfast, far-away look in them, were the eyes of a sailor.' ¹

All was soon arranged between Cavour and his visitor with regard to the volunteers, and on the same day Garibaldi was taken to see Victor Emmanuel. The occasions, of which this was the first, when these two met face to face were nearly always pregnant with fate for Italy. And whenever they met, Garibaldi left the king's presence with an increased sense of loyalty and a more docile spirit.²

On this occasion indeed he required no royal persuasion. He returned that night, in the highest spirits, to Genoa, and there summoned about him the chiefs of the old Democratic armies, the Republican and Garibaldian veterans of '48 and '49.³ It was in vain that Mazzini denounced the war, on the ground that

'if successful, it will give Louis Napoleon a greater hold than he has ever had on the French mind through military glory and territorial increase. The Lombardo-Sardinian kingdom will be, morally, a French dependency. Through other, more southern schemed acquisitions, the Mediterranean will be a French lake.'⁴

This attitude, though it had much influence in London among the Italian exiles, had little in Italy, where the war fever was at its height.⁵ The Garibaldini did not deny the danger pointed out by Mazzini, but strove to provide against it by giving to the ultra-patriotic forces an independent military organisation so formidable that Cavour would not feel the need to depend on France, nor the power to betray Italy even if he wished. Hardly one of the old fighting men but came to Garibaldi's call. Even Dr.

¹ *Trollope*, II. 230; cf. *Carrano*, 163, 164.

² *Mem.* 276-279. *Guerzoni*, I. 419, 420. *Chiala*, III. p. lxxxix-xciv. *Bertani*, I. 322, 323.

³ *Bertani*, I. 323. *Mem.* 276-279. *Chiala*, III. p. xci-xcv.

⁴ *Letter of Mazzini to Stansfeld, January 30, 1859, Shaen MS.*

⁵ *Mazzini*, x. 238-242. *Paolucci, Pilo*, 224-233.

Bertani, who had so long been Mazzini's agent in Genoa, undertook to organise the ambulance for the *Cacciatori delle Alpi*, as he had organised it for the defenders of Rome ten years before. Medici, who had fought in the red shirt on the Pampas and had held the ruins of the Vascello for three weeks against the French army, and Nino Bixio, who had been carried back from his wild charge up the steps of the Corsini and laid in the hospital beside his dying friend Mameli, were both again ready to Garibaldi's hand.¹ Cosenz, Neapolitan by birth but Northerner by temperament, a quiet, modest and benign gentleman in spectacles, as cool in battle as Bixio was hot, already famous as one of the defenders of Venice, now entered Garibaldi's service, and was henceforth his good angel in politics and in war. The *Cacciatori* were organised in three regiments, each consisting of a full thousand men and each divided into two battalions. The first regiment was entrusted to Cosenz, the second to Medici, the third to a less able officer, Ardoino. But one of Ardoino's battalions was led to battle, and would, if necessary, have been driven into the mouth of hell, by Nino Bixio—strangely popular with his men, although he was always falling upon them with the flat of his sword in gusts of blind anger which would soon have earned for any other officer a bullet in the back.² The list of captains and lieutenants of the *Cacciatori delle Alpi* is filled with such names as Bronzetti, Sacchi, Carrano, Piva, Cadolini, familiar in the history of the sieges of Rome and Venice and of the last stages of Garibaldi's retreat.

In allowing Garibaldi to choose his own officers, Cavour showed that he was not afraid of ex-Republicans, or even of Republicans who were ready to fight for the king. It

Trevelyan's Gar. Rome, 177, 186, 199, 200, 213.

² Nino Bixio's constant apologies for his conduct in these matters, found in his letters to his wife during the campaigns of 1859-60, show that that lady was always doing her duty by taking him to task on the subject. Nino was adored by his family, among whom he was always as gentle as he sometimes was with his soldiers. See *Bologna MSS.*, *Bixio*; and *Risorg.*, anno. I., II. 338.

had been his own device, suggested to him by no one and opposed by many, thus to create a force which should represent the idea of the national uprising as distinct from Piedmontese officialdom and the French alliance. If Garibaldi, the known enemy of Napoleon and the champion of Italian nationality, could achieve some romantic feats of war in the Alps, both the English public and the Italian Democrats would feel greater sympathy with the war and confidence in its author, Cavour.¹ The plan succeeded to perfection, owing to the valour of the *Cacciatori* and the genius of their leader, which made up for the lack of numbers, artillery, cavalry, commissariat, and good fire-arms. For of these advantages the volunteers were deprived by the jealousy of the War Office, of which General La Marmora was now the head. Cavour in those days was too busy to see to everything, and 2000 good carbines which he had ordered for the *Cacciatori* were sent after them too late, and distributed by a foolish official among the civic guard of Lago Maggiore.² No horses or waggons were provided for the ambulance, so that Bertani and his staff of able doctors had to rely on the liberality of the inhabitants in the seat of war. There was no commissariat. There was no artillery, except a mountain battery that arrived too late to share in the principal achievements of the campaign. There was no cavalry except fifty *guide*, or scouts, who came on their own horses. Another similar, though probably inferior, corps, raised from the exiles of Central Italy and called the *Cacciatori degli Apennini*, was deliberately sent off under another command, contrary to the express orders of the king that all the volunteer regiments should be placed under Garibaldi. One good thing, indeed, the War Office provided—the services of General Cialdini, most

¹ *Chiala*, III. p. xciv., xcv. *Guerzoni*, I. 421, 422. *Venosta*, 517. It is remarkable how the *Times*, hostile to Italian hopes in the early part of the year, on account of its fear of Napoleon, at once took up Garibaldi and his volunteers at the very beginning of the war, e.g., leading article on May 28. It saw in Garibaldi a way to combine friendship for Italy with hostility to France.

² *Carrano*, 260, 261. *Mario*, 237.

enthusiastically rendered, to organise the three regiments in the depots; for Garibaldi himself was a bad organiser.¹

Fortunately these raw volunteers and their veteran officers had three weeks of active service with the regular army before they were called upon for any great effort on their own behalf. When war was declared on April 27, Turin was in the greatest danger. General Gyulai, with over 100,000 Austrians ready to his hand, was on the banks of the Ticino, while the French were far away across the Alps. But Gyulai's not very acute mind was distracted by the precedent of former wars when Austria's safety had lain in the defensive, and in a judicious retreat to the Quadrilateral. He crossed the Ticino on April 29, and wasted three weeks, each worth an army corps to Austria, in futile and hesitating movements, while regiment after regiment of French infantry, Zouaves, and cuirassiers marched down the winding valley from the frozen summit of Mont Cenis pass, or came steaming up by sea to Genoa and thence by train into the valley of the Po. During this anxious period of waiting for the French, the entire forces of Piedmont, 60,000 all told, were concentrated near the great river to defend the heart of the State. The *Cacciatori delle Alpi* served side by side with the regular troops, occasionally skirmishing with marked success on their own account, and enduring the frightful discomfort of the rain and floods, which were perhaps one of the minor reasons of Gyulai's inactivity. Garibaldi, as a subordinate, proved on this occasion the most ready and obedient of men, and won the hearty goodwill of his superior officers.²

When at last the French had arrived, and the allies were

¹ Carrano, 171-179, 187, 188, 206, 207, 236, 260. Bertani, l. 338, 341, 343, 348, 351. Guerzoni, l. 424, 425. Pol. 295. Mem. 278, 279. De Cristoforis, 267, 277. Mario, 236, 237. Conv. Marchetti. Peard MS. 7. Peard (Cornhill, January 1908), 107.

² Hohenlohe, 6th, 7th, and 8th letters. Camp. d' It. E. M. Pr. 25. Carrano, 180-226. Guerzoni, l. 429-435. Peard MS. De Cristoforis, 280. Riv. Mil. It. December 1872, p. 482; January 1873, p. 214, 215.

in a position to take the offensive, the *Cacciatori* were sent up north to invade Alpine Lombardy as a detached and advanced left wing of the army. Garibaldi was far too well pleased with this independent command and the chance of being the first liberator on Lombard soil, and he was moreover far too good a soldier, to utter in his men's hearing any discouraging complaint of the unprovided condition in which they were being sent on an errand so hazardous.

The force which he led into the enemy's territory consisted of just over 3000¹ young men, each with an abominably bad old pattern musket of shorter range than the weapon of the regular army. But at the end of each musket was fastened a serviceable bayonet, the weapon destined to win the little campaign.² The fifty rifles were the private property of as many crack shots from Genoa, 'gentlemen-merchants, artists and professional men,' who under the title of the 'Genoese carabineers,' formed a fine body of skirmishers, always in the forefront of battle. There was, besides, an excellent rifle in the skilled hands of the gigantic Peard—once the terror of the Oxford 'town'—destined now to obtain, without seeking it, a European celebrity as 'Garibaldi's Englishman.' But the other units of the division, not only miserably armed but untrained to shoot, and unaccustomed, as townsmen, to the mountains or, indeed, to great physical exertion of any kind, were required to take Alpine passes from the splendid Tyrolese sharp-shooters and well-drilled Croats and Hungarians with rifles and artillery. The task would have been impossible if the *Cacciatori* had been of the ordinary stuff that armies are made of, stirred only by the usual passions of war. But their ranks contained the very pick of the first families of Milan,³ and were for the most part filled by

¹ *Carrano*, 236. *Mem.* 281. *Cadolini*, 10. *Hohenlohe*, 1. 206. My rule in this work is to take the official report of each side (whether Italian, Austrian, or Neapolitan) of its own numbers, and not its view of the enemy's numbers which is generally exaggerated.

² *Cadolini*, 6. *Peard* (*Cornhill*, January 1908), 107.

³ Mrs. Gurney Buxton tells me that in 1881 the following patois verse

Lombard students, artisans, landlords, professional men, and runaway school boys. They had been selected from among their fellows by the devotion with which they had risked, and the energy by which they had saved, their lives among the Austrian watchers on the frontier, for each one had stolen into Piedmont 'crossing the mountains and wading the rivers on St. Francis' horse' (viz. on foot). They were mostly men of education and of ideals. Their solid English comrade was astonished and touched to hear them round the camp fires entertain each other with long recitations of Tasso, Ariosto, and Alfieri. No youths ever went to battle with a stronger motive to conquer. They were fighting their way back as liberators to the homes from which they had lately fled like hunted criminals. They did not find the words of Garibaldi's hymn too high-flown for the occasion. They were to make their country and to avenge at last the long catalogue of her martyrs. Privately, too, each one was consumed with the remembrance of some story of injury and shame wrought on his family or his dearest friends by the rough and stupid soldiery of Eastern Europe. They had confidence in their veteran officers, and far more than confidence in their general, who was the god of their idolatry. The fear of his reprimand, of which he was never sparing either to individuals or to companies, was an ever present terror, while the hope of his measured and lovingly spoken words of praise, the certainty of seeing his calm face and hearing his low penetrating voice in the midst of the decisive charge of the day were moral forces which would alone have made them superior to any ordinary regiment.¹

was still being sung by the peasants along the shores of Lago Maggiore, celebrating the liberation effected by the *Cacciatori* of 1859!—

'Evviva Garibaldi!

Tutti i scuri (signori) di Milano

Li ong fa' scappa i Tedeschi

Coll' la bandier' in mang' (mano).

'All the gentlemen of Milan have driven out the Austrians with the banner in hand.'

¹ *Bertani*, l. 357. *Venosta*, 432-441, 542. *Times*, July 26, 'A sketch of Garibaldi,' written from the Valtelline. *Mario*, 238. *Cadolini*, 5.

The red shirt did not appear in this campaign ; it would have been a gratuitous insult both to Napoleon and to the Piedmontese official party. Garibaldi himself was properly dressed as a Piedmontese general, though on the march he was seen to change his ' tiresome hat ' for a broad-brimmed felt, and to wrap himself up during the rain in the folds of his American *puncio*.¹ But in the king's battles he always displayed the king's uniform. His men, dressed after the ugly, conventional pattern of the line regiments, had none of the theatrical picturesqueness of Rome ten years before, or of Sicily in the following summer. But on the eve of entering Lombardy, Garibaldi made them leave their knapsacks behind and be content with as much linen and provisions as could be forced into their bread bags and into the large pockets which he caused to be sewn on to their coats. He thus gained that mobility which was the first principle of his method of war, but increased the difficulties of the commissariat and of food supply.² Fortunately, in the country which they were about to invade, every household was passionately on their side.

The Ticino, which divided Austrian Lombardy from Piedmont, issues from the Lago Maggiore in a broad, swirling flood that no regiment could hope to ford. It thus offered, in continuation of the lake commanded by Austrian steamers, an easy line of defence against Garibaldi's unsupported infantry advancing from Biella. But he had at least an imitation of one other arm of the service in the fifty mounted scouts, and by great good fortune, their able leader, Simonetta, was a popular landowner in this very district. On May 21 and 22 Simonetta made a rapid tour in disguise along both the free and unfree shores of the lake, and although the Austrians laid an embargo on every stick that could float, and had their steamers on the look-out, he skilfully and secretly collected a number of barges at an

Conv. Marchetti. Tupper, 61. Pearā (Cornhill, January 1908), 97, 1071 and the whole literature of the campaign.

¹ *Carrano, 195.*

² *Venosta, 518. Cadolini, 14, 15. Carrano, 233.*

appointed place. This *rendezvous* was Castelletto, on the Piedmontese shore of the Ticino, three miles below its debouchment from the lake, and one mile below Sesto Calende on the opposite shore, where lay a slender detachment of Austrians. At Gallarate lay a single battalion, enough if properly used to have delayed the passage until immense numbers had been brought up from Milan. But the Austrians did not suspect Garibaldi of intending to pass the river. Their delusion was maintained by one of his most customary devices, for he ostentatiously ordered provisions for his troops at Arona and Meina, as if he intended to march northward along the Piedmontese shore of Maggiore. As usual, his own men were equally deceived, and it was with surprise that they heard the order given on the night of the 22nd, just outside Arona, not to enter the town but to turn sharply to the right. They proceeded south by a forced march under cover of unusually thick darkness. The clock of Castelletto was striking midnight when the column, still ignorant of its destination, reached the top of the high bank above Simonetta's barges, and saw the faint gleam of waters through the trees below. Only then did they realize that they were to invade Lombardy before dawn. While the rear companies were still struggling through the brushwood of the steep incline down to the river's edge, a flood of moonlight suddenly burst over the long reaches and swirling eddies of the Ticino and lit up the busy and memorable scene. By that time the first companies, already on the opposite bank, were marching up in perfect silence and order to Sesto Calende, where they captured the fifty Austrians in their beds. In the grey of the morning the remainder of the division crossed, all in the highest spirits at being the first liberators on the soil of their own Lombardy. The inhabitants, 'who had gone to rest slaves and awoke free,' were prodigal of thanks and of such hospitality as they could provide, and would on no account accept payment.¹

¹ *Milan MSS. Simonetta, 15-17. Carrano, 227-243. De Cristoforis, 285-292. Pearle (Cornhill, January 1908), 99, 100. Cadolini, 16-18. Mario, 238.*

Next morning, by five o'clock, the troops were already on the road for Varese. The weather was the loveliest of the early Italian summer ; the atmosphere had been washed bright by the recent rains ; the landscape and the people, both among the finest in Italy, were in gala to greet their deliverers. All day Garibaldi guided his men by intricate country roads winding in and out of hills green with chestnut, oak and fir, across rivulets rushing between banks of flowers, along the soft and richly cultivated southern shores of Comabbio and Varese lakes, to the north of which rose the great mountain ridges. And everywhere as they passed from hay-fields and wayside factories and entrances of village streets, there poured out, with shouts of *Viva Garibaldi, Viva l' Italia*, handsome and prosperous looking peasants, a cross between the Italians of the plain and the men of the higher Alpine valleys. As they neared the foot of the great hill on which Varese stands, the summer night descended, and the fire-flies danced among the moving columns, making the young soldiers laugh as one tiny spark after another settled in the bushy beard of their immense English comrade. Then, as they mounted the wearisome ascent to the ever-receding city, an Alpine thunderstorm broke in splendour upon them. Just before midnight they entered Varese under a deluge of rain, but it fell unheeded on the frantic joy of the people, who embraced the Garibaldini in the open before they suffered them to take refuge under the fine medieval colonnades that flank the street. The city had revolted some hours before their arrival. Many a banner of '48, with the three colours long faded, like the dead who had borne them, had been pulled out that afternoon from holes among the roof tiles. In the autumn of that year of disaster, when Garibaldi had for a few weeks continued the lost war against the Austrians in this very district, he had passed through Varese on his way to the skirmish of Morazzone. That now, after eleven years, it was Garibaldi who had come back to deliver them made deliverance itself more enchanting. This welcome in the midnight storm at Varese was the first of a thousand such

scenes to be enacted in the next two years round Piedmontese or Garibaldian liberators in more than half the cities of Italy.¹

The revolution was spreading on all sides, and far in front of the line of march. As fast as the news arrived that Garibaldi was across the Ticino, townsmen and peasants alike along the shores of Como, and up the Valtelline to the very foot of the snows of Stelvio, drove out the Austrian police, formed revolutionary committees, and put themselves in touch with the King's Commissioner, Emilio Visconti Venosta, whom Cavour sent after Garibaldi to take over the administration of the liberated districts. These patriotic and manly populations were the same as those which, in the spring of 1848, had left their mountain homes and marched to Milan in time to take their share in the 'five days.'² Now again, by their premature uprising, they risked and in some cases experienced the severe reprisals of the Austrians, of whom they were not fairly quit till after the battle of Magenta. These popular movements, though in Cavour's eyes of high political importance, were of little military service, owing to the lack of weapons. The search for arms had been the main part of Austrian policy for ten years past in these districts, where many a brave fellow had been shot for possessing a long knife or an old gun. Neither had the *Cacciatori*, themselves so badly equipped, brought with them the means of arming the revolution.³

Garibaldi had yet to make good his challenge to fortune in thrusting himself far across the Ticino so many days in front of the allied army. He saw that Varese offered an admirable defensive position, and spent May 24 and 25 in

¹ *Cadolini*, 20. *Mem.* 285, 286. *Carrano*, 252-254. *Peard* (*Cornhill*, January 1908), 101. Descriptions of scenery in this book are a compound of contemporary accounts with my own notes made in walking over the ground described.

² Readers of Meredith's *Vittoria* will remember the patriotic mountaineers of the Valtelline; the description of their action is quite in accordance with fact.

³ *Venosta*, 469-492, 517. *Carrano*, 260, 291, 292.

fortifying its approaches and resting his men. General Urban, who was coming to dispose of him, enjoyed not only a deserved reputation among the Italians for brutality, but a name among his own countrymen as a dashing commander specially fitted to cope with the famous guerilla at his own game. He was called 'the Austrian Garibaldi,' but the events of the next few days showed that he was a very Austrian Garibaldi indeed.¹ As soon as Gyulai heard that the *Cacciatori* had crossed the Ticino, he had sent this officer against them at the head of the brigade Rupprecht, consisting of rather more than 3000 infantry, and a full complement of artillery and cavalry. Urban advanced from Como by the Camerlata road, and attacked Varese from that side only, after detaching a column over the hills to his right in the vague hope that they would reappear at the critical moment on the north of the town. But they were not seen again, so that Garibaldi's force present in Varese was actually larger than the 2000 and odd infantry who attacked it, although the latter had the advantage of bringing artillery into the field.²

The scene of Urban's attack in the early morning of May 26 was Lower Biumo, a suburb lying at the north-eastern foot of the group of wooded hills on which Varese is so pleasantly situated amid its gardens and villas. In this suburb on the plain Garibaldi had stationed Medici, while he himself occupied the wooded hill of Upper Biumo not far to the north, the direction from which both he and Urban expected the approach of the lost Austrian column. Medici's men down below held a large villa and its little walled garden along the south of the Camerlata road, just outside Lower Biumo (the house is easily to be distinguished to-day by a bust of Garibaldi on its outer wall); on the other side of the road were some smaller houses, and a few trenches which had been constructed the day before. The Austrians drove in the Italian outposts

¹ Milan MSS. A. B. *Migliavacca*. *Valle's V. G. U.* 108-113. *Storia Anedd.* 119, 120. *Arrivabene*, l. 46, 47. *Carrano*, 352.

² See Appendix B, below. *Numbers at Varese and Como.*

from Belforte farm, and thence advanced through a plain a mile long, covered with mulberry trees standing out in rows above the high corn. Their artillery unlimbered and shelled the volunteers in Lower Biumo at close quarters but without impairing their *morale*. Indeed, when the white-coats advanced to the charge, the young Italians, inferior in firearms, but superior in spirit to the enemy, leaped from the trench and from over the garden wall, and fell on them with the bayonet. The guns limbered up and were not seen again that day. As the sun sucked up the last of the early morning mist, Garibaldi, having satisfied himself by careful scouting that no column was approaching Varese from any other direction, galloped down from Upper Biumo and headed the advance; Cosenz led down other bodies of *Cacciatori* from the hills on the south, and turned the left flank of the Austrians. They retired slowly, halting to fire behind every line of mulberry trees, and making a last attempt to rally at the fine old group of farm buildings on the knoll of Belforte. But soon the last of the white-coats had been cleared off the ground.

The battle of Varese had cost the mother of the Cairolis the first of those four sons whose lives she gave for Italy. It was Ernesto, a young doctor of law, fighting as a common soldier; he was deeply mourned by Garibaldi, who already knew and loved the Cairolis family, the leaders of patriotic Pavia. The eldest of the five brothers, Benedetto, who alone survived the heroic era, though not for lack of exposing himself in the forefront of Garibaldi's wars, became prime minister of the country ransomed by his brothers' blood.

The Austrian rout was complete, but there was no cavalry to follow it up. Part of the *Cacciatori*, unbreakfasted but eager to go on when Garibaldi asked them to 'see our friends a little further along the road,' pressed on with him over two more miles, down through wooded ravines and water-courses, up again through Malnate village, and across the cultivated table land beyond it. They were brought to a stop by the Austrian rearguard,

rallied on S. Salvatore heights to cover the further retreat of the main body through Binago.¹ A deep gorge, with sides so steep that it was not possible to climb them except by clinging to the bushes, divided the Austrians from their pursuers. A first attack was repulsed, but the position was finally turned from the north, where the gorge was shallower. While the enemy's rearguard was evacuating S. Salvatore, Garibaldi gradually withdrew his men to Malnate and thence to Varese, as rumours that the lost Austrian column had been seen in the hills to the north gave him momentary fears for the safety of Varese. At midday he led his men back to the city, all in the highest spirits. Seeing Peard, who had used his rifle well in the thick of the battle, and had now walked the skin off his feet, dragging his heavy weight along the road, he spoke kindly to the Englishman and made one of his staff lend him his horse.²

The well-planned defence and spirited counter-attack had given the new generation of Garibaldini the needful self-confidence. But the battle of Varese, though a faultless piece of minor tactics, was no very wonderful feat of war. Next day, however, Garibaldi was to display his peculiar strategical genius at its best, in effecting the capture of Como from a force more than double his own.

On the evening of his defeat at Varese, Urban telegraphed to headquarters that his victorious enemy had employed 7000 troops that morning—more than twice the real number.³

¹ *Peard* (*Cornhill*, January 1908, 103, 104) makes it clear that this was the nature of the Austrian operations. Peard's account tallies exactly with the ground, and is quite clear when once the reader perceives that he calls the village Malnate which is actually Binago. The real Malnate is between Varese and S. Salvatore.

² My authorities for the battle of Varese are—*Milan MSS. Simonetta*, 19-23; *Milan MSS. A. B. Plico viii. No. 120, doc. 8*, the three narratives (including *Migliavacca*) described in Bibliography, p. 372 below; *Krieg*, I. 370, 371; *Camp. di Nap.* 102; *Mem.* 286-292; *Valle's V. G. U.* 65, 66; *Peard* (*Cornhill*, January 1908), 102-105; *Elia*, I. 229-233; *Storia Anedd.* 121, 153; *Guerzoni*, I. 448-452; *Cadolini*, 23, 24; *Carrano*, 268-281.

³ *Krieg*, I. 373.

Gyulai was thoroughly alarmed as to the effect which these northern operations might have on his own position at Milan. The allies might at any moment attack him in front on the Ticino with their main force, and meanwhile the Alpine districts on his flank and rear were rising, the steamers on Lake Como had been seized by the local rebels,¹ and Garibaldi would soon join them at the head of his victorious troops. Might he not then march on Milan at the critical moment of the struggle of the main armies on the Ticino? And would not Milan then rise as in '48? It was necessary to dispose of Garibaldi. That very night (May 26) Urban was put in command of three brigades—that of Rupprecht which had just been defeated at Varese, and those of Augustin and Schaffgotsche, amounting in all to over 11,000 men.² In the course of the morning and early afternoon of the 27th, all four battalions of the brigade Augustin had come up by train from Milan and joined the brigade Rupprecht for the defence of Como city. Thus, although the third brigade Schaffgotsche was still on its way, Urban had eight battalions of infantry, that is about 6400 men, besides artillery and cavalry, with which to hold Como against the 3000 Garibaldini, still unprovided with cannon.³

Como, lying low by the lakeside, is guarded from approach on the west by a line of forest-clad mountains, so steep that no troops can cross them except at two points, the pass of San Fermo on the north, and the town of Camerlata where the mountains end on the south. All that Urban had to do was to hold these two points with a force more than double that of Garibaldi. But he preferred to leave part of the brigade Augustin down in Como city on a level with the lake, where it was absolutely useless. He very properly massed another strong force to defend the approach to Camerlata, but he occupied the pass of San Fermo with only one or two

¹ *Carrano*, 291, 292.

² *Hohenlohe*, 1. 206. *Camp. d' It. E. M. Pr.* 57. *Krieg*, 1. 387, 388. *Krieg (unofficial)*, 62.

³ *Krieg*, 1. 387, 388; and see App dix B. below.

companies of Hungarians, apparently not knowing that a city in a hollow must be defended on the hill tops.¹

Garibaldi, advancing on the morning of May 27 over the battlefield of the previous day, marched at first along the main road towards Camerlata, as if he were about to attack the defenders of Como on that side. And there they continued to expect him, deceived by masking operations of Cosenz at Olgiate, long after the main body of *Cacciatori* had turned off northwards to the left. Guided by small country roads through a maze of wooded and vine-clad hills, the Italians arrived about four in the afternoon opposite the ill-guarded San Fermo pass flanked on each side by high mountains. As the *Cacciatori* passed through the village of Cavallasca they obtained a full view of the position which they were about to attack: a little valley and stream lay below them, and beyond rose the smooth slope of a hill, on the top of which towered the apse and campanile of the old church of San Fermo. This building on one side of the road and a little wayside inn upon the other were both crowded with Hungarians, whose rifles, projecting from long rows of loopholes, commanded the ascent from the stream. Flanking parties went out to right and left to capture the two hills commanding the church and village, and another company had Garibaldi's orders to charge up the road in front as soon as the firing began on the flanks. The leader of this company was the gallant De Cristoforis, a student and patriot of the very best type of that golden age of Italian publicists. Although he had already distinguished himself in the little campaign, unfortunately he now neglected to deploy his men.² As they rushed in column up the road, they were checked by a terrible volley from the church and inn. De Cristoforis fell mortally wounded, and two of his officers were laid low at the same moment. But the flank attacks were meanwhile being

¹ *Krieg*, l. 387, 388. *Milan MSS. A. B. Migliavacca, Storia Anedd.* 123, 124.

² *Milan MSS. A. B. Migliavacca, De Cristoforis*, 324 and *passim*, *Guarroni*, l. 456, note.

developed, the frontal attack was renewed, and the two weak companies of Hungarians were soon bayoneted, made prisoners, or sent flying through the rear of the village.

The Garibaldini had thus effected a lodgment on the broad neck of the pass. When, now too late, large bodies of Austrians came hurrying up from Como and from other directions, a series of confused and petty actions raged among the vineyards and brushwood on the pass-top, and on the slopes of the wooded mountains at either side. The Italians fought chiefly with the bayonet, and Garibaldi was everywhere in the thick of the fight. The officers, according to the Garibaldian formula for successful leadership of raw volunteers, exposed themselves in the front of every danger. Cosenz led on his men, and Medici drove another division of the enemy southwards towards Camerlata. Bixio wrote to his wife next day,¹ 'Garibaldi gave his orders only by gestures, and our men cast themselves down like a torrent. I am living in a world of poetry (*sono nella poesia*).'

At last the Austrians gave way and fled down the ravine by the steep zig-zag road that falls for many hundred feet from San Fermo to Como. Halting on the edge of the pass the victorious Garibaldini could see the reserve of Augustin's brigade, like little white specks far below, crawling about in the *Piazza d'Armi* outside the city, and their unused artillery standing in limber. Now came the moment for one of Garibaldi's great decisions. Was he to bid his men descend the mountain side and enter Como, into the midst of a more numerous but demoralised enemy?

'For some time,' writes Peard, 'a steady fire was poured down on the ravine from the height above, and just as the sun had gone down, and it was beginning to get dusk, the whole of the troops on our left were collected and formed in the high road.

¹ *Bologna MSS. Bixio, Como, 1859.* (June 4 is the date wrongly given in the Bologna copy, but the context and reference in the next letter show the real date is May 28.)

' After a short time Garibaldi rode to the front with his staff, with the peak of his cap pulled down close on his eyes, the only indication he ever gave of his thoughts being more intensely occupied than usual. It was as usual a barometer of his feelings, as the working of the stump of Nelson's arm. Slowly our whole body began to move. As we descended the wide road, darkness began to close in. Every one expected some hot work before we should be in Como, for they had seen the formidable column that occupied the *Piazza d' Armi*. As we got nearer what was naturally supposed would be the scene of a hand to hand struggle, the halts, though of only a few minutes' duration, became frequent. The men were careful in arranging the position of their canteens and anything that might make a noise. They seemed to step lighter than usual, for not a footfall was to be heard. The silence became almost painful. In this way the first of the houses of the suburb were reached. The inhabitants instantly, as the column advanced, showed lights at their windows. They began to cry "*Viva Garibaldi*," but some one would run over immediately and beg them to remain silent. We were rapidly passing the suburb. Where were the Austrians whom we had seen in such strength an hour or two before in occupation of the place? The suburb is passed. At the entrance of the city (Como) is a dense mass of figures with torches. Lights rapidly appear in all the windows, and instead of a storm of Austrian bullets the troops were met with a deafening shout, "*Viva Italia!*" "*Viva Garibaldi!*"

' The people were wild with delight. Men with torches marched on either side of his horse, and old and young rushed forward kissing his feet and clothes. Old men with tears streaming down their faces, and young girls threw their arms round our necks and saluted us as their deliverers. The uproar was immense. The sound of the bells which were ringing in all the *campanili*, and music of the bands were drowned by the cheering of the crowds that were assembled in the large Piazza. Marshal Urban, with eight battalions,¹ a battery of guns, and some squadrons of Uhlans, had evacuated the city about an hour previous to our arrival.'

It was indeed a happy night. Even the men whom Bixio had too often cursed and beaten with the flat of his sabre,

¹ He had not really eight battalions in Como itself, but he had eight at Como and Camerlata together.

came to tell him they loved him after having followed him in battle that day.¹

Urban was in full flight. Como and Camerlata were both abandoned in such haste that large stores of arms, provisions, and money fell a prey to the victors.

'Not only,' writes the famous author of *Letters on Strategy*, 'was Garibaldi allowed to occupy Como, but the Austrian flank and rear were so threatened that the entire first Corps was ordered to Milan, where it was to arrive a few days later. . . . Thus Garibaldi with 3000 partisans contained nearly three brigades of Urban's and the whole of the first Army Corps.'²

Garibaldi was well aware that Urban would shortly be able to rally his two defeated brigades at Monza and Milan, join them to the brigade Schaffgotsche and return against him in overwhelming numbers. Meanwhile he had secured two or three days' respite by his victory of May 27, and he resolved to turn the breathing space to account.³ After conceding a needful day of rest at Como, he led his men back on the 29th through Varese, leaving the defence of Como city and lake to the local patriots and a detachment of *Cacciatori*. His objective was a secret from his own men; he gave out that they were going to meet the small mountain battery which Cavour had sent after them. But when these guns had been found safely arrived at Varese, it appeared that the real object of the march was the capture of the port of Laveno on Lago Maggiore. Laveno was the base of the system of Austrian

¹ My authorities for the battle of San Fermo are—*Milan MSS, Simonetta*, 23-28; *Milan MSS. A. B. Plico viii. No. 120, doc. 8*, especially the *Migliavacca MS.*; *Krieg*, I. 387, 388; *Mem.* 292-297; *Peard* (Cornhill, January 1908), 105-109; *Conv. Marchetti*; *Elia*, I. 234-238; *Cadolini*, 24-29; *Carrano*, 288-324; *De Cristoforis*, 318-338; *Bertani*, I. 377; *Guerzoni*, I. 455-458; *Bologna MS. Bixio*, Letter from Como referred to above.

² *Hohenlohe*, I. 171. The Austrian writer of *Krieg* (unofficial), 64, says that another brigade was sent to secure Bergamo against Garibaldi on May 28: '4 Brigaden, also ein volles Armee-Korps, werden durch 3000 Alpenjäger paralysiert.'

³ *Hohenlohe*, I. 179.

navigation which still secured the waters of the western lake for the black and yellow flag, while on more eastern Como the red, white and green already held the waters and both the shores. On the night of May 30 the Garibaldini attempted to surprise the little fort defended by 590 men, and the steamers in the port below. One of the columns lost its way in the darkness and the surprise failed. The morning after this repulse from Laveno, the unwelcome news arrived that Urban, with his three brigades complete—over 11,000 men—was in front of Varese, whither Garibaldi was retreating. All that he could now do was to go up into the skirts of the mountain called Campo dei Fiori—an Alpine 'Field of Flowers' 4000 feet high—which overhangs the city. Descending as far as S. Ambrogio, he remained there to protect the inhabitants at Varese, who had fled for refuge to the high perched village and pilgrimage shrine of S. Maria del Monte. From that point of vantage the unhappy citizens watched Urban bombard their empty houses in Varese, as a punishment for the way in which they had received their liberators.¹

Garibaldi had before him the prospect of being once more, as in 1849, hunted like a partridge in the mountains, though on this occasion the superior *morale* of his small force would enable him indefinitely to protract the campaign in the fastnesses of the Alps. It would be a sort of war which he was eminently fitted to conduct, but 3000 men could hardly be expected to defeat 11,000, unless Urban constantly repeated the error of dividing his force, now nearly fourfold that of his adversary. For the moment, posted as Garibaldi was within a few miles of Varese, he was in imminent danger of being overwhelmed. So, by a rapid and secret march over mountain tracks on the first night of June, he carried back his force to Como city, which had remained in the hands of the patriots. But at the same time Urban received orders partially to retire. For on May 30

¹ *Carrano*, 324-356. *Hohenlohe*, 1, 179. *Guersoni*, 1, 458-463. *Krieg*, 1, 449-451. *Camp. di Nap.* 104-106. *Nievo*, 310, 311. *Mem.* 298-300. *Valle's V. G. U.* 101-113.

Victor Emmanuel and General Cialdini had triumphed at Palestro. Urban, though recalled from the close pursuit of Garibaldi, was not brought down to the main scene of operations, and his 11,000 men were useless on the decisive day (June 4) when Napoleon crossed the Ticino and won a 'soldiers' battle' at Magenta. After the hard-won victory of the French, Gyulai evacuated Lombardy and fell back on the Venetian Quadrilateral, for which his unadventurous soul had been yearning during the days when he should have had no thought but to advance on Turin.¹

Some time on June 5 the news of Magenta reached Garibaldi at Como. Grasping at once the new situation created by the great battle, he started on again that very night, his men acting as the detached left wing of the allied advance across Lombardy. During June 6 steamers crowded with the *Cacciatori* passed along the shores of the most beautiful lake in Europe, while the peasantry shouted and waved greetings of wild delight from the water's edge and from chestnut woods high overhead. Rounding the point of Bellagio, the boats discharged their freight at Lecco before nightfall, and Garibaldi was thus already across the Adda, while the main army was only just across the Ticino. From Lecco he pushed on to Bergamo and Brescia by a most dangerous route, parallel with the Austrian main army as it retreated towards the Quadrilateral. But he used his fifty mounted scouts with the same ability and vigour with which he had used his cavalry in the retreat of 1849.² He cleverly out-manœuvred the Austrians at Ponte S. Pietro, and fought a spirited little action at Seriate, where a single company under Narciso Bronzetti drove in rout a whole battalion of Hungarians.³ In this way he arrived

¹ *Hohenlohe*, I. 181-185, 200, 203. *Carrano*, 345-362. *Riv. Mil. It.*, January 1873, p. 228, 230.

² See *Trevelyan's Gar. Rome*, 242.

³ *Peard MS.* 87-94. *Carrano*, 376-411. *Guersoni*, I. 475-479. *Elia*, I. 267-271. Bronzetti's extraordinary feat at Seriate, in defeating about 800 Hungarians with 100 *Cacciatori*, may be partly accounted for by the political apathy of the Hungarians for the Austrian cause. Signor

safely, first at Bergamo and then at Brescia, the twin sub-alpine cities which shared the reputation, earned by terrible sacrifices in the evil years gone by, of being the most patriotic of the Lombard towns.

On June 11, in Garibaldi's headquarters at Bergamo, Giovanni Visconti Venosta, brother of Emilio the Royal Commissioner, witnessed a curious and characteristic scene. Half a dozen Austrian officers, captured in fight, were brought before the General. They came into the presence of the 'red devil' with the constrained resolution of men prepared for death. The troops whom they commanded, the ignorant peasantry of Croatia, used to tell their Italian captors how they had seen 'Garibalda' in the thick of the fight at Varese and Como, with the bullets leaping off his coat like hailstones, and how they knew he ate the flesh of his prisoners.¹ Their officers did not share these superstitions, but they fully expected that the fierce guerilla, whom they had hunted to the death with his wife and friends in '49, would order to instant execution every Austrian whom he caught. When, instead, he rose to shake each of the six prisoners by the hand, with a word of commendation for their courage and of pity for their misfortune, Venosta saw their faces change to profound surprise and gratitude.²

On the night of June 12-13 a dangerous forced march was made, in order to reach Brescia. While Garibaldi, skilfully avoiding Urban's columns, was winding his way in the darkness by a small track along the slopes of Monte Orfano, he suddenly drew rein and began to listen intently—for the distant sound of horse hoofs or of cannon, as his staff supposed. But, in fact, a nightingale had just broken

Marchetti tells me that they found the Croats in this campaign always held out longer than the Hungarians.

¹ *Marchetti Conv. Valle's V. G. U.* 84 note. *Carrano*, 282. *Cadolini*, 14. The Austrians called him the *rottheufel* in 1859 (*Risorg.* anno 1, v. 1101 note), although he wore no red shirt in this campaign. The name, I suppose, referred partly to his hair, and partly to their recollections of the red shirt in 1848-49.

² *Venosta*, 512, 513.

into song over his head, and in a moment he had been rapt, in that moonlit hour, into another sphere where the inner life of his soul was spent,

‘Some world far from ours,
Where moonlight and music and feeling
Are one.’

He sat long motionless, in a trance from which his followers were at last fain to wake him. In the morning they safely entered Brescia, after one of the most hazardous marches of the campaign.¹

At Brescia Garibaldi's independent command came to an end. During the approach of the allied armies to the southern end of the Lago di Garda, he continued to act as their advanced left wing, but under Victor Emmanuel's orders, no longer on his own responsibility. On the night of June 14-15, he was instructed from headquarters to advance on Lonato, and informed that he would be followed on the road by four regiments of cavalry and two horse batteries. Proceeding next day to carry out these orders, he found the Austrians threatening his right flank, but no sign of the promised cavalry. Pressing on himself with a portion of his force to Lonato, he was obliged to leave another part under Cosenz, Medici, and the rebel Hungarian Türr to defend the line of communications at Tre Ponti. This rearguard was shortly afterwards attacked, but after a successful defence it advanced and drove the enemy southward for two miles along both banks of La Lupa canal, until, arrived at Ponte S. Giacomo, it found itself in the neighbourhood of larger bodies of Austrians. Cosenz very properly ordered a halt, but Türr pressed on and became unnecessarily involved with a whole Austrian brigade. The gallant Narciso Bronzetti, the hero of Seriate, one of the finest of Garibaldi's officers, fell mortally

¹ *Dumas*, I. 66, 67. *Stiavelli*, 181, 182. See Luzio in the *Corriere della Sera*, September 15, 1907, on the value of Dumas' evidence, for such stories, based on Garibaldi's own MS. *Mem.* 306, with *Carrano*, 492, and *Peard MS.* 92, show the date and circumstances of the march.

wounded. A hasty retreat began, and Garibaldi, galloping up to the firing from the direction of Lonato, met some of the men in full flight along the canal. His terrible anger soon recalled them to their duty, but though the battle was renewed with success as a defensive operation on the Tre Ponti ground originally occupied in the morning, the counter-attack successfully begun from that position had ended in failure owing to Türr's rashness. The belated arrival of the regular cavalry removed all danger from the situation. At this battle, as at Varese and Como, the Austrians admitted a loss of between one and two hundred men, but at Tre Ponti the Italian loss, counting prisoners, was certainly not less than theirs.¹

Garibaldi was next sent to Salò, standing on a deep bay of the Lago di Garda. Here, in full sight of the Veronese Alps and the heights of Rivoli across the lake, he made naval preparations for the passage, expecting to march through Venetia, as he had marched through Lombardy, the advanced left wing of the allied armies. His forces now first began to increase rapidly, and in a short month they rose to 12,000 volunteers. But before they had reached that number his high hopes had been dashed to earth, by an order from headquarters received at Salò, on June 20, to carry his force out of the seat of war into the remote Valtelline. Whatever the motives of those who gave the order, the *Cacciatori* were furious at being thus sent to the rear, at the first moment when they were becoming formidable in numbers. The Austrian invasion of the Valtelline was a chimera, as Garibaldi rightly supposed, and as the men who sent the order perhaps themselves suspected.² The hostile force occupying the Italian foot of the Stelvio Pass did not require 12,000 *Cacciatori* to check its advance down the valley. In the first days of

¹ Carrano, 412-435. Guérzoni, I. 480-482. Pearà MS. 95-99. Mem. 307-309. Krieg, I. 371; II. 88-91. Elia, I. 272-279. Mario, 242-244. Milan MSS., Simonetta, 48.

² I do not know whether the order was given in good faith for genuine military reasons, or to get rid of the Garibaldini from motives of political or professional jealousy. See note at end of chapter, p. 109.

July, Medici with the vanguard easily drove them out of Bormio, and Bixio, following them up the pass, formed a chain of posts on the eternal snow, where during the brief remainder of the war the Italian and Tyrolese patriots stood watching each other on the vast white boundary which at this point Nature herself has set to divide the fatherlands of Hofer and of Garibaldi.¹

Giovanni Visconti Venosta, himself a native of the Valtelline, who had been named as Local Commissioner for the valley under his brother Emilio, had opportunity to observe there certain phenomena which soon became common throughout Italy.

‘When Garibaldi passed through a village,’ he wrote, ‘although he was not now wearing the red shirt, you would not have said he was a General, but the head of a new religion followed by a crowd of fanatics. The women, no less enthusiastic than the men, brought their babies to Garibaldi that he should bless and even baptize them. To these crowds that thronged him, Garibaldi would speak with that beautiful voice of his which was a part of the secret of his charm—“Come! he who stays at home is a coward. I promise you weariness, hardship, and battles. But we will conquer or die.” These were not joyful words, but when they were heard the enthusiasm rose to its highest. It was a delirium. The crowd broke up deeply moved, commenting on what the General had said: many had tears in their eyes.’

The mountaineers of the Valtelline, who were no mere shouters like some of the more southern populations over whom he threw the same spell, enlisted in crowds,—400 from the small town of Morbegno alone. But Garibaldi himself was no great organizer. Venosta records how when certain contractors came to the General for his signature to their contracts he broke out:—

‘What! These rascals who have the honour to clothe our brave young men who are giving their lives for their country, while they themselves are playing the coward at home, dare to

¹ *Mem.* 311-315. *Carrano*, 445-447, 453-496. *Peard MS.* 100-119. *Nievo*, 314. *Cadolini*, 34.

ask for contracts, agreements, signatures? Is not my order enough? Send them to the devil! If they are not enemies, they certainly are not patriots.'

They got their contracts, but the scene depicts the nature of the man.¹

The Garibaldini, on their way to the Valtelline, had heard news of the great battle of Solferino, in which they thought they might well have been allowed to take part. The Austrians, who had retired beyond the Mincio, suddenly recrossed it, and on June 24 fought a last fierce battle for the recovery of their Milanese possessions. After a terrible carnage, they retreated once more and for ever out of Lombardy. But the French and Italians had suffered scarcely less than they, and the advance against the fortresses of the Venetian Quadrilateral was delayed. A fortnight later came the news which crushed the hopes and roused the fury of Italian patriots from the Garibaldini in the Valtelline to the farthest Sicilian conspirators: the Emperors of France and Austria had met at Villafranca and arranged terms of peace.

Garibaldi and his volunteers had played no decisive part in the war of 1859, which had been won by the regular armies on the battlefields of the Lombard plain. But the spirited little campaign in the wooded mountains round Varese and Como is a story dear to all true Italians, for it moves in that unmistakable atmosphere of the pure poetry of the Risorgimento. Nor is it wanting in technical interest, for it shows how far Garibaldi and his men were a match for the best Austrian troops under one of the most distinguished Austrian generals, and how far his detractors are right when they say that he could only defeat Neapolitans. The impartial student may well agree with the Prussian military historian in his admiration for the leadership which enabled 3000 young volunteers, with old muskets and no cannon, to defeat twice the number of highly trained Austrians,

¹ *Venosta*, 544-546. *Rusconi*, 67.

excellently armed and fully equipped with artillery, and thereby to draw away from the main seat of war three whole brigades amounting to over 11,000 men.¹

Yet the Alpine campaign is perhaps of most importance as being the field where the guerilla chief trained that small and peculiar force with which he accomplished the work of the following year. It was in the Alps of 1859 that the Garibaldini acquired those fighting qualities and that unbounded confidence in themselves and in their leader which enabled them in 1860 to conquer Sicily and Naples.

¹ *Hohenlohe*, I. 206. He speaks indeed of Garibaldi's '3000 mountaineers and riflemen,' but the 3000 were in fact neither riflemen nor mountaineers.

Note. (See footnote, p. 106).

In February 1910 I asked Marchese Emilio Visconti Venosta, who had been the King's Commissioner in Alpine Lombardy in 1859, (see p. 93 above), what he thought was the motive of sending the Garibaldini to the Valtelline in June (see p. 106 above). He replied that when the order was given the larger number (12,000) of Garibaldini were only just being enlisted, and were still undisciplined, and the force was therefore in a state of flux, not the compact 3,000 with which the campaign had begun. The idea of sending them to the Valtelline was that they would be disciplined there, and then used for some greater purpose elsewhere. But, he added, there also was a military theory that the Austrians could come over the Stelvio, which they had made as a military road, though in fact local and physical conditions made a debouchement thence in great force impossible, and a much smaller force than the Garibaldini would have sufficed to guard the upper Valtelline.

CHAPTER VI

VILLAFRANCA AND AFTER

‘Peace, peace, peace, do you say ?
What ! With the enemy’s guns in our ears ?
With the country’s wrong not rendered back ?
What ! While Austria stands at bay
In Mantua, and our Venice wears
The cursed flag of the yellow and black ?’

MRS. BROWNING. *First News from Villafranca.*

NAPOLEON III. cannot justly be blamed for making peace after the battle of Solferino. If, indeed, the whole strength of France and Piedmont could have been devoted to the expulsion of the Austrian armies from the Venetian Quadrilateral, there would have been a good prospect of success after a bloody and protracted campaign. But whatever odds might be taken as to the result of a fair fight there was grave reason to fear that the ring would not be kept. Prussia was considering whether she should seize her opportunity and invade the Rhine frontier of France. Russia, whose friendship to France had hitherto held Prussia in check, had been alienated by the popular risings in Tuscany and the Romagna, which gave the war a revolutionary character, and by the conspiracy of Napoleon, Cavour and Kossuth to raise the Hungarian nation in arms. For the fortunes of Hungary, which the troops of the Czar had helped Austria to suppress in 1849, always affected the political barometer in Poland. The clerical party in France were growing openly restive at the course of events in Italy, particularly at the encouragement given to the rebellion of the Pope’s subjects in the Romagna. The French soldiers were discontented with the small amount of assistance obtainable from the newly liberated provinces of

Italy. Napoleon knew that he might lose his throne as the result of a single defeat, and even if he had been ready to risk that personal loss, he surely had no right to expose France to Prussian conquest, in pursuance of schemes which, however generous, interested himself and Italy rather than France herself. Unnerved by the heat of the Italian summer, conscious that his own bad generalship had hitherto escaped punishment only by the worse generalship of Gyulai, horrified at the carnage he had witnessed on two hard-won fields, he had none of the self-assured and callous fortitude of the victor of Eylau and Borodino. Napoleon III. determined to avoid his Leipzig and Waterloo while there was yet time.¹

But if the wisdom of making peace can hardly be challenged, the terms hastily and secretly agreed upon at Villafranca by the two Emperors were monstrous. By those terms, not only was Austria left in possession of the Venetian territory still occupied by her armies, but the old Ducal and Papal despotisms were to be restored in Tuscany, Modena and the Romagna. These provinces had, during the last three months, one by one revolted and established orderly provisional governments under the protection of Piedmont. The foolish, kind, old Grand-Duke Leopold of Tuscany had never been forgiven for allowing the Austrian occupation in 1849, though he had managed to bring it to an end seven years later. When, in 1859, he refused to join in the national war, his subjects sent him off in a carriage to the frontier with good-humoured cries of '*a rivederci in paradiso*,' 'good-bye till we meet in heaven.' That was at the end of April; in June, after Magenta, the fiercer despots of Modena and Parma fled from their territories with the Austrian garrisons, and the simultaneous withdrawal of the white-coats from Bologna was the signal for the rising of the Pope's Romagnuol subjects. The proposal of the signatories of Villafranca in the following month to restore the old rulers involved the return of the

¹ *La Gorce*, III. 102-104. *Ollivier*, IV. 217, 218. *Bianchi*, VIII. 142, 143. *Mérimée*, I. 52-56. *Chiala*, *Pol. Seg.* for Hungary, &c.

armies of Austria, for a liberticide conquest of Florence and Bologna by French troops under the liberator of Milan was hardly to be contemplated. The treaty further mocked the aspirations of Italy by a proposed Federation of Italian States under the presidency of the Pope, in which Austria would clearly exercise a dominating influence. 'Perhaps,' wrote Napoleon's shrewd and cynical friend Prosper Mérimée, 'perhaps peace was necessary, but we ought not to have begun so well merely to leave Italy in a worse mess (*gâchis*) than before.'¹ If Piedmont had accepted these terms as final and satisfactory she would have gained Lombardy and perhaps Parma, but would have forfeited her headship of the patriotic movement, and the reversion of the rest of the Peninsula.²

When Cavour heard that the French and Austrian Emperors had made, without consulting or even warning him, so cruel a settlement of Italy's claims, a life-time's habit of self-restraint fell from him like a disguise. The astonished world had a vision of the nether fires in the man, the furnace that drove the smooth and perfect engine, and learnt that the heart with which he loved Italy had been fashioned on the same scale as the brain with which he served her. For a few hours Cavour was more obstinate and frantic in the face of accomplished facts than Garibaldi in his most headstrong mood. He advised the king to reject the treaty and to carry on the war single-handed. When Victor Emmanuel refused thus to commit national suicide he flew into a rage, and after a violent scene between the two men, who always admired but never loved each other, he left the royal presence gesticulating wildly, his face 'red as a furnace,' his lips trembling, 'a singular and terrible spectacle' to his friends. Victor Emmanuel, though bitterly mortified by Villafranca, kept his head during the perilous days of Cavour's madness. With a juster perception of what Napoleon had sacrificed and risked for Italy, he continued till the end of his life to feel a personal obligation to

¹ *Ollivier*, iv, 136, 269. *Trollope*, II, 217-222.

² *Bianchi*, viii, 154. *La Gorce*, III, 108-112.

the man who had crossed the Alps to fight for him against Austria.¹ Knowing that it was impossible to continue the war alone, he put his signature to the treaty, but added the significant words of reservation—'so far as concerns myself' (*pour ce qui me concerne*). He thus made it clear that while he consented to peace and took Lombardy as the price of peace, he did not guarantee the clauses which provided for the return of the despots to the revolted provinces.²

Meanwhile Cavour, still in the heat of fury, had mastered himself enough to be turning that fury to account. He had gone back to Turin, where on July 14 he met Kossuth. The two patriots had an equal right to complain of the peace, for Napoleon had sprung it on them both after fostering far other hopes. But the Hungarian was overwhelmed by the Italian's passion and carried away an undying recollection of the terrible emphasis with which Cavour had exclaimed :—

'This treaty shall not be executed. If need be I will take Solaro Della Margherita³ by one hand, and Mazzini by the other. I will become a conspirator' (striking his breast), 'I will become a revolutionary. But the treaty shall not be executed. No! A thousand times no! Never, never!'⁴

When Cavour said 'Never,' the negative prophecy that falls so easily from the mouth of smaller men was likely to be fulfilled. He had already sent in his resignation, but while the king was seeking a man to take his place, he continued to organize by his advice and encouragement the resistance set up by Tuscany, Modena, and the Romagna against the return of their old rulers. The newly-liberated States had, according to French accounts, been lukewarm or at least ineffective in sending troops to the front during the war. Modena and the Romagna, which had got rid of the Austrian

¹ In 1870 he wished, out of sheer gratitude for 1859, to go to war for Napoleon against Prussia. Here we have the chivalrous and even quixotic knight-errant, whose family had 'held its head high for 850 years.'

² *Chiala*, iii. ccxvi-ccxx. *La Gorce*, iii. 115. *Bianchi*, viii. 148, 159.

³ Leader of the Clericals in the Piedmontese Parliament.

⁴ *Chiala*, *Pol. Seg.* 50-57, 62, 72.

garrisons only in June, had not had time to levy troops, but the charge was in some measure true in the case of Tuscany, where the population was not warlike and the conscription was unpopular with the peasants, as it had been in 1848.¹ But the inhabitants of all three States were prepared to fight rather than take back the old *régime*. The Romagnuols, under the Piedmontese Commissioner D'Azeglio, began to organize at Bologna a force to repel the Pope's Swiss mercenaries, who threatened to reconquer the province for their master. Cavour's friend Farini put Modena in a similar posture of defence, and declared that if the Duke tried to return he would be treated as a public enemy; on July 17 he received the following telegram from Turin,—‘The Minister is dead, but the friend greets you and applauds your decision.’ At Cavour's personal instigation he remained at his post in spite of the orders of recall which as Piedmontese minister Cavour had been forced to send in accordance with the terms of Villafranca.² Cipriani soon succeeded D'Azeglio as Governor of the Romagna. Neither he nor Farini were now Piedmontese Commissioners in name, but as Dictators they upheld the national flag until the time should come round when Piedmont could venture on annexation.

Tuscany adopted the same policy in close alliance with Modena and the Romagna. Soft Tuscany needed a man to hold her firm, and she found for the purpose her own ‘iron Baron,’ Bettino Ricasoli, one of the half-dozen titanic men produced by the Italy of that period. Not unlike a Republican of our own Puritan Commonwealth in his personal, religious and political temper, he was as a rock planted, and Tuscany clung to him for ten months till the long-wished for day of annexation and union came at last.³

¹ *Ricasoli*, III. 2-4, letter of Lambruschini, April 28, 1859, says a conscription will lead to a violent reaction for the old Duke. People will fight against him if he tries to return with Austrian troops, but will not endure a ‘levy.’ *Ollivier*, IV. 177.

² *Chiala*, III. p. ccxxiii. and 109, 112. *Bianchi*, VIII. 160-163.

³ A fine personal account of Ricasoli can be found in Countess Martinengo Cesaresco's *Italian Characters*.

Thus Cavour, before quitting office, had seen to it that Central Italy would continue, under strong but moderate leaders, to maintain liberty and order, and to demand unswervingly from diplomatic Europe nothing short of union with Piedmont. With the help of Ricasoli and the people of the Central Provinces, he had in a week laid down the lines of passive resistance to Villafranca, along which it was easy for his successor to continue during the next half-year.

This done, Cavour retired for five months into private life. He spent the greater part of August 1859 in the quiet home of his friends the De La Rives, above the southern shore of Lake Geneva, where he soon recovered all his old sagacity and calm. 'His normal state came quickly back, and with it came oblivion of the past now useless to contemplate, new hopes, new designs, a new policy, another plan of campaign.' So wrote his friend, William De La Rive, who watching and listening day by day, heard Cavour foretell two coming developments of policy, by which Villafranca could be turned from a curse into a blessing. 'England,' he said, 'has done nothing yet for Italy; it is her turn now.' And—'I shall take Naples in hand.'¹

It was indeed England's turn now. Jealousy of France, which had damped our pro-Italian ardour during the war, after Villafranca urged us to outbid Napoleon for Italy's gratitude now that he hung back, and to help build up an Italian State strong enough to be independent of his protection. It so happened that just a month before Villafranca there had occurred a change of ministry in England which enabled her to adopt the new policy fitted to the new situation. A general election had been held in May 1859, but the result of an appeal to the country in those days was not always apparent till Parliament met, because many members in that easy-going period were independent of party ties and could make and unmake ministries by the exercise of their private judgment. The war was still raging, and the precise nature of England's neutrality was

¹ *De La Rive*, 400, 401.

open to question, owing to the Austrian proclivities of the Derby Cabinet, which still held office pending the vote on the Address.¹ Hence not only England but France, Italy, and Austria waited anxiously to hear the result of young Lord Hartington's amendment to the Address, and when in the small hours of the morning of June 11, a majority of thirteen for the amendment was declared to a crowded house of over 630 members, the Piedmontese minister waiting 'with some other foreigners' in the lobby, 'threw his hat into the air and himself into the arms of Jaucourt, the French *attaché*, which probably no ambassador, or even Italian, ever did before in so public a place.'

When old Lord Palmerston appeared, grimly radiant, the Italians 'redoubled their vociferations.'² Their conduct wounded the feelings of the defeated ministers, and it certainly was neither proper nor considerate. They had forgotten where they were. They were not thinking of the 'ins' and 'outs' of Westminster, but of a tragic land of which only a few of that great crowd of free and comfortable Englishmen had any notion; where but to think was to be suspect, to speak was ruin, and to act was death, where the talk at every table was hushed by the terror of priests and spies and foreign soldiers, where statesmen were chained to convicts, where women were flogged and men were shot. They were thinking of Italy, poor fellows, and so when they saw 'Pam' they gave him a cheer. For there was the man who in his own rough, brutal way had so often told the kind of truth which statesmen and diplomats generally conceal, and now he was coming into power once more. In the doubtful twilight of that summer morning in the heated lobby they spied a dawn of hope for their country. And indeed she had won by that division more than they knew, more than 'Jaucourt the French *attaché*' guessed or wished. That had been the parting embrace of Italy and France.

¹ One of the last acts of the Conservative ministry was to send Henry Elliot to Naples with orders to dissuade the King of Naples from joining Piedmont in the war against Austria. Elliot, 7. ² Malmesbury, 187.

A month later came the news of Villafranca. By that time the new Liberal ministry was well in the saddle. The 'Triumvirate,' as it was called, of ruling spirits in the Cabinet consisted of three remarkable men, seldom united except about Italy, which was now their chief thought. Lord Palmerston, Lord John Russell and Mr. Gladstone were each personally predisposed by generous Italian sympathies to the new course which interest and circumstance mapped out for our country after Villafranca. In the game of stealing the gratitude of Italy from the French who had shed their blood for her, England started with three great advantages over her rival—she hated the Pope, she desired no territory, and she wished to see a really independent State in the Mediterranean. The Queen and Court and most of the fallen ministers were ranged in active hostility against the pro-Italian policy of the 'Triumvirate,' and the majority of the new Cabinet was indifferent to its leaders' enthusiasms. But the bulk of middle-class opinion was strongly pro-Italian, and so was the more influential part of the press. The *Times* came right round in the middle of 1859 to strong and lasting Italian sympathies.¹

When Pio Nono heard of the new ministerial arrangements in England, he said to Odo Russell in his mild, half-humorous, plaintive way—

'Well, of course, you belong to his party, but, *Poveri noi!* what is to become of us, with your uncle and Lord Palmerston at the head of affairs in England? . . . Then again, Mr. Gladstone, who allowed himself to be deceived about the Neapolitan prisoners.'²

Lord John Russell, the new Foreign Minister, was destined during the next eighteen months to be one of the principal instruments in the making of Italy. His part in that work, next to his part in the great Reform Bill, stands as the principal achievement of his life. Sir James Hudson,

¹ *Queen's Letters* for 1859 and 1860. *Greville*, viii. 305, 311. *Bianchi*, viii. 512–516. *Russell*, ii. 312. *Panizzi's Life*, ii. 199.

² *Queen's Letters*, July 17, 1859.

our minister at Turin, felt with joy a new hand on the rudder, and knew that the home government would now at last co-operate with him and listen to his sage advice for the good of Italy and for the honour of England. After Villafranca Lord John at once took up the cause of Tuscany, Modena, and the Romagna, and opposed the restoration of their old rulers. During the half-year of Cavour's retirement the diplomatic struggle went on. 'The policy of Her Majesty's Government,' Lord John laid down, 'was not to interfere at all, but to let the Italian people settle their own affairs.' In consequence of our protest against French or Austrian interference with the doings of the populations of Central Italy, the terms of Villafranca could not be enforced. The gratitude of Italy was up for auction, and England ran up the bidding. Throughout the autumn of 1859 Napoleon became ever less subservient to the Pope, and more angry at his Holiness' refusal to make the slightest concession in the Romagna or elsewhere. The restoration of the old rulers in Central Italy receded into the region of the impossible, and the struggle shifted to this question, whether the revolted provinces should remain independent or be united to Piedmont. On this point Napoleon, fearful of any large step towards the union of Italy, still held out, declaring that he would never allow annexation. But Ricasoli, Farini, and the people whom they ruled would accept nothing less. Even in Tuscany, with its strong provincial tradition, the passion for national unity became almost as deep as the passion for freedom, thanks in no small degree to the insulting terms originally suggested at Villafranca. The deadlock continued all the autumn and winter of 1859, the Italian populations showing a firmness and patience which do not always go with exalted patriotism, and which, without the presence of Ricasoli and the support of England, would have degenerated into some form of weakness or violence.¹

¹ *Br. Parl. Papers*, 6 *passim*, 8, p. 2. *La Gorce*, III. 168-174. *Bianchi's Cavour*, 76, 77. *Bianchi*, VIII. 387, 388, 514, 515, 628, 629. *Russell*, II. 313. *Ricasoli*, III. 158.

In the middle of this long period of ferment and inaction an important incident occurred in the life of Garibaldi. In August 1859 a close military union was formed between Tuscany, Modena, and the Romagna, and the forces of the League were placed under the command of Fanti, a Modenese exile who had risen to the rank of General in the service of Piedmont. Fanti named Garibaldi as his second-in-command. The primary object of the army of the League was defensive. In June, before the peace of Villafranca, the Papal troops had reconquered revolted Perugia and so kept down Umbria and the Marches, and they now threatened, in close alliance with the armies of the King of Naples, to invade and reconquer the Romagna. The need for Central Italy to defend herself was therefore obvious, but the question which everywhere divided the counsels of patriots that autumn was whether the army of the League was merely to guard the frontiers; or whether it was to invade the Marches where the smouldering insurrection might at any moment break out, and thence to sweep over the Papal and Neapolitan dominions with the irresistible impulse of a national revolution. Passionate hopes were aroused when it was known that Garibaldi was Fanti's second-in-command and had been stationed by him in the region of Ravenna and Rimini, on the banks of that 'Rubicon' which now again, it was said, divided the two Italies.¹

Garibaldi brought with him from the Valtelline Cosenz, Medici, Bixio, and large numbers of his volunteers, eager to continue in the Apennines the war which had been cut short in the Alps. The Garibaldian programme, wrote Benedetto Cairoli on September 25, was 'not local defence, but national war.'² And the patriotic ardour of the Northerners was further stimulated by contact with the Romagnuols. That fierce population welcomed with transports of joy the man who had owed his life to their courage and fidelity.

¹ The ancient Rubicon was either the Uso or the Flumicino; in either case it was really some fifteen miles north of Cattolica, the border town which actually divided the Marches from the Romagna.

² *Milan MS. A. B. Plcco X.*

He had said in 1849 that he would return in ten years, and now he kept his word,¹ for in September 1859, he drove through the pine forest and the marsh lands of Ravenna to visit in their cottages the peasants who had saved him and who had attempted to save his wife. He entered the farm where he had watched Anita die, and the neighbouring chapel where she now lay buried. Surely the time had come to avenge that day worthily by carrying the flag of freedom into the heart of the Papal provinces. The Romagnuols and the volunteers gathering round him from all parts of Italy called on him to lead them across the border. Mazzini, who had come to Florence in disguise, sent friends to urge him forward, and collected English money to buy arms for the impending invasion. The great conspirator was prepared to keep himself in the background, and even to forego the proclamation of the Republic, if only Garibaldi would advance and make Italy.²

At first Farini³ and General Fanti lent themselves to the forward policy. On October 19 Fanti sent written instructions to Garibaldi that in case any province or city of the Papal dominions rose and asked for help, he was to cross the border at once. But Ricasoli from Florence, and Cavour's successor Rattazzi from Turin, represented that an attack on the Papal territory at this moment would mean war with France, or Austria, or both, and the ruin of Italy. Farini and Fanti withdrew their support from the forward policy, and urged the same prudent course on Garibaldi. The struggle in his mind was terrible, and with the weakness which he usually showed before coming to one of his iron resolutions, he changed his mind from hour to hour under the influence of those who had been with him last. On the night of November 12, Farini and Fanti, in

¹ *Trevelyan's Gar.* Rome, 283.

² *Bianchi*, viii. 179. *Bixio*, 139-144. *Fam. Crauford*, 180-190. *King's Mazzini*, 179-182. *Melena*, 66-90. *Taylor MSS.*, *Mazzini's* letter of October 26.

³ Farini this autumn became Governor of Parma, Modena, and the Romagna, united under the title of Emilia, because the *Via Æmilia* ran through all three.

earnest conclave, extracted from him a promise not to invade. A few hours later they received a telegram from him, 'The revolution has broken out in the Marches; I must go to help it.' He was actually on the march, though the news of the 'revolution' was an unverified, and in fact a false, report. Farini and Fanti, with a fine promptitude, successfully countermanded the invasion.

Victor Emmanuel, indispensable on these occasions, sent for Garibaldi, and persuaded him of the necessity for patience. He laid down his command and retired to Genoa, issuing a manifesto in praise of the king as 'the soldier of national independence,' and in dispraise of the 'vulpine policy' of his ministers. Medici, Bixio, and about a thousand volunteers retired with their chief, but his strenuous appeal prevented a general disbandment. The king, at their parting, offered him his shot-gun and a generalship in the Piedmontese army. Garibaldi gladly accepted the symbol of the hunter-king's friendship, but he refused the generalship, though it would have relieved the poverty of his life as the gardener and shepherd of Caprera. By refusing any longer to wear the king's uniform, he left himself free for the great enterprise of his life in the following year, which could not have been undertaken by a royal officer.¹

'The man,' wrote Mazzini when he heard the news of his surrender, 'is weak beyond expression; and by subscribing himself "your friend" or patting his shoulder, the king will do anything with him.'² It was fortunate that it was so. If Garibaldi was as weak in the presence of Victor Emmanuel as Chatham in the presence of George III., there was this happy difference, that Victor was generally right and George generally wrong. Italy had narrowly escaped disaster. It was impossible to attack the South before Tuscany and the Romagna had been annexed with the acquiescence of France. With the French armies not yet withdrawn from Lombardy, it was madness to defy their master and the

¹ *Rava*, 139-142. *Fanti*, 287-296. *Guersoni*, I. 491-505. *Ricasoli*, III. 467-474. *Panisi*, 404.

² *Taylor MSS.*, letter of November 1859 (lxxxiv.).

Austrians at the same moment. But since Piedmont was not in a position to support an invasion of the Marches, her statesmen obviously should not have allowed Garibaldi to take command of a revolutionary force on the banks of the 'Rubicon,' a river which he could seldom resist the temptation to cross. The error of sending him there can be compared to the error of choosing Gordon to effect the evacuation of the Soudan. The English and the Italian hero, as one who knew them both once said to the writer, closely resembled each other in many of those characteristics which set them apart from common men. Inextricably mixed with those high qualities was a tendency to obey the call of the spirit rather than the cautious orders of any mundane authority. Such men should be sent to the front only when the orders are to advance, and when those orders are not going to be recalled.¹

Indeed, it appears that at one moment Victor Emmanuel himself had contemplated permitting the guerilla to invade the Marches on his own responsibility.² Although, on second thoughts, this plan was judged too dangerous, it may perhaps account for the original mission of Garibaldi to the Romagna. No doubt, too, his exemplary conduct during the last ten years had given the Piedmontese government a false sense of security in their dealings with him, for ever since the autumn of 1849 he had been so uniformly wise, moderate and obedient, that they had forgotten his earlier history. But Villafranca had destroyed his confidence in statesmen, and he now believed that he himself must sometimes take the initiative. From the moment of this quarrel in the autumn of 1859, the long honeymoon of Garibaldi and the cabinet of Turin was at an end. There reappeared the more dangerous and intractable Garibaldi, whom only Cavour had the ability at once to use and to control.

¹ Anyone knowing the history and character of Garibaldi, and his relation to the Italian people and Government respectively, who reads chapter xxii. of Lord Cromer's *Modern Egypt* will be struck by the parallel.

² *Bertani*, I. 401, 402, the King's letter of October 29; *Panizzi*, 403, Medici's letter of December 29; *King*, II. 105.

But it must not be supposed that the policy common to Mazzini and Garibaldi of pushing the revolution southwards was mere folly. It is true that the year for liberating the Marches, Umbria, and Naples by force of arms proved to be 1860, and not 1859, and that the best starting-place was Sicily, not the 'Rubicon.' But Mazzini had reason on his side when he wrote from Florence in August—'the revolution that stops in one place is lost.'¹ He and Garibaldi were right in saying that Naples and the Papal territory should be attacked before the revolutionary ardour now raging throughout the Peninsula had been allowed to cool down. Garibaldi's great name held together a number of different parties, classes, and persons all bent on this forward policy, and without that policy and the union of men vowed to accomplish it, Italy would never have been made by the diplomacy of the Turin cabinet alone. No one was more convinced of this than Cavour. Already in August he had said to his friend De La Rive, 'I shall be accused of being a revolutionary, but before all else we must go forward, and we will go forward.'²

¹ *Fam. Crawford*, 181.

² *De La Rive*, 401.

CHAPTER VII

NAPLES, 1859-MARCH 1860

'It appears that in the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies the authority of the law is entirely set aside, and nothing prevails but that vague and uncertain arbitrary power which is justly said to be the sign of a miserable servitude.'—LORD JOHN RUSSELL to the British Minister at Naples, November 28, 1859.

'Que voulez-vous faire avec un Gouvernement comme celui de Naples, qui s'obstine à ne pas écouter aucun conseil?'—NAPOLEON III., May 1860. (*Bianchi*, viii. 659).

ALTHOUGH the slight wound inflicted on Ferdinand II. of Naples by the fanatic Milano in December 1856¹ did not, as has been sometimes alleged, cause the painful disease of which he died, yet the shock to his nerves and mind aggravated during the last two years of his reign the morbid fancies of fear and superstition. He appeared less than ever in public, the police system became more and more repressive, and he showered on the Church privileges which aroused resentment among even the most loyal of his lay subjects.²

Meanwhile he steadily refused to alleviate the lot of the political prisoners at the request of the English Conservative ministry, who desired, if only he would meet them half-way, to compose Lord Palmerston's quarrel with him and resume diplomatic relations.³ At length, in the winter of 1858-59, the rumour of the coming Franco-Austrian war in Lombardy frightened him into a grudging concession. A chosen batch of sixty-six Neapolitan prisoners, including Poerio, Settembrini, Spaventa, and Castromediano were put on board an

¹ See p. 67 above.

² *De Cesare*, i. 175, 201, 202, 208, 441. *Nisco, Ferd. II.* 367-371.

³ *Bianchi*, viii. 112, 113. *Nisco, Ferd. II.* 372, 373.

old sailing vessel to be taken across to America and there set free as exiles for life. The chances were not great that they would all finish that long journey alive, in a craft no less ruinous and unsavoury than their old dungeon at Montefusco. Fortunately Settembrini's son, Raffaele, came on board in disguise as scullion to the negro cook, raised a mutiny, and turned the vessel's head to the British Islands, where the whole party landed early in March 1859. The reception of the men whose names Mr. Gladstone's letters had made household words amazed and melted them after ten years of brutal usage. In the shouting crowd that thronged them in the streets of Bristol a poor girl thrust her last shilling into the hand of a very old man whose grey hairs had moved her pity; it was the Baron Vito Porcaro, and he forced back upon her his own last piece of gold. Their arrival in London occurring just before the outbreak of the war, when British feeling wavered between fear of Napoleon's success and hopes for Italy's freedom, was of real weight in the balance. '*Make the most of it*,' was the expressive English phrase used by Cavour in his letter to the Piedmontese minister in London. That spring the Italian cause became fashionable in society. Ladies of high position learnt the language and studied the history and literature of Italy, while their husbands from Westminster met the exiles at the great Whig houses, and found them to be as fine fellows as Mr. Gladstone had painted them. The most important of the many links which the Neapolitans formed during their brief residence in England was the close friendship that grew up between Poerio and Braico on the one hand and Lord and Lady John Russell on the other—a friendship destined to have its influence on the crisis of the following year, when the fate of Naples was decided in large measure by Lord John.¹

King Ferdinand's policy had been more purely Neapolitan

¹ *Settembrini*, ll. 458-466, *Castromediano*, ll. 198-202, 230-235. *Martinengo Cesaresco*, 72-74. *Lady Russell MS.*, her correspondence with Poerio and Braico.

and less subservient to Vienna than that of his predecessors, but he knew the value of the friendship of Austria, and was especially anxious to bequeath it as a support to his foolish and feeble successor, his eldest son, Francis. He therefore determined to marry him to the Emperor's sister-in-law, Maria Sophia, daughter of Duke Max of Bavaria. It was her sister, Elizabeth, the most beautiful of a beautiful family, who had by her recent marriage become Empress of Austria.

And so Maria Sophia of Bavaria and Francis, Duke of Calabria, heir to the throne of Naples, were married at Munich on January 8, 1859, the bridegroom being represented by proxy. The bride was wisely prevented from seeing her husband, her new home, or her new relations, until it was too late to repent, for the two were as ill-assorted a couple as reasons of State ever brought together in matrimony. She had been bred with her four sisters in a simple, free and happy home life, partly in the Bavarian Alps, where they rode and climbed the hills, and partly in Munich, where it was their custom to walk unattended on their own errands. A girl so brought up might have been happy in England, but never in Naples. A dashing horse-woman, gallant and free in all her ways and speech, of heroic temper in war, as she was soon to prove before admiring Europe, she was no mate for the half idiotic youth whom Garibaldi was to dethrone, whom twenty-three years of hot-house education by Neapolitan priests and a jealous stepmother had deprived of any rudiments of sense and manliness that he may have inherited from his Savoyard mother. Judged even by his father's standard of strenuous tyranny, Francis was but a foolish Ishbosheth.¹

The young wife was brought down the Adriatic in the Neapolitan war-vessel *Fulminante* from Trieste to Bari in Apulia, where she was to see her husband and father-in-law for the first time. They, meanwhile, journeyed from Naples to Bari to do her honour, crossing the mountains

¹ *Maria Sophia*, 41-44, 79. *De Cesare*, I. 197, 199, 342-344.

in mid-winter, over the bad roads covered by unusually deep snow, with the result that the king fell dangerously ill. It was a sorry welcome for the gay Bavarian bride to land on that shore of a dead civilisation, amid the fawning, suspicious crowd of priests and doctors, courtiers and police, whispering round the royal sick-bed their base conjectures of poison, and their sycophantic hopes and fears of coming change. The dying king sought and won the affection of his new daughter, but she had little satisfaction from a husband whose chief outward characteristic was 'the peculiar expression of lifelessness that made him rather give the idea of an image than of a man. It was a wooden, not a marble statue, that his features called to mind.'¹ He could hardly utter a word to her, still less make any lover's advances, and seemed tied to the apron-strings of his step-mother, Maria Theresa. That formidable dame was not long in conceiving an aversion for Maria Sophia, with her freedom and her laughter. She ordered the girl to observe etiquette more strictly, to attend the religious services more often, and forebade her ever again to ride a horse—an accomplishment of which her husband was innocent. In growing misery they waited some weeks at Bari, till it was decided to return by sea to the neighbourhood of the capital, where the king could more easily be cured or more conveniently die.

It was a tragic shipload that sailed on board the *Fulminante*. The unrepentant tyrant, dying in the agonies of a loathsome internal disease, lay in a cabin heaped with relics, images, and superstitious quackery of all kinds, gathered at his earnest desire from all over his kingdom, in the belief that they might help him where nature and the doctors had failed. Above on deck, in the air and the sunlight, the lovely girl of seventeen sat all day long on a gun-carriage, paying little heed to the feeble attentions of her husband, but gazing at the sea, at Aetna and Aspromonte and all the passing pageant of the coast, steeling her heart

¹ *Trinity*, 201; cf. *Elliot*, 9, 10.

to the knowledge that she was caught and caged for life.¹

At length these unhappy people reached their royal palace at Caserta, fifteen miles north of Naples, and there, on May 22, 1859, Ferdinand II. was gathered to his fathers. His last instructions to his son, which had an undue influence on that conscientious and dependent nature, were to enter into no belligerent alliance either with Austria or Piedmont in the war then beginning in North Italy, to continue the existing policy of repression at home, and if a time of desperate crisis should arise to trust to General Filangieri, the conqueror of Sicily, as the ablest man in the kingdom.²

On the occasion when the new king received the homage of the grandees, a significant incident occurred.

'As the lieges passed before him they kissed his hand, which he did not take the trouble to raise, allowing it, when they had kissed it, to fall back by his side as if it had been the hand of a doll. . . . One very infirm old man caught his foot in the carpet and fell flat on his face to the feet of the king, who neither stirred to help him nor allowed a muscle of his face to move while the poor old fellow, awkwardly and with difficulty, scrambled up and passed him without a word from the king of condolence for his mishap or inquiry if he was hurt.'

The scene left a painful impression on the Neapolitan loyalists in the room, and the British Minister, Henry Elliot, turned and said to his neighbour, 'That young man will finish badly.'³

On the death of *Bomba*, England and France at once resumed diplomatic relations with Naples, and their representatives, Elliot and Brenier, vied with each other for the ear of the new monarch. Mutually suspicious and hostile as were the two diplomats,⁴ they at least combined to urge amnesty and reform as the only means of saving the Bourbon

¹ *De Cesare*, I. 341-425. *Trinity*, 199-206. *Maria Sophia*, 8, 79-83.

² *De Cesare*, I. 435. *Filangieri*, 287.

Elliot, 10.

⁴ See *Elliot*, *passim*.

throne. Piedmont also was at hand with a proposal which—were it possible to imagine it loyally accepted—might have led to a free Italy of two States instead of one. On May 27, 1859, five days after Ferdinand had breathed his last, Cavour dispatched Count Salmour to the court of Naples, with written instructions to negotiate an offensive alliance against Austria for the purposes of the war then raging in Lombardy. He was to point out that this adoption of the national cause in foreign policy would imply a change of system at home, an amnesty, and adherence to the constitution of 1848, which had been long ignored but never repealed. Cavour recommended that the internal changes should not go too fast, and that only men devoted to the dynasty should be employed.¹

The news of the battle of Magenta on June 4 soon followed to lend weight to these diplomatic offers. The hopes aroused in the South by the victories in Lombardy took shape in demonstrations to which the streets of Naples and Palermo had long been unaccustomed. The time of crisis had already come, and Francis II., mindful of his father's dying words, at once sent for Filangieri and made him President of the Council and Minister for War. But unfortunately the views of the new Prime Minister were entirely inconsistent with the other parts of the late king's 'political testament,' for he recommended the introduction of a Liberal constitution which would enable the dynasty to lean on France instead of on Austria. The young monarch, thus called on to decide for himself which part of his father's self-contradictory advice he should prefer, stood in helpless distraction, pulled this way and that by his various advisers, male and female, while the system of government in the two Sicilies remained as he had found it, and forces both within and without the frontiers gathered head for the final explosion.²

¹ *Bianchi*, viii. 517-524; the date of these instructions is not June 25, as given on p. 517, but May 27, as stated on p. 126 (note). See *De Cesare*, li. 40 on this point.

² *De Cesare*, li. 5, 6, 39-43. *Filangieri*, 290-292, 303-306.

The chief personalities whose opposing efforts kept Francis for so long in this fatal state of equilibrium were Filangieri, Brenier, and Elliot¹ on the side of reform and the alliance of Naples with the Western Powers, while on the side of Austria and reaction were the Queen Dowager, Maria Theresa (herself an Austrian by birth), and the whole court camarilla headed by Troja. That party were encouraged by a visit of Count Buol, the late Austrian Minister for Foreign Affairs. Buol told Elliot that he found the people perfectly contented, that there were no grievances, and that he had been delighted to find that, after all, the miracle of the blood of St. Januarius was genuine. The credulity of this man, supposed to be one of the most experienced diplomats in Europe, is a testimony to the school that bred him. But the English diplomatists, as the dispatches of men like Elliot and Hudson show, were of a very different type, and were not accustomed to believe what they were told by foreign governments until they had tested it for themselves by some knowledge of classes and parties outside the walls of the palace. These admirable public servants poured into Downing Street from all the courts of Italy a constant stream of valuable information and just comment.²

The young queen, Maria Sophia, was a Liberal influence, and urged her husband to grant a constitution. But she was not a politician, and on coming to the throne was glad chiefly because she could now ride as much as she liked, laugh when she was amused at public ceremonies, and defy Maria Theresa's stepmotherly advice. With better treatment and greater freedom she was able to feel some dawn of affection for her husband.³

In political affairs the Queen Dowager retained over her stepson a great part of her old influence, although she had

¹ Elliot had originally been sent out by the Conservative government, in May 1859, to prevent Francis from allying himself with Piedmont, but next month the advent of Russell to the Foreign Office reversed our policy on this matter. *Elliot*, 7, 8.

² *Elliot*, 18-20, on Count Buol. *Br. Parl. Papers*, *passim*.

³ *Maria Sophia*, 94-101. *De Cesare*, II, 26, 27, 33.

been strongly suspected of an intrigue to place one of her own sons on the throne in his stead. Her sinister figure presides over the ruin of the dynasty and of the ancient kingdom; Maria Theresa finished what Mary Caroline and Lady Hamilton had begun. With the help of Austria and the court camarilla she persuaded Francis to refuse both the constitution and the alliance with Piedmont.

Like other weak rulers, Francis still hoped to please both parties. He still clung to Filangieri's person, while rejecting his policy. General Filangieri, Prince of Satriano, was by far the greatest subject in the kingdom. He had fought with honour in Napoleon I.'s great campaigns, he had served Murat well, and the restored Bourbons no less faithfully. He had reconquered Sicily ten years before, and had subsequently, as Governor of the island, attempted to introduce a milder *régime*, until the late king had quashed the attempt. The dynasty could still have been saved, and Filangieri was the man who could have saved it. But the new king refused to adopt his programme of reform. He thereupon offered to resign, first in July, and again in September 1859, but as Francis would not accept his resignation, he had the weakness not to press it. He actually retained office without performing even its ordinary administrative functions, which were deputed to others, while he shut himself up in his villa near Sorrento and refused to be seen. Only in March 1860, did he at length receive his formal demission.¹

During this long ministerial interregnum of the autumn and winter of 1859-60, while the man who was nominally chief minister had retired from public life, and the king was in his usual state of helpless distraction between opposing counsellors, the police governed the country on the established lines. The remonstrances of Brenier and Elliot against the continued misrule availed nothing, but the stories which they sent home incensed Napoleon and

¹ Accepting the facts given by Filangieri's admirers in *De Cesare*, II, 39-59, and *Filangieri*, 307-313, one may still think his conduct weak. See *Masade*, 527, 528, and *Nisco*, *Fr. II.* 6-18.

Lord John Russell respectively against King Francis, and thus prepared the diplomatic pathway for Garibaldi's invasion.¹

A royal decree for the relief of the tens of thousands of *attendibili* under police supervision² was promulgated on June 16, 1859, but Elliot discovered that it had been followed a few days later by a secret letter to the prefects which made it practically inoperative.³ The police terrorism had never been worse than at the end of 1859 and the opening of the new year which was to see the downfall of the system. Members of respectable families unconnected with politics disappeared mysteriously—having been snatched away to secret prisons merely in order to create abject fear. And indeed no one dared to complain. 'In the centre of the typhoon of terror' there was a 'dead silence.'⁴

It might be thought that a government so unscrupulous in its use of arbitrary power would at least deal effectively with real crime. But the *camorra* was no less feared than the police, who themselves cringed before the dreadful society.

'If a petition,' wrote Elliot,⁵ 'was to be presented to the Sovereign or to a Minister, it had to be paid for; at every gate of the town *Camorristi* were stationed to exact a toll on each cart or donkey-load brought to market by the peasants; and, on getting into a hackney carrosel in the street, I have seen one of the band run up and get his fee from the driver. No one thought of refusing to pay, for the consequences of a refusal were too well known, anyone rash enough to demur being apt to be found soon after mysteriously stabbed by some unknown individual, whom the police were careful never to discover.'

The Neapolitans crouched before their two masters, the *camorra* and the police who, as yet, acted in harmony. The distant Calabrian and Sicilian provinces, where alone

¹ See quotations at the head of this chapter, and *Br. Parl. Papers*, 15 *passim*.

² See pp. 45, 46 above.

³ *De Cesare*, ii. 58. Elliot, 18. *Br. Parl. Papers*, 15, pp. 3-9, 31, 32.

⁴ *Times*, January 3, 1860.

⁵ Elliot, 12.

the spirit of rebellion was serious, were controlled by the army, now fully large enough to secure the Bourbons against the impotent hatred of their subjects.

It will be well here briefly to describe the composition and character of the Neapolitan army, since the tale of its destruction is to play so large a part in these volumes. In 1848 it had numbered 40,000 in reality, and 60,000 in name. But in the early spring of 1860, some 90,000 men were under arms, and the total force, if the reserves were called out, would reach 130,000.¹ This increase was due to the policy of Ferdinand II., who had found in the creation of a large army a safeguard against his subjects, and an occupation for his leisure hours. Although the chances of battle and the hardships of war had no charms for him, as he showed at Velletri, the pomp and circumstance of the parade ground continued to delight *Bomba* from the cradle to the grave. As a boy he had been found one day by his grandfather, Ferdinand I., studying a new uniform for the troops: 'Dress them how you like,' said the cheerful old man, 'they will run away all the same.'²

This kingly utterance may stand as a criticism of the younger Ferdinand's lifelong efforts at military organisation. His troops made a creditable appearance at reviews. The uniforms were good, the horses fine, the weapons excellent. In the army that obeyed his son in the spring of 1860, rifles vastly superior to the Garibaldian musket were the ordinary weapon of the infantry. The cavalry were not only well mounted, but well rehearsed in the art of galloping up within forty yards of the enemy and wheeling smartly round again.

Indeed, the only part of military discipline really enforced was the drill. But a form of discipline not usual in camps held good in this establishment—the discipline of confession and of religious practice. *Bomba* was as careful of his

¹ *De Cesare*, I. 153. *Rüstow*, 142. *Cuniberti*, 18. *L'Ins. Sic.* 77, 78. *De Sivo*, III. 221.

² *De Cesare*, I. 154.

men's souls as Cromwell, with this difference among others that as morality was not a necessity to salvation in the Neapolitan scheme of things, the soldiers were too often accomplished rascals as well as hypocrites. Although the military floggings were of an unusually cruel and humiliating character, the men were kept little within the bounds of discipline in time of peace, and in civil war they were encouraged to fight by the promise of free looting. In Sicily it was not an unknown thing for a soldier to take advantage of his excellent rifle to hold up a quiet English tourist and relieve him of his money.¹ The inhabitants could not, like the Englishman, get redress for such outrages. But, when all is said, the Neapolitan rank-and-file were not without natural courage, and on occasions when they were led with any spirit, as by Filangieri and Bosco, they showed themselves worthy of those Neapolitan troops whom Napoleon the Great had praised for their valour in the battle of Lutzen.²

But spirited leadership was rare. It was commonly said that the inefficiency of the Bourbon army was greater in each rank than in the one below, till it culminated in the total incompetence of the generals. Non-commissioned officers were found with great difficulty, owing to political conditions and to the system of enlistment. The conscription for a term of four years with the colours and four more in reserve was so unpopular that it was not enforced at all in Sicily, and even on the mainland the middle as well as the upper classes were allowed to buy themselves out. The peasantry who were unable to escape service were among the most grossly ignorant in Europe, and it was difficult to select from them sergeants who could read and write. The non-commissioned officers, therefore, either were very ignorant, or else came of the middle class, and were liable, as such, to Liberal sympathies. It was

¹ *Palermo MSS. Polizia*, No. 1237, 4, 175, 60. Casteldicala's Report, March 31, 1860.

² *De Cesare*, I. 159-162. *Pianell*, 15. *Brancaccio*, 209, 210. *Times*, June 21, 1860, p. 9, cols. 4, 5. *Rüstow* 146-150. *Mundy*, 163, 164.

observed in June, 1860, that 'three-fourths at least' of those who came over to Garibaldi after the taking of Palermo were 'corporals and sergeants.'¹

The same difficulty was experienced in obtaining commissioned officers. The nobility was partly too effeminate and lazy, partly too Liberal, to take pleasure in military service like the nobles of Piedmont. The better men could feel no pride in belonging to such an army. It was not a national but a dynastic force. Its object was less to protect the country against foreigners than to police it against rebels. So complete a breach had been made with the fine military traditions of the Napoleonic period, that the men and the families who represented them were now almost all outside the service and frowned upon as malcontents. The spirit cultivated by *Bomba* in the army which he brought up with his own hand, was that of monks and police spies, not of soldiers. In other services besides that of Naples professional efficiency has not always been the road to promotion, but scarcely anywhere else has the commonly accepted standard of military honour and spirit been positively discouraged. In 1848 a young officer who wished to go to the front a second time was introduced to the king: 'You have been to Sicily and come back with a whole skin, and now,' said his Majesty with undisguised astonishment, 'you want to go and risk it again! Madonna help you!'² The difficulty of obtaining enough good officers under such conditions was insuperable, and the difficulty of obtaining enough officers of any kind was great. Consequently many had to be raised from the ranks, and they were not selected on any wise principle. There were officers who could not read and write, and some who had been common thieves. The average age of the service was far too high. 'A captain not grey-headed was quite an exception.'³ The generals, if we exclude Nunziante, Pianell, and a few more, were in

¹ *Racioppi*, 33. *De Cesare*, l. 154, and *F. di P.* ciii. *Times*, June 21, 1860, p. 9, col. 5. *Rüstow*, 144.

² *Brancaccio*, 211, 212.

³ *Times*, June 21, 1860, p. 9, col. 5.

their dotage, and seemed to have been selected on account of their notorious incompetence.¹

In this force, conscious of its unpopularity with the inhabitants of the land, there was not even that internal harmony and sense of comradeship often bred by such isolation. Court favouritism and personal intrigue, carried on in the Neapolitan fashion, destroyed mutual confidence. While merit and zeal were neglected, 'the greater or less favour of superiors or of the sovereign' was all in all. 'Egoism, envy, jealousy, intrigue,' writes Cava, a faithful adherent of the Bourbons who saw it all from inside the general staff, 'bore rule instead of the spirit of mutual support. Criticism degenerated into backbiting, and thence into calumny.' And not only were there division and mistrust between man and man, but in a marked degree between the various ranks and branches of the service. Jealousy and ignorance kept apart artillery, cavalry, infantry, engineers, and staff in mutually exclusive worlds. Privates, sergeants, and officers were 'three castes, separate and inharmonious.' Besides the divisions of army rank, there were the divisions of social status. The middle class, which might have held the whole together, was insufficiently represented. The nobles wrapped themselves in aristocratic pride, and yet the peasants had—naturally enough under the circumstances—none of the British soldier's contentment at being led by 'gentlemen.' Against such an army a thousand picked men, moving with a common impulse under a chief for whom each would gladly die, might achieve astonishing results.²

In the year that intervened between the death of the old king, in May 1859, and Garibaldi's expedition, the Neapolitan army was brought up to its full complement by fresh levies,³ but on the other hand it was weakened in two

¹ *Rüstow*, 144, 145. *Cava*, II. 7, 8. *De Sivo*, III. 118. *De Cesare*, I. 154-156, and *F. di P.* cIII., clv.

² *Cava*, II. 4, 5. *De Sivo*, III. 119. *Racioppi*, 33.

³ *De Sivo*, III. 120, 121.

important respects. In the first place contempt for the new king encouraged the revolutionaries to push their propaganda in the army, so that at the beginning of 1860 lists of officers supposed to be well inclined to Italy were circulated among the patriotic committees: the artillery and engineers were the most disaffected branches of the service.¹ Secondly, the Swiss regiments, the best in the army, were disbanded.

These foreign troops were an integral part of the Neapolitan as of the Papal system of government. Monarchs who could trust few of their own subjects thought they could depend both on the loyalty and on the courage of Catholic herdsmen and mountaineers of the same breed as those immortal mercenaries commemorated by the Lion of Lucerne. The Swiss had, in 1848, taken a leading part in the successful operations in the streets of Naples and Messina. They were treated as a separate force with special privileges, and their pay exceeded by two-thirds that of the native soldier. Three of their regiments kept guard over the capital, while a fourth held Palermo in awe. But at the time of the accession of Francis the Swiss Federal Government, grown ashamed of the connexion between their free State and the worst tyrannies in Europe, requested that the cantonal crests should be taken off the banners of Swiss troops in foreign employ. When this unwelcome change was announced to the Swiss in Naples a thousand of them, more proud of their native land than of their paymaster's service, and fearful of the abrogation of their other privileges, rose in mutiny on the night of July 7-8, 1859. They were quelled with promptitude by General Nunziante, with a loss of nearly a hundred killed and wounded. All four regiments were thereon broken up, and their actual departure from Naples and Palermo in August raised the hopes of the revolutionists both in Sicily and on the mainland.²

¹ *De Cesare's F. di P.* cvl., cvll. *De Sivo*, lll. 118.

² *De Cesare*, l. 156, 157; ll. 15-20. *Filangieri*, 294-301. *Rosi*, 186. *Nisco*, *Fr. II.* 12-14. *Palermo MS.*, *Br. Cons.*, Goodwin's letters, August, September 1859.

The Swiss had been disbanded at Filangieri's advice, but during the autumn and winter, when he had ceased to attend to affairs, the court devised a means of replacing them which he would heartily have disapproved. A conspiracy was formed by Naples, the Pope, Austria, and the expelled rulers of Modena and Parma, to attack and destroy Piedmont and the League of Central Italian States.¹ The government of Vienna ordered the Tyrolese authorities to give every assistance to the work of recruiting in their valleys for the Neapolitan army; and Austrian soldiers who had served out their time, were sent by sea from Trieste to Ancona and the Neapolitan ports, and drafted into the armies of Pio Nono and Francis II. They were not, in Naples, accorded the old privileges of the Swiss, but became part of the regular army. They were known as the 'Bavarian' regiments, a diplomatic euphemism for 'Austrian,' which would have been the more correct description of a large number of the men.²

This combination against the newly-won freedom of Upper Italy made it the urgent duty of the rulers of Piedmont, in self-defence if for no other reason, to destroy the Papal and Neapolitan kingdoms now leagued with Austria for their destruction.³ Neither party, given its principles, can be blamed for being the first to provoke a conflict now truly inevitable. Italy could not remain cleft in two by the Rubicon, 'half slave and half free.' It was the same problem of 'a house divided against itself' then becoming visible in the United States of America, where Abraham Lincoln had recently prophesied that one or other of two irreconcilable systems must extinguish its rival. 'The revolution that stops in one place is lost,' wrote Mazzini, and the advisers of Pio Nono and Francis II. applied the same rule to reaction.

While the influence of Filangieri diminished daily, and

¹ *Bianchi's Cavour*, 88-90. *Bianchi*, viii. 279, 280. *Mazade*, 525.

² *Bianchi*, viii. 279. *Monnier (Ital.)*, 96-98. *Mazade*, 526. *Br. Parl. papers*, 6, p. 256; 7, p. 9-11. *Times*, June 21, 1860, p. 9, cols. 5, 6.

³ *Treitschke*, 182.

the Neapolitan government drifted ever further into violent measures at home and abroad, the statesmen of Piedmont were closely on the watch. Their agents kept them well informed as to the real possibilities and difficulties of the situation in the South. On August 29, 1859, the Piedmontese Minister at Naples wrote home at great length, exposing the decadence of the Bourbon government since Ferdinand's death, and the relative ease with which it could now be overthrown by an attack from without. But he denied the probability of an unaided revolution from within. The people, he wrote again on November 26, were 'cowed and disunited,' though hostile to the government; the recall of Garibaldi from the 'Rubicon'¹ had delighted the court, 'but not the country, which puts its hopes in him, lacking confidence in its own power to revolt.'²

In January 1860, the Rattazzi ministry, seeing that Naples was becoming the storm centre of Italian politics, sent thither one of the ablest of Piedmontese statesmen, the Marquis Villamarina. The instructions which he took with him were to draw King Francis into a nationalist alliance with Piedmont against Austria, on a basis of moderate Liberal reforms at home.³ It was the same offer which Count Salmour had made at Cavour's bidding seven months before, and it was equally unsuccessful. The Bourbons refused to repent while there was still grace. The time was fast approaching when they should sue to Piedmont for this same alliance, and sue in vain.

The mission of Villamarina was one of the last acts of Rattazzi's ministry. In January 1860, Cavour returned to power to the intense joy of Italy, of England, and of Liberal Europe. The hour had come and the man. The curtain was rising on the second act. All was now ripe for the forward policy which would have been madness a few months before. Cavour, in his retirement, had watched the ripening of events—the passive resistance of Italy

¹ See pp. 119-121, above.

² *Rossi*, 184, from the Turin archives.

³ *Bianchi*, viii. 274, 275, 643-650.

to Villafranca, so impressively and patiently prolonged, the help rendered by England, and the alienation of Napoleon from the Pope. The *non possumus* attitude of Pio Nono towards revolted Romagna, and his ostentatious alliance with the most rabid Legitimists in Europe, and particularly with those of France, were rash acts of hostility to the French protector of Rome, who was primarily a usurper and a child of the revolution, even if he required the Clerical vote to consolidate his power. At Christmas 1859, Napoleon punished the Pope and the Clerical party by the publication of the 'inspired' pamphlet, *Le Pape et le Congrès*, which proposed in veiled terms to confine the Papal territory to Rome and the surrounding province known as the Patrimony of St. Peter.

And so Cavour, even before his return to office, had often exclaimed, 'Blessed be the peace of Villafranca,'¹ for he saw rising the hope of an Italy larger and more independent than that which the Emperor had promised him at Plombières.

At the beginning of 1860 Napoleon had moved so far as to be ready to sell his consent to the annexation of Tuscany and Emilia (Parma, Modena, and the Romagna). The price would be Savoy, and perhaps also Nice, the territory of which the cession to France was to have purchased Venice according to the unfulfilled terms of Plombières. Cavour was, therefore, fully determined that the first great step of his new ministry should be to annex Tuscany and Emilia at once, at the price of Savoy. In relation to Naples, his policy was less definite. He would wait on opportunity. But unless Francis accepted Villamarina's offer of alliance, he would certainly have no scruple in overthrowing the Bourbon dynasty if he could find the means. In a few weeks it appeared that Villamarina's offer was refused, and Cavour also became aware that Naples was forming an offensive alliance with the Pope and Austria.² At the same time he secured the long

¹ *Chiala*, III. 187.

² *Bianchi's Cavour*, 88-91.

delayed annexation of Tuscany and Emilia, confirmed by a plebiscite of their inhabitants, and he thereafter felt free, as he had never done while that matter was still unsettled,¹ to hope for adventures farther south. And so in March 1860, the attitude of Piedmont towards the Bourbons underwent a final change for the worse, clearly revealed to posterity in Cavour's secret correspondence with Villamarina.

On March 30 he writes to Villamarina at Naples :

'Evidently events of great importance are preparing in the south of Italy. . . . You know that I do not desire to push the Neapolitan question to a premature crisis. On the contrary, I think it would be to our interest if the present state of things continued for some years longer. But . . . I believe that we shall soon be forced to form a plan which I would like to have had more time to mature.'

He therefore asks a number of questions as to the relative strength of parties in the Bourbon kingdom.² The just analysis of the situation in Villamarina's reply of April 14, 1860,³ contains the significant words, 'the king has the army on his side. I have written to you and I repeat, the government is strong, very strong for the purpose of keeping down the people.'

Such was indeed the case. Force from outside was needed to defeat the Neapolitan army. But since the Powers of Europe, particularly France and Austria, would prevent Cavour from sending the Piedmontese regulars, the external force to be applied must be that of revolutionary bands, and there was only one man in Italy who could with any prospect of success lead a revolutionary raid against 90,000 regulars armed with good rifles and cannon. Fortunately that man, unlike some of the advanced Democrats who followed him, was stubbornly faithful to the programme of union under the Monarchy of Victor Emmanuel, and while the fame of his romantic deeds and

¹ *Chiala*, III. 209. Letter to Villamarina of February 11, 1860.

² *Chiala*, III. 235, 236.

³ *Chiala*, IV. pp. cxxxv.-cxxxvii. *Whitehouse*, 181-185.

character would serve to disarm much European indignation against acts of international piracy, the unbounded enthusiasm which he aroused in England would ensure the benevolent neutrality of the Power who could open or close at her will the pathway of the Sicilian waters.¹

¹ *Mazade*, 532.

CHAPTER VIII

SICILY

THE REVOLT OF APRIL 4, 1860. ROSOLINO PILO AND THE HOPE OF GARIBALDI'S COMING

' Fratelli miei, la causa propugnata da me e dai miei compagni d'armi, non è quella di un campanile, ma quella dell' Italia nostra, da Trapani all' Isonzo, dal Taranto a Nizza. Dunque la redenzione della Sicilia è la nostra, e noi pugn timeremo per essa con lo stesso ardore, con cui pugnammo sui campi Lombardi !!

' My brothers, the cause fought for by me and my comrades in arms is not the cause of a parish, but the cause of our Italy, from Trapani to the Isonzo, from Taranto to Nice. Therefore the work of the redemption of Sicily is the work of our own redemption, and we will fight for it with the same zeal with which we fought on the Lombard battlefields.'

GARIBALDI'S letter to the Sicilians, September 29, 1859.

THE island destined at this supreme crisis to be the starting-point for the making of united Italy, has a racial and social character of its own. Besides the early ' Sicani and Siculi,' of whose origin little is certain, the elements that compose the Sicilian people have come in historical times from the opposite extremities of Europe, from Africa, and from Asia. The inhabitants of the eastern end of the island are in part descended from the ancient Greek colonists, whose pastoral lives and loves inspired the muse of Theocritus. The western end—especially the district between Palermo, Trapani, and Marsala, the scene of the exploits of Garibaldi and the Thousand—has been largely peopled from North Africa and from Oriental lands. For that north-western angle of Sicily, where Phœnician colonists were settled at the dawn of Mediterranean history, remained as the last stronghold of Carthage in its struggle for the island against Greeks and Romans. Possibly the

Phœnicians left little behind them. But the Arab occupation of the Dark Ages, which succeeded to the rule of the decadent Byzantines, has left in that district its lasting impress not only on architecture and irrigation, but on the music, the customs, the faces, and the character of the common people.¹

In the ninth century Sicily was divided between the Mohammedan and the Byzantine-Greek religions.² But, as a result of the Norman conquest which took place not many years after the similar event in our own island, the Roman Catholic Church gradually won ground.³ In modern times Sicily has remained ardently Roman Catholic, and if the revolution of 1860 had come thither with the anti-clerical programme which it avowed in North Italy, it would have received but little support. The movement against the Bourbons was shared by many of the monks, priests, and bishops, for it was the rebellion of one of the most insular of peoples against the foreign domination of the Neapolitans.

The origin of this feeling against foreign mastery of the island goes back far into history, to the days of the Sicilian Vespers, that fierce event of which the memory was invoked with pride in the commonplaces of patriotic oratory. Brought up to believe that they had in all ages been wrongfully subjected to strangers—Byzantine, Saracen, Norman, Angevin, Spanish, Neapolitan—the Sicilians had something of the Irishman's inherited quarrel with fate and government. They were *frondeurs* born and bred. The aptitude of the leaders for weaving nets of close and subtle conspiracy, and the secret understanding of the whole population for the purpose of baffling the authorities, were even more marked than in the Italian States of the mainland. At times of crisis, as in 1820, 1848, and 1860, they took to the more open methods of street fighting in the cities of the coast, and prolonged guerilla war on the hills of the interior. But they had a hatred for regular military service in barracks

¹ *Freeman's Sicily. Corsi, 15-23.*

² *Amari Mus. l. 197, 485-487.*

³ *Gally Knight, 25, 26, 124, 260-262, 332, 333.*

or in the field, whether under the flag of the oppressor or of the liberator. 'Better a pig than a soldier,' was a Sicilian proverb of the time.¹ The Neapolitan kings dared not enforce the conscription on their island subjects, so that in 1860 hardly more than a tenth of their army was composed of Sicilians.² Consequently the garrison in the island was Neapolitan, hated as a foreign force in much the same way as the white-coats in Lombardy.

This universal hatred of the alien government prevented social discord among the natives themselves. Though feudalism had been nominally abolished in 1812,³ a system of *latifundia*, with all the disadvantages and none of the advantages of the similar system in England, kept the peasants in abject misery. But many of the great proprietors joined with their tenants in the national movement, and were highly respected when they led against a common foe the popular feeling which has in later times been largely directed against themselves. Until after 1860 there were no purely agrarian troubles, and the social question was scarcely posed. For although the poverty of the island was noticed then as now by every traveller, it was regarded by the inhabitants either as inevitable and natural, or else as the result of Neapolitan rule.⁴

The revolutionary programme in 1848 had, in spite of some Mazzinian influence, been essentially insular. The expulsion of the Neapolitan troops after the street fighting in Palermo in January of that year had been followed by a declaration of the independent sovereignty of Sicily, and the empty throne had been offered to a younger son of Charles Albert of Piedmont. His refusal, necessitated by the Austrian reconquest of Lombardy, left the Sicilian patriots to carry on a provisional government as best they

¹ *Brancaccio*, 248.

² *Rüstow*, 144.

³ Large farms in Sicily are often called *ex-feudi*. Before 1812 they were *feudi*.

⁴ *De Cesare*, I. 301-303. *Conv. Tedaldi*. For travellers' impressions of misery see *Viollet le Duc, passim*; *Venosta*, 274-283; *Peard MS.*, and other journals of Garibaldi in 1860.

might, amid increasing difficulties, such as the rooted antipathy of the population to military service, the cry of 'the Church in danger,' the unsuppressed crime and disorder throughout the island, and the administrative inability of the high-minded men at the head of affairs. When at length Filangieri entered Palermo at the head of his victorious Neapolitan troops on May 15, 1849, though he was hated by all as a foreign conqueror, he was accepted by many as a restorer of social tranquillity.¹

That able soldier and statesman, the surest prop of the Bourbon dynasty if it had only been content to lean on him, was made governor of the island which he had subdued, and he might, if left with a free hand, have done something to reconcile the Sicilians to their fate. But he was subjected to the control of the Minister for Sicilian Affairs at Naples, because the House of Bourbon, ever since 1816, pursued the fatuous policy of treating as a subject province the island kingdom which had been so loyal to their shrunken fortunes during the Napoleonic period. Filangieri found himself thwarted at every turn. He meditated a scheme for giving to Sicily—not railways indeed—but roads. There were, in 1852, just 750 miles of carriage-road in the whole island. Even the two chief cities, Palermo and Messina, were not linked by any continuous highway, for the middle part of the connexion was 'a mule track 42 miles long.'² Travellers, therefore, went from the east to the west of the island by sea, except a few of the richer and more adventurous English tourists, who rode over the rough tracks, taking their own tents and provisions, for the food and lodging that could be obtained from the natives appear to have been more intolerable than they are to-day.³ Filangieri wished to amend this state of things, but his intentions were frustrated from Naples, and road-making was postponed till the Piedmontese era.

¹ *De Cesare*, l. 2-5.

² *Palermo MS., Br. Cons.*, Mr. Goodwin's report of June 2, 1852.

³ *Venosta*, 276-279, the story of three young Lombards who tried to travel in Sicily in 1853.

At length, in 1854, completely undermined by Court intrigues, he threw up his governorship and retired in disgust.¹

But he had temporarily succeeded in one part of his policy of conciliation. Although his troops had shown great barbarity during the war, particularly at Messina, no unnecessary reign of terror accompanied the restoration of absolute rule. Mr. Gladstone could not, in 1851, have written of the Sicilian trials and prisoners as he did of the Neapolitan, for the principal leaders of '48 in Sicily escaped with the lighter penalty of exile. These men, worthy as a whole of the high moral and intellectual standard set by Amari and Ruggero Settimo, had been too simple and inexperienced to govern with success, but they had scorned to enrich themselves when at the head of affairs, and now endured the miseries of banishment in London, Paris, Turin, and Malta with an unselfish fortitude and faith that won the respect of all who knew them.²

With Filangieri's departure went the last hope of reconciliation. His successor in the governorship was Castelicala, a man without a policy. From 1854 till the crash, the authorities gave no thought to anything except the routine of repression, and the real ruler of the island was Maniscalco, Director of Police. This public-spirited officer, whose ability Filangieri had discovered and rewarded with promotion, made himself the terror of the Liberals and of the criminal population, who were too often associated in the unquiet mountain districts of the interior, owing to their common persecution by government. Maniscalco formed a useful force of Sicilian mounted police, mostly ex-brigands, known as the *Compagni d'armi*, better fitted to catch their old friends than were the Neapolitan regulars.³

The country was effectively gagged. No newspaper

¹ *De Cesare*, I. 12, 13, 37-39, 43-47, 57-59, 301. *Peard* (Cornhill, June 1908), 818, 819.

² *Whitaker*, 245, et seq. *Amari*, passim. *Della Cerda MS. Corsi*, 191.

³ *Branaccio*, 24 (note), 38. *De Cesare*, I. 5, 7, 57-59; II. 155-157, *Conv. Paternostro*.

was allowed to circulate except the official *Giornale di Sicilia*. The real news had to be obtained by borrowing the foreign papers from the Consuls of other countries, who alone could receive them,¹ or by assembling cautiously in parties of two or three at the chemist's, the usual meeting place of the Liberals.² The scorn of even the Austrian authorities was aroused against the Southern police, who hindered or prohibited journeys of Italians in Sicily,³ who shaved off men's beards and seized their black Lombardy hats as seditious,⁴ and interfered with music parties of five or six persons.⁵ Of the upper class, some were passively on the side of Government, but another and more active section put themselves at the head of the artisan and peasant classes, who were universally hostile to the Neapolitan rule. There was no reactionary party among the peasants as there was on the mainland. 'When shall we be rid of this infamous yoke?' was constantly ejaculated.⁶

It may seem strange that the Unitarian party among the Sicilians should have been able to use the outraged insular pride of their fellow-countrymen as the means of creating popular enthusiasm for absorption in the larger Italy and annexation to the crown of Victor Emmanuel. But the experience of 1848 had taught the Sicilians that, since they would not themselves become soldiers, they could not hope to effect their own permanent emancipation from Naples. They therefore began to look to Garibaldi to deliver them, and to the Piedmontese armaments to protect them from reconquest. Neither were men like Amari, La Farina, Crispi, and the educated classes in general, exclusively insular in their ideas. They held that annexation to the new Italy would satisfy their desire to participate in the

¹ *Fazio*, 18. Colonel Tedaldi tells me that his father had him taught English in order that he should be able to read the *Morning Post* of the British Consul.

² *Fazio*, 18.

³ *Venosta*, 273. *Palermo MS. Polizia*, *passim*, e.g., No. 1237, 4. 177, 178, 60.

⁴ *Pistraganzili*, l. 187. *Palermo MS., Br. Cons.* March 22, 1854. *De Cesare*, II, 193.

⁵ *Conv. Tedaldi*,

⁶ *Fazio*, 16, 17.

wider Italian culture, which was after all the most valuable element in modern Sicilian civilization, and the real influence that had since the Middle Ages fused into one the different races inhabiting the island. They rightly supposed that union with Italy would give that culture room to expand when freedom of press and person had once been established; that it would yield them, at least in some degree, the sense of being masters in their own island; that it would bring roads and railways, attract capital and commerce, and put them in touch with the outside world shut off from them by the Bourbon police system. And not a few wrongly supposed that these benefits would be obtained without higher taxation and military burdens, and would at once relieve the moral and economic poverty of the land. But the desire to be united to Italy did not become general until 1859.¹

From 1850 to 1858 the threads of conspiracy throughout the island were in the hands of the partisans of Mazzini. In proportion as his influence was superseded in Northern Italy, he directed the efforts of his remaining friends to the Sicilian field, neglected by other parties. His Unitarian and Republican ideas inspired Bentivegna, who gladly gave away his life in the winter of 1856 by raising a hopeless rebellion near Cefalù.² Mazzini's principal agents for the affairs of the South were the Sicilian exiles, Crispi and Pilo, and the noble-minded Modenese, Niccola Fabrizi. Ever since 1837 Fabrizi had made Malta his headquarters, and there devoted his life to guiding the movement against the Bourbons in the direction of Italian unity. Early in the fifties he laid in a secret store of ammunition and hundreds of bad, old muskets—some saved from the wreck of the late revolution in Sicily, others purchased for £500 by Mazzini in England.³ Though such an armoury was

¹ E.g. *Palermo MS., Br. Cons.*, Mr. Goodwin's letter of July 3, 1851, and *Arch. di Stato, Polizia*, No. 1212, Casteldicala's letter of March 7, 1857, on the *Spirito Pubblico*.

² *Mazzini*, xl. p. xxviii-xxx. *Pietragnazili*, l. 51, 52. *Villari*, 291. *Bentivegna and Sansone, passim*.

³ *Villari*, 392, 393. *Shaen MS.*, Mazzini's letter, November 17, 1851. *Rass. Naz.*, January 1905, p. 7.

illegal in Malta, the British authorities, benevolently neutral to *Bomba's* enemies, made no effort to find it. The rumour of its existence gave Fabrizi importance among all Sicilian parties. The government at Palermo kept spies round him, who periodically reported his doings.¹ There was a constant passage of conspirators from Sicily, Genoa, and England centering at Malta, and thence threatening the Bourbon rule.

Owing to this ceaseless activity of the Mazzinians during the years when other parties were content to wait for better times, the idea of United Italy came to be closely associated in the Sicilian mind with the idea of revolt against Naples. When, towards the close of the fifties, the islanders began to hear tell of Cavour's policy, supported by the National Society under its secretary, La Farina²—himself a Sicilian exile—their minds were already prepared by Mazzini for the idea of amalgamation with Italy. Nor can it be said that either Mazzini or his agents actively opposed the abandonment by their Sicilian friends of the Republican part of the old programme. Fabrizi himself, following Garibaldi, gave in his adhesion to the main principle of the National Society, union under Victor Emmanuel's crown.³

At length, in the summer of 1859, the news of the victories over Austria in the Lombard plain brought about a united movement of all classes and parties in Sicily. The aristocracy of Palermo had not, as a whole, taken part in Mazzinian agitation and conspiracy, but Magenta and Solferino kindled their patriotic enthusiasm. On the night of June 26, 1859, a few young men improvised an illumination in the 'Nobles' Club,' opposite the fine statue of Charles V in the Piazza Bologni. At first the lights in the windows puzzled the ignorant populace, who, on being told that the nobles were celebrating 'Solferino,' stood whispering '*Chi è stu sufrareddu?*'—'What is this Solferino?' The

¹ *Palermo MSS., Polisia*, e.g. No. 1212, *Note di Malta*, Marzo, 1857, and No. 1237, 5, 209–211, 60.

² See p. 65, above.

³ *Fabrizi*, 39. *Villari*, 382–391.

Neapolitan sentry at the foot of the statue looked at the bright lights and laughed gaily, not knowing, poor fellow, that they were the beginning of many sorrows for him and his comrades. But the authorities soon explained matters. Maniscalco himself, hot with passion, stalked into the Club at the head of his police, put out the lights, shut up the house, and in the next few days arrested a number of young men of the first families in Palermo. These undignified and violent proceedings aroused against him the whole aristocracy of the capital, and drew together all classes, from highest to lowest, in a tacit conspiracy against the government, which never abated during the momentous year that followed. The enthusiasm was infectious: young men of family, who had hitherto had no idea of using life except to partake of its less active pleasures, were ready to do anything in order to be marched off to the great Vicaria prison, which was 'considered the place where one received the baptism of patriotic regeneration.'¹

The movement at once turned men's thoughts to Garibaldi. The conspirators invited him to come to Sicily and lead the revolution, and on September 29, 1859, he replied from Bologna with great good sense:

'Unite yourselves to our programme—*Italy and Victor Emmanuel*—indissolubly! If you can do it with any chance of success, then rise. But if not, work at uniting and strengthening yourselves. As to my coming to Sicily, I will come with pleasure, with joy. But ere that we require a more intimate communication between you and me; we need stronger connections and we must find means for this and make them effective, because nowadays we must not risk what is secure.'

His correspondents replied, again asking him to come over and lead them, or if he could not come himself, to send a man enjoying his confidence, because all parties and classes in the island, however much they quarrelled among themselves, would rally round the name of Garibaldi. There the matter

¹ *Brancaccio*, 11-22, 35.

was left, but Garibaldi's advice and his conditional promise to come had done much to unite and encourage the Sicilians.¹

Meanwhile, in August, a gentleman in spectacles, going by the name of *Manuel Pareda*, from the Argentine, was travelling through the island as a tourist. He duly climbed Aetna and looked down the crater in company with some English officers, who found the American singularly well-informed about Sicily. *Pareda* was in reality the disguised Sicilian, Francesco Crispi, afterwards the celebrated Prime Minister of Italy. At this time he was forty years of age, and already appeared to some who knew him in London to surpass his fellow exiles both in ability and in the spirit of personal ambition. But he had sacrificed to the Mazzinian cause all ordinary prospects in life, had been expelled even from Malta and from Piedmont, and now ventured this dangerous journey in disguise through his native island in order to bring the conspirators of Messina and Palermo, always suspicious of each other, into communication for a projected rising. The departure of the Swiss regiment from Palermo served as an encouragement,² and it was agreed that the revolt should begin at the capital on October 4, 1859. But when, after a return to England, Crispi came back to the island in a fresh disguise on October 11, he found the plan had missed fire. Mazzini and his friends believed that Piedmont had sent counter orders through La Farina to prevent a rising in Sicily before the Central Provinces had been safely annexed. But more certainly the Sicilians were themselves afraid to strike, because the police had got wind of the plot, and arrested several of the leaders. A local rising at Bagheria, ten miles outside the capital, led by the impetuous patriot Campo, was easily put down. The whole conspiracy had failed.³

¹ *Villari*, 373-377. *Mazzini*, xl. p. xxxvii. See head of this chapter for more of the letter.

² See p. 137, above.

³ *Crispi* (1), 233-255. Mr. Dolmage, one of the Englishmen whom *Pareda* met, independently confirms Crispi's story of their meeting,

On November 27, Maniscalco was stabbed at the door of the Cathedral of Palermo, whither he had gone with his wife and child to hear Mass. The disguised assassin escaped, and it is not known whether he had accomplices. The Director of Police soon recovered, but the revolutionists were encouraged by the temporary disablement of the man whom they most feared.¹

During February of the year 1860, a Piedmontese visitor, named Benza, was the observed of all observers in the best society of Palermo. He bore secret messages from La Farina, the representative of Cavour, to the effect that the Sicilians should rise if they were sure of success, that owing to the attitude of Europe, Piedmont could give no help until after the revolution was accomplished, but that she would protect against reconquest a Sicily already set free.²

Mazzini gave the same advice. On March 2, 1860, he wrote his famous letter to the Sicilians :

' Brothers, I confess I no longer recognise in the Sicilians of to-day the men who flung down the challenge in '48. . . . First of all I repeat to you our declaration of two years ago: *It is no longer a question of Republic or Monarchy; it is a question of National Unity, of existence or non-existence.* . . . If Italy wishes to be a monarchy under the House of Savoy, let it be so. If, at the end, they choose to hail the King and Cavour as liberators or what not, let it be so. What we all require is that Italy should be made. . . . Wait? For what? Do you really think Napoleon or Cavour is coming to set you free? . . . Dare, and you will be followed. But dare in the name of National Unity; it is the condition *sine quâ non*. . . . Garibaldi is bound to come to your help. I believe I can say that your initiative would be followed by the advance of the forces of Central Italy.'

This letter, read in conclave by the revolutionary

Della Cerda MS. Conv. Mrs. Whitaker. Stillman's Crispi, 51, 52. Mazzini, xl. p. xxxvi-xxxviii. De Cesare, II. 153, 154. Campo, 55-79. Villari, 379-381. Pietranganzi, I. 218-231. Paolucci, Pilo, 238, Riso, 5-8. Rome MS. Mazz. Letters, V.E., No. 3344, to Crispi, 1859.

¹ *Ciaccio, 34. De Cesare, II. 155, 156. Pietranganzi, I. 233-234. Colonna, 93, 94.*

² *Brancaccio, 82, 83. De Cesare, II. 158-160.*

Committee of Palermo, made no small impression on men already ashamed of their own inactivity.¹

Urged thus by Cavourians and Mazzinians alike to act first for themselves and then look for support to Piedmont, the Sicilians at length began their revolt. But it is doubtful whether they would have screwed their courage to the sticking place but for one man, Francesco Riso, a master plumber and mason. To Riso, in spite of his faults, Italy owes a great debt, for, at the cost of his life, he set on foot the local rebellion which drew Garibaldi into the field, and so led in eight months to the liberation of Sicily and Naples, Umbria and the Marches, and the creation of the Italian kingdom.

The conspirators had only a few hundred firearms in the whole of Palermo with which to attack a garrison of nearly 20,000 men. Under such conditions it is easier to meditate than to begin revolt. Baron Riso² gave 'constant balls' to the aristocracy of Palermo 'on the first floor of his beautiful palace in the Toledo,' where 'dancing served as a cloak to meetings of patriots on the floor above, men in evening dress slipping upstairs between a gay valse or contredanse' to help in the making of cartridges and bombs for the coming revolution.³ In another house seditious fly-leaves were struck off on a small printing-press made to pack into a metal box that fitted into a flower pot, and was covered with earth between whiles.⁴ The gentlemen who laboured at the press and manufactured the bombs were acting with courage, but a more reckless daring was needed to go out into the street and be shot down by the soldiers, and this was found only in Riso the plumber and the few score workmen whom he inspired.

¹ *Mazzini*, xl. p. xlviii.-li. *Paolucci, Pilo*, 243, *Riso*, 18, 19. *V. M.* 2, note.

² Not to be confused with Riso, the plumber.

³ *Whitaker*, 273. *Brancaccio* 81, 82. The bombs were to be used not for murder but in open conflict, and were so used on April 4.

⁴ *Reclamo Meli. Stamp. Clan. Pietragazili*, l. 447, 448. The metal box, in size and shape rather like a hat box, is to be seen in the Museum at Palermo, *Risorgimento* section.

In March the two sections of conspirators, plumber Riso and the workmen, and Baron Riso and the aristocrats, drew together. Baron Riso and his committee supplied the workmen with the bombs and with means to acquire some firearms.¹ The plumber brought into the town a little wooden cannon and a meagre store of blunderbusses and muskets, hidden under cartloads of material for his own trade, and stored them in the Terrasanta, a building annexed to the old Gancia convent. He had hired the Terrasanta for his purposes, under cover of repairing his own house, which stood opposite the Gancia. That fine building, and the network of old, narrow and romantic streets surrounding it, remain to-day, like so much else in Palermo, exactly as they were when the Italian Revolution of 1860 began in their midst.²

Under strong pressure from Riso, who was fiercely determined on action, the Committee consented to April 4 as the day for the rising.³ On April 2, Riso told his friends of the Campo family that he did not expect that the nobles would actually join in the fighting or that the capital would rise, that he expected to perish, but that if he survived he would take a bloody vengeance on the Moderates and the aristocracy for having failed him at the crisis.⁴

On the eve of the appointed day this desperate man and seventeen followers sat up all night over their pile of arms in the Terrasanta waiting for dawn. As the morning of the 4th of April grew grey upon the windows they heard the trampling of patrols in the street, which told them that their plot was discovered. They had not been betrayed by anyone, least of all by any monk of the Gancia convent, though both patriotic and Bourbon legend has often said so. The plot, known to large numbers of people, was almost common talk in Palermo, and came to the ears of some

¹ *Ciaccio*, 39. *Paolucci, Riso*, 18, 19.

² *Marco*, 121, 122. *Paolucci, Riso*, 13, 14.

³ *Campo, Lettera*, 6-9. *Paolucci, Riso*, 18-20.

⁴ *Campo, Riso*, 12. *Paolucci, Riso*, 22 for his saying on April 4,

'Tutti quelli che ci tradiscono, noi li fucileremo, quando saremo vincitori.'

persons of governmental sympathies, who were justified in telling Maniscalco.¹ 'We have gone too far now,' said Riso when he heard the patrols, 'we have no choice but to face the enemy with courage.' At five o'clock they issued from the Terrasanta, arms in hand, crying *Viva l'Italia*, *Viva Vittorio Emanuele*, and exchanged shots with the *compagni d'armi* and soldiers in the alley between the Convent and Riso's house. Men fell on both sides. Riso's party, joined by a few other rebels from a neighbouring centre of the conspiracy, retreated into the Gancia itself, where the soldiers besieged them. In vain they rang the tocsin in the bell-tower to call the frightened town to rise; in vain they hurled the bombs, which failed to explode. The Neapolitan troops blew open the doors with cannon and rushed into the Convent, killing some and seizing the rest as prisoners, including Riso himself, who had fallen mortally wounded near the door. Wrongly supposing that the monks, who were known to have popular sympathies, had participated in the revolt hatched in the *annexe* of the monastery, the soldiers bound them in couples, and gutted and sacked their church.

It had been part of the plot that two other parties of rebels—fifty-two and thirteen men strong—should start from two neighbouring arsenals of the revolt, and find their way through the streets to join Riso, but they had been intercepted by the troops and very few had reached the Gancia. The authorities, fore-warned, were in such complete military occupation of all points of the town, that, as Riso had prophesied, neither the populace nor the aristocracy took part in the fight, although Baron Riso and other nobles went about the streets urging people to rise, and promising the aid of an armament from Piedmont.² By eight o'clock all was over.³

¹ Paolucci, *Riso*, 20, 21. *Marco*, 128-130.

² *Palermo MS.*, *Polizia*, April 8, letter of Castelcicala to Min. for Sic.

³ Paolucci, *Riso*, 20-25. *De Cesare*, II. 164-188. *Marco*, 130-147. *Cronaca*, 6, 7. *L'assartu*, 4 *Ap.* *Palermo MS.*, *Br. Cons.*, Goodwin's report on April 4 and letter of May 3. *Winnington Ingram*, 193, 194, for the hours, wrongly stated in some accounts.

In the suburbs shots were fired at intervals until night-fall, and the Neapolitan troops seized the excuse to burn and pillage wherever they chose, and to murder unoffending women and children.¹ The *squadre* (as the bands of rebel peasantry from the mountains of the interior were called) had failed to carry out the difficult part assigned them by the committee of the conspirators, namely, to force their way into the heart of the town and join Riso. But some of them came down armed into the Conca d'oro, the marvellous plain wherein Palermo lies, and fought there in the streets of the suburbs, and in the surrounding groves of lemon and orange. From April 4 until the entry of Garibaldi, parties, varying from two or three up to a dozen vagabonds, hiding by day in the immense fruit forest, prowled about every night and let off their guns around the sleeping city.²

But the real strength of the *squadre* lay, not in the seaward plain, but on and behind the steep wall of beautifully shaped mountains which holds the Conca d'oro in its arms. Behind that barrier stretches southwards a high undulating plateau of open cornland, broken here and there by precipitous hills and rock-ridges, on the summits and beneath the shadows of which nestle the upland towns—Corleone, Calatafimi, and others of less note. In such colossal villages of 5000 to 20,000 inhabitants the Sicilian peasants have from time immemorial congregated for safety at night, walking and riding out by day to distant labours in the vast open cornfield that once fed Imperial Rome. This strange country, the heart of Sicily, little known to foreigners then or now, had never been occupied in an effective manner by the Neapolitans or by the Spaniards before them. The Arabs of old had built castles in the interior, but the races who succeeded them in the possession of the island kept no garrisons except in the coast towns. Under the Bourbons, while Palermo and Messina, Trapani

¹ *Palermo MS., Polisia*, No. 1237, 4, 184, 60 and 249, 60, statements by Henri Bamberger and Tagliavia.

² *Mundy*, 105. Signor Tedaldi tells me he heard shots in the plain every night from April 4 to May 27.

and Girgenti, were always full of troops, and were constantly being searched for arms, the population dwelling inland had seldom seen a brigade of soldiers even in the largest towns, and still possessed their sporting guns and blunderbusses.¹ So now, at the signal of the Gancia revolt, the more adventurous or patriotic—and in some cases the more criminal—of the young peasants in the north-west of the island followed their landlords into the field, inspired by a last after-glow of the old feudal attachment. Until the coming of Garibaldi these bands, wandering about in the mountains, sometimes coming into the villages to sleep, skirmished with the flying columns sent out after them from Palermo.

During the fortnight following April 4 continual encounters with *squadre* of a few hundred men each took place on the mountains overlooking Palermo, at Monreale, Gibilrossa, and elsewhere. The royal troops were usually victorious, and the result of the final conflict at Carini on April 18 bade fair to disperse the last of the bands.²

Piana dei Greci, an Alpine village in a small fertile plain enclosed by a circle of magnificent mountains, was the hearth of freedom in Western Sicily. Though only ten miles from Palermo as the crow flies, the intervening mountain barriers rendered it remote and relatively free from interference. It had been peopled at the end of the fifteenth century by Greek-Albanians flying from trouble in their own country, many of whose descendants preserved in this fastness of the hills not only their Greek religion but the sturdy and independent character acquired by their ancestors in Balkan warfare. Hither, on April 19, the Albanian leader Piediscalzi returned with a small and dispirited remnant

¹ See Maps III. and IV., below. *Viollet le Duc*, 63. *Fazio*, 41. I think that the only Neapolitan garrison up country in 1860 was that of Caltanissetta. Certainly there were no troops permanently stationed in Piana dei Greci, Alcamo, Calatafimi, or Corleone.

² *Cronaca*, 8-43. *Butta*, I. 12-15. *Piana dei Greci*, 11-22. *Fazio*, 23-45. *De Cesare*, II. 155, 167.

from the Carini fight, intending to disband his followers and to emigrate. This would have meant the end of the revolt, for when the Albanians laid down their arms no other community was likely to continue the struggle for long.¹ But on the evening of the next day hope suddenly revived. Rosolino Pilo, a Sicilian of noble family, who had taken a leading part in 1848, and had since been one of Mazzini's closest friends in his English exile, unexpectedly appeared in Piana dei Greci, and announced himself as the herald of the coming of Garibaldi.

Pilo and his companion Corrao had left Genoa in a small sailing boat on March 25, and after many dangers and delays landed near Messina on April 10. Hearing that the insurrection was in progress at the other end of the island, they travelled its whole length to Piana dei Greci, rousing the villages through which they passed to demonstrations of patriotic enthusiasm, and everywhere promising the speedy advent of Garibaldi. Towards the close of their romantic journey, in the wild and solitary oak-forest of Ficuzza, they had fallen in with the *compagni d'armi*, who gave chase and captured their guide.

The news of Garibaldi which they brought safe through so many perils to Piana dei Greci prevented the total extinction of the movement initiated on April 4. Pilo was playing a game of bluff: he had gone to Sicily to keep the insurrection alive in the hope that by doing so he would induce Garibaldi to follow and take over the lead, but he found that the only means of keeping it alive was to announce Garibaldi's coming as a thing already certain. The Albanians at once sent word round to the patriots of the Sicilian townships to take the field again, and, although their own village was speedily occupied by royal troops, they put themselves under Pilo's leadership and marched off once more to the other side of Monreale. There, establishing his rough camp on the Inserra mountains, Pilo, at the head of

¹ Termini, which sent many men to join the *squadre*, was occupied by Neapolitan troops on April 22. *Termini*, 5, 6.

the partially revived insurrection, watched Palermo in the plain below until the actual coming of Garibaldi relieved him of a heavy responsibility.¹

Pilo's arrival as earnest of the approach of the *deus ex machina* entirely changed the political atmosphere. In spite of the failure of the revolt, it was the Sicilians who exulted, the soldiers who were gloomy and anxious. During the last fortnight of April and the first few days of May, the authorities at Naples and Palermo were perpetually alarmed by false reports sent them by the Cardinals in Rome and by their own agents in Genoa and Turin, to the effect that Garibaldi had already sailed.²

The confidence of the Sicilians of all classes that he would come and that he would conquer was irrational and unbounded; 'this belief,' wrote the Governor Castalcicala, on May 3, 'is universal, and has spread to the remotest villages of the island.'³ In Palermo the secret press was often taken out of the flower-pot to print off little handbills, beginning *Fratelli vinceremo* ('Brothers, we shall conquer'), and signed *Il Comitato* ('The Committee'). The excitement had been tense ever since April 7, when Baron Riso and five other nobles of the first families in Sicily had been marched through the crowded streets to the Castellamare fortress, bound together as common felons. 'The Committee' organised impressive demonstrations of the unanimity of the capital and its obedience to orders. One day a vast crowd of many thousands appeared suddenly in the mile-long Toledo street which divides the town in half, and gave one universal shout of *Viva Vittorio Emanuele* before the astonished police knew what to do. Every day there were smaller demonstrations and numerous

¹ *Piana dei Greci*, 22, 23. *Paolucci, Pilo*, 246-266. *Romano-Catania*, 3-5. *Costantini*, chaps. vii. and x. For Pilo's voyage see *Motto*, or *Mazzini*, xi. pp. liv., lxix., clxiv.-clxx. *Risorg.* anno i., iv. 711-714. The date of departure was morning of March 25, see *Mazzini*, xi. pp. clx. and clxvii., not 26th as stated in *Paolucci, Pilo*, 248.

² *Palermo MS., Polizia*, No. 1238, *passim*.

³ *Palermo MS., Polizia*, No. 1238, *passim*. Letter of May 3. And *Brancaccio*, 164, 167, 178.

arrests. The shutters were often put up and commerce was at a standstill. The Vicaria gaol-fortress in the northern suburb was crowded by hundreds of political prisoners, who cast in the teeth of the gaolers that ' *Piddu* ' (Giuseppe Garibaldi) was coming.¹

Amid the gathering of these thunder-clouds, so soon to break over Palermo in the deluge of the final catastrophe, a strange melodrama was being enacted round the death-bed of Francesco Riso. On April 14, thirteen of the Gancia rebels had been executed on a piece of waste ground near the port, now known as the ' *Piazza delle 13 vittime.*' Among these victims was Riso's aged father. A few days later Maniscalco came to the bedside of the son, who lay dying from the wound received at the Gancia, and offered to spare the life of his father if he would reveal his accomplices. Riso, full of pity for the old man, whom he thought to be still alive, and perhaps not unwilling to expose the nobles whom he held to have deserted him, made long statements on April 17 and 22, in which he named Baron Riso and others who were already under arrest, and Mortillaro and Pisani who were still at large. When it was too late to repent of his weakness, he learned from the Chaplain of the hospital that his father had been shot several days before. He procured, by the help of the sympathetic Chaplain and of a medical student in the hospital, a pistol with which to avenge himself on Maniscalco, and hid it under his bedclothes. But he was too weak to use it, and on April 27 he died, in no Christian frame of mind.²

None of the conspirators whom he had named came to grief, but the revolt which he had set on foot continued and spread until it became the Italian revolution. While he was breathing his last, his countrymen whispered to each other as they passed in the streets, 'He is coming!' 'Garibaldi?' 'Garibaldi.'

¹ *Palermo MS., Polizia*, Nos. 1237, 1238, Castelfidardo's letters. *Paolucci*, *Riso*, 38. *La Lumia*, 66, 73. *Cronaca*, 51, 60. *Brancaccio*, 164. *Pietraganzili*, 1, 256-258. *Menghini*, 17, 18, 414. *Türr's Div.*, doc. 5, pp. 339-341.

² See Appendix C. The death-bed of Francesco Riso.

CHAPTER IX

THE ORIGINS OF THE EXPEDITION. NICE OR SICILY?

'Such ties are not
For those who are call'd to the high destinies
Which purify corrupted commonwealths;
We must forget all feelings save the *one*,
We must resign all passions save our purpose,
We must behold no object save our country,
And only look on death as beautiful,
So that the sacrifice ascend to heaven,
And draw down freedom on her evermore.'

BYRON.—*Marino Faliero*, Act II, sc. 2.

THE expedition of Garibaldi, that led in six months to the liberation of the whole of Italy, except Venetia and the district round Rome, was not the work of one party, but of all the elements of Italian patriotism. Mazzini and his friends instigated the expedition; Garibaldi and his followers accomplished it; the King and Cavour allowed it to start, and when it had begun to succeed, gave it the support and the guidance without which it must inevitably have failed midway. It is true that the fiercer adherents of each party vilified their allies, denying to them their just share of credit. But these partisan and personal jealousies have at least helped forward the investigations of the historian, by inducing controversialists, like Bertani and La Farina, to give to the world documents that can be trusted better than the opinions of their editors, while moderate men like Sirtori, Medici, and Bixio, regretting these unseemly squabbles, have come forward with reliable statements of what they themselves saw and heard.¹ The whole truth is not yet

¹ A good example of this will be found in the report of the important

clear, especially as regards the motives that prompted Cavour's action up to the time of the sailing of the *Thousand*, but it is now possible to give a fairly accurate though not a complete narrative of the origins of the expedition, and of the preparations made for its armament and departure.

The idea that Garibaldi should go to liberate Sicily was as old as March 1854, when Mazzini had suggested it to him in London at the moment of his return from America on board his coal-ship.¹ In September 1859, the Sicilians had themselves invited him.² On both occasions he had replied that he would gladly go, but only if the Sicilians were already in open rebellion, to which he declined to incite them on his own responsibility. Since he always adhered strictly to this formula, it became the task of the Mazzinian party to stir up revolt in the island in order to hold him to the terms of his promise.

In December 1859, Mazzini's agent, Crispi, returning from his unsuccessful attempt to promote a rising in his native Sicily,³ repaired to Tuscany and Emilia, the newly-liberated States of Central Italy, which were not yet annexed to Piedmont, but still under the provisional government of the Dictators Ricasoli and Farini. Here he sought and found Fabrizi, revolutionary agent in Malta for the affairs of Sicily and Naples,⁴ then on a visit to his native Modena after an exile of some thirty years. The two friends agreed that since the invasion of the Papal States had been vetoed from Turin, the time had come for an attack on the Bourbon kingdom. Emilia and Tuscany were filled with Garibaldi's volunteers, unemployed and discontented since their chief had, a few weeks before, been recalled from the 'Rubicon.'⁵ Let these men, said Crispi, be drawn off from a district

retrospective debate in the Chamber on June 19, 1863, in which Bertani, La Farina, Bixio, and Sirtori all took part.

¹ See p. 19, above.

² See p. 151, above.

³ See p. 152, above.

⁴ See p. 149, above.

⁵ See pp. 119-121, above.

where they are only a source of embarrassment to the authorities, and let them sail under Garibaldi to the liberation of Sicily. Thence the revolution would spread to Naples and from Naples to the Papal States taken in the rear. Crispi, introduced by Fabrizi, laid the plan before Farini, the Dictator of Emilia, who was residing in Modena. Farini entered eagerly into the plot, and sent Crispi on to Turin to obtain the consent of the Piedmontese Government.

Rattazzi was still Victor Emmanuel's Prime Minister, but was already tottering to his fall. Between December 15 and January 3 he had several interviews with Crispi, and listened with sympathy to his proposal. The project was also laid before the Sicilian La Farina, Secretary of the National Society and Cavour's confidant,¹ whom Crispi found more disposed than the Prime Minister to raise objections. Early in the new year the Rattazzi government fell, and Cavour came back to power (January 20, 1860). One of his first acts was to drive Crispi out of Turin under the old order of expulsion still hanging over his head.² Cavour as yet only knew of Crispi as one of Mazzini's most violent followers, and he was moreover determined to enter upon no adventures in the South until he had secured the actual annexation of Tuscany and Emilia by a bargain which he was now on the point of negotiating with Napoleon.³

Meanwhile, during the last days of 1859, Garibaldi came to Turin, bent on obtaining some employment for himself and his volunteers. He was not yet thinking of Sicily, though Crispi and Rattazzi were at that moment discussing the possibility of sending him there. He asked for a free hand to organise the National Guard in Lombardy as a force under his own command. Through the influence, probably, of Cavour, this was refused, although the king as usual treated Garibaldi with the greatest kindness, and sent him

¹ See pp. 66, 67, above.

² *Crispi* (1), 300-303. *Mazzini*, xl, pp. xxxix-xll. *La Farina, Mario, Vita*, I, 195 (Crispi's letter).

³ *Chiala*, III, 209.

away from the interview with unshaken confidence in the *Re galantuomo*. His anger was entirely directed against Cavour. While he was in Turin, the ministerial crisis came to a head, and the baser friends of the falling Rattazzi government tried to save the situation by using Garibaldi's name against their great rival. 'Our poor Garibaldi,' wrote his wise and faithful follower Medici, who had thrown up his own commission in order to be at his service,

'Our poor Garibaldi . . . allows himself to be persuaded by discredited men to go to Turin; he comes with most noble intentions; but Garibaldi in alliance with Brofferio cannot succeed . . . he ruins himself in times of inaction; he talks too much, writes too much, and listens too much to those who know nothing.'¹

Under these malign influences he resigned, on December 29, the Presidency of the National Society,² which was closely associated with Cavour through its Secretary, La Farina. On December 31, he proceeded to form a rival society of a more advanced tendency, to be called the '*Nazione Armata*.' But the project failed to enlist support and was dissolved in ridicule. On January 4, 1860, by a happier inspiration, he issued an appeal calling on the Italians to subscribe instead to his 'Million Rifles Fund' for the purchase of arms. Although the name betokened the ideal rather than the achievement, the Fund was destined to be of great importance in the history of the Sicilian expedition. The government consented to allow the purchase of arms by the Directors on condition that it was kept informed of the whereabouts of the armouries. To this Garibaldi readily agreed.³

Cavour, having fought his way back to office in spite of the intrigues of his enemies, felt no resentment against the simple man whom they had made their tool, no pang of jealousy against the rival of his popular fame, and none of

¹ To Panizzì, January 8, 1860, *Panizzì*, 407, 408.

² In which post he had succeeded Pallavicino in the middle of October; see *La Farina*, II. 222. For the National Society, p. 65, above.

³ *Ciampoli*, 123-125.

that contempt which clever people of the second order so often feel towards men of great but not strictly intellectual powers. 'Although,' he wrote, on February 10, 'Garibaldi allowed himself to be drawn into union with my personal enemies, Brofferio and Co., I recognise in him none the less one of the greatest forces of which Italy can avail herself.'¹

Indeed the main problem for Italy in the coming year was to avoid the wrong and to find the right outlet for the pent anger and energy of the Garibaldini, now growing so dangerous at home. The suggestion that they should be sent to liberate Sicily, made in December by Crispi and Fabrizi, was in January taken up by Garibaldi's own friends, Medici and Bertani, who on the 19th wrote to tell their secret to the confidant of all Italian patriots who sat in the British Museum Library.² 'English policy,' wrote Bertani, 'will gain by the scheme: Medici and I will set to work to persuade Garibaldi.' Bertani, who later in the year was extreme in opposition to Cavour, in January still understood the realities of the situation, which he himself was doing much to develop in the right direction.

'To bring together Cavour and Garibaldi,' so he wrote to Panizzi, 'is now a difficulty but still more a necessity for our cause. Garibaldi has in his hand the people of Italy and the King; Cavour could supply the intelligence and the guidance that both require through dangerous paths. Cavour with the King and Garibaldi can emancipate himself in great part from subjection to Napoleon. . . . You do not know perhaps how much Napoleon may fear and ought to fear Garibaldi, the only man able to disarrange his plans and force his hands.'

The history of the year was to be a remarkable fulfilment of all these words.³

On January 24 Garibaldi replied as follows to Bertani's petition that he should go to Sicily :—

¹ *Chiala*, III, 208. For events related in the above paragraphs, see *Guerzoni*, I, 506, 507. *La Farina*, II, 263–282. *Chiala*, III, pp. cccII–cccVI.

² Bertani's letter to Panizzi of January 19. *Panizzi*, 412.

³ *Chiala*, IV, pp. xcl, xcII, Letter of January 19.

'You can assure your friends of South Italy that I am always at their disposition when they are willing really to act.'

and indicated that the weapons now being purchased by his Million Rifles Fund might serve him to arm an expedition against the Bourbons.¹

On the very day when he wrote this letter, which we may regard as his first contribution to the correspondence of the Sicilian expedition, he committed the most foolish act of his private life in marrying the daughter of Count Raimondi. At a critical moment in the Alpine campaign of the previous summer, news of the Austrians had been brought to him across the mountains by a young lady, whose handsome presence and daring deed appealed to his facile sense of the romantic. In the middle of December he became her father's guest at Fino, near Como, and after his political visit to Turin he returned there again in the middle of January 1860. That first month of his great year brought him little credit either in public or private affairs. Forgetting his fifty-two winters and her youth, and much else that it behoved him to remember, he proposed marriage and was accepted by her and her family. On January 24, 1860, the ceremony took place at Fino, but before nightfall a letter was put into his hand which proved that she was in the habit of favouring a younger man. Full of 'bad thoughts,' but 'terribly cool as to his demeanour,' he sought the house through till he came to his wife's room, and asked her if she had written the letter. She confessed it. 'Then see,' he said, 'that you do not bear my name; I leave you for ever.'²

In February he returned to dig at Caprera,³ bitterly mortified, and, as we may guess, craving to find oblivion of the present in deeds and adventures more worthy of things long past. As he moodily broke the soil in the cold February days he revolved letters and messages that came to the

¹ *Ciampoli*, 127. *Chiala*, iv, p. xcII.

² *Guerzoni*, I. 466, 508, 509. *Melena*, 83, 148. *Mario Supp.* 450.

³ See Appendix D, below, sec. I.

island, all urging him to go and liberate the South. Mazzini had written more than once calling on him to aid a simultaneous attack on Sicily and the Papal States, but apparently without obtaining an answer.¹ In the middle of February Bertani sent to Caprera a certain Mignona, a Neapolitan exile of Mazzinian opinions, to arrange for an attack on the Bourbon power. Garibaldi agreed to help, on the condition that the movement was strictly monarchical, and wrote on February 20 to the effect that the money and arms collected by the Million Rifles Fund should be applied to this purpose.²

It was in fact almost superfluous for Mazzini on February 19 and 28 to write from London beseeching Bertani, Medici, and Bixio to stir up Garibaldi.³ They had been successfully at work upon him ever since January. But at the end of February their efforts were seconded by the arrival from London of Mazzini's Sicilian friend, Rosolino Pilo, a still unreconciled Republican. On February 24 Pilo wrote to Garibaldi from Genoa, offering himself to go to the South and raise a rebellion, provided that Garibaldi would promise to come out then and take over the command. On March 15 Garibaldi wrote from Caprera in reply :

'Arrange with Bertani and the Directors [of the Million Rifles Fund] at Milan to obtain the arms and requirements. In case of action remember that the programme is *Italy and Victor Emmanuel*.

'I will not flinch from any undertaking, however dangerous it may be, where it is a question of fighting the enemies of our country. But at the present time I do not think a revolutionary movement opportune in any part of Italy, unless it has great probability of success.'⁴

This famous letter is no more than a repetition of the conditional promise which he had made to Bertani, first on January 24 and again in February at the time of Mignona's

¹ *Bertani*, II. 8, 9.

² *Mazzini*, xl. pp. xlv-xlviii.

³ See Appendix D, below, sec. II.

⁴ *Mario*, 255.

visit.¹ But his letter of March 15 was addressed to a man who took him at his word and started off then and there for Sicily to create the revolt for which he stipulated as the preliminary to his own action. On March 25 Pilo, with his companion Corrao, set sail in a fishing-boat from Genoa.²

But before their little storm-tossed bark could land the two travellers on the Sicilian shore, the revolt which they intended to stir up had broken out at Palermo on April 4 under the leadership of Riso the plumber.³ By the end of the first week of April the news that the Sicilians had risen reached Turin, at the moment when the representatives of free Italy, from the 'Rubicon' to the Alps, were gathering there to watch the unequal Parliamentary duel between Garibaldi and Cavour on the question of Savoy and Nice.

For now, after a year of waiting, Tuscany and Emilia had been safely annexed, and the price of Napoleon's consent to the annexation had been agreed to by treaty. On March 24 Cavour signed away the provinces of Savoy and Nice in the presence of the French Plenipotentiary. 'Now,' he said, rubbing his hands together in a way that he had when pleased, 'now we are accomplices.'⁴ Of two accomplices, one is certain to get the better of the other, and Cavour rubbed his hands because he felt sure to get by the bargain more than Napoleon intended to give. He had no thought of being contented with the Central Provinces alone. On March 30, six days after he had signed the treaty, we find him writing to sound Villamarina at Naples as to the practicability of a Neapolitan revolution. He would, he wrote, have wished to postpone the attack on the South, but that events were driving him forward. And indeed the offensive alliance just formed by the King of Naples with the Pope and Austria made it more dangerous for him to sit still than to advance.⁵

¹ *Ciampoli*, 127. See Appendix D, below, sec. III.

² See p. 159, above.

³ See pp. 155, 156, above.

⁴ *Chiala*, iv, p. lxxviii.

⁵ See pp. 138, 141, above.

When, therefore, in the first week of April he knew that the Sicilians were in revolt, his first thought was to send them aid. He could hardly at that moment send them Garibaldi, who had just arrived in Turin for the purpose of denouncing him as the traitor who sold Nice. But on April 6 the War Minister, General Fanti, wrote in Cavour's name to General Ribotti, then in command of the royal troops at Rimini, to ask 'whether if the revolution breaks out in Sicily you would go there, first resigning your commission in the Army.' Ribotti, who had in 1848 commanded a brigade of Sicilian revolutionists, was a suitable person to lead the insurgents, but, as we can now see, no leader of irregular troops except Garibaldi would in fact have had the least chance of success under the actual conditions in Sicily. Indeed, when Ribotti arrived at Turin, eager to be sent on the expedition, he found Cavour and Fanti already hanging back; they expressed to him their doubts as to the seriousness of the rising in the island, and by that time, it must also be remembered, they knew for certain that Garibaldi was preparing to go. Ribotti, disgusted by the fickleness of statesmen, returned to his command at Rimini.¹

Garibaldi meanwhile, leaving Caprera on April 1 and visiting Nice on the way,² arrived at Turin as one of the duly elected representatives of his native city to protest against the proposal to hand it over to France. In the blackness of his anger against the man who had 'made him a foreigner,' the great Nizzard might have carried his protest dangerously far, had not the news of the Sicilian rising of April 4 reached him in happy time, and thenceforth employed more than half his thoughts and energies. On April 7 Crispi and Bixio, who received the news at Genoa by a wire from Fabrizi at Malta, started for Turin to inform Garibaldi that Sicily was in arms. An hour before midnight they found him, and claimed that since the conditions

¹ *Fanti*, 320, 321. *Guardione*, II. 419, 420 (*Calvino*). *Chiala*, IV. p. cx.

² *King's Mazzini*, 184, note. *Guersoni*, II. 8.

of his often repeated promise were now fulfilled, he was bound to go to the help of the islanders. He consented at once, provided that his friend Hudson, the British Minister at Turin, would confirm the news.¹ Next day (April 8), having, probably, been satisfied by Hudson, he wrote to the Directors of the Million Rifles Fund at Milan to send the arms and money to Genoa, where the expedition was to be organised. On the 9th he applied to his friend Fauché, the paid agent of the Rubattino Steamship Company at Genoa, to procure one of the Company's steamers—'either the *Piemonte* or the *San Giorgio*,' so he writes—'to take me to Sicily with some companions.'²

These 'companions' were to be chosen principally from the volunteers of 1859. Many of them, including Medici and Bixio, had retired into civil life with their chief after his recall from the 'Rubicon' in November, and were therefore in a position to obey his summons at a moment's notice.³ But others were now in the royal forces, being chiefly congregated in the 46th regiment of the line under Colonel Gaetano Sacchi, a veteran who had followed Garibaldi in every campaign since 1842. Garibaldi's first idea when he heard the news of the Sicilian rising was to obtain leave to take with him Sacchi's regiment, and possibly the 45th as well. He saw Victor Emmanuel, who was sympathetic, but would say neither 'yes' nor 'no,' probably because he had not yet asked Cavour. Garibaldi thereupon called Sacchi to Turin, divulged the plan to him, and sent him off to sound the old Garibaldini among the officers of the 46th, who went nearly mad with joy at such a prospect. But a few days later the King, having consulted Cavour, not only refused to sanction this particular plan, but told Garibaldi that he must use every effort to preserve the discipline of the Army, and must not carry off either its regiments or its individual members, lest while he was conquering Sicily the country should be left

¹ *Crispi, Diario*, 18. *Guersoni*, II. 25. *Fabrizi*, 49.

² *Ciampoli*, 132, 133.

³ *Panizzi*, 403. Medici's letter of December 29, 1859.

defenceless to the attack of Austria, or to the now scarcely less dreaded protection of France. Garibaldi sent again to fetch Sacchi to Turin, and in the presence of Trecchi, the King's confidential aide-de-camp, told him the hard decision.¹

In this vital matter Garibaldi loyally obeyed the general spirit of the King's orders, in spite of great temptation to wink at desertions. Out of the Thousand who first sailed for Sicily, only five were royal officers ; but of these at least one, Bandi, was deliberately taken by Garibaldi because he required his technical experience on the staff, and he was not wrong in supposing that the King actually wished him to go.² But great numbers of privates and officers were refused at every stage of the expedition, both by Garibaldi himself and by Bertani and the agents whom he left behind him to organise the reinforcements. In spite of the ardent desire prevalent in all ranks of the service to go to Sicily at every personal sacrifice of promotion or career, the combined efforts of the authorities and of Garibaldi's friends preserved very tolerable discipline in the Army, and so saved the country from disaster.³

During the last five days of his residence in the capital (April 8-12), Garibaldi was torn between his duty to Sicily and his duty, as he conceived it, to Nice. A committee of his fellow-townsmen had come to Turin and were urging him to save them from France, while Crispi and Bertani worked hard on the other side, telling him ' he ought now to think of nothing but Sicily.'⁴ The powerful advice of Sir James

¹ *Guerzoni*, II. 26, 27 and note, being Sacchi's own evidence. *Cappellotti's V. E.* II. 183, 184. *Türr's Div.* II. All the stages of the incident must have occurred between April 8 and April 12, for Sacchi says he was on both occasions fetched to Turin, and Garibaldi was not in Turin after April 12, and he only learnt of the rising in Sicily on April 7, midnight.

² *Bandi*, 60, 61.

³ A quantity of evidence on this point, for May 1860, will be found collected in *Milan MSS., A. B.*, Plico xII, No. 13. Also *Ciampoli*, 137, and *Bandi*, 64, 65.

⁴ *Crispi, Diario*, 19.

Hudson was thrown into the Sicilian scale. The British Minister at Turin understood that Savoy and Nice were the necessary price of Italian unity, and he made it his business to prevent Lord John Russell and Garibaldi from ruining Italy by useless resistance to Napoleon. In England, then nervous of every increase of French power, the feeling against the cession of Nice and Savoy was very strong, and Palmerston talked of war with France. Lord John, as Foreign Minister, loudly voiced the feeling of the country. But Hudson, who saw in England's attitude a danger to Italy, wrote, on April 6, to his friend Lady Russell a letter which was certainly intended to be seen by her husband, and is more artfully calculated to convince Lord John than anything which its author could well have put into the diplomatic language of a dispatch. The abuse of Napoleon III may, in part, be set down to the desire of the writer to win the confidence of his readers, and the rest of the letter may still be read as one of the best statements of the difficult case of Nice and Savoy.¹

TURIN, 6 April, 1860.

'MY DEAR LADY JOHN,

. . . You mention in your letter the name of that scandal to royalty—Louis Napoleon. What can I say of him? Hypocrite and footpad combined. He came to carry out an "Idea," and he prigs the silver spoons. "Take care of your pockets" ought to be the cry whenever he appears, either personally or by deputy.

'But do not I beg of you consider and confound either the King of Sardinia or Cavour as his accomplice. Think for a moment on the condition of Sardinia, who represents the nascent hope of Italy—think of the evil that man [Napoleon] meant, how he tried to trip up the heels of Tuscany—establish a precarious Vicarial existence for the Romagna, and plots now at Naples; not to have surrendered when he cried "stand and deliver," would have been to have risked all that was gained—would have given breathing time to Rome—reinforced and comforted

¹ Printed from the *Russell MSS.*, lent me by Lady Agatha Russell. For Britain's attitude on the question see *Walpole's Twenty-five Years*, I, 274-278, and *Br. Parl. Papers*, 9, 11. *Palmerston*, II, 190-192.

Rome's partizans in the Romagna—have induced doubt, fear, and disunion throughout Italy. Judging by the experience of the last eight years I must say I saw no means of avoiding the Rocks ahead save by a sop to Cerberus.

'But do not lose confidence in the National party. Cavour or no Cavour, Victor Emmanuel or another, that party is determined to give Italy an Italian representation. I regret that the Nizzards (who have a keen eye to the value of Building Lots) are wrenched from us by a French filou—but I cannot forget that the Savoyards have constantly upheld the Pope, and have been firm and consistent in their detestation of Liberal Government in Sardinia. I am not speaking of the neutral parts please remember.

'Your most devoted servant,

'JAMES HUDSON.'

The writer of this letter was equally energetic in his efforts to divert Garibaldi from Nice. We know from Crispi's diary¹ that Garibaldi consulted the British Minister in these critical days at Turin, and Hudson himself used in after years to describe how he had urged his friend to leave the inevitable alone and to go where he was really wanted; hoping to arouse his patriotic emulation, Hudson told him that another expedition to help the Sicilians was being fitted out by an Englishman.²

Whether this adventurous Briton was a reality or a bright creation of diplomatic fancy, there was an Englishman of flesh and blood at this time in the Piedmontese capital deeply involved in another conspiracy. Laurence Oliphant, the charming, witty and eccentric author of '*Piccadilly*,' who, when he was not shining in London society, was seeking adventures wherever they were to be found, from Nicaragua to Poland and Japan, managed on this occasion to get into touch with the Nizzard Committee at Turin. He helped them to persuade Garibaldi, who attended their secret meetings, to make an interpellation in the Chamber;

¹ *Crispi, Diario*, 18.

² I have this from Sir Cecil Spring Rice, who had it from Hudson's own lips.

but if that failed (as Garibaldi was angrily sure that it would fail, having no faith in Parliamentary proceedings in times of crisis), it was agreed that he should go to Nice and make there some demonstration of a more practical kind. On April 12 the famous interpellation took place before a large and excited audience. It was Garibaldi's first appearance in Parliament. He spoke calmly, repeating the constitutional arguments with which others had supplied him, but his best point was a well-founded complaint of pressure then being exercised by government on the people of Nice to induce them to vote in their *plébiscite* for annexation to France. He asked that the polling day at Nice should at least be postponed from April 15 till April 22, which was the date fixed for the vote in Savoy. Cavour answered courteously and effectively, assuring the House that to have refused to sign the Treaty of March 24 would have endangered the State newly formed by the annexation of the Centre, and would absolutely have destroyed all hope of further advance. 'Turn your eyes,' he said, 'beyond the Mincio and beyond the confines of Tuscany.' This somewhat broad hint was well understood, and the Chamber escaped from the subject by voting a non-committal 'order of the day.'¹

Garibaldi left the Chamber in a rage. 'I told you so,' he said to Oliphant: 'that is what your fine interpellations and Parliamentary methods always come to.' That night the Nizzard Committee met once more and, as Oliphant, who was there present, reports, a plan was decided on more suited to Garibaldi's taste. All knew that the *plébiscite*, manipulated by Government, would go heavily for annexation if taken on April 15. It was therefore decided that Garibaldi should 'leave Genoa in a steamer to be chartered for the purpose, with two hundred men,' and, sailing to Nice, should enter the town just after the vote had been taken, smash the ballot-boxes, and scatter the papers, so rendering

¹ *Cam. Dep.*, April 12, 1860. *Chiala*, iv. pp. lxxxviii - lxxxiv, *Guerzoni*, ii. 9. *Oliphant*, 166-171. *Br. Parl. Papers*, 11, p. 182.

a new ballot necessary. It was believed that this demonstration by Garibaldi, followed by an active canvass by the Nizzard Committee, would so change public opinion that when the new *plébiscite* was taken, the result might go against the wishes of the government. Garibaldi, for his part, having smashed the ballot-boxes, would sail for Sicily—but with very little chance, after such an exploit, of support by Cavour or of toleration by Napoleon.

On the same evening (April 12), Garibaldi held another meeting in his own lodgings in the Via S. Teresa, with the Sicilian Committee, who strongly opposed the mad Nizzard project.¹ There were present Bertani (who had come from Genoa on purpose), Medici, Bixio, and Finzi, one of the Directors of the Million Rifles Fund. It was agreed that Garibaldi should go to Sicily with 200 men armed with Enfield rifles, which Finzi undertook to supply from the armoury of the Fund at Milan.²

Next morning (April 13), Garibaldi started for Genoa,³ with the Sicilian and Nizzard plans both in his head. Oliphant, who had no share in the secrets of the Sicilian scheme, travelled with him in a reserved railway carriage. They held scarcely any conversation on the way, because Garibaldi was engaged in reading an immense budget of letters received that morning. The Englishman observed him tearing each of them into little bits, until the floor of the carriage looked like 'a gigantic waste-paper basket.' Oliphant wondered at the time what all these letters could be, but afterwards learnt that they were answers to the call for volunteers for Sicily.

Arrived at Genoa, Oliphant went off, at Garibaldi's request, to charter a diligence in which a first batch of conspirators should go to Nice to prepare the way there for Garibaldi and his two hundred ballot-breakers. But when Oliphant returned from the coach office he found the

¹ *Crispi, Diario*, 19, sub. April 12.

² See Appendix F, sec. I., below.

³ See Appendix E, below, for the date of his return to Genoa.

whole plan abandoned, once and for ever, as being likely to jeopardise the more important Sicilian project.

'I repaired,' he writes, 'to the hotel which Garibaldi had indicated as his address, and which was a rough, old-fashioned, second-rate-looking place upon the quay.¹ There was no doubt about the General being there, for there was a great hurrying in and out, and a buzzing of young men about the door, as though something of importance was going on inside. Before being admitted to the General, I was made to wait until my name was taken in to him. It was evident that precautions were being taken in regard to admissions into his presence. After a few moments I was shown into a large room, in which twenty or thirty men were at supper, and at the head of the table sat Garibaldi. He immediately made room for me next him; and before I had time to tell him the result of my mission at the diligence office, accosted me thus: "*Amico mio*, I am very sorry, but we must abandon all idea of carrying out our Nice programme. Behold these gentlemen from Sicily . . . I had hoped to be able to carry out this little Nice affair first, for it is only a matter of a few days; but much as I regret it, the general opinion is that we shall lose all if we try for too much."'

Garibaldi offered to take him to Sicily instead, and it was afterwards the regret of Oliphant's life that, owing to engagements at home, he refused the chance of representing England among 'the Thousand.'²

So Garibaldi accepted the cruel severance that henceforth divided his old home from his country, the haunts of his boyhood and the house of his parents from the patriotic ambition of his life. Those of us who have never undergone this bitterness, and yet more those who have never had the fortune to love one beautiful place out of all the world with

¹ I have no doubt this was the *Albergo della Felicità*, a picturesque old house still standing high above the quay, on the top of the shops and the old arcade, nearly opposite the Palazzo S. Giorgio, in the heart of maritime Genoa. For Canzio told me that he well remembered Garibaldi coming there on the day of his return from Turin, and, entering the inn, asking him (Canzio), 'Will the Genoese Carabineers be ready for Sicily?'

² *Oliphant*, 172-179. See Appendix E, below, *Laurence Oliphant's Story*.

the love that is rooted in the memory of childhood, may censure him because he thought too fondly of the little harbour with its seafaring folk that nestled close under the rugged hill. The cosmopolitan wanderer who wearies of the glittering esplanade at Nice, on the wrong side of that hill, will not understand what his feeling was. Cavour no doubt was right, and Garibaldi could not see why, because he did not understand European politics. And so he never forgave Cavour, and misinterpreted all his actions in the great year that followed. It was a pity. But his own simple words, spoken to his aide-de-camp, Bandi, a few days before they sailed together to Sicily, carry his condemnation or his apology according to the spirit in which we choose to read them :—

‘ This man, you know, has sold my fatherland. Poor Nizza ! Well, all the same I deal with him as a good friend and ask him to give me a thousand firearms, so that we can go and get ourselves cut to pieces in Sicily. It seems to me not to be asking much, eh ? ’

Of Victor Emmanuel, who for his part also had given up the mountain cradle of the House of Savoy, ‘ he spoke,’ says Bandi, ‘ with much affection.’¹

¹ *Bandi*, 31. Mrs. Browning put the pathos of the situation of Garibaldi and Nice into the famous poem, *Garibaldi*, in *Last Poems*, 1862.

CHAPTER X

THE VILLA AT QUARTO. THE PREPARATIONS

‘Degno ei senza dubbio di essere comparato ai migliori romani, se in lui il senso umano non fosse più profondo e gentile che non potesse per alcune parti e per molte ragioni essere in quelli, se egli non avesse di più quell’istinto di cavalleresche avventure che è proprio delle razze nuove e miste.’
—CARDUCCI, *Per la morte di Giuseppe Garibaldi*.

‘Beyond doubt he is worthy to be compared to the best of the ancient Romans, were it not that in him the sense of humanity was more profound and tender than, for many reasons, it could be in them, at least on certain sides; were it not also that he possessed, in a higher degree, the impulse towards chivalrous adventures peculiar to young and mixed races.’

IN the oldest district of Genoa that hangs crowded on the hillside above the port, the deep, sunless alleys, though too narrow for horse traffic, are cheerful with the life of an active and prosperous population. Here, in the centre of the maritime enterprise and democratic patriotism of Italy, Mazzini had been born and bred, and from his lands of exile he had long exerted over his native town an influence which now belonged rather to Cavour and Garibaldi.¹ Much indeed had changed since Garibaldi himself, as a sea captain of twenty-six, had sought to head a rebellion in this very city against the House of Savoy, and after waiting in vain two hours in the open street for any one to join him, had fled over the mountains for his life.²

Genoa was Italy’s port of departure for the liberation of the South. From Genoa the unfortunate Pisacane had

¹ *Chiala*, iv. p. cxlii.

² *Trevelyan’s Gar. Rome*, 18, 19. *Guersoni*, l. 41, 42.

sailed three years before, and Pilo in March of the current year. And now in mid April preparations were making for a happier enterprise. In the port lay the Rubattino Company's steamers, of which the agent Fauché had promised one to Garibaldi; and up the hill, in Bertani's house, sat the men who were organising the expedition. Already carefully picked volunteers from the patriotic cities of the North were coming by invitation to report themselves to the Committee and to take up lodgings assigned them in the town. During the three weeks that elapsed before the expedition started there was a constant increase in the number of these strangers, and in the excitement of the Genoese at the preparations known to be going on in their midst. Secret agents, not only of Cavour, but of governments hostile to the Italian cause, were there to watch the game, and between April 17 and May 1, the Neapolitan Foreign Office was at least four several times alarmed by premature reports of the departure of Garibaldi.¹

Within a day or two of his arrival from Turin upon this busy scene, Garibaldi wisely withdrew himself from the gaze of the curious to a villa at Quarto, some three miles outside the town, along the eastern Riviera. The *Villa Spinola*, as it was then called (now the *Villa Cosci*), rises within its own little walled garden, at a place where two country lanes meet. It stands in a district of vineyards and scattered houses, a quarter of a mile from the rocky sea-coast, from which it is completely cut off by the enclosed woods and pleasure grounds of the *Palazzo Spinola*. The *Villa Spinola* was in 1860 a yellow painted house of two floors above the *rez-de-chaussée*; ² the first floor only was inhabited—by the family of Augusto Vecchi. This veteran, one of Garibaldi's dearest friends, was no longer able to follow him to battle, but in 1849 he had kept close to his side through that fierce *mêlée*, prolonged from midnight to summer dawn, when the French had burst over the last defences of the Janiculum. He now received no notice of Garibaldi's visit. He and his

¹ *Palermo MS., Polizia*, No. 1238.

² It is now painted red, and another storey has been added.

son were leaning out of the window when they saw a carriage drive up the lane from Genoa, and a man in the ordinary black coat of civilisation descend from it at their door. It was the General himself, whom they rushed down to welcome with transports of joy.¹

From the northern bedroom in Vecchi's apartments on the first floor, where Garibaldi slept and held his consultations, he could see across the neighbouring vineyards the full sweep of the Genoese mountains, their lower slopes clothed in wood and dotted with white buildings, the upper ridges naked against the sky-line, crowned by the cross on the top of Monte Fascia, and by the old forts used in Massena's defence of Genoa, which had enabled the First Napoleon to free Italy at Marengo. Here for the three weeks before the sailing of the Thousand, Garibaldi lived secluded, often in the garden playing at bowls with Vecchi, or digging hard to ensure his health for the coming campaign. But he seldom went outside the wall of the enclosure, for all around lurked spies and busy-bodies, whom the General's younger followers from time to time chased down the lane, not without unseemly violence, especially when the prowler was a priest. But the Villa was often thronged with those who came and went on high matters. Day by day the organisers of the expedition appeared from Genoa; sometimes, too, a messenger from Sicily, and sometimes an emissary from Cavour.²

During the first days of his residence at the Villa Spinola, Garibaldi hourly expected to hear of the arrival at Genoa of 200 good Enfield rifles from the Million Rifles Fund at Milan. He was determined, when these had come, to start for Sicily with 200 followers in the small steamer *Piemonte*,³ and it can hardly be doubted, from what we now know of the real state

¹ *Jack La Botina*, 114, 115.

² My account of the villa and the life there in April-May, 1860, is partly drawn from notes taken on a visit which I made there with Canzio himself, not a year before he died. Since he was one of those who had admission to the villa during the preparations, he was able to tell me much.

³ Appendix F, below, sec. I., and *Lurio Giorn. d'It.*

of Sicily after the rebel defeat at Carini on April 18, that if he had gone with this little band, they would have perished in an almost unaided struggle with 20,000 regulars. But a chapter of accidents postponed their sailing from day to day and from week to week, till a somewhat fuller knowledge of the real course of the Sicilian revolt, and the constant stream of eager volunteers into Genoa, induced him to charter a second steamer and to take with him a thousand men, the bare minimum, as it proved, with which even he could work that miracle of conquest.

The first of these lucky delays was caused by the non-arrival of the 200 Enfields from Milan. Before leaving Turin for Genoa Garibaldi had ordered Finzi, the Director of his Million Rifles Fund at Milan, to send to Genoa rifles and other accoutrements for 200 men. But from April 13 to 16 Finzi had deliberately refrained from obtaining the arms, because the news from Sicily had been so bad that he thought Garibaldi would change his mind and not go. But on the 16th Garibaldi, deceived by false 'good' news from Sicily,¹ was eager to start in 'four or five days.'² Finzi, therefore, on April 16, at length sent to the armoury of the Million Rifles Fund to obtain the 200 Enfields, and great was his astonishment when Massimo D'Azeglio, the Governor of Milan, forbade any of the 12,000 firearms in the armoury to be moved, even at the order of the Directors of the Fund.³

It has often been disputed whether D'Azeglio acted in this matter on his own responsibility, or by orders from Cavour. The Prime Minister had left the North for Tuscany the day before the incident took place. D'Azeglio himself, who enjoyed a rare reputation for truthfulness,

¹ Probably the letter written by Pilo from Messina and sent by post to Genoa, which Paolucci thinks would have arrived about the 16th. *Paolucci, Pilo*, 251, 252, *Riso*, 47.

² *Bertani*, II. 32, 33. Garibaldi's letter.

³ Appendix F, below, sec. I. *Luzio Giorn. d'It. Crispi, Diario*, 19, *Fauché (P.)*, 82-4 (Finzi's letter).

writing to Rendu a month later and to Admiral Persano two months later, states that he acted on his own judgment. 'I had in my hands,' he writes, '12,000 firearms (*fucili*) of the Garibaldian Subscription, which I suspected would go into quite other hands than his.' The fear was groundless: Finzi, the Director of the Fund, who made the application, was a friend equally of Cavour and of Garibaldi, and certainly his presence ought to have been sufficient guarantee against any Mazzinian intrigue. But the Governor was in fact taken by surprise and much discomposed by a responsibility as unexpected as it was grave.¹ Under these conditions, his own view of what Piedmontese policy ought to be, which differed profoundly from that of Cavour, swayed his decision in this sudden crisis. An upright man before everything else, D'Azeglio felt a strong aversion, as he confessed in his letters, from the policy of arming guerilla bands against the Bourbons in Sicily while keeping up diplomatic relations with their court at Naples. And therefore, as the representative of government on the spot, he felt bound not to allow the Director of the Million Rifles Fund to take the arms purchased by that Fund in order to attack a friendly power.²

Meanwhile the Committee at Genoa were growing impatient for the rifles, and on April 17 Bertani sent Crispi to Milan to inquire. He found Finzi there on the 18th, and heard what had happened. On the 19th Finzi and Crispi went together to Turin, and each had a separate interview with Farini, now Victor Emmanuel's Minister of the Interior. Farini had in December last, as Dictator of Emilia, shown sympathy with the idea of the expedition when Crispi

¹ Such was Finzi's impression at their interview. See *Fauché (P.)*, 83, 84.

² *Persano*, 91. *Chiala*, iv. p. cxxix., note, for D'Azeglio's letter to Rendu:—'Quant à moi, comme j'ai une réputation d'honnête homme à conserver, je fais à Milan ma politique à moi; j'ai refusé les fusils à Garibaldi . . . et j'ai notifié aux *Italianissimi* que, selon mon opinion, on pouvait déclarer la guerre à Naples, mais non pas y avoir un représentant et envoyer les fusils aux Siciliens.' He repeats the same thing to Persano. Now Cavour's policy all the summer was exactly that which D'Azeglio repudiates as dishonest.

broached it to him at Modena. Now, however, he told Crispi that he disapproved an expedition to Sicily at this juncture of Italian and European affairs, especially since the *squadre* in the mountains round Palermo had been dispersed.¹ To Finzi, however, the Minister held a different language, suggesting that, although he could not in Cavour's absence take upon himself to overrule D'Azeglio, Garibaldi might obtain 1500 guns from the National Society, of which La Farina was Secretary.²

Cavour, indeed, had already, before departing for Tuscany on the 15th, offered these arms of La Farina and the National Society to aid an invasion of Sicily by Sicilian exiles under La Masa.³ La Masa himself was not a man whom Cavour could have expected to lead such an expedition with success : a popular figure at Palermo in 1848, of a somewhat theatrical type, he was devoted and active, and had influence on the lower orders in the island, but he was quite devoid of military talent. It can hardly be doubted that Cavour, when he told La Farina to act with La Masa and supply him with arms, trusted the wit of the two Sicilians to call in the only man who could save their country. They certainly acted at once on that assumption, for on April 17th they both came to Genoa to concert measures with Garibaldi. On the 19th Crispi returned with the news that there was no hope of obtaining the Enfields of the Million Rifles Fund. On the 20th a great gathering was held in the Villa Spinola, a truce was called to all personal and partisan feuds, La Masa and the Sicilians gladly put themselves under the orders of Garibaldi, and La Farina agreed to supply the weapons of the National Society to arm the joint expedition.⁴ On the same day Crispi wrote in cipher to his friends in Sicily :—

¹ *Crispi, Diario*, 19.

² *Fauché (P.)*, 85 (Finzi's letter).

³ *La Masa (Sic.)*, lil., is the first-hand evidence. *Oddo*, 154. *Chiala*, iv. pp. cxxli., cxxlii., accepts the story. The letter of La Farina to Cavour on April 24, *La Farina*, li. 313, proves Cavour's complicity in the handing over of the arms of the National Society.

⁴ *Crispi, Diario*, 19. *La Masa (Sic.)*, lii-v. *La Farina*, li. 313. *Bertani*, li. 32-34.

'About the 25th of the month I with others under the command of Garibaldi, having arms in plenty, will come to Sicily; be sure to expect us between Sciacca and Girgenti.'¹

But again there was a fortunate delay. The arms ordered by La Farina, registered as cases of 'books,' did not arrive at Genoa station until the 24th. Then, by the complicity of the Vice-Governor of Genoa, Pietro Magenta, to whom Cavour had passed the word, some thousand of the 'books' were taken by Bixio from the station to the Villa Spinola, where they awaited the moment of embarkation.² When Garibaldi saw the volumes unpacked at the Villa, he was deeply disappointed to find how much they differed from his fine library which D'Azeglio had sequestered at Milan. They were smooth-bore muskets, rusty with age, which had been converted from flint-locks into percussion, and finally sold as obsolete by the military authorities. They were, he bitterly exclaimed, so much 'old iron.'³ But since nothing better was to be had, he and his men were ready to face the Neapolitan rifles with the same inadequate type of weapon with which they had faced the Austrian rifles in the previous summer.

Meanwhile Victor Emmanuel was making a triumphal progress through his newly acquired territories. At the moment of leaving Turin for Florence on April 15 he wrote, by Cavour's advice, a remarkable letter to his 'dear cousin' of Naples :—

'We have reached,' so wrote the Northern to the Southern King, 'a time in which Italy can be divided into two powerful

¹ *Paolucci, Riso*, 48, 49.

² *La Farina*, li. 313, note. *Chiala*, lv. p. cxxiii, note, and clxii, note. *Bianchi's Cavour*, 94. *Biundi*, li. 10. *Cam. Dep.*, June 19, 1863, Bixio's own statement. On what day Bixio moved the arms from the station to the villa I am not certain; according to some accounts, not till May 3, 4.—*Mazzini*, xl. p. lxxvii. They were moved by boat through the port of Genoa.—*Bianchi's Cavour*, 94. Bertani complained that La Farina would only let 1000 out of the 1500 be taken—*Ire Pol.* 53. *Guersoni*, li. 38, note.

³ *Conv. Eng. Conv. Canzio. Zeusi*, 132. *Baratieri*, 403. *Mazzini*, xl, p. lxxvii. *Sampieri*, 22.

states of the north and of the south, which, if they adopt the same national policy, may uphold the great idea of our times—National Independence. But in order to realise this conception, it is, I think, necessary that your Majesty abandon the course you have held hitherto. . . . The principle of dualism, if it is well established and honestly pursued, can still be accepted by Italians. But if you allow some months to pass without attending to my friendly suggestion, your Majesty will perhaps experience the bitterness of the terrible words—*too late*.' ¹

Was this a serious offer of friendship, or an ultimatum to serve as the prelude to hostilities? The King who penned the letter had, a few days before, heard Garibaldi's plans from Garibaldi's own lips, and had bade him only not to take the royal troops. The Minister who approved the letter had, nine days before, asked General Ribotti to head the insurrection in Sicily, and had yet more recently arranged that the muskets of the National Society should be used for a similar expedition under other leadership. Possibly if Francis II had repented, Cavour and his master might have been glad to act in the spirit of their proposal. But they knew that he would not repent, that he was plotting for their destruction with Austria and the Pope, and one cannot help suspecting that the letter was composed rather for the satisfaction of their own consciences, and for the edification of Europe and of posterity, than for the benefit of the Prince to whom its wise words were so vainly addressed.

The reception by the Florentines both of Victor Emmanuel and of his Minister showed the warmest gratitude and enthusiasm. But Cavour had no time to waste in enjoying the sweets of a popularity which came to him late in life and which he valued chiefly as giving power to his hand. On April 21 he left the King in Tuscany, and sailed from Spezia on board Admiral Persano's flagship. Next day he landed at Genoa, where he stayed more than twenty-four hours to take stock of the situation.²

¹ *Chiala*, iv. pp. cxx., cxxl.

² *Persano*, 14, 15. *Chiala*, iii, 240; iv. p. cxl.

During this brief residence in Genoa, the Prime Minister received an emissary from the Villa Spinola.¹ Garibaldi was too angry with the man who had 'made him a foreigner' to open negotiations himself. But he and his lieutenants recognised that their success depended on the permission and in some degree on the support of the government, and Bertani did not raise objections when Sirtori offered to go and call upon Cavour.²

Sirtori is one of the most attractive figures in the Garibaldian epic. Having begun life as a priest, he had studied and doubted in Paris. Soon after 1840 he had become a layman and a philosopher, and in 1848 a soldier. He remained all his life a mystic and a Puritan. His emaciated form and sad, benevolent, ascetic face marked a man living apart from his fellows, and drawing from another and a purer world of thought and feeling, the power which enabled him to dominate them in council and in war. He stands with Bixio, Medici, and Cosenz at the head of the Garibaldini for military talent; and these four fine soldiers were moreover their General's best advisers in politics, on which they looked with less distorted vision than those civilians whom Garibaldi was accustomed to consult. Sirtori, who in his youth of dreams and noble illusions had been a more ardent Republican than Mazzini, now not only was a staunch Monarchist, but realised the necessity that his companions in arms should have the government behind them, if the slender chances of success which he predicted for the Sicilian expedition were not to vanish altogether.³

Sirtori therefore visited Cavour and laid the whole of the plans of the party at Villa Spinola before him, emphasising their lack of means and the dangers of their course.⁴ He acknowledged that a twofold movement was

¹ Sirtori's visit was probably on the morning of the 23rd, as stated in *Chiala*, iv. p. cxll. Some authorities erroneously assign a later date, but Cavour was not in Genoa except on April 22, 23, and we know that the interview was in Genoa.

² *Cam. Dep.*, June 19, 1863. Sirtori's speech.

³ *Sirtori, passim*, and many other sources, printed and oral. *Mazzini*, xl. p. lxxxI.

designed: an attack on the Papal territories by way of Umbria and the Marches,¹ and an expedition led by Garibaldi himself against Sicily. Cavour's reply, reported by Sirtori, is clear enough:—

'As to the expedition to the Marches, he said absolutely: "*No; the government will oppose it by every means in its power.*" As to the expedition to Sicily, Cavour said exactly these words: "*Well and good. Begin at the south, to come up again by the north. When it is a question of undertakings of that kind, however bold they may be, Count Cavour will be second to none.*" Those were his precise words. He said this naturally referring to all those means by which the government without compromising itself could help the expedition. He promised to help it, provided the responsibility of the government was completely concealed.'²

Cavour then left Genoa for Turin, and next day (April 24) a note was sent after him by La Farina, in which the latter described the coalition of himself and La Masa with Garibaldi, and referred to the muskets which he was supplying for their enterprise.³ Yet although Cavour was prepared to arm the expedition in case it started, he was not eager that it should start, because he greatly feared its destruction. The melancholy Sirtori, who always told Garibaldi that he would go with him, but that he thought they would all perish,⁴ could not have described the chances to Cavour in very glowing colours. Neither was the Prime Minister deceived as to the collapse of the rebellion in Sicily, for Pilo and his compatriots were not sending to him those exaggerated reports with which they strove to draw Garibaldi to their island.⁵ Failure, then, was probable, and the scandal before a hostile Europe of an unsuccessful buccaneering expedition, coupled with the

¹ This was so. *Bandi*, II, 12. *Bertani*, II, 33.

² *Cam. Dep.*, June 19, 1863. See Appendix F, below, sec. II.

³ *La Farina*, II, 313.

⁴ *Crispi, Diario*, 20, notes that Sirtori said this at the Villa Spinola on the 23rd, which was the very day when he saw Cavour.

⁵ *Massini*, XI, p. lxxlii. *Paolucci, Pilo*, 251, 252, *Riso*, 47.

appalling catastrophe of Garibaldi's death, would, as Cavour fully realised, put back Italy's hopes for years to come. On April 23 and 24 he sent Frappolli and other agents to the Villa Spinola to try and persuade Garibaldi that the risks were too great, and that he would perish as Murat and Pisacane had perished before him.¹ These warnings had some effect, and Crispi found the General hesitating and anxious after Frappolli's visit on the 24th.² But, a day or two afterwards, the 28th was fixed for the departure, and the Vice-Governor of Genoa duly notified the fact to the authorities at Turin.³ Everything this time was ready. La Farina's muskets had arrived. Fauché had been induced to provide a second and larger steamer, the *Lombardo*, in addition to the *Piemonte*,⁴ and the volunteers chosen and enrolled in Genoa by now numbered 500.⁵ If the ' Five Hundred ' had sailed on April 28, instead of the ' Thousand ' on May 5, history would have had a sadder tale to tell.

But again fortune intervened with another propitious delay. On the morning of the 27th a telegram arrived from Fabrizi at Malta, a source of information more convincing to the inhabitants of the Villa Spinola than all the warnings of Cavour's emissaries. The telegram was deciphered as follows :—

MALTA, April 26, 1860.

' Complete failure in the provinces and in the city of Palermo. Many refugees received by the English ships that have come to Malta.'

Fabrizi afterwards declared that a mistake had been made in deciphering, and that he had really written :—

' The insurrection, suppressed in the city of Palermo, maintains itself in the provinces.'⁶

¹ *Crispi, Diario*, 20. *Mazzini*, xl. p. lxxvi. *Chiala*, iv. p. cxlvii.

² *Crispi, Diario*, 20.

³ *Bandi*, 17. *Chiala*, iv. p. cl., note.

⁴ *Fauché*, 6 and *Fauché (P.)*, 28-31, show that the second steamer was obtained shortly before April 28.

⁵ *Bandi*, 17. Also *Bixio*, 154, speaks of ' three or four hundred ' ready about the 25th.

⁶ *Bixio*, 154, 155, and note. *Fabrizi*, 54.

If so, the misreading represented the truth rather more nearly than the message.

That morning the Villa Spinola was crowded with patriots, all bound in one agony of suspense. All eyes were watching the door of the little bedroom behind which Crispi, La Masa, and Bixio were expostulating with Garibaldi. The two Sicilians were ready to drag him to their island at any hazard. They were powerfully supported by Bixio, who, though he completely lacked their faith in Southern promises and Southern valour, was certain that Northerners under Garibaldi would not fail, even though the Sicilian rising had indeed been suppressed. But Garibaldi, when he saw Fabrizi's telegram, had said, with tears in his eyes, 'It would be folly to go.' The decision was his own. He well knew that the responsibility was his and not theirs; that he had less right to throw away the fortunes of Italy and the lives of her bravest sons, than they had to offer him those lives for the sacrifice.

Before long the two Sicilians came out of the bedroom in despair. Bixio stayed on alone with the General, but at last he, too, burst out at the door, possessed by one of those fits of fury which made all men save one shrink from before him. The melancholy word was passed round '*Non si parte più*' ('We're not going'), and in a few minutes all had started back to Genoa, leaving the Villa empty save for its residents and half a dozen sea-captains who still lingered to bid a sad farewell to their chief. The day passed slowly in the house of Vecchi, in silence and in gloom. The meal, said one who shared it, was like a funeral. A dream, the fairest ever dreamed by patriots, had faded from the hearts of all who sat at the board.

After supper, a deputation of a dozen young men from the rank and file of the expedition appeared from Genoa, demanding to see Garibaldi. Bandi was sent into the bedroom to tell him. 'What do they want?' 'They say that if you won't go to Sicily with them, they are going without you.'

'I shall never forget,' wrote the aide-de-camp, 'the terrible

expression in the eyes of the future conqueror of Palermo at hearing my words, and I could have bit my tongue off. "I am afraid, am I?" he said, his face growing as red as a furnace, but in a moment he mastered himself and said in a calm voice, "Show them in."

'They came in. I was shaking like a leaf. I would not have been in their shoes for all the wealth of the world. The General was standing up, with his arms crossed. He nodded in reply to their salutations, and looked at them one by one. No one spoke for two or three minutes, which seemed to me an age. At last the youngest found his tongue—a Genoese tongue—and began to perorate. When he had done, another and then another held forth. Then they began to talk altogether. . . . When they had talked and shouted enough for ten, in God's own time they came to an end. Again for a short while no one spoke, while Garibaldi's eye spoke more than a hundred tongues.

'But when at last he opened his mouth, and began to speak to them in that voice of which the mere sound made men in love with him, the poor ambassadors began to grow pale, then red, then white as paper, and their eyes filled with tears. Neither did Garibaldi's eyes remain dry; dismissing them with an affectionate wave of the hand, he turned round quickly and went to lean out of the window.'¹

Meanwhile at Genoa all was rage and confusion. Many of the volunteers were leaving for home, others crying out on Garibaldi's lieutenants to lead them in his stead. Partisans of Mazzini were heard saying 'Garibaldi is afraid.' Heated councils were held among the promoters of the expedition as to whether they should go without him. La Masa, who was least capable of conducting such an enterprise, offered to lead his fellow Sicilians to their native island. His compatriots were divided, some offering to follow him, others, like the fine soldier Carini, and Amari himself, who had collected money for Garibaldi's expedition, angrily refusing to have anything to do with such folly. Bixio in his rage offered to steer the ship for La Masa and his Sicilians,

¹ *Bandi*, 18-23. Bandi says he cannot remember what Garibaldi said, though he well remembers how he said it.

though if he had started, he would probably not long have remained subordinate under such a chief.¹

In this confusion of councils Crispi seems to have kept his head best. He induced his fellow Sicilians to wait a few days, clearly perceiving two things, that it would be useless to go without Garibaldi, and that Garibaldi would be only too glad to go if a 'new fact' could be provided.² Crispi set himself to obtain this 'new fact.' On the 27th, he sent a cipher telegram to his friend Agresta in Sicily:—

'Not having received by this courier any letters from you here, there is hesitation, and I fear I shall not succeed in getting the expedition to start. The news received by this steamer is no better, and for twenty-two days we have not got one letter from Sicily which gives any precise news. Here everything is ready, even the steamer. It is possible we may end in coming.'³

On the evening of April 29 Crispi's 'new fact' came to hand, in the shape of certain mysterious telegrams, letters, and dispatches. It has been said by some of his comrades in arms that he forged them, but the evidence is not decisive.⁴ Some say it was a telegram from Fabrizi,⁵ others that it was news from Crispi's correspondents in Sicily whom he had been so busily dunning for good news. In any case these documents described the insurrection as having revived in the mountains above Palermo, a statement to which Pilo's recent action after his arrival in Piana dei Greci gave some faint colour of truth.⁶

With these papers in their hands, on the evening of the 29th, Bixio and Crispi in Genoa felt so sure of persuading

¹ *La Masa (Sic.)*, vi, vii. *Bandi*, 23-25.

² *Bandi*, 23. *La Masa (Sic.)*, p. vi.

³ *Paolucci, Riso*, 50, 51.

⁴ *Türr's Risposta*, 5, 6. *Bandi*, 29. Another Sicilian of the Thousand, Campo, suppressed bad news and put about false good news in order to get Garibaldi to go, and this was recorded as a meritorious action by his family.—*Campo*, 97, 98. But there is no certain proof of the forging of documents.

⁵ *Bertani*, II. 46. *Conv. Canzio*.

⁶ See p. 159, above. *Paolucci, Pilo*, 264, 266.

Garibaldi when they saw him next day at Quarto, that they revived the preparations for the expedition, writing to Fauché at nine that night : ' We must see you. The news is good, and we resume business. Bixio.'¹ Next morning Bixio and one or two of the Sicilians² went to Quarto, and found their chief at the Villa Spinola, still of the same mind. He had already that very day written to the Directors of the Million Rifles Fund : ' By now you will know about Sicily. The expedition does not start.'³ But the ' new facts ' which Bixio brought in his hand took instant effect upon him. ' We will go,' he said, rising from his seat, his eyes flashing and his voice vibrating with sudden gladness. All remembered that it was the 30th of April, the anniversary of the day when he had defeated the French before the walls of Rome, and the Villa was decorated with laurels to celebrate the double occasion for rejoicing.⁴

By 10.45 in the morning Bixio had sent off a note to Fauché, who was to supply the steamers :—

' I am returning at this moment from Quarto ; the General is coming to Genoa at once, and will be waiting to see you at Bertani's house as soon as you can get there.'⁵

At this council of war, held in Genoa round the sick-bed to which Bertani's exertions had already confined him, the decision to go was formally taken. Only Sirtori opposed it, saying : ' No, I disapprove. I do not believe it will succeed ; but if Garibaldi goes to Sicily, with many or with few, I go too.' Medici next day expressed similar sentiments.⁶

The whole machinery of organisation was set to work once more. Several days were required to reunite the volunteers, many of whom had left Genoa in despair, and it was now determined to raise the numbers to a thousand. For the next five days men worked as they work at the crisis of life. Bertani in his bed, his handwriting a mere

¹ *Fauché (P.)*, 32.

² See Appendix G, below.

³ *Ciampoli*, 135, 136. Letter of April 30.

⁴ *Bandi*, 29, 30. *Jack La Bolina*, 120.

⁵ *Fauché (P.)*, 32, 33.

⁶ *Bertani*, II. 47. *Mazzini*, xl. p. lxxvi. *Pungolo*, July 5, 1907, Medici's letter of May 10, 1860.

scrawl, dealt with heap after heap of letters offering service of every sort from every part of Italy.¹ Bixio, who had to prepare the embarkation, neither ate nor slept, but unconscious of all other objects, in a trance of sleepless activity, for once treated his family with the same brusque inattention with which he usually treated the rest of mankind.²

Zeal in the work was by no means confined to the Committee in Genoa. Private subscriptions were organised in town after town by 'Committees for the succour of Sicily'; at Cremona and elsewhere they openly placarded the walls, and almost everywhere collected money in the streets.³ The Municipality of Pavia, the city of the Cairoli, voted a large sum out of the rates to the Million Rifles Fund to help the expedition. The Municipality of Brescia made a similar contribution direct to Garibaldi himself.⁴ At Pavia, at Milan, at Brescia, at Bergamo and elsewhere, officers of last year's *Cacciatori delle Alpi* were choosing out the best young men of the place and sending them by train to Genoa.⁵ At Bergamo, on May 4, the train that was to start with the 100 young Bergamasques for whom Garibaldi had asked and whom Nullo had carefully chosen, was boarded by 300, while 200 more, after a fierce struggle to get in, were left broken-hearted on the platform. At Milan Nullo forcibly got rid of another hundred of them, but not fewer than 160 from the little Alpine town landed among the Thousand at Marsala.⁶

A note from the diary of Abba describes some typical experiences of a volunteer on the way to Genoa:—

PARMA, May 4.

'We are starting, seventeen strong, from here, mostly students, some working-men, three doctors. Of these latter, one, Soncini, is a veteran of the Roman Republic. They say

¹ *Milan MSS., Archivio Bertani, e.g., Pllico, xli.*

² *Bixio, 157.*

³ *Cremona, 18-22. Amari, li. 75-78. Milan MSS., A, B., Pllico, xii. e.g., No. 29.*

⁴ *Pavesi, 24. Bertani, reso., 23, accounts, note.*

⁵ *Bertani, Comp. 2.*

⁶ *V, M. 33, and cf. Elenco,*

that in the train from Romagna we shall find other friends of the best. They are coming from all parts.

'Great mystery is made of our departure. To hear some people talk, not even the air knows. . . . Yet everybody is aware that Garibaldi is in Genoa and is going to Sicily. As we went through Parma they shook hands with us heartily and wished us luck. . . .

(In the station at Novi).

'There are some infantry here waiting for a train. Their sub-lieutenant comes up to me and says: "Will you wire me from Genoa the hour when you start?" I remain silent. The officer looks me in the eyes and says smiling, "Keep the secret, but believe me I have not asked with any bad intention."'

This young officer, named Pagani, deserted next day, came on board under the false name of De Amicis, and was killed fighting at Calatafimi. He was one of the five officers who deserted and went with the Thousand. There would have been many more if the organising committee had allowed it.¹

The North was rising up to carry Garibaldi to Sicily. There was no division of classes or of parties. Cavourian Municipalities were voting money, the leisured class was as forward in the movement as the working-men—the professional class perhaps most enthusiastic of all. Too rarely does an emotion like this, pure of self-interest and far above blind race-hatred, sweep along with it a whole people, lifting common men into an atmosphere which they seldom breathe, and never breathe for long. Those who remember the day speak of it as something too sacred ever to return. Italy has never seen the like of 1860 again, but fortunately she did not waste it as she had wasted '48.'

The country was rising up; what would the Government do? Would it wish, and if so, would it dare, to stop Garibaldi? When on the last night of April, Cavour heard that he had after all decided to start, was the news welcome to that anxious watchman? If Garibaldi had hesitated so

¹ *Abba, Not.* 5-8, 53, 70. *Elenco. Re deserters*, see p. 171, above.

long, Cavour could not be sanguine of success. The Prime Minister had no Crispis and Pilos to deceive him as to the real state of the Sicilian insurrection. He may well have thought that the chances were against Garibaldi, for indeed they never ceased to be against him until he had taken Palermo. The open preparation at Genoa had already brought down on Cavour a storm of diplomatic protest. Already he saw the threatening shadow of Austrian conquest, of French interference. Italy had but one strong friend in Europe, and British war-ships could not sail over the Lombard plain. Cavour, moreover, was in these very days trying to induce Napoleon to withdraw his troops from Rome, an advantage which it would certainly be worth sacrificing for a successful attack on the Bourbons, but not for the sake of a tragic fiasco with Garibaldi in the part of Pisacane. Furthermore, he rightly supposed that it was Garibaldi's intention, while himself attacking Sicily, to send a revolutionary force against the Papal provinces of Umbria and the Marches, a step only too likely to involve Italy with France.

On the other hand, as he had said to Sirtori at Genoa, if Garibaldi could indeed conquer Sicily, and thence 'come up again by the north,' it would prove the means of Italy's deliverance. And what other deliverance could he hope for from the attack now threatened by the close alliance of Austria with Naples and the Pope? He must strike ere he was struck, and Garibaldi was the only weapon he could use at once. Lastly, whatever were the dangers of the expedition, there were immense dangers in trying to prevent it from starting, with the country in this passion of enthusiasm.

In such a conflict of calculation, embracing perhaps these thoughts, and doubtless others unknown to us, Cavour ordered a special train to take him from Turin to Bologna, there to find the king and decide once for all whether the expedition was to be stopped or no. The line was scarcely finished in places, and the railway officials at Bologna were surprised to hear that the Prime Minister was coming. But on May 1 he arrived in a solitary carriage behind the engine.

That same day the King drove with relays of horses from Florence to Bologna, over the Pass of the Central Apennines. It had been raining in torrents, but as the liberated people crowded the mountain road to see their deliverer pass, he would not let the carriage be closed.¹ It was the very road on which Garibaldi had been so nearly caught in the wayside inn in September 1849, and no doubt Teresa Baldini, whose courage and wit had saved the hero from the Austrians, now saw her 'King drive past the door.'²

So Cavour and Victor Emmanuel met at Bologna in the rooms of San Michele in Bosco, to decide between them whether the expedition should be allowed to start. It is universally agreed that the King was the more eager and sanguine of the two, but no one knows what passed between them. A writer in a French review afterwards asserted that witnesses of the interview had told him that Cavour offered to go and arrest Garibaldi with his own hands, but that the King would not allow it. Since, however, no one has shown who were these witnesses, or what reason there is to suppose that any third person was present at all, the historian will do well to be sceptical. All that is known is that at this interview the King and his Minister finally agreed to let Garibaldi go.³

The great statesman had made one mistake of detail, which nearly proved fatal to Italy and to him. He let the Thousand start with La Farina's bad muskets, when they might have had the Enfields from the Million Rifles Fund. But two things are to be remembered. First, that in all

¹ Ugo Pesci's article (*Rass. Naz.* Jan. 1, 1905) dates Cavour's arrival at Bologna May 2, but the *Corriere dell' Emilia* of May 2, 1860, announces his arrival at Bologna as a fact already accomplished on May 1, before the arrival of the King.

² *Trevelyan's Gar. Rome*, 310, 311. Teresa died in 1908.

³ See Appendix H, below, for a further discussion of Cavour's probable motives. Some light on the attitude of the Government is thrown by the fact that, in the first days of May, Farini, Minister of the Interior, sent a message to Bertani, through the Deputy Finali, to the effect that the expedition was approved by the Government, but that assurance was required that no attack should be made on the Papal States. *N.4.*, April 1909, pp. 503-504, *Finali*.

probability Cavour did not know that the weapons of the National Society were bad, since even Garibaldi, who had been President of the Society, only found that out when he saw them unpacked, and the Secretary, La Farina, had most likely cried up his wares to Cavour. Secondly, that after the misfortune of D'Azeglio's sequestration of the Enfields, a fact widely known and commented on, it would perhaps have been difficult for Cavour afterwards to have removed the embargo without openly committing the Government to Garibaldi's expedition in the eyes of hostile Europe.

I have now given some account of Cavour's action in April 1860. I do not pretend to have fathomed his motives. Our knowledge of his correspondence and his conversation is still incomplete, and those of his sayings and letters which we already know contain, in the same week and even on the same day, such strange contradictions¹ that it is folly to dogmatise as to the nature of his wishes and intentions up to the time of the departure of the Thousand. I will only venture to suggest that, until the moment the expedition had sailed, Cavour was, at least in some degree, an opportunist waiting on circumstance, and unwilling to commit himself or his country till the latest possible moment. Nor, in the terrible uncertainties of the case, can he be blamed for refusing to take a more decided part in thrusting Garibaldi out on an expedition where Sirtori and Medici thought he would fail, and Garibaldi himself could not at first believe in his own chances of success.

¹ See Appendix H, below.

CHAPTER XI

THE SAILING OF THE THOUSAND

'Breve ne l'onda placida avvanza
striscia di sassi. Boschi di lauro
frondeggiano dietro spirando
effluvi e murmuri ne la sera.

* * * *

Italia, Italia, donna de i secoli
de' vati e de' martiri donna,
inclita vedova dolorosa,

* * * *

quindi il tuo fido mosse cercandoti
pe' mari. Al collo leonino avvolto
il puncio, la spada di Roma
alta su l' omero bilanciando,

stie Garibaldi. Chieti venivano
a cinque a dieci, poi dileguavano,
drappelli oscuri, ne l'ombra
i mille vindici del destino,

come pirati che a preda gissero ;
ed a te occulti givano, Italia,
per te mendicando la morte
al cielo, al pelago, a i fratelli.'

CARDUCCI, *Scoglio di Quarto*.

'A short rock-rib that cleaves the placid sea ;
Behind, the leafy laurel thicket breathing
Odours and murmurs on the evening air ;
. . . Thence, Italy, thou queen of ages past,
Of prophets and of martyrs still the queen,
Famous, unhappy, widowed lady proud,—
Thence, Italy, thy faithful sought thee out
Across the sea. Around his lion's neck
The puncio wrapped ; the sword that flashed at Rome
Across his shoulder balanced—so he came,
And silent came his shadowy companies,
By fives and tens, then vanished in the gloom.

The Thousand, destined to avenge thy wrong,
 Like pirates to their prey they glided down,
 Hidden from thee they glided, Italy,
 Sea-beggars, begging death from sky and waves
 And brethren, only for thy service sake.'

The Rock at Quarto.

In order to secure the passive connivance of the authorities in the departure of an expedition which they would be forced to repudiate, in any event for a few days, and in case of failure for all time, it was necessary to act with a formal show of secrecy. The Government had taken steps to indicate that the embarkation itself must not take place in the port of Genoa.¹ The plan of operations was therefore drawn up as follows :—The two steamers were to be seized in the port at midnight, and as quietly as possible, by a picked body of seamen, under Bixio, who would take the vessels empty out of the harbour. Then, as they sailed eastward along the Riviera, they were to meet row-boats from Foce and Quarto bearing the volunteers, the provisions, and the cases of arms. Finally, the bulk of the ammunition would be rowed out from Bogliasco.² Men and stores would be hauled up on to the steamers at sea, and the voyage would begin.

Much of the plan was common knowledge in Genoa on May 5, the busy day that preceded the night of departure. The authorities duly kept watch at Cornigliano and S. Pier d'Arena, to the west of the city, leaving undisturbed the real places of embarkation to the east.³ But one detail of the conspiracy was still a secret. Except Bixio, not even those who were to seize the ships knew which those ships were to be. The truth was that the *Piemonte* and the *Lombardo* were to be taken without leave from Rubattino and his

¹ The British Consul, Mr. Brown, who watched the embarkation with great interest, next day wrote to his government :—' The authorities had to my certain knowledge taken measures to prevent the embarkation from taking place in the port.' *Br. Parl. Papers*, 12, p. 3, and 16, p. 1.

² For this chapter see Map V. at end of book, route marked.

³ *Bianchi's Cavour*, 94. There were indeed the usual two gendarmes in the crowd that witnessed the embarkation at Quarto, but they confined their action to an ineffectual protest against the cutting of the telegraph wires ordered by Garibaldi. *Bandi*, 39-41.

Company, according to a most secret agreement of Garibaldi, Bixio, and Bertani with Fauché, the Company's agent. Although arrangements, afterwards liberally fulfilled, had been made to compensate the Company in case of the loss or injury of the ships, it had been determined not to confide in the timid patriotism of Rubattino and the shareholders. It was a wise caution. For so little did these men care for their country in proportion to the security of their profits, that in the middle of June, when all Italy went wild with joy over the taking of Palermo, they celebrated the occasion by dismissing Fauché because he had enabled Garibaldi to go there. The expedition of the Thousand owed nothing to the class of mind whose patriotism consists in a calculation of the profit on shares. Cavour, with that desire to do justice to the Garibaldini which distinguished him from many of his followers, tried to open to Fauché another career by way of compensation for the excellent post which he had lost, but Cavour died, and with him perished the hopes of Fauché, and of many more. Rubattino, who was erroneously believed to have given the steamers, received the praise of historians for the deed of the man whom he had ruined for doing it, and his statue stands to-day on the quay-side whence the *Piemonte* and *Lombardo* were taken so sorely against his will. Fauché lived many years, rich only in the love of so poor a man as Garibaldi, and passed away 'poor and forgotten in the civil hospital at Venice.'¹

Before midnight on May 5, a party of men, chiefly consisting of experienced seamen and engineers, had assembled one by one on board a hulk named the *Joseph* in a remote corner of the port of Genoa, close to the eastern light-house. At the right moment Bixio appeared among them, and clapping on his head his *képi* of lieutenant-colonel, said in his masterful voice, 'Gentlemen, from this moment I am in command; listen to my orders.' Only then did his subordinates learn the identity of the vessels which they were to seize. In a few minutes they were rowing in two large boats towards the Rubattino steamers, which lay at a pier

¹ Appendix J, below.

in the most public part of the harbour, opposite the main façade of the town. Bixio assigned the *Piemonte* to one boat-load and the *Lombardo* to another. Swinging themselves noiselessly on board, they roused the crews from sleep, presenting their pistols for form's sake at the drowsy men. As soon as they heard the name of Garibaldi, all gladly submitted, and some lent a hand in the work. The 'piracy' was regarded as a good joke by captors and captives alike. But several hours passed before the steamers were ready to move. First the fires had to be lit and stoked. Then it was thought necessary to wrap the chains in cloth to prevent noise in hauling up the anchors, for the pirates had still some fear of the government, and much more of the Company. Their accomplice Fauché watched from the balcony of his house, almost opposite the Rubattino pier, sickening with suspense, as the night waned, and still the two masses, motionless at their place, loomed clearer through the melting shadows. Then it was discovered that the engines of the *Lombardo* were out of order, and the Sicilian engineer Campo had to be sent on board from the *Piemonte* to aid his compatriot and brother-engineer Orlando before that too was set right. And even then the *Piemonte* had to take the *Lombardo* in tow to get her out to sea. It was long past three in the morning before Fauché, with a deep sigh of relief, saw the two dim shapes begin slowly to move from the pier and vanish in the darkness of the harbour.¹

Meanwhile, in Bertani's house, high up the hill in the heart of Genoa, the night had passed amid grave anxiety. The money, without which the Thousand could not sail, was to be supplied by Finzi out of the Million Rifles Fund, from

¹ A few arms were put on board in port, but most at Quarto. Spangaro's letter, *Amari*, II. 80, 81. *Bixio*, 158, 159. *Elia*, II. 7, and *Elia's* letter in *Jack la Bolina*, 126-128, note. *Castiglia* (*La Masa* (Sic.), XI, XII). *Mem.* 337. *Conv. Canzio*. *Conv. Campo*. *Fauché* (P.), 35. *Elia*, who commanded the *Lombardo* under Bixio that night, told me that no representative of the authorities, high or low, came aboard during these operations, and that therefore the story told in *Becchio* is untrue. *Canzio* also denied its truth.

which Garibaldi was allowed to draw anything except actual weapons of war. Besides large sums already spent in fitting out the expedition, 90,000 *lire* were to be taken to Sicily, of which 30,000 had reached Bertani's bed-side that day enclosed in a letter from Finzi, and the remaining 60,000 were due to arrive by the last train from Milan about ten at night, in the hands of Migliavacca. This officer reached Bertani's house in good time with the money, but more than half of it was found to be in the form of a draft on the Bank of Genoa, which would be of little use in the hill-towns of Sicily. Migliavacca was sent in haste to rouse some of Bertani's rich commercial friends, while Nuvolari, who was to take the money down to the steamers and go with the expedition, waited at Bertani's with growing impatience as the minutes passed. At length Migliavacca returned with the change in so many hundred gold pieces (*marenghi*) in time for Nuvolari to carry safely on board the whole of the 90,000 *lire*.¹

Throughout the evening of May 5 the volunteers of the expedition had been leaving Genoa by the Porta Pila and walking, singly or in groups, to the appointed places of embarkation. Some forty or fifty turned off to Foce, where a few boats awaited them. All the rest followed the highway to the shore below Quarto. For the whole three miles the road was lined by the people of the city, who stood uncovered and in silence as they passed. There were no *chants de départ*, no flags and folly, no vulgar revelry and boasting. All were too deeply moved, too uncertain of the event.

At Quarto, the large wooded grounds of the Palazzo Spinola, dividing Garibaldi's residence from the sea, were this night flung open for his use, and the Thousand, as they arrived there, dispersed themselves in groups under its trees, or sat on the rocks below, watching the cases of muskets being piled into the boats. On the embanked

¹ See Appendix K. Out of this sum, 70,000 *lire* were spent on campaign up to the time of the capture of Palermo at the end of the month.

high-road of the Riviera, which ran close along the top of these sea-worn rocks, stood a dense crowd of friends, parents, wives, sisters, and sweethearts come to witness the departure. Some kept their eyes fixed on the gate of the Spinola grounds through which the figure of Garibaldi must soon emerge, while others imparted in low whispers the last blessings and farewells to those whom they only half expected to see again. Not a few of the Thousand themselves, like the poet Nievo, undauntedly shared Sirtori's view that they would none of them return alive. Medici himself, though he was of much the same opinion, came like the rest to embark, but on the shore at Quarto a letter from Garibaldi, couched in affectionate terms, was put into his hands. It began, 'It is better that you should remain behind, and you can be more useful so,' and asked the defender of the Vascello to absent him awhile from a soldier's felicity, in order to organise and dispatch reinforcements both to Sicily and to the Papal States.¹

A stranger, coming by chance upon that scene, would scarcely have been able to distinguish the men who were starting for the war from those who were there to see them off. The immense majority of the Thousand had no arms in their hands—for the muskets were to be dealt out during the voyage—and they were dressed in the peaceful garb of artisans, merchants, gentlemen, or students. A very few wore Piedmontese uniforms. It was only on the voyage that fifty red shirts were distributed, so that when they landed in Sicily one in twenty wore the famous dress that they all adopted after the taking of Palermo.² The Genoese carabinieri, about thirty-five strong, could be distinguished at Quarto because they already carried the rifles which were their own property; some of them wore a grey uniform, but others were in plain clothes.³

¹ *Medici*, 4, 5; *Mazzini* XI., p. lxxvi.

² *Abba*, 94. *Sampieri*, 22. *Bandi*, 68. *Abba*, *Not.* 34.

³ *Menghini*, 77, 420, 421. *Abba*, 66. *Abba*, *Not.* 16, 25, 283-290. Canzlo told me that he was in plain clothes, but that most of the other Carabinieri were in a grey uniform.

Meanwhile in the Villa Spinola a small group of men were waiting for the General to leave his bedroom. He was alone, effecting some change in the black garb of civilisation which, varied by the Piedmontese uniform in '59, he had endured for the last decade. At length the door opened and they saw him for the first time in the outfit which he wore for the rest of his life, whether at home, in Parliament, or in the field. Loose grey trousers of a sailor cut, a plain red shirt, no longer worn like a workman's blouse as in '49, but tucked in at the waist, and adorned with a breast-pocket and watch-chain, a coloured silk handkerchief knotted round his neck, and over his shoulders a great American *puncio* or grey cloak, which he now wrapped about him as a protection against the night air. A black felt hat completed the figure which will be familiar to the Italian as the symbol of his country for long ages to come. His face was radiant and his bearing elate, for now that after long hesitations he had made up his mind to go, he at least had no shadow of a doubt as to what the issue would be.

Carrying across his shoulder his heavy sword with the belt attached to it, and followed by his staff officers, he stepped out of Vecchi's villa, crossed the lane into the grounds of the Palazzo Spinola, walked down the path between its trees and shrubberies where many of his men were waiting, passed through the little gate in the angle of the wall, and so emerged on the open road beside the sea. The crowd gathered there in the twilight gazed at him in silence as he crossed to the rocks, and descended by a little broken foot-track to the bottom of the cliff.¹ There he found himself standing on a rib of rock, beside a tiny bay a few feet deep and two or three yards long, into which boats could be brought one at a time. Here the embarkation took place.

¹ The foot-track is still clearly visible on the west side of the present memorial pillar. I had the honour of going down it with Canzio himself, a year before he died; he said to me on this path, 'How many who came down here with me that night are now dead.' The silence and gravity of everyone during the whole of the dignified scene at Quarto was remarked on by eye-witnesses, e.g., *I. L. N.*, May 19, 1860, p. 467.

It was about ten o'clock that Garibaldi and the first flotilla put out half a mile to sea to await the steamers. Many of the Thousand remained for the second journey, as there were not enough boats to take all at once. There was a swell upon the waters, but the night was calm, cold, and bright, and the string of boats could clearly be seen moving out in the track of the moonlight. The beauty of the night, the stars, the silence of men and Nature deeply affected every one. Garibaldi, wrapped in his *puncio*, sat in the boat immersed in silent joy. His whole being expanded once more, as on those nights on the pampas when he had ridden and slept with Anita under the stars they loved.

'O night of the fifth of May,' he writes, 'lit up with the fire of a thousand lamps with which the Omnipotent has adorned the Infinite. Beautiful, tranquil, solemn with that solemnity which swells the hearts of generous men when they go forth to free the slave. Such were the Thousand, . . . my young veterans of the war of Italian liberty, and I, proud of their trust in me, felt myself capable of attempting anything. . . . I have felt this same harmony of soul on all nights like those of Quarto, of Reggio, of Palermo, of Volturmo.

There had been another such moonlit night, scarcely to be forgotten in his meditations as he sat there off Quarto, floating on the tide that was to carry him at last to fortune. He must have well remembered that on such a night as this, eleven years before, on the upper waters of the Adriatic, the Austrian squadron had discovered Italy's last fugitives by the light of the August moon.¹

But the midnight hours wore on, and still the belated steamers were not in sight. Among the men who had been four or five hours in the boats tedium succeeded to the first

¹ *Trevelyan's Gar. Rome*, p. 287. Of the night of August 2, 1849, Garibaldi wrote—'The moon was full, and it was with a terrible misgiving that I watched the rising of the mariner's companion, contemplated by me so often with the reverence of a worshipper. Lovelier than I had ever seen her before, but for us, unhappily, too lovely—the moon was fatal to us that night. East of the point of Goro lay the Austrian squadron.' *Mem.* 249.

enthusiasm of embarkation, and even Garibaldi grew impatient and ordered his boat to be rowed on towards Genoa to find Bixio. The morning was almost grey, and the earliest peasant-girls were passing along the high-road to market in Genoa, ere the long-expected signal of lights in the national colours flashed across the western waves. As day dawned, the two steamers hove in sight, already having on board the small body that had rowed out from Foce. Then a wild scene began. Men and cases of arms were dragged up the ships' sides pell-mell, and as fast as each boat was emptied it plied back to the shore for a second load. It was a fierce scramble. Men clung to the ship's ladder four or eight at a time and struggled as for their lives to get on board, for the long delay in port rendered it necessary to start at once, even at the risk of leaving a few comrades behind. Garibaldi had no wish to be found near Genoa in broad daylight. Good haste was made, but the sun was gilding the mountain tops before the *Piemonte* and the *Lombardo* moved off with their freight of men. 'How many are we all told?' asked Garibaldi. 'With the sailors we are more than a thousand,' was the reply. 'Eh! eh! *quanta gente!* What a host!' said this strange general, and set his aide-de-camp thinking.¹

One thing was not yet embarked—the ammunition. The bulk of the gunpowder and a few additional firearms had been entrusted by Bixio to a score of young patriots, who were to bring the precious cargo out from Bogliasco, a few miles east of Quarto. Bixio had also appointed some local seamen as their guides, who proved to be a very bad choice. The whole party had set out from Bogliasco early

¹ The description in the text from p. 203 onwards of the arrival and embarkation of the Thousand at Quarto is the result of collating the following accounts by eye-witnesses: *Conv. Canzio*. Menghini, 415, 416, 420. Bandi, 37-43. *Br. Parl. Papers*, 12, p. 3. Capuzzi, 7, 8. *Conv. Campo*. *Times*, May 14, 1860, quotation from Ricciardi's letter in *Siècle* and from letter in *Opinione Nazionale*, *Türr's Div.* 15. Nieveo, 346, 354. Abba, *Not.* 15-19. Abba, 24-31. *Mem.* 338, 339. Castiglia (*La Masa, Sic.*) xii., xiii.).

in the night, but the guides had insisted on rowing in front of the heavy ammunition boats in a light skiff of their own, showing a lantern in the stern. After twenty minutes the lantern was extinguished and the rascals made off, in order to go smuggling on this propitious occasion when the authorities had deliberately relaxed their watch on the landing-places between Genoa and Portofino. To this day no one knows whether the smugglers felt ill-will towards the expedition, the success of which their treacherous conduct imperilled. They may perhaps have thought that the ammunition-boats could hardly fail to sight the steamers at daybreak, even without special guidance, and indeed if the young men had been content to wait where they had been left in the lurch, off Bogliasco, they would almost certainly have been picked up by the expedition as it passed at eight or nine in the morning. But they did exactly the wrong thing. Not knowing that their comrades were several hours late in starting from port, they rowed westward all night in hope of meeting them, and were unfortunate enough to pass them, unseeing and unseen, probably close off Genoa, in the small hours. In broad daylight they saw with rage and despair the smoke of two steamers far away to the east, making round the promontory of Portofino.¹

Garibaldi, on the *Piemonte*, alarmed by the absence of the ammunition-boats, waited half an hour or more and then held on his course, hoping to find that the *Lombardo*, which had gone on in front, had taken the gunpowder on board unnoticed. The *Piemonte* could soon overhaul its more slow-moving companion. At Camogli, near Portofino promontory, Canzio, of the Genoese Carabineers, was sent ashore to obtain oil and grease for the engines of the two steamers, and it was probably during this halt that Garibaldi hailed Bixio and ascertained that they had set out to conquer Sicily and Naples without ammunition. 'Let us go

¹ *Mazzini*, xl. pp. cllii-cllx. There were two large boats to carry the ammunition from Bogliasco supplied by Bixio (see *Bologna MSS.*, *Bixio*), 'due battelli di carico.'

on all the same,' he said, and directed his course first towards the Tuscan coast.¹

Nearly 1150 fighting men had boarded the steamers.² Garibaldi commanded the *Piemonte*, and Bixio the slower and more capacious *Lombardo*.³ The decks were crowded, and at first some could not even find room to sit down. There was no food except a little water and biscuit. Garibaldi was radiant, feeling his foot on deck once more and enjoying the management of the ship, and a large proportion of Genoese and others were equally at home by land or sea. But almost all the Milanese and the men from the Alpine cities succumbed on that first day to the heavy rolling, and not a plank of Italy's Argo but was occupied by the prostrate forms of heroes in distress.⁴

Garibaldi, while in the villa at Quarto, had determined that as soon as he was out at sea he would run straight for the coast of Tuscany, and that for three reasons. In the first place, as early as May 1, he had warned Zambianchi that he would detach him with a portion of the expeditionary force to invade the Papal States by way of Orvieto and Perugia; with this end in view Garibaldi had caused to be printed at Genoa proclamations calling on the Pope's subjects to rise, and had brought them with him on the ship.⁵ In the second place, on May 2 he had given a *rendezvous* in the Straits of

¹ This paragraph is the result of collating the statements, slightly contradictory as to time and place of events, in *Castiglia (La Masa (Sic.) xil., xlii.) Conv. Canzio. Menghini, 416, 417; 420 (Canzio's diary). Abba, 31, 32. Crispi, Diario, 20. Türr's Da Quarto, 4, 5. Bixio, 162. Ciampoli, 144. Mem. 339.*

² 1089 landed in Sicily, sixty-one of those who sailed from Quarto were left at Talamone, and four or five new men joined there. (*Elenco, Pittaluga, 172. Bandi, 63-65.*)

³ The two steamers were built as follows:—

		length	breadth	draught	tonnage	
	constructed	metres	metres	metres	tons	H.P.
<i>Piemonte</i>	Glasgow, 1851	50	7	3	180	160
<i>Lombardo</i>	Leighorn, 1841	48	7.40	4.23	238	220

Fauché (P.), 28, 31. Conv. Canzio.

⁴ *Amari, li. 81. Menghini, 416-418, 420. Bandi, 42.*

⁵ *Bandi, 34, 35. Pittaluga, 16, 17, 49, 72. Ciampoli, 139-142. Rome MSS. V. E. R. M., 225, 95. Canzio MS. 4, Relazione about Talamone.*

Piombino to a party of seventy-eight Tuscan volunteers, under Sgarallino, who were to come thither by ship from Leghorn.¹ Thirdly, he had, we may suppose, foreseen the need for a temporary disembarkation, prior to the landing in Sicily, which might have to be made in the face of the enemy. It was necessary ere that to establish the rudiments of military discipline in a mob speaking all the dialects of the peninsula, to name the non-commissioned officers, assign the men to their several companies and captains, and hold one or two drills of the improvised regiment. This could not well be done on the crowded decks at sea.

But to these considerations was now added a new and supreme necessity. When they stood off from Portofino, there was not enough coal or food to take them to Sicily, and no ammunition with which to fight if they ever reached its shores.²

Running through the Straits of Piombino, between Elba and the mainland, they found the little sailing-ship *Adelina*, with the Tuscan volunteers from Leghorn, which had beaten about near the straits for three days waiting for the steamers to appear.³ At dawn on May 7, the three ships passed along the wild coast of the Tuscan Maremma, whence, in September, 1849, Garibaldi had embarked in the fishing-boat at the end of his adventurous escape. A little after nine in the morning the *Piemonte* came to anchor off the miserable coast village of Talamone.⁴

¹ *Amari*, II. 77. *Pittaluga*, 14-16. *Sampieri*, 16.

² Garibaldi afterwards wrote in his novel, *I Mille*, 12, that he changed his course because the ammunition was missing, but the authorities cited above show that he had previously determined to go first to Tuscany in any event, to drop Zamblanchi and to meet Sgarallino.

³ *Pittaluga*, 18. *Sampieri*, 16.

⁴ *Pittaluga*, 18. *Menghini*, 418, 420, 421. *Crispi's Diario*, 20.

CHAPTER XII

TALAMONE AND THE VOYAGE¹

‘Success will stamp Garibaldi as a General and statesman of the highest rank ; defeat, ruin, and death will cause him to be remembered as a Quixotic adventurer of dauntless courage but weak judgment, who has thrown away his life in a desperate filibustering attempt. The expedition to Sicily may in future be ranked with William of Orange’s landing in England, or it may be ranked with Murat’s landing in Calabria.’—*Times*, leading article, May 11, 1860.

‘We know that our sympathies and the judgment of history will distinguish between the cases of the filibuster and felon, and that of the hero and the patriot. We had once a great filibuster who landed in England in 1688.’—LORD J. RUSSELL in the House of Commons, May 17, 1860.

As the engines of the *Piemonte* stopped beside the quay of Talamone, Garibaldi went ashore to win over the official world, clad for this special purpose in his Piedmontese General’s uniform. No sooner was he gone than the men were called together on deck to hear his proclamation read. At the same hour another copy was being read on board the *Lombardo*, still many miles behind along the coast. The proclamation, which identified the Thousand with the volunteers of the Alpine campaign of the previous summer, ran as follows :—

‘The mission of this corps will be, as it always has been, based on complete self-sacrifice for the regeneration of the fatherland. The brave *Cacciatori delle Alpi* have served and will serve their country with the devotion and discipline of the best kind of soldiers, without any other hope, without any other claim than the satisfaction of their consciences. Not rank, not honour, not reward have enticed these brave men. They returned to the

¹ For this chapter see Map V. at end of book, route marked.

seclusion of private life when danger disappeared. But now that the hour of battle has come again, Italy sees them once more in the foremost rank, joyful, willing, ready to shed their blood for her. The war-cry of the *Cacciatori delle Alpi* is the same as that which re-echoed from the banks of the Ticino twelve months ago—

‘ *Italia e Vittorio Emanuele,*

and this war-cry, from your lips, will strike terror into the enemies of Italy.’

These words inspired the hearers with sober enthusiasm and pride. Only a small group of unreconciled Mazzinians heard with dismay the name of Victor Emmanuel. They had hoped that when Garibaldi once got to sea in his red shirt, the old Republican instincts would revive in him, and that he would hoist the ‘neutral banner,’ the tricolour of Italy unstained by the cross of the House of Savoy. In the eyes of their party, the object of the Sicilian expedition was, as Mazzini told Karl Blind, ‘that the movement was to be continued up to, and into, Rome, and that then a Constituent Assembly was to be convoked there for the expression of the will of the nation,’ which might haply be for a Republic. Garibaldi’s proclamation ran counter to these hopes. When, therefore, the belated *Lombardo* reached Talamone, a council of Republicans from both the ships was held on board her, to decide what they should do. Antonio Mosto, the bearded Genoese who commanded the Carabineers, Crispi, Savi, and others decided to go on. But Onnis and one or two more of the pure gospel refused to fight for a King, and walked off inland out of the page of history.¹ Garibaldi, when he heard what had happened, expressed bitter resentment. His dislike of Mazzini and the Mazzinians had not been diminished by his recent quarrel with Cavour.² Mazzini himself was at this moment hastening from London to Genoa, in the hope of going with the

¹ *Abba*, *Not.* 22. *Abba*, 35, 36. *Crispi* (*Lettera*), 322. *Mazzini*, xl., pp. lxxxlii., lxxxiv. *Blind*, 57. *Paolucci*, *Pilo*, 242. *Menghini*, 418.

² *I Mille*, 15. *Conv. Canzio*. *Bandi*, 67, ‘disse ira di Dio contro Mazzini e i suoi ciechi seguaci.’

Thousand.¹ If he had come in time, it may be doubted whether Garibaldi would have consented to take him.

Except these few Republicans, the Thousand were far too well pleased with their cause and their leader to join in debating his proclamation. They were more pleasantly employed ashore recovering from the miseries of the voyage. It was a clear spring morning. Some bathed in the sea, some searched the friendly but poverty-stricken village for eatable food, while many of that learned regiment admired the scenery and discussed the antiquarian and literary associations of the Maremma.² Close at hand the coast ran southwards to Orbetello, through unreclaimed marshland and tangled brushwood. The low, desert shores of the Gulf of Talamone stretched thus for ten miles, bounded on the north by a high hill, on the spur of which Talamone and its old war-tower projected into the sea, and on the south by the promontory mountain of Argentario, on the side of which Porto S. Stefano was clearly visible. Among the lagoons dividing Mount Argentario from the mainland lay the fortress of Orbetello. The possibility of proceeding to Sicily depended on securing coal from the government store at Porto S. Stefano, and ammunition from the fortress in the lagoons.

At this crisis Garibaldi employed a wise and even artful diplomacy. He chose as his principal agent Colonel Türr, the Hungarian. Türr, who died in 1908 full of years and honour, began his career as patriot when, in January 1849, he deserted the hated Austrian flag at the persuasion of some Italian officers. During the war of 1859 Cavour, who, together with Napoleon, was in close negotiation with Kossuth as to the possibility of a Hungarian insurrection, had sent Türr to join the *Cacciatori delle Alpi* and represent among them the unity of the Italian and Magyar cause. Partly for his country's sake, partly for his own, he was

¹ *Rome MSS. Mazz. letters, V. E., No. 2429. Letter of May 8, 'Vado a Genova. Scopo era il raggiungere Garibaldi per andare con lui in Sicilia.'*

² *Capuzzi, 10, 12. Bandi, 51, 52. Menohini, 418, 419. Abba, Not. 26,*

treated with special favour by Garibaldi. With his long moustache, his fine person and carriage, his disinterested virtue and his inconsiderate valour, he was the perfect type of a Hungarian cavalier. He had not, perhaps, the military talent of Bixio, Medici, or Cosenz, but as a diplomatist he had no superior among the Garibaldini, and it might be supposed that his connexion with the Court and the official world would be known to the commandant of Orbetello.¹

That officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Giorgini, had the dull round of his garrison life broken in upon at about two in the afternoon of May 7 by a visit from Türr, who had driven along the coast road from Talamone. The Hungarian presented his letter of introduction from Garibaldi, explained the situation, told the story of the lost ammunition, and asked for all the powder in the fortress. Never, perhaps, was an officer who wished to combine his military with his patriotic duty placed in a more difficult position.

'You are a soldier,' he said to Türr, 'and you know what it means to give up the arms and ammunition of a fortress without orders from one's superior officer.'

'But what,' answered the resourceful Magyar, 'if you get the orders from the King himself? It will be enough for you to send him this letter which I will write.'

Sitting down there and then, Türr wrote to Trecchi, the King's Garibaldian aide-de-camp :

'Dear Trecchi,—Tell his Majesty that the ammunition destined for our expedition has been left in Genoa. We beseech his Majesty to order the Commandant of the fortress of Orbetello to provide us with all that he has in his arsenal.'

Handing this letter to Giorgini, Türr observed that as there was neither telegraph nor railway, it might be a week before an answer could reach the Maremma from Turin ; that it was impossible for Garibaldi to wait at Talamone, because

¹ *Mem. Stor. Mil.* i. p. 11. *Chiala's Pol. Seg.* 31-47. *Adamoli*, 117, 118. *Abba*, 46. *Mario*, 244. My estimate of Türr as a man and a soldier is based upon facts and conversations too many to be cited here in full.

in less than a week the European powers would have interfered and the Neapolitans would have completed their naval and military defences against a raid which was already known to have left Genoa. Therefore, said Türr, Giorgini must send the ammunition before he receive the King's reply.

'Colonel,' the other answered, 'you place me in a terrible situation. But since you assure me that the undertaking has started under the auspices of the King, I put the arsenal at your disposal.' So saying, Giorgini went to Talamone and saw Garibaldi, who, dressed as a Piedmontese officer, heartily thanked his comrade for helping him at a pinch. The commandant of Orbetello was shortly afterwards arrested and brought before a court martial, by whom he was acquitted.¹

Meanwhile several wagons were loaded up and the stores taken from Orbetello to Talamone. The ammunition was partly in the form of cartridges, partly of loose powder packed in pine-wood boxes. Even now there was not really enough ammunition for the muskets, and some of the Thousand went through the campaign from Marsala to Palermo with no more than ten cartridges a man.² Other war-like supplies were added, including bullets used by the *Bersaglieri*, which proved a bad fit for the muskets of the Garibaldini,³ a hundred Enfield rifles, and lastly two bronze cannon cast in 1802, and an old culverin (*colubrina*) which had been out of date long before the era of Napoleon. These three, together with two more garrison pieces of like antiquarian interest found by Garibaldi in the old tower of Talamone, were taken to Sicily, mounted there on wooden carriages roughly put together, and so dragged about and occasionally fired as the field artillery of the Thousand.⁴ The fame of these five

¹ *Türr's Da Quarto*, 6-9. *Mem. Stor. Mil.* i. 1-34. This decision of July 5 was annulled on appeal on August 29 by the Supreme Military Tribunal, but this quashing was only a question of law and did not affect Giorgini's immunity from punishment.

² *Massini*, xi. p. lxxviii., note.

³ *Conv. Cansio*.

⁴ *Sampieri*, 19-22. *Türr's Da Quarto*, 8. *Bandi*, 55. *Orsini*, 49 (N.A.).

veterans, transformed by Southern imagination into twice as many 'rifled cannon' carrying for 'four miles,' made the Sicilians take courage and the Neapolitan soldiers take thought, and had no small moral influence on the result of the campaign.¹

The 7th and 8th of May were busy days at Talamone. While the organisation of the main force destined for Sicily proceeded apace, sixty-one unfortunate men who had sailed with the rest from Quarto were formed into a separate company and sent, together with the Tuscan detachment from Leghorn, to invade the Papal States under Zambianchi. This expedition is called in Italian history 'The Diversion,' because it was intended to attract the notice of the Neapolitan government away from Sicily to its northern border. But it was not intended merely as a diversion. It was part of the national policy of 1860, conceived by Mazzini in February,² and carried out in the autumn by Garibaldi and Cavour, of placing the Neapolitan and Papal provinces 'between two fires,' kindled, the one in Sicily and the other in the Marches.

Zambianchi's expedition was not a mere diversion, because it was meant to succeed. His men were armed by Garibaldi with good rifles, which would better have gone to replace some of the wretched muskets distributed among the Thousand. Zambianchi was to traverse the north of the Papal States eastward by way of Orvieto and Perugia into the Marches. Garibaldi had made inquiries about the Liberal Committees of those districts and believed that they would rise at the signal of Zambianchi's approach. The insurrection was then to be aided by Bertani and Medici, whom Garibaldi had left at Genoa, with orders to organise reinforcements alike for Sicily and for the Papal States. Zambianchi's orders were to place himself under the command of Medici, if Medici came to his help. From the Marches he was to penetrate southwards into the Neapolitan

¹ *Paolucci, Corrao*, 130, 131. *Conv. Salinas*.

² *Mazzini*, xi, pp. xlv-xlvii.

kingdom. Rome was for the present to be left alone, though Garibaldi hoped to enter the capital of Italy at the end of the year, when he himself returned north by way of Naples.

The fate of this worse than foolish expedition under Zambianchi can be briefly told. He marched up country to Scansano and Pitigliano, where he waited several days. On the night of May 18-19 he invaded Papal territory and proceeded a few miles towards Orvieto as far as Grotte di Castro, where he made his first halt. The men were taking their mid-day *siesta* in the houses of the town when the Papal gendarmes galloped past the sentinels into the market-place. A skirmish followed in the streets, and the Garibaldini repelled the attack. But they were now thoroughly disheartened, they distrusted and disliked their leader, who had shown neither sense nor valour in the fight, and they scarcely numbered 230 all told. Fearing the approach of the Papal army, they waited in Grotte till the evening, and retired by night across the frontier. Next day they were disarmed by the Italian government. They were not, however, placed under arrest, and were able to go out in the later expeditions to Sicily and share Garibaldi's victories at Milazzo and Volturno.

Only their leader, Zambianchi, was kept in prison until February 1861, and then banished to America; he died upon the voyage. He was a man of immense physical size and strength, probably a sincere patriot, but a bully, a ruffian, and if not a coward at least an incompetent blunderer. Garibaldi never in his life made a worse mistake, in every sense, than when he sent this man, whom he knew to have shot priests in Rome in 1849,¹ to invade the Papal States at the head of a totally inadequate number of Garibaldini who despised his military incapacity and want of initiative, and strongly resented being placed under the orders of a murderer. Luckily the whole scheme was so absurdly inadequate that it did not by partial success bring

¹ Trevelyan's *Gar. Rome*, 150.

scandal and embarrassment on Italy and jeopardise the support which Cavour was able to give Garibaldi himself.¹

Meanwhile the organisation of the more fortunate Thousand who were destined for Sicily proceeded during May 7 and 8 by the seashore in and near Talamone. Their exact number was 1089. Thirty-three were afterwards officially classified as non-Italians, but this small foreign element comprised fourteen Italians of the Trentino, and Giuseppe Garibaldi of French Nice ; the ' American ' in the same list was his son Menotti, born of Anita on the Pampas in the war of the wilderness. Four, including Türr, were Hungarians. The greater part of the Thousand came from the cities of North Italy. Bergamo headed the list with 160, Genoa sent 156, including the Carabineers, Milan 72, Brescia 59, and 58 Pavesi followed Benedetto Cairoli. Among the exiles Austrian Venetia was well represented. Forty-six Neapolitans of the mainland, and about as many Sicilians, sailed to free their homes. Seven, including Lady Russell's friend Braico, were revered as being among the ' Neapolitan prisoners ' who had suffered for ten years in Procida or Montefusco. It was noticed that they spoke but seldom, and then with gentle utterance, seeming to desire victory not for the sake of vengeance, but in order to open the prison doors to the many thousands of innocent people who were still enduring the agonies that had darkened their own lives.²

A large proportion of the Thousand were students from the Universities, not yet engaged in earning their livelihood. But those who have classified the Thousand according to professions which they followed in 1860 or embraced in later years, roughly estimate the result at 150 lawyers, 100

¹ *Pittaluga, passim. Guerzoni, li. 48-57. Nuvolari, 122. Medici, 4-6. Milan MSS. A. B., Plico, xii., No. 14. Bandi, 11, 12, 33-35, 55-57.*

² *Elenco.* There is also an incomplete list in *Türr's Div.* 346-372 ; cf. *De Cesare's F. di P.* ccliii.-ccliv., to *Abba, 73-75.* The main body of the Tuscans, who had come from Leghorn in the *Adelina*, were sent with *Zamblanchi*, and for this reason alone Tuscany does not figure largely in the list of the Thousand.

doctors (who used to fight until the battle was over and then tend the wounded), 100 merchants, 50 engineers, 20 chemists, 30 ship-captains, 10 painters or sculptors, 3 ex-priests, one lady (Crispi's wife), besides gentlemen of private means, government employees, authors, professors, journalists, and many small tradesmen such as barbers and cobblers. But perhaps half the whole number were workmen of the towns. There was hardly a single peasant. The average age was very young, but there were a fair number of veterans, and practically all the officers and the majority of the rank and file had fought in the Alps the year before, or in one of the earlier campaigns of Italian Liberation.¹

Such were the men whom Garibaldi now divided into eight companies of infantry, the staff, the artillery, twenty-three scouts (*guide*), who had to dispense with horses, and the Genoese Carabineers. Each of the eight companies had its captain named by Garibaldi, and each captain chose his own lieutenants and non-commissioned officers, subject to the General's approval. The territorial principle was largely observed in forming the companies and choosing the officers. The eighth company was entirely from Bergamo. The seventh, or 'students,' company, under Benedetto Cairoli, contained as many as fifty-two Lombard students, chiefly from his own University of Pavia, besides twelve merchants, thirty proprietors and civil servants, and thirty-six artisans and workmen, all men of intelligence and education, deeply devoted to the Cairoli family which had a wide influence in that part of Lombardy.² The first four companies formed the first battalion under Bixio, the last four the second battalion under Carini, an able and daring Sicilian officer.³

Thus rapidly organised, the little army was drilled on the sea-shore, and Garibaldi held his first review. On the night of May 7 they slept round their camp fires.⁴ But on the

¹ *Abba*, 73. *Elenco*. It is hard to distinguish in the list between master workmen and their journeymen employees.

² *Abba*, 59. *Adamoli*, 1-9.

³ The eighth company was in fact formed at Porto S. Stefano, the other seven at Talamone. *Türr's Div.* 22. *Bandi*, 52. *Menghini*, 418.

⁴ *Capussi*, 11.

evening of the 8th, the second day ashore, an incident occurred, unimportant in itself, but highly significant of the difficulties overcome by Garibaldi in imposing the discipline of war and the authority of the officers on men who regarded themselves as free volunteers and in some sense the equals of every one except their General. Some of the Thousand behaved rudely to the inhabitants, as they never did after they reached Sicily. When their officers interfered they refused to obey. These officers, of whom Nino Bixio could certainly not have been one, were unwilling to draw swords on their men in the streets of Talamone, and sent Bandi on board the *Piemonte* to fetch the General. When he heard what had happened, 'he glared at me,' says Bandi, 'with the eyes of a wild boar.' He went ashore and in speechless fury ordered the whole army aboard. The mutineers withered up at the sight of his anger, which was in fact the main safeguard of discipline throughout the expedition.¹

That night no one dared to approach his cabin, for his wrath was prolonged by the continued absence of his commissary Bovi, who had been sent to Grosseto to purchase food for the voyage. Garibaldi chafed at the delay, for everything else was ready for their departure, and he knew that the Neapolitan cruisers must every hour be strengthening their watch against him round the coasts of Sicily. He retired to rest, leaving orders that when Bovi appeared he was to be thrown overboard. Just before daybreak he arrived with the provisions. Garibaldi came out of his cabin, while all held their breath to see in what temper he had woken up. When he saw the culprit, he puffed at his cigar and said, 'Good morning, Bovi; you made me very angry last night.' All breathed again, and the faithful Bovi, who was in fact an excellent commissary, wiped his eyes with his one remaining hand (for he had lost its fellow in

¹ *Bandi*, 53, 54. *Abba*, 82, 83. Clearly the incident occurred on the night of the 8th, as Abba says, not on the 7th, as Bandi narrates. For *Capuzzi* and other authorities show that the Thousand slept on shore on the night of the 7th.

the defence of Rome), and explained the difficulties which had caused the delay. The General heard him out, and dismissed him with '*Eh, va bene.*' If Garibaldi had not been feared as well as loved, he could not have extracted, as he always did, the utmost service that each man could render to the cause.¹

The provisions were now on board, and between three and four o'clock on the morning of May 9 the *Piemonte* and *Lombardo* hauled up their anchors, while the inhabitants of Talamone, who bore no ill-will for the incident of the previous night, cheered them and wished them luck as they departed. They sailed across the gulf to Porto S. Stefano, at the foot of Monte Argentario. There they landed again for a few hours, to enable the steamers to coal. A deputation was sent to the government coal store, with orders to negotiate politely, but as Nino Bixio was in the party, the parleying was soon cut short, and the official in charge was seized and shaken until he gave up the keys of the shed. The steamers were next invaded by a large body of Bersaglieri who had deserted from the garrison of Orbetello, in order to take part in the expedition. Garibaldi, though he felt sorry for the *poveri ragazzi*, fulfilled his pledge to the King and had them all hunted off the ship, except three or four stowaways who succeeded in escaping the chase.²

During the morning, the old muskets supplied by La Farina were distributed among the eight companies, and called forth general amazement at their extreme badness. It was difficult even to fix the ill-fitting bayonets securely on the muzzles.³

Early in the afternoon ⁴ of May 9 the two vessels finally stood out to sea and steered a course for the north-west corner of Sicily, avoiding the ordinary routes. The men had now been divided afresh between the two ships, in a

¹ *Menghini*, 419. *Turr's Da Quarto*, 12. *Bandi*, 58-62.

² *Crispi, Diario*, 20. *Menghini*, 421. *Abba*, 83. *Abba, Not.* 30-32. *Bandi*, 63-65.

³ *Baratieri*, 403, 404. *Abba*, 84. *Menghini*, 421. *Abba, Not.* 31.

⁴ *Crispi, Diario*, 20. *Castiglia (La Masa (Sic. xv.))*.

more orderly manner than had been possible at Quarto. On the *Piemonte*, besides Garibaldi and the staff, sailed most of the artillery and the seventh and eighth companies from Pavia and Bergamo. The first six companies and the Genoese Carabineers, amounting to 650 or 700 men, were in the more capacious *Lombardo* under Nino Bixio.¹ This Hotspur soon established his authority according to his usual methods. At a reply from a corporal which he considered impertinent, he threw a plate at the man's face, and summoning every one on deck, addressed them with a ferocity of intention that subdued and even captivated his audience.

'I command here. I am everything. I am Czar, Sultan, Pope. I am Nino Bixio. I must be obeyed like God. If you dare to shrug your shoulders or to think of mutinying, I will come in my uniform, sabre in hand, and cut you to pieces.'

Everyone knew that he would be as good as his word, and liked him none the less. Loud cheers greeted this extraordinary speech. When the applause had died away, the Sicilian La Masa jumped up and began delivering a florid oration in praise of Bixio, in the style in which he so often charmed the crowd at the street corners of Palermo. But the northerners paid him scant attention, and Bixio strode angrily away, conceiving for La Masa a bitter contempt which grew steadily throughout the campaign.²

Next to Garibaldi, Bixio was the chief cause of the success of the expedition. He well earned his title of 'the second of the Thousand.' For the danger of that little army, strong in individual valour and self-sacrifice, was the lack of constraining authority, and this want was filled up, mainly indeed by the veneration and fear felt by all for Garibaldi, but partly also by a wholesome terror of Bixio's half-insane but sometimes well-directed violence.

Meanwhile, on the *Piemonte*, the able Sicilian, Giordano Orsini, whom the General had put in command of the

¹ *Bologna MSS., Bixio's Notes.*

² *Abba, Not.* 34-36. *Menghini*, 421. *Capuzzi*, 15. *Zeusi*, 133. *Bandi*, 67. *Bologna MSS., Bixio's Letters*, for his views of La Masa.

artillery, set up a laboratory on deck, where all took their share in casting bullets and manufacturing cartridges. At dawn of May 10 no sail was in sight. Only a shoal of dolphins followed the ships, while the work on the ammunition and the singing of the songs of '48 beguiled the hours on the lonely by-paths of the sea.¹

Garibaldi, who had once more discarded the Piedmontese uniform assumed at Talamone for the red shirt and *puncio*, was in a mood of unalloyed and radiant happiness. The coming struggle for liberty was to be fought out alone by him and his chosen band, in the mountains of a romantic island almost totally unknown to the world, under conditions making real for once that poetry of war and patriotism after which his whole life was one long aspiration. His aide-de-camp Bandi found him in his deck-cabin, spectacles on nose to mark the hour of literary labour. The verses which he was composing sang of tyranny and of revolt, though not in such melodious numbers as Carducci has often found for the theme. He told Bandi that he wished his young men to set his words to music and sing them as they charged on the battle-fields of Sicily. Bandi returned on deck with the General's poem, and soon collected in a circle the literary and musical talent of the *Piemonte*. All were in high spirits, and not incapable of poking fun—even at him. The concert proceeded, with strange sounds, to uncouth tunes, amid suppressed laughter, until Garibaldi's head appeared out of the cabin. 'What music is that? Have you composed it?' 'No, General! Not I!' 'Eh, diavolo!'—and the head was withdrawn.²

¹ *Castiglia* (*La Masa* (*Sic.*), xv.). *Bandi*, 66, 70. *Capuzzi*, 14. *Zasio*, 30.

² *Bandi*, 70-72. *Zasio*, 30.

CHAPTER XIII

THE LANDING OF THE THOUSAND AT MARSALA

'He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.'

MONTROSE,

WHILE Garibaldi was still at sea the diplomatic storm had broken over Cavour's head. Prussia, though she had held apart from the reactionary league formed against Piedmont during the winter, roundly declared that had she any vessels of her own in Italian waters she would herself stop the pirates. Russia held similar language, protesting that only her geographical position prevented her active interference. But Austria, the most formidable of the three, would promise no help to the government of Naples, though expressing the strongest sympathy.¹ England for more than a fortnight gave no official sign, and Lord John's first communication on May 22 seemed chiefly concerned with the rumour that if Piedmont acquired Sicily or Naples, France would obtain Genoa or the island of Sardinia, as she had obtained Nice and Savoy, in return for her protection against Austria. When somewhat reassured on this point by a promise from Cavour, our Government allowed itself to take the same friendly interest in Garibaldi's chances of success as the British public had taken from the first announcement of his departure on so sportsmanlike an enterprise.²

France was, in fact, the Power from which Cavour had

¹ *Bianchi*, viii, 291, 292, 658. *Chiala*, iv. pp. clxxiv, clxxv.

² *Br. Parl. Papers*, 12, pp. 17-28.

most to fear. Throughout the revolution of 1860 Napoleon, with more than his usual uncertainty of purpose, was perpetually vacillating between the desire to protect the Neapolitan government against the movement for Italian unity, and the desire to reform or overthrow it by some Liberal revolution engineered in French interests.¹ On May 7, before any other Power had protested, his Ministers sent a menacing expostulation to Turin, within a day of Garibaldi's departure from Quarto.² And they followed up their protest by stopping the projected withdrawal of the French troops from Rome. With revolution beginning in the South, Napoleon could feel no certainty that Rome would not be attacked before the year was out, and when he had proposed to withdraw his own garrison, he had by no means intended to allow the Italians to occupy the Papal city.³

On May 7, Cavour telegraphed to the Governor of Cagliari in Sardinia :—

'Garibaldi has embarked with 400 volunteers on two Rubattino steamers for Sicily. If he enters a port of Sardinia arrest the expedition. I authorise you to employ, if required, the squadron commanded by Count Persano.'

Next day he sent a further explanatory telegram :—

'Do not arrest the expedition out at sea. Only if it enters a port.'⁴

Cavour afterwards declared that he sent the orders to arrest Garibaldi because he heard that the expedition was to be diverted against the Papal States.⁵ But in his telegram of May 7, he had mentioned Sicily as being Garibaldi's destination, and it therefore seems more probable that his real purpose in sending the message was to save his own position

¹ *Elliot*, 31, 32, 43, 44.

² *Chiala*, iv. pp. clxxi., clxxii.

³ See Appendix L, below. 'Why the French evacuation of Rome was stopped.'

⁴ *Chiala*, iii. 245, 246.

⁵ *Chiala*, iv. p. clxxvi., and iii. 248 (Letter of May 14).

see Garibaldi again. Suddenly, about ten at night, he was aware of a vessel coming to meet him through the darkness. All attempt to exchange signals failed, and Bixio, desperately resolving that it was one of the enemy's cruisers, ordered Elia to steer the ship against the intruder, and all hands to prepare to board. As he lay stretched over the prow of the *Lombardo*, sweating with excitement in his eagerness to be the first on the enemy's deck, he heard a well-known voice hail him across the waters, 'Captain Bixio!' 'General!' 'Why do you want to send us to the bottom?' So ended an incident which caused as much misery to the actors as any of the dangers from the real enemy which they afterwards encountered on land. For on board the *Piemonte* also the midnight assailant had for some minutes been taken for a Neapolitan cruiser. Garibaldi had seen the lights of the enemy's squadron around him—so at least, he believed, but whether rightly or wrongly it is impossible to say—and for that reason had not dared to show the arranged signals for Bixio's benefit.¹

If the two steamers had lost each other that night, they would probably never have met again, for it had been impossible to decide on a *rendezvous* where the disembarkation should take place. Palermo, guarded by some 20,000 regular troops, was the objective of the campaign, and its capture would mean the instant acquisition of the western half of Sicily, possibly of the whole island. Garibaldi had at one time thought of running ashore as near to the capital as the Gulf of Castellamare, but had abandoned the plan as too hazardous. A landing-place was required within a few days' march of Palermo, but not so dangerously near it as Castellamare. It had therefore been decided to land somewhere between Trapani and Sciacca—most probably at Porto Palo or at Sciacca itself. But the place and hour of disembarkation would of necessity be determined by the position and

¹ *Castiglia (Sic, e la Masa, xvi.)*, Bixio, 164-166. *Capuzzi*, 16, 17. *Giusta*, 5. *Bandi*, 75, 76. *Abba Not.* 36, 37. *Elia*, II, 22-24. *Mem.* 341, 342. The usual slight variations in detail will be noticed in these accounts.

movements on the next morning of the dozen Neapolitan cruisers guarding the coast-line of Sicily against the expected invasion, of which no fewer than four, the *Valoroso*, the *Stromboli*, the *Capri*, and the *Partenope* were patrolling the thirty miles run between Trapani and Mazzara.¹

At dawn on May 11 the first beams of the sun touched Ætna's cap, and all the Sicilian headlands one by one, until in the west the ray struck on the bare rocks of Monte Pellegrino that overhangs Palermo city, even as when Hamilcar the Carthaginian made his strange encampment on its summit; and, last of all, Eryx, the famed acropolis of Astarte and of Aphrodite, that looks out over the islands of the Ægades and the baths of ocean.

The two ships that bore the fate of Italy were still far out to sea, but drawing nearer and nearer to those guarded coasts. Before daylight many of the Thousand, crowding on deck to catch the first sight of Sicily, mistook for land a transitory bank of clouds. But with the rising sun appeared the summit of the island of Marettimo, towards which they were steering, and ere long Sicily herself was disclosed before their eyes.²

They sailed parallel with the coast from Cape S. Vito, keeping out from Trapani, where were shoals and a Bourbon garrison. Running through the archipelago of the Ægades, 'almost grazing Marettimo,' they left Favignana on the east.³ In the prison there lay Nicotera and the other surviving leaders of Pisacane's expedition.⁴ Garibaldi and his men knew this well, and gazed at the island, thinking how soon either they themselves would be dead or these their

¹ *De Cesare*, II, 202. *Franci*, I, 175, 182. *Castiglia (Sic. e La Masa)*, xvi-xx). *Mem.* 342. *Pittaluga*, 9, 10. *Türr's Da Quarto*, 13. *Crispi*, (4), 646. *Bandi*, 77, 78.

² *Crispi*, *Diario*, 20. *Bandi*, 77.

³ *Calvino (Guardione)*, II, 426). Ella, who commanded the *Lombardo* under Bixio, writes to me that they steered for Marettimo, 'leaving on their left the island of Favignana.' Marettimo they left on their right, as Türr told me, and as all authorities imply.

⁴ See pp. 68-70, above.

a large space of ground, protected fortress-wise by high unscalable walls, within which were ranged the sheds for the manufacture and the vaults for the storage of the wine, besides in some instances a courtyard in the middle, and a well-appointed country house, where the comfort and hospitality of an English home stood entrenched in a foreign land. The imposing line of these mercantile fortresses, each flying the British flag in a time of danger and disturbance, was more prominently in view than the city itself to persons approaching Marsala from the sea.

When the news of Riso's revolt at the Gancia Convent in Palermo reached Marsala on April 6, a Liberal demonstration took place, the tricolour was carried through the streets and the Bourbon arms pulled down. But the news of Riso's complete discomfiture quickly succeeded, and a month of fearful expectation ensued, till on May 6 a column under the orders of General Letizia arrived in the town, imprisoned or drove away the leaders, and disarmed the inhabitants, including the British colony. But on May 9-10 the government, with incredible folly, transported Letizia's force from Marsala back to Palermo, in spite of the fact that they knew Garibaldi to have sailed, and expected him to land on exactly that part of the coast to the north of Mazzara. Indeed, on May 6, General Landi with another force was sent from Palermo by land into the same district to await Garibaldi, at the very time that Letizia was being withdrawn thence to Palermo by sea. Landi, on May 11, had scarcely marched as far as Alcamo, so that Garibaldi came to Marsala at a moment when there was no force nearer than the garrison of Trapani. This was the first of the series of fatal military mistakes by which the Governor Castelvicala and his successors succeeded in losing the island to an armament ludicrously inferior to their own.¹

The British colony in the *baglii* of Marsala, alarmed at finding themselves deprived of their arms by a government

¹ *De Cesare*, II, 191, 192, 200. *Girolamo*, 6, 7. *Naples MS.*, *Landi*, *De Sivo*, III, 187.

politically hostile, amid a population socially untrustworthy, appealed for the protection of their own country. For this reason, and not, as was afterwards averred, out of collusion with Garibaldi, H.M.S. *Argus* and *Intrepid* were detached from the squadron at Palermo at nightfall on May 10, and arrived at Marsala at ten on the following morning, about three hours in advance of the *Piemonte* and *Lombardo*.¹ The Englishmen found no other warships at Marsala, for two or three vessels of the Neapolitan squadron had started on their cruise towards the south so short a time before that they were still visible in the offing at five or six miles distance.²

The British officers anchored their ships well outside the port, the *Argus* two or three miles out, and the *Intrepid* nearer in shore, but still 'three-quarters of a mile to a mile from the lighthouse at the end of the mole.' From these exterior positions they did not move during the exciting events that followed, and consequently offered not the slightest physical impediment to any operations which the Neapolitans wished or could have wished to carry out.³

So little was Garibaldi or any other thunderbolt expected out of the blue of that calm and dreamy May noontide that the two commanding officers were on shore, being shown over the *baglii* by their fellow-countrymen, and hearing their complaints about the disarmament, when the party was called out from the wine stores to watch two strange steamers from the north-west running fast for port. Captain Marryat, of the *Intrepid*, noticed that the leading steamer, the smaller of the two, had a boat in tow. There

¹ *Br. Parl. Papers*, 17, pp. 5, 6. *Winnington-Ingram*, 172, 197. The *Argus* is described as a steam-paddle sloop, six guns, and the *Intrepid* as a gunboat. The English warships at this period were wooden ships of the old build with both steam and masts.

² *De Sivo*, III. 187. *De Cesare*, II. 192, 203. *Girolamo*, 9. *Br. Parl. Papers*, 17, p. 2. *Daily News*, May 22, 1860, p. 5, col. 4.

³ *Br. Parl. Papers*, 17, pp. 2, 6, 7. *Winnington-Ingram*, 197. Italian maps of the affair incorrectly represent the British ships as nearer inshore. But the separate evidence of the two British captains is explicit and unimpeachable.

appeared to be armed men on board the vessels, and as they approached they were seen to hoist the Piedmontese colours, the tricolour of Italy, but with the cross of the House of Savoy in the middle—not Mazzini's 'neutral banner.'¹

The sailors on board the *Argus*, who had a close view of the *Piemonte* as she passed under their stern, saw on board her, men in red blouses, 'which gave them somewhat the appearance of English soldiers.' The sympathetic Britons, alike on the ships and on the shore, now clearly perceived that it 'was a case of *Viva Italia*,' and an officer in a red blouse with a feather in his cap, standing on the bridge of the *Piemonte* beside the captain, was voted by some of those on board the *Argus* to be Garibaldi himself. The mouth of a cannon was noticed projecting from the bulwarks. The larger vessel that followed was seen to be 'literally crammed with men like herrings in a cask; some in red, some in dark green like riflemen, but by far the greater part in plain citizens' attire.' They made straight for the port, the *Piemonte* anchoring safely inside the mole among a number of small English merchant vessels, but Bixio's *Lombardo*, of deeper draught, grounding on the shallows at the mouth of the harbour, within a hundred yards of the lighthouse.²

It was now about 1.30 or 2 o'clock. The Neapolitan vessels had perceived their prey and were coming back in the utmost haste from the south. The sloop steamer *Stromboli*, after towing the sailing frigate *Partenope* some little distance, left her to follow, and made all speed for the scene of action.³ With destruction thus drawing near them apace, the Thousand began to disembark, making for a point near the end of the mole.

Garibaldi sent Türr ashore first with a small body of men to occupy Marsala. Their welcome was friendly but timid,

¹ *Br. Parl. Papers*, 17, p. 6. *Daily News*, May 22, 1860, p. 5, col. 4. I have seen the flag of the *Piemonte*, preserved in the *baglio* Ingham.

² *Daily News*, May 22, 1860, p. 5, col. 4; cf. *Times*, May 29, 'A correspondent writes—'. *I. L. N.*, 467 (May 19). *Elia*, II, 25. *Br. Parl. Papers*, 17, p. 6.

³ *Castiglia* (*Sic. e La Masa*, xxi). *Sampieri*, 14.

for the leading citizens had fled from the town during its recent occupation by Letizia's punitive column, and the remainder were frightened by the memory of that event and by the approach of the Neapolitan war vessels. In the centre of the town some junior officers of the *Argus* and *Intrepid* were surprised as they sat eating ices in a café by the appearance in the doorway of armed men in strange uniforms; shortly afterwards, in obedience to orders sent them by their captains, the young men hastened back to their ships. The invaders made haste to seize the telegraph office, where they found a form filled in with a message evidently just dispatched to Trapani, announcing the arrival of two Piedmontese steamers with armed men on board. From Trapani the news could be wired to Palermo. The new-comers at once sent another message: 'My mistake; they are two of our own vessels.' Tradition has it that the official at Trapani replied 'idiot!' (*imbécille!*),¹ but in any case the authorities at Palermo were not deceived, and while the disembarkation was only beginning, had wired to Naples to announce Garibaldi's arrival, and to ask that troops should at once be dispatched from Naples to Marsala.²

Meanwhile the main body of Garibaldini was disembarking. The ships' boats and the fishing smack which they had towed into port would not have sufficed for a rapid landing, especially as the *Lombardo* had struck outside the harbour. But the sailors of Marsala, induced by political sympathy, by promises of high pay, and in some cases by revolvers held at their heads, brought out swarms of small boats to the rescue.³ The rapidity with which the disembarkation was effected roused the professional admiration of many experienced English spectators.⁴

¹ *Türr's Da Quarto*, 15, 16. *Bruzzesi*, 15, 16. *Abba Not.* 55. *Br. Parl. Papers*, 17, pp. 7, 8. *Capuzzi*, 18. *I. L. N.*, 467 (May 19).

² *De Sivo*, III. 193. *De Cesare*, II. 224.

³ *Girolamo*, 10, 11. *Türr's Da Quarto*, 19. *Castiglia (Sic. e la Masa, xx.)*. *Daily News*, May 22, 1860, p. 5, col. 4. *Campo*, 104.

⁴ 'Nothing could excel the able way in which the landing was effected.'—Letter of English eye-witness in the *Times*, May 29, 1860. See also *Times*, May 25, another such letter: 'The landing was effected in gallant style, and with most extraordinary celerity and order.'

When at length the *Stromboli* steamed up within shot, the *Piemonte* had discharged all its living cargo on the mole, but the *Lombardo* had still three-quarters of its men on board, to say nothing of the cannon and ammunition.¹ A fairer opportunity for making an end of the expedition on the spot could not have been desired by a zealous and capable officer. But Captain Acton, of the *Stromboli*, though his family was British Catholic in origin, had the traditions of Neapolitan service ingrained through several generations of connection, honourable enough indeed, with the history of the House of Bourbon. The responsibility of that hour was too much for him.

‘It was in his power,’ wrote Captain Marryat, who was watching from the shore through his telescope, ‘to place his steamer(s ?) within 200 or 300 yards of the Sardinian aground [the *Lombardo*], and in such a position that every shot fired by him would have raked her from stem to stern while the deck was crowded with men, and one may feel convinced that all landing by boats would have ceased. . . . So impressed was I with the idea that the Commander of the Neapolitan steamer would open fire an hour before he did that I advised the removal of English [merchant] vessels out of the port.’

This proved impossible because of a head wind, so that the merchant vessels remained in port to take their chance.

No account by Acton of his own motives has ever been given to the world, but we may perhaps deduce from his actions that his principal motive for hesitation was the very natural though quite unfounded suspicion that the almost simultaneous arrival at Marsala of the British war-ships and the invading expedition was the result of a dark English conspiracy. The Neapolitan Government and all its employees were rightly convinced of the hostility of Great Britain, but erred in supposing her capable of every kind of outrage. Terror of the British war-ships cruising ostentatiously and in large numbers round the island was one of the chief causes of Neapolitan miscalculation and

¹ *Br. Parl. Papers*, 17, p. 6.

panic throughout this year of disaster. Probably Acton was no wiser than the government he served, and feared that the moment he opened fire he would be blown out of the water. His suspicions were the keener when he observed among the invaders a number of soldiers in strange red uniforms, which he took for British. He therefore sent a boat's crew to hail the *Intrepid* and inquire whether there were any English troops ashore. He was told 'No,' but that the Commanders of the two English men-of-war were on shore, and a few other naval officers. Even then he did not begin to fire, but sent again to the *Intrepid* to ask how he could find Captain Marryat. Meanwhile that officer, together with his colleague Captain Winnington-Ingram, of the *Argus*, who had known and admired Garibaldi fourteen years ago at Monte Video,¹ rowed out from the wine stores to the *Stromboli* and interviewed Acton on board his own ship. Speaking in fluent English, but appearing 'excessively nervous and agitated about the affair,' Acton told them

'that he was obliged to fire, to which not the slightest objection was made, and nothing more passed than a request from us that he would respect the English flag, whenever he saw it flying, which he faithfully promised to do. Whilst we were on board, he continued his firing, and even offered a kind of apology for the shot going so low; but he said he did not wish to fire into the town, only on the armed men marching from the mole to the city gate. As we left the steamer,' adds Captain Marryat, 'the frigate [*Partenope*, 50-60 guns] arrived under sail, and fired a useless broadside.'

The steamer *Capri* also appeared on the scene.²

Garibaldi in his memoirs sums up the situation well. There was, he writes, no truth in the rumour that the British helped the disembarkation 'directly.' But, he adds, the presence of their ships 'influenced' the Neapolitan commander in delaying the bombardment, and so

'the noble flag of England once more on this occasion

¹ *Trevelyan's Gar. Rome*, 35, note. *Winnington-Ingram*, chap. vii.

² *Br. Parl. Papers*, 17, pp. 2, 6, 7. *Winnington-Ingram*, 197, 198.

helped to prevent bloodshed, and I, the Benjamin of these lords of the ocean, for the hundredth time received their protection.' ¹

The bombardment, witnessed by the British captains from the deck of the Neapolitan steamer, was as badly aimed as it had been tardily begun. Having lost the opportunity of raking and sinking the *Lombardo* when the men were still on board, the three Neapolitan vessels, if they could have shot straight, had still the chance of inflicting terrible damage on the Thousand as they marched in column along the whole length of the mole,² and thence to the city gate. 'The patriots stood fire splendidly,' wrote Captain Ingram, 'and appeared to be altogether a fine body of men. But we only saw one man knocked over.' For the most part the missiles fell short in the open sea, but one or two passed overhead into the *baglio* Woodhouse, and nearly killed the English manager's wife. Garibaldi on the mole was in high good humour, chaffing those who showed any signs of nervousness. He himself remained one of the last outside the sea-gate of Marsala now called after his name; as he stood beside it with Türr and young Giorgio Manin (the son of a famous father), a shell burst at their feet, covering the whole party with dust. When all were within the city gate, there was nothing more to fear. The total loss of the invaders had been one dog wounded in the leg and one man in the shoulder.³

¹ *Mem.* 343.

² See illustration opposite. The landing took place at the end of the mole, not where the memorial stone has been erected. Now (1909) the mole has a high bulwark on its sea side, but then the bulwark was only a foot or so high, and no real protection. (*Conv. Mineo* and local information.) The mole was therefore rightly called '*molo scoperto*' by Castiglia.

³ Besides *Br. Parl. Papers*, 17, and *Winnington-Ingram*, see *Times*, May 25 and 29, 1860, and *Daily News*, May 22, for letters of eye-witnesses. *Castiglia* (*Sic. e La Masa*, xxi.). *Türr's Div.* 25. *Girolamo*, 14. *Menghini*, 24, 422. *Calvino* (*Guardione*, II. 428). *Perini*, 127. *Bandi*, 83-86. *Belloni*, 84. *Conv. Lipari*. Most Italian writers say that no one was hit except the dog, but Garibaldi left in the hospital of Marsala two sick men and one wounded in the shoulder, see *Girolamo*, 23, note. This is borne out by *Winnington-Ingram*, 198, 200 and *Times*, May 25 and 29.

By 4.30 everyone was safe inside the town, except the Genoese Carabineers, whom Garibaldi stationed at the harbour to prevent the Neapolitans from landing. Nothing had been left on board the vessels. A quarter of an hour's excellent work had sufficed to land the five old cannon. The ammunition, piled on the mole, was all brought up to the town in carts and on mules, under a hot but ill-directed fire. Last of all, the sea-cocks of the two steamers were opened by Garibaldi's orders, in order to flood the ships and prevent them from being carried off by the enemy. The *Lombardo* was thus rendered immovable, but the *Piemonte* was that evening salvaged and taken in tow by the Neapolitans. They clambered on her deck with cries of exultation and victory, vastly to the amusement of the Garibaldian and British onlookers, who had witnessed a previous attempt on their part to board her before she was quite empty ; on that occasion the boat's crew had thought better of it and ignominiously turned back half-way.¹

Safe within the walls of Marsala, Garibaldi summoned the *Decurionato*, as the municipal body was called. Its members, who showed considerable courage, readily obeyed his summons, and at the suggestion of Crispi, who from the moment of landing in his native island acted as the General's political secretary, they drew up and signed a document whereby they declared that the Bourbons had ceased to reign in Sicily, and called on Garibaldi to assume the Dictatorship in the name of Victor Emmanuel. 'I accepted the Dictatorship,' he writes, 'because I have always believed the way of safety lay there in times of crisis.'²

¹ *Elia*, II. 25, 26. *Bixio*, 168. *Castiglia (Sic. e La Masa*, xxII.), *Türr's Da Quarto*, 19. *Calvino (Guardione*, II. 428). *Menghini*, 29, 422. *Sampieri*, 14. *Bandi*, 95-100. *Perini*, 128, 129. *Bruzzesi*, 16, 24, 29. *Bruzzesi (dopo 25 anni)*, 30. *Daily News*, May 22, p. 5, col. 4. *Giusta*, 6. *Br. Parl. Papers*, 17, pp. 6, 7.

² The document with the signatures is printed in full in *Girolamo*, 19. *Girolamo*, 15-20. *Crispi, Diario*, 20, 21, note. *Mem.* 344. *La Masa (Sic.)* II. *Bruzzesi*, 14. All these authorities show that the Dictatorship was offered and assumed first at Marsala, not, as is often stated, at Salemi.

A simpler demand made by Sirtori, the Chief of Staff, was less easily met. Before the expedition left Quarto the book-shops of Genoa had been ransacked in vain for a good map of Sicily—so little in those days was known of the island by North Italians. But it now appeared that Marsala was equally unable to supply the want, although the *Decurionato* produced a map of the lands of their *commune*, of which Sirtori at once set his officers to make three copies. The Marsalese, moreover, gave verbal descriptions of the geographical and physical position of Salemi, the nearest of the mountain towns.¹ Relying perforce on such slight information, Garibaldi made his plan of campaign that night. He decided to march with all speed to Salemi, as the nearest defensible position, where he could defy a Bourbon attack from any direction, rest the Thousand, and gather round his flag the *squadre* of the upland districts, who could be trusted to show more martial zeal than the men of the coast towns. But he had no thought of waging for long a defensive or guerilla war in the hills. From Salemi it was his intention to march straight on Palermo.²

Next after the intoxicating joy of having landed safely with all their warlike stores, the feeling that prevailed among the Thousand that night was disappointment at their first contact with the Sicilians. In the completeness of their ignorance, the Northerners had expected to find in the children of the 'land of the Vespers' equal and like-minded comrades-in-arms. They found instead a race, whose language they could with difficulty understand, who were indeed politically friendly and not inhospitable (except for their habit of secluding the women of their families like Turks), but who seemed for the most part unwilling to fight, and were all quite unused to regular warfare. Garibaldi alone was contented and confident. 'Patience! Patience!' he said next day to those who complained of the Sicilians, 'you will find that all will come right.' Indeed if he had felt the same irritation with his new allies as was

¹ *Bruzzi*, 35. *Girolamo*, 15, 16.

² *Bandi*, 108. *Baratieri*, 390, 391.

felt by Bixio and most of the Thousand, he would not have won the confidence and adoration of the Sicilians in that extraordinary degree which proved one of the chief causes of his success. The quarrel of North and South was felt in the patriotic camp, to a greater or less extent, from the moment of the landing at Marsala, but it was not felt by Garibaldi, who remained the very personification of the idea of national unity, and succeeded, where a cleverer politician would have failed, in drawing North and South along together until the game was won.¹

His affectionate attitude towards the Sicilians was due to a mixture of shrewdness and simplicity, difficult to analyse, and highly characteristic of the man. The same may be said of his friendly attitude towards the Church in Sicily, resented in like manner by many of his Northern followers, and in like manner essential to the success of his enterprise. Even the first night in Marsala proved that in this strange island not only the priesthood but the great majority of the religious bodies were on the side of the revolution, though they pleaded the poverty of their convents as an excuse for supplying so few of their champions' wants. Garibaldi would allow no contributions to be forced from anyone except the reactionary and unpopular Jesuits, whom he soon afterwards expelled from Sicily. On this first night, the Jesuits of Marsala were obliged to disgorge their blankets, by throwing them unwillingly and gradually out of the window to the officer in the street below. But Sirtori, the serious and ascetic ex-priest, was sent round Marsala that night by Garibaldi to restrain the *mangiapreti*² among the Thousand from offering personal insult even to the Jesuits. Another member of his staff, devotedly attached to his person, Gusmaroli, an ex-priest of a different and coarser type, could not understand the point of a revolution in which the Church

¹ *Bandi*, 114-116. *Bologna MS., Bixio*. This proposition is the result in my mind of so much evidence, printed and oral, and the key to so many recorded incidents, that it would require a whole essay to lay out the proofs of it in full.

² 'Priest-eaters.'

was spared. But the fear of the General lay heavy upon the wildest of his followers, and he continued to the end to receive the active support of priests, monks, Bishops, and friars. 'True they are enemies to modern ideas of progress,' he said to one of his followers next month, 'but above all they are enemies to the Bourbons.'¹

At dawn next morning, May 12, the little army started for Salemi.² Garibaldi, Bixio, and a few other officers were mounted on horses procured in Marsala, but some of the staff officers and some of the cavalry scouts had still to trudge on foot.³ It was a joyful scene outside the landward gate. The rising sun shone on Mount Eryx on the northern horizon, and on the sea where the baffled Neapolitan steamers were towing off the *Piemonte*, and on the crowd of Marsalese enthusiasts who had come to wish the Thousand God-speed. Out of a small body of the townspeople who actually enlisted, some ran off that same day with the firearms that had been lent them, while others remained to fight and bleed at Calatafimi.⁴ The British Consul, Mr. Cossins, rode some little distance at Garibaldi's side, and took charge of a bag of private letters to wives and families of the invaders, which he undertook to have delivered in the North.⁵

All in the highest spirits, the Thousand moved off through the flat desert, or *sciara*, as it has been called since the days of the Arabs, that stretches for some miles behind Marsala. After that they entered on the green undulating sea of corn and bean-fields which, in alternation with uncultivated prairie, composes the interior of Sicily. Houses were scanty, for cultivators and shepherds dwelt in the distant and crowded hill-towns, and the Garibaldini with South

¹ *Bandi*, 103-107, 127-133. *Türr's Div.* 28. *De Cesare*, I. 300, 301; II. 316, 317. *Menghini*, 75. *De Sivo*, III. 252-254. *Elia*, II. 29. *Mario Mac.* 247.

² Henceforward use Map III., Western Sicily, at end of book.

³ *Cf. Bandi*, 109, 115, 116, to *Abba Not.* 46, 295.

⁴ *Cf. Bandi*, III to *Givolamo*, 23, 24.

⁵ *Menghini*, 24. *Bruzzesi, dopo 25 anni*, 30. *Bandi*, 110. *Whitaker*, 276. *Abba Not.* 46-48.

American memories compared the scenery to that of the pampas. At rare intervals the large farm buildings of some *ex-feudo*¹ afforded water from a well. The heat and thirst that day were terrible, and only Bixio, standing at the fountains revolver in hand, prevented the men from endangering their health, as it was supposed, by drinking too deep. At the farms of Chitarra and Butagana they made their mid-day halt and obtained wine and water. After that point the high road ended abruptly, becoming a mere track, very difficult for the carts that carried the yet unmounted cannon, which were brought along by the efforts of the sailors turned artillerists. Garibaldi marched a great part of the day on foot, talking cheerfully with the rank and file. At evening the Thousand, fairly exhausted with the heat, reached the *ex-feudo* and mediæval tower of Rampagallo, that stands in a solitary place amid low hills, a little aside from the rough path they were following. Garibaldi slept under a tent, and his army around him in the open. There was no wood with which to make camp fires, and in the middle of the night it came on to rain. The miseries of war had begun.²

That evening at Rampagallo they were joined by the first of the genuine *squadre*—finely built farmers, horsed and carrying their guns across the saddle-bow. Some were led by Baron S. Anna, the territorial magnate of Alcamo, others by Don Alberto Mistretta of Salemi and Rampagallo. Garibaldi soon won their hearts, and sent on La Masa the same evening to Salemi to prepare the inhabitants for his entry next day. La Masa, in his real element as a street orator and popular leader in Sicily, whence he had been excluded for eleven years, was actively assisted by the priests of Salemi in rousing the popular ardour of the place. When next day (May 13) the Thousand wound up the mountain track³

¹ See p. 145 and note 3, above, on the '*ex-feudi*.'

² *Girolamo*, 24, 25, note. *Abba's Bixio*, 88, 90. *Capuzzi*, 20-24. *Crispi, Diario*, 20. *Menghini*, 422. *Abba Not.* 48, 49. *Bandi*, 116-124.

³ There is a road to-day, but in 1860 the artillery had to go miles round to the south in order to get up the hill into Salemi at all. *Brunesi, dopo 25 anni*, 32. *Oliveri*, 25.

between sparse olive groves towards the high *piazza* outside the castle and gate of the old city, the bells of the campanili rang out welcome, and the population came down the hill with music to greet their deliverers, shouting for Italy and Victor Emmanuel with a heartiness that removed much of the impression of the timid reception at Marsala.¹

Safe on high-placed Salemi, whence the sea and the low southern coast are viewed in panorama, Garibaldi had again won the race against his tardy foemen. They should have occupied the town before him, and so kept him down in the lowlands. He had now opened up his connexion with the centre of the island, roused the *squadre* of the Sicilian uplands, and placed himself upon the road to Palermo. But in order to open that road before him he had still a battle to fight with General Landi, who on the same morning, May 13, had marched from Alcamo to Calatafimi.²

On the evening of that day the news of the landing at Marsala reached official circles at Turin. An hour before midnight on May 13 a stout gentleman in spectacles passed down the Via Carlo Alberto to his own house, whistling to himself in meditative glee and rubbing his hands together. He turned in to his door and vanished, but not before a passer-by had recognised Count Cavour.³

¹ *Capussi*, 25. *La Masa (Sic.)*, xxv, xxvi, 14-16. *Oliveri*, 14-19. *Bandi*, 125, 126. *Menghini*, 423.

² *Naples MS.*, *Landi*. *Baratieri*, 390, 391.

³ *Chiala*, iv. p. clxxviii. (Cesana's first-hand evidence).

CHAPTER XIV

THE BATTLE OF CALATAFIMI

'In the dark perils of war, in the high places of the field, hope shone in him like a pillar of fire, when it had gone out in all the others.'—CARLYLE'S *Cromwell*, iii. 30.

THE news of the landing at Marsala passed like the wind over the uplands of Western Sicily, fanning the embers of the insurrection into sudden flame. On the mountain ridges of Insera that look down over Palermo, Rosolino Pilo roused his faithful remnant to fresh activity with the news that his rash promise of Garibaldi's coming was at length fulfilled.¹ Far away in the interior of the island, near Roccamena, an Albanian band from Piana dei Greci,² true to the old Balkan instincts, was wandering about, vainly exhorting the more timid Sicilian rustics to join them, and taking their firearms when they refused. This forlorn hope learnt the great tidings on May 12 from a solitary horseman. Instantly marching on Corleone, they were welcomed by the inhabitants, who had themselves gone mad over the news, and were forming *squadre* for the field. On the 13th and 14th, at Salemi, Garibaldi himself was joined by about 1000 men, some from Alcamo, but most from Monte S. Giuliano, the village perched on Mount Eryx, out of reach of the garrison of Trapani.

The members of the *squadre* represented the hardest type of rustic; some wore their untanned sheep-skins, but the more well-to-do farmers' sons came mounted, and in velvet-eens, which with the low top-boots of the Sicilian countryman

¹ See pp. 159, 160, above.

² See p. 158, above.

made a picturesque costume. Most were armed with flintlocks or blunderbusses. The age of the greater number of them, according to a native writer who saw the whole movement, was scarcely twenty, and they had therefore been nicknamed the *picciotti*, or 'little fellows.' They knew no drill and acknowledged no discipline, but came on like a mob behind their ex-feudal chiefs, just so far as they felt inclined to follow. But until the battle of Calatafimi showed their unfitness for warfare in the open field, great things were expected of them alike by friend and foe, and the rising of the Sicilian peasants had important military consequences in the moral effect produced on the Neapolitans, more particularly on their too impressionable commanders.¹

Before Garibaldi sailed from Quarto, there were already 24,864 regular troops in Sicily,² of whom nearly four-fifths guarded Palermo and its neighbourhood. Yet the aged Governor Castelvicala, who had fought in the English army at Waterloo, felt no security even within Palermo itself, after he knew that Garibaldi was in the island.³ On receiving the news of his landing on May 11, he had wired the same day to Naples for more troops to be sent to Marsala by sea, in order to co-operate with General Landi in placing the invaders between two fires, as near as possible to the point of their disembarkation. The plan was promptly accepted by King Francis and his ministers, and on May 11-12 a force under General Bonanno, three or four battalions strong, left Neapolitan waters for Marsala, where they were expected to land within twenty-four hours. But on May 14 they had not yet rounded Cape S. Vito, and as Garibaldi had long before escaped into the hills of Salemi, it was thought useless to send them further in pursuit of him. They were

¹ *Paolucci*, *Pilo*, 267, 268. *Piana dei Greci*, 33-37. *Franciosi*, 15, 16. *Conv. Paternostro*. *Corleo*, 15, 16. *Fazio*, 25, 26, 44. *Capuzzi*, 28, 29. *Baratieri* (*N. A.*), 394, 395. *Abba Not.* 50, 51, 54, 55. *V. M.* 20.

² *De Sivo*, iii. 12. Throughout this book the numbers of the Neapolitans are taken from Neapolitan official sources only.

³ *De Cesare*, i. 64. *Nisco*, *Fr. II*, 32. *Palermo MS. Polizia*, 1238, his letters of May 13 and 15.

landed instead at Palermo to join the immense force already protecting the capital.¹

Meanwhile General Landi, himself no less belated than Bonanno, with whom he was to have co-operated in catching the invaders near Marsala, was slowly and half-heartedly moving away from his base at Palermo. He was seventy years of age, and followed his troops in a carriage. In six days they had marched thirty miles, as far as Alcamo, where, on May 12, the aspect of their artillery, never seen before in the upland towns, struck a damp into the hearts of the patriots, who wondered whether even Garibaldi could fight against such terrible machines.² That night they marched to Calatafimi, a squalid town built on the slopes of a hill, of which the conical summit was crowned by the ruins of a Saracen castle. In every epoch Calatafimi had been a position of strategic importance, because it commanded the junction of the high-roads from Trapani and Salemi, which ran on through Alcamo to Palermo. In 1860 they were the only roads in that part of the island that could bear wheeled traffic, so that if Garibaldi wished to advance direct on the capital with his famous cannon, he must pass that way.

Landi, when he reached Calatafimi on the morning of the 13th, was in command of only one battalion besides cavalry and artillery, but he was there strengthened by two more battalions from Trapani, which had been sent thither by sea from Palermo in order to join him. The newcomers, drawn from the 10th line and from the fine regiment of the 8th *Cacciatori*, under Major Sforza, raised Landi's force to 3000 regular infantry, with a full complement of cavalry and guns.³ He was aware that Garibaldi lay at Salemi, eight

¹ Bonanno is said by *De Sivo*, iii. 193, 194, and *De Cesare*, ii. 222-226, to have had four battalions. A battalion in the Neapolitan army contained seven companies (*De Sivo*, iii. 121), or sometimes only six (*Naples MS. Landi*); a company contained nominally 160 men, but often in practice rather fewer (*De Sivo*, iii. 121, 122); so that a battalion was about 1000 men. But *Cronaca*, 84, speaks not of twenty-four but only of sixteen companies under Bonanno.

² *Fazio*, 41.

³ In *Naples MS. Landi*, he himself allows that his three battalions

miles to the south, but he was ignorant of his numbers, and unable to obtain information owing to the hostility of the population. The disturbed state of the countryside daunted him to an unnecessary degree. Because the banditti were out on the road behind him, and had broken the electric telegraph and the semaphores communicating with the capital, he was already anxious about his base and his retreat on Palermo. He remained inactive in Calatafimi until the 15th, sending off nervous reports to Castelvicala, who was scarcely less alarmed than he at the occupation of the roads and telegraphs by the rebel bands.¹

On the morning of the 15th he heard that the enemy was moving out of Salemi and advancing towards him along the high-road by way of Vita. The choice of three rational courses lay before him. Either he could assume the offensive and meet them half-way; or he could concentrate his battalions under his own eye for the defence of Calatafimi; or he could still retreat, inglorious but undefeated, on the capital—and indeed he declares that he received orders to do so that very morning from Castelvicala.² But not having the sense to adopt any one of these plans, he remained in the hill town under the shadow of the old Saracen castle, while sending out portions of his force in different directions 'to impose morally on the enemy,' as he himself expressed it, by 'marching about through the countryside.' With this object, the battalion of the 8th *Cacciatori* under Major Sforza occupied the high hill known as the Pianto dei Romani whereon the battle monument stands to-day; it happened to be a good defensive position, though it had not been selected for that reason.³

contained twenty companies. *De Sivo*, iii. 197, also estimates them at 3000 men.

¹ *Naples MS. Landi. De Cesare*, ii. 200-202. *Palermo MS. Polizia*, 1238, Castelvicala's letters of May 13, 15.

² Appendix M, below, 'Calatafimi,' ii.

³ *Naples MS. Landi*, borne out by the Neapolitan Major, in his letter printed in *Sampieri*, 28. Landi wrongly gives the name of the neighbouring Monte Barbaro to the Pianto dei Romani, but his meaning is quite clear. I have kept in my narrative the romantic name of *Pianto*

From the afternoon of the 13th till the morning of the decisive 15th of May, Garibaldi had remained in Salemi. There he rested his men, who were made welcome in the monasteries and private houses; he had gun carriages hastily manufactured for his artillery; he procured pikes or muskets for those of the *squadre* who had come in unarmed; and he caused himself to be a second time proclaimed Dictator of Sicily in the name of Victor Emmanuel, with more pomp and publicity than had attended the hasty and unnoticed proclamation by the Municipality of Marsala. The ceremony of assuming the Dictatorship at the invitation of the Decurionato of Salemi was conducted in the buildings of the old municipio, and Garibaldi then showed himself at the balcony above the stone loggia, to the enthusiastic populace in the little square below. The men of Salemi completely lost their hearts to the wonderful stranger. But they were also prudently anxious to ascertain that the great King Vittorio was really supporting him, and shrewdly questioned him as to why he wore a red shirt instead of the royal uniform.¹

His first act after assuming the Dictatorship was to decree a conscription for all Sicily, which remained a dead letter. But the volunteer movement of *squadre* was spreading, enhanced by reports set about by Sicilians of the Thousand deliberately exaggerating the number of the invaders, and by the oratory of La Masa, and of Father Pantaleo, a friar of the neighbourhood who attached himself to the person of the Dictator at Salemi. Pantaleo was a simple and whole-hearted enthusiast, who proved utterly fearless in battle, and in spite of many subsequent

dei Romani—'the wailing of the Romans'—because Garibaldi and his men were struck with the name when they had won the battle, and believed the legend of a Roman defeat there. But actually the name is a corrupt Italian version of the Sicilian *chianti di Rumani*—'the young vineyards of the Romano family.' *Ciàmpoli*, 919. *Sampieri*, 31-33. *Pietraganzili*, ii, 60. *Abba*, 129.

¹ *Leggi*, No. 1. *Oliveri*, 29-43. *Corleo*, 8-14. *Bandi*, 139. *Sampieri*, 24. Corleo is not to be trusted on all points, e.g., about the muskets, p. 12, he is wrong.

opportunities to obtain wealth and position, lived and died true to his Franciscan vow of poverty. From Salemi onwards the General made him welcome to his board. 'Here,' he said, 'is our new Ugo Bassi,' and related again how his own life had been saved in '49 by the good priest Don Verità. He rebuked Gusmaroli and the more ill-conditioned members of his staff, who frowned to see a Churchman at their table, and like bad boys showed the new-comer gross incivility when their master's back was turned.¹

On the 14th the General, accompanied by Türr, his chief aide-de-camp, rode out and surveyed the ground in the direction of Calatafimi, whither scouting parties and spies were sent to watch the Neapolitans. Finding that Landi would not advance against Salemi, Garibaldi had to choose whether on the 15th he should himself attack the enemy, and cut open the direct road to the capital, or whether he should take the tracks leading eastward through S. Ninfa and Corleone, whence he could either move into the interior to play a waiting game, or approach Palermo by a circuitous route through the mountains. Sirtori had at length found for him at the municipio a large map of Sicily, which he studied intently on the evening of the 14th. It is probable that he had from the first decided on the bolder course of giving battle at once in order to win the prestige of victory, the only magic by which he could possibly be saved. But he always kept his own counsel on vital military issues, and at nightfall on the 14th the inhabitants of Salemi still feared that he would march off to the east and leave them to Landi's vengeance. Even the General's aides-de-camp asked themselves as they turned to sleep, 'Where are we going to-morrow?'²

Shortly before three o'clock on May 15 Garibaldi awoke and called to the aides-de-camp in the adjoining room.

¹ *Türr's Div.* 28. *Bandi*, 127-133. *L'Ora*, May 26-27, 1901. *Leggi*, p. 4, No. 2. *Corleo*, 9. *Campo*, 106, 107. *Franciost*, 16.

² *Bandi*, 140, 141. *Corleo*, 11, 15. *Baratieri*, 392, 395, 396. *Türr's Div.* 29. *Calvino* (*Guardione*, ii. 431-434). *Oliveri*, 31-33. *Menghini*, 423

Bandi went in to take his orders. 'Look out of the window,' he said; 'is it raining?' 'It has been,' said Bandi, 'but now it is beautiful (*un gran bel sereno*).' 'A good omen!' said the General, and rose from bed.

When the young officers had made his cup of coffee, with which he always fortified himself for the day, four of them were dispatched on various errands, to waken Sirtori and Türr, and bid them rouse the army and order the march. Bandi alone remained with his chief. Garibaldi, who had been walking up and down the room, suddenly broke into song. The battered warrior of fifty-three, about to attack an enemy of vastly superior numbers in a contest in which defeat meant death, sang like a lover going to meet his mistress, because he was about to have his heart's desire. 'When the affairs of the fatherland go well,' he explained to Bandi, 'one must needs be happy.'

Next moment the bugle sounded the *réveillé* through the sleeping town, with musical variations that held Garibaldi listening spell-bound. 'I like that *réveillé*!' he said to Bandi. 'It fills me with a kind of melancholy or gladness, I don't know which. I remember I have heard it before, the morning of the day we conquered at Como. Run and fetch the bugler here.' The bugler, the only one in the Thousand, was soon in his presence, and said that he had learnt it in last year's campaign of the Alps, and that it was indeed the *réveillé* of Como. 'Good,' said Garibaldi. 'Always sound that one. Do you understand? Do not forget.'¹

In an hour's time the little army had assembled at the top of the town, on the broad platform in the hill-side which forms a natural parade ground outside the gate, in full view of the southern sea-board on which they were now to turn their backs for good. It was a spirited scene. Besides the armed *squadre*, the whole population of Salemi had come to cheer them on their way. All now knew that they were

¹ *Bandi*, 141-144.

going to battle, and raising the song sung by ' the volunteers of the Lombard Manara ' at the siege of Rome,¹ the Thousand began to wind down the northern road into the bottom of the deep valley up which they had to pass in order to reach Vita. This valley, like many others that cleave the treeless Sicilian mountains, is itself filled with stone pines and cypresses, fruit-trees and leafy hedgerows, mingled with oriental aloe and cactus, and is watered by a clear running stream beside its line of poplars. In the bloom of the early Sicilian summer, the vale, fresh from the last night's rain, and sung over by the nightingale at dawn, lay ready to exhale its odours to the rising sun. Nature seemed in tune with the hearts of Garibaldi and his men. As the high-road began to mount the head of the valley towards Vita, the scene changed and became once more mountainous and treeless, though the corn on the open hill-sides made their slopes show green in May.²

Rounding a hill the Thousand came suddenly into the bare and characterless streets of Vita, a village perched on the plateau or watershed dividing the streams that flow south towards Salemi from the streams which flow north towards Calatafimi. The column halted in Vita, and the men bought and stowed in their pockets, oranges, lemons and other food which served them well that hot afternoon. Garibaldi meanwhile rode on to explore the heights to the north-east.³

Later in the morning the march was resumed. Proceeding along the road for nearly a mile beyond Vita, they reached the northern edge of the watershed, where the road dips down into another valley. At this point, leaving the artillery on the high-road, they turned off to the right up a rough foot-track that leads to the top of the north face of the Pietralunga, a high hill on the summit of which they

¹ *Capuzzi*, 28. Presumably he means Mameli's hymn. See *Trevelyan's Gar. Rome*, 186, and note.

² *Oliveri*, 44, correctly describes the change of scenery.

³ *Calvino* (*Guardione*, ii. 434). From this point use the inset map of the battle of Calatafimi in Map III., end of book.

found Garibaldi and his staff already seated. They were watching various bodies of Neapolitan troops 'marching about through the country-side' between themselves and Calatafimi, particularly the 8th *Cacciatori* under Major Sforza, who happened at that moment to be on the top of the Pianto dei Romani, the high hill opposite to the Pietralunga, from which it was divided by a short but deep valley.¹

Landi's troops, sent out by him that morning from Calatafimi to 'impose morally upon the enemy,' had succeeded admirably in imposing on the *squadre*. The Sicilians had withdrawn on to the hill-tops, some to the east of Pietralunga and others to the west of the high-road, and disposed themselves to watch the battle, like spectators in a Greek theatre. Only some 200 of the *squadre* followed S. Anna of Alcamo into the thick of the fight, in support of Garibaldi's right wing. The remainder, perhaps 800 all told, fired off guns in the air and shouted on the hill-tops in the middle distance. As Enrico Cairoli wrote to his mother: 'The Sicilian bands are not accustomed to our methods of fighting. They are brave behind defences, but have not the *sang-froid* to charge with the bayonet.'²

Sforza and his battalion of 8th *Cacciatori* were justly counted among the picked troops of the Neapolitan army. They were no cowards, and seeing before them on the Pietralunga, instead of the Piedmontese uniforms they had feared to see, a number of men in plain clothes, not distinguishable at a distance from the *squadre*, and others in red shirts which they took to be the red uniform of convicts broken loose from the galleys,³ Sforza and his men took heart of grace, and fought that day without any of the foreboding of defeat felt on many subsequent occasions by their comrades engaged against Garibaldi. Sforza had no orders to engage, but only to 'march about the country-side'; being, however, an officer of a very different spirit from his dotard

¹ For these movements of the Bourbon troops see p. 248, above.

² Cairoli, 331. Floritta, 70. Faxio, 43. Capuzzi, 34. Elia, ii. 33. Bruzzesi, dopo 25 anni, 37. Rüstow, 159.

³ Sampieri, 29, letter of Neapolitan sergeant present in battle.

chief, who still lingered in Calatafimi, he determined on his own responsibility to sweep this riff-raff back to Salemi.¹

It was a little past noon, and the heat of the day was terrible. Garibaldi was still seated among some rocks of transparent talc which glitter on the summit of the Pietralunga, and near him waved the Italian banner. Close beneath him on the broad hill-side his homely Thousand were ranged in order of battle in their companies, and the skirmishing line of the Genoese Carabineers was half way down to the valley. On the steeper hill-side of the Pianto dei Romani opposite, he saw the well-arrayed Neapolitans in their bright uniforms. Behind them, as a background to the battle, the mountains above Alcamo, Segesta and Castellamare by the northern sea reared their bare outlines on the horizon. No shot had yet been fired, and the two armies watched each other across the valley. When, at length, Sforza's trumpets sounded the advance, Garibaldi bade his bugler blow the *réveillé* of Como. The unexpected music rang through the noonday stillness like a summons to the soul of Italy.

The Neapolitans began to descend into the bottom of the valley to the banks of a small stream, the upper course of which lies through broken and rocky ground, the lower part through a pleasant grove of poplars. They fired as they struggled across the stream and began to ascend the lower slopes of the Pietralunga. The skirmishing line of the Genoese Carabineers at length opened fire with their rifles and laid several of the enemy low. Then, by a spontaneous impulse, before the moment intended by Garibaldi, the leading companies of the Thousand leapt to their feet and dashed down the smooth but rapid slopes of the Pietralunga. At the sight of the avalanche above them, the skirmishers of the 8th *Cacciatori* halted, wavered and fled back across the valley. But they rallied round their supports on the lower slopes of the Pianto dei Romani, and prepared to defend the hill, terrace by terrace and yard by yard. The Garibaldini, in their turn crossing the stream, began to

¹ *Naples MS. Landi.*

charge up the heights in the face of a determined enemy. Throughout the heat of the early afternoon, for two hours or more, the battle raged, like a heath fire painfully ascending a hill under a gusty and wavering wind.

It may be well to analyse the military conditions of the storming of the Pianto dei Romani before narrating the dramatic incidents which finally decided its issue. Probably the defenders outnumbered the assailants of the hill in the proportion of five to three. With those of S. Anna's *squadre* who took part in the battle, the Garibaldini were about 1200 men. Before the end of the fight some 2000 Neapolitans were actively engaged in defending the hill, for although Landi himself remained in Calatafimi, he sent out supports to Sforza the moment the firing began, till fourteen out of his twenty companies were actually taking part in the battle. His fears of the *squadre* in the neighbourhood, and his nervousness about his line of retreat, induced him to keep the other six companies as a reserve in Calatafimi town.¹

Besides their superiority in numbers, the defenders had a yet more marked superiority in weapons. Every Neapolitan had an excellent rifle. The smooth-bore muskets of the Thousand were sighted for three hundred yards, they frequently missed fire altogether, and there was such a scarcity of ammunition that some had only ten rounds. Consequently, except by the Genoese Carabineers, picked marksmen armed with rifles, who kept up a telling fire in front of the battle from beginning to end, there was very little shooting done by the assailants, who were ordered by Garibaldi to reserve their fire and go in with the cold steel. Their slender stock of ammunition was not exhausted at the end of the day. The weapon was the bayonet, the sight of which coming up from below at a few yards distance generally induced the Neapolitan riflemen to seek ground higher up the hill.²

¹ *Naples MS. Landi*, and see Appendix M, below, 'Calatafimi,' i.

² *Baratieri*, 403, 404. *Floritta*, 70, 72. *Abba*, 120. *Mem.* 347. *Conv. Eng. Conv. Canzio. Massini*, xi. pp. lxxviii, note (Nuvolari), and lxxxi-lxxxii, and note.

Two Neapolitan cannon were planted on the east end of the Pianto dei Romani, apparently on the hill-side below the summit, and did considerable execution. The antique artillery of the Thousand, under the able command of the Sicilian exile, Giordano Orsini, was left on the high-road at the top of the Vita plateau, to defend itself behind a hastily constructed barricade against the enemy's cavalry. Only after the latter had withdrawn could Orsini advance down the road, and, elevating his aim, fire a few shots with a high trajectory on to the top of the Pianto dei Romani, where they produced some moral effect at the last critical moment.¹

Both sides were well suited to their respective tasks; the well-drilled Neapolitans to stand in close order and fire rifle volleys down the glacis of the hill-side; and the Thousand, with the individual initiative and educated intelligence of the best kind of volunteer, to fight in open order, rushing uphill singly or in groups from one tiny bit of cover to the next.² The circumstance that rendered victory just possible for the attacking party was that, although the slope of the Pianto dei Romani was fatally steep, level and open, with nothing on the greater part of its smooth surface but corn, vines, beans and flax, the peasantry had made some terraces, at considerable distances one from another, and in lines neither definite nor continuous, cutting them out of the soil and rock, or else building them up with rough-hewn stones. Each terrace, though only two or three feet high, afforded a kind of shelter behind which the Garibaldini could crouch and suck lemons and recover breath, while they beckoned to comrades below to come up and form a party for the next rush across the open. Along the terrace walls grew stray olive and fig trees, bushes of aloe and

¹ *Rüstow*, 160. *Orsini (Cenno)*, 13. *Oliveri*, 51, 52. *Baratieri*, 406. *Turr's Div.* 33. *Menghini*, 48, 49.

² The principle of group rushes, subsequently used by the Prussian armies on a greater scale, is sometimes said to have been invented by Garibaldi, whose method it certainly was. But in fact it invents itself whenever a force of intelligent and severally reliable men has to fight under certain conditions. See *Baratieri*, 400, 403, and *Nicolosi*.

cactus, hedges of grey wormwood, with orange vetch and multitudinous flowers and weeds adorning these breakwaters of the battle.

Sometimes a terrace was held successfully by the Neapolitans, and the assailants thrust down again. Once a Garibaldian banner was captured in hand to hand conflict. A Neapolitan sergeant of gigantic size, who soon afterwards deserted and fought in the Italian ranks at Milazzo, headed a charge downhill, killed Schiaffino of Camogli, the bearded sea-captain who carried the banner, wounded Menotti Garibaldi in the hand, and tearing the flag from its staff carried it off in triumph.¹ If the Neapolitans had made more frequent charges of this kind down the hill, they would have got more benefit from the immense superiority of their position.

A principal feature of this, as of all Garibaldi's battles, was the degree to which his officers exposed themselves. The General regarded courageous example as the most important of all rules in the leadership of volunteers.² Bixio, on a white horse, seemed to be everywhere at once along the side of the steep ascent, leading on his battalion (1st to 4th companies), which, after forming the reserve on the Pietralunga, became the left wing of the attack when the battle was joined in earnest. One of the very few mounted officers on the Italian side in this battle, he was able also to pay flying visits to Garibaldi, to warn him in vain against exposing a life, the loss of which would mean instant disaster to the hopes of Italy, and extermination for the Thousand. Garibaldi, wrapped in his *puncio*, had descended slowly from the Pietralunga on foot, carrying his sheathed sword over his shoulder. As he ascended the Pianto dei Romani he drew the sword and began to lead the foremost rushes. All

¹ There is a dispute as to whether it was the principal banner of the Thousand worked for Garibaldi in South America, or only a tricolour extemporised for company leadership. *Türr's Div.* 33, 37. *Elia*, ii. 35. *Abba*, 124. *Abba*, *Not.* 66. *Crispi, Diario*, 21. *Holyoake*, i. 234, 235. *Bandi*, 163, 175. *Menghini*, 425. *Massini*, xi, p. lxxxii, note. *Campo*, 109-III.

² *Adamoli*, 406, 407.

that his staff could do was to attempt to form a living shield for him in front and flank wherever he walked. In the performance of this duty Elia, the sailor of Ancona, fell desperately wounded with a bullet in the mouth which would otherwise have hit the General, as Garibaldi gratefully acknowledged. At another moment it was Sirtori who saved him, when he was surrounded with the banner in his hand. 'It was the best moment of my life,' wrote the reserved and stoical Chief of Staff, after stating the fact in a letter to his brother.¹

The heat of the ascent was terrible, thirst raged. The enemy grew more numerous above, as fresh supports arrived and drew together in ever closer order as the concentric attack narrowed towards the top of the hill. On the other hand, the ranks of the foremost assailants grew thinner as they mounted; already about a hundred had been hit, while many of the less heroic lingered in the valley or lower down the hill, fatigued, discouraged, and easily dropping behind out of a movement in open order on the broad mountain-side. To experienced eyes the battle seemed lost. Bixio, the second bravest man in the Thousand, said to Garibaldi what others may have thought, but no one else could say to him: 'General, I fear we ought to retreat.' Garibaldi looked up as if a serpent had stung him. 'Here we make Italy or die,' he said.² Phrases of so solemn an order were not often in Garibaldi's mouth, and this one was no flourish of rhetoric, but expressed the bare truth of the political and military situation. Garibaldi was a cunning old guerilla, who knew well how to retreat, dodge, and circumvent, but he perceived that on this day of all days in his life retreat would bring worse disaster on his cause and country than an honoured death upon the field. Retreat would be the certain prelude to destruction for all the

¹ *Elia*, ii. 36, 37, 40, Garibaldi's letter. *Sirtori*, 213. Elia is alive to-day (1909).

² *Bixio*, 176. *Abba's Bixio*, 93. *Mario*, 262. *Abba*, 123. In *Bologna MS. Bixio* we read: 'Garibaldi non volle udire di ritirarsi come io consigliai.'

Thousand in an ignominious man-hunt, and would cut off the chance he still saw above him on the hill-top of a bare victory, the key to the rapid conquest of the whole island and of the mainland after. Once beaten, the Neapolitan troops would lose their *morale*. The *squadre* on the heights around, and with them, as it were, all Sicily and Italy, were waiting to take their cue from this skirmish. Onwards lay the only path to Palermo, to Naples, to Rome.

His spirit bore uphill the fainting battle. On the extreme right, where the ascent is less steep near the head of the valley, the 7th company under Benedetto Cairolì, aided by those *squadre* who had consented to follow S. Anna into the battle, pressed hard on the enemy's left wing. Young Enrico Cairolì, and three other students of Pavia, rushed in on the Neapolitan battery and captured one of the cannon in position.¹

At length Garibaldi found himself standing under cover of the last terrace below the summit of the Pianto. With him stood about 300 men, the largest group of those still left in the firing line, including Bixio, Türr, and the remnant of his staff, most of the surviving Carabineers, and the students of Pavia. A few yards overhead, on the top of a steep bank, the enemy's immensely superior forces were ranged in close order, firing down in regular volleys, but fortunately too high. They were so close that Garibaldi's companions could hear the Neapolitan officers ordering their men to aim lower. At one moment the charge was sounded above, and if the Neapolitans had come on with a rush, they must have swept the slender line of patriots down the hill by sheer force of gravity. But the charge was sounded in vain.

Here, under the partial cover of the last terrace, Garibaldi remained, for a quarter of an hour as it seemed to some present, resting his men before the final rush, and waiting for stragglers to come up. During this interval Bandi and

¹ Cairolì, 88. Menghini, 31. Baratieri, 403. Türr's Div. 34. *Ris-
low*, 159.

many others fell beneath the volleys, and began to drag themselves down the hill again towards a hut in the valley where the wounded collected as by instinct, with none to care for them since the numerous doctors were fighting in the front.

Under the bank near the hill-top the young men, many of them the General's closest intimates, pressed round him : 'General,' they said, 'what are we to do?' '*Italiani, qui bisogna morire*' ('Italians, here we must die'), he answered, and went about among the groups encouraging them for the last rush with words more stirring than any sure promise of victory.

Meanwhile the Neapolitans above, though they could not be induced to charge, were conducting the defence with an angry ferocity of purpose. Some of them ran short of ammunition, and plucking up stones and earth began to hurl them down the bank. Garibaldi happened to be leaning forward with his head bent towards the ground, when he was hit on the back by a large stone. Canzio of Genoa, his future son-in-law, who was standing next to him, used afterwards to tell how he heard the thud of the stone, and next moment saw Garibaldi spring to his full height, his eyes kindling their strange lights, and heard him cry out, 'Come on. They are throwing stones. Their ammunition is spent.' He dashed up the bank sword in hand and his men after him against the serried ranks, who in fact had not spent the whole of their ammunition. No one ever pretended to remember what happened at the top of the bank, but when the red madness of battle subsided the victors became aware of the Neapolitans streaming in flight across the plateau of the summit, and rushing headlong down the other side of the hill into the valley that divides the battle-field from Calatafimi. And there, on the heights of the Pianto dei Romani, where the monument stands to-day, the Italians, in an ecstasy of love and veneration, pressed round their chief and father.¹

¹ For the details of this last charge my authorities are: *Conv. Canzio. Menghini*, 425 (Canzio's Diary). *Mem.* 348. *Bandi*, 164-170. *Zeusi*,

Utterly spent with thirst, heat and fatigue, the victors lay panting on the hill-top, and as they cooled themselves in the breeze of evening, watched the lines of fugitives winding across the deep valley and up the hill to Calatafimi town. From one point in the ravine across which the Neapolitans fled, could be seen the lonely temple of Segesta, diminished to a toy by distance, but none the less majestic in the harmony of its perfect proportions. On the morrow many of the Thousand, tired as they were with battle, went three miles out of their way into the wilderness to admire this symbol of the wealth, art, and dignity of the men who once inhabited that poverty-stricken island.¹

The loss on the victorious side amounted to thirty killed and upwards of a hundred severely wounded—probably a larger loss than that of the enemy. Nearly fifty more had been slightly wounded, but most of these, including Sirtori and Menotti Garibaldi, continued at their posts. Of all the cities of Italy Genoa claimed the heaviest losses; both Bixio and Canzio wrote that she had fifty-four wounded. The sufferers were carried first to miserable quarters in Vita, whence some were moved to Salemi, Calatafimi, and Alcamo, being taken from place to place in the small country carts, gay with medieval carving and colour, that still delight every visitor to Sicily. They

142, 143. *Capussi*, 32, 34. *Belloni*, 85. *Türr's Div.* 34. *Bruszesi*, *dopo* 25 anni, 39, 41. *Rüstow*, 161.

Garibaldi's impressions of the battle, as written to his friends during the next two days, are worth quoting. To Bertani he wrote on May 16:—

'The enemy, who yielded to the bayonet charges of my old *Cacciatori delle Alpi* dressed in plain clothes, fought valiantly and only yielded their positions after fierce fighting hand to hand (*corpo a corpo*). The battles we sustained in Lombardy were certainly less hardly contested than the battle of yesterday. The Neapolitans when they exhausted their cartridges threw stones at us like madmen.'

To the Directors of the Million Rifles Fund he wrote on May 17:—

'I must confess the Neapolitans fought like lions, and certainly I have not had in Italy a battle so fierce nor adversaries so brave. . . . From this you can guess what was the courage of my old *Cacciatori dell' Alpi* and the few Sicilians who fought with us.'—*Ciampoli*, 150.

¹ *Capussi*, 35. *Abba*, 126, 135, 136. *Abba Not.* 68.

fared ill, for there was no ambulance. The Italian doctors, after doing all they could for a day, marched on in the ranks to take Palermo, and the Sicilians among whom the wounded were left had no great resources either of material or of skill.¹

Several dear comrades were lost to Garibaldi by the day of Calatafimi. Besides the good seaman Schiaffino, his friend and aide-de-camp Montanari was gone, a stern and somewhat impracticable Republican idealist of the old school, who in '49 had followed him from Rome to San Marino and thence to the sand-dunes north of Ravenna, where at Garibaldi's express command he had parted from Anita and himself. Struck at Calatafimi, Montanari died at Vita on June 6 after the amputation of his leg. The staff was also deprived for a time of the services of Bandi, Elia, and young Manin, though all three eventually recovered. Luigi Biffi, a boy of thirteen, whose Alpine home Garibaldi had freed the year before, and who had come among the Thousand, lay dead on one of the terraces of the Pianto.²

When darkness fell, the victors slept on the hard-won summit, and dreamed of home and of those who would hear of this day's work in the cities of Italy. And the stars shone down on them and on their leader, who wrapped his *puncio* round him and turned to sleep like a child.

But in Calatafimi there was terror and confusion that night. The defeated troops had fought bravely, but now they knew that it was indeed Garibaldi and his men with whom they had to deal, and that there was only too much truth in the tales told of him in every Neapolitan barrack-room for eleven years past. Their demoralisation was completed by the belief, fostered by Major Sforza, that Landi

¹ *Baratieri*, 409. *Abba*, 126, 137. *Turr's Div.* 35. *Crispi, Diario*, 21. *Menghini*, 426. *Bandi*, 169-171, 176-179. *Franciosi*, 16. *Corleo*, 16. *Adamoli*, 89.

² *Abba's Coss*, 263-270. *Bandi*, 209, 210. *Venosta*, chap. xxx. *Elenco* sub Biffi.

had betrayed them in that he had never shown his face on the Pianto dei Romani, and absurd stories were soon afloat of his having been bribed by the invaders.¹ The unhappy old man was bewildered by the events of the day which he had done so little to control. That evening he penned a dispatch to Castelcicala in Palermo, of which the first words, 'Help! Prompt help!' indicated at least some intention of yet making good the formidable position of Calatafimi hill and town against a foe still greatly inferior in force. The dispatch boasted that they had 'killed the great captain of the Italians,' whose name he seemed afraid to write down, and announced more truthfully that they had 'taken his flag.' The letter was waylaid on the road by the Sicilian bands and brought into the Garibaldian camp, where its odd account of a battle, which the author had not himself witnessed, caused mingled indignation and merriment.²

But when night had fallen Landi abandoned all idea of further resistance, fearing as he tells us that his communications would be cut by the rising of the country-side, and alarmed by a certain shortage of food and ammunition. He had also, as he declares, received previous orders to retreat on Palermo, which he ought, if we judge by his own account, to have obeyed that morning instead of allowing Sforza to become entangled in a conflict with the enemy.³ Now that the battle was over he was unnerved by defeat, and unable any longer to rely on the *morale* of his beaten soldiers. For all these reasons together he determined to retreat on the capital. At midnight the Neapolitans evacuated Calatafimi, and reached Alcamo at two in the morning of May 16. Thence, after a few hours' rest, they made a forced march on Partinico, where the inhabitants fell on them. In that last vendetta of the old blood-feud between Neapolitan soldiery and Sicilian people, the horrors perpetrated on both sides left ghastly traces which a few days later

¹ *De Cesare*, ii, 211. *De Sivo*, iii, 201. *Cava*, ii, 101. *Naples MS. Landi*.

² *Türr's Div.* 36, 37.

³ *Naples MS. Landi*. Appendix M., below, 'Calatafimi,' u.

sickened the senses of Garibaldi and his Northerners, when they marched by the charred remnants of houses and of human bodies. From Partinico Landi's men fled on at evening by the mountain road through Montelepre, near which town the exhausted army was again attacked by local *squadre*, and lost part of its baggage. At dawn of May 17 they dragged themselves into Palermo in sorry plight, a living assurance to the delighted populace that Garibaldi was indeed in the island, and no less formidable in fact than in legend. Landi had traced back in a little over twenty-four hours the thirty-five miles of road that divided Calatafimi from the capital, which it had taken him a whole week to traverse on the way out.¹

On May 16, from the town of Calatafimi, Garibaldi sent a message to Rosolino Pilo, with whom his communications were now opened up along the route of Landi's retreat. He announced his victory, and bade Pilo kindle beacon fires along the crests of the mountains surrounding the Conca d'Oro,² to be a sign to the inhabitants of Palermo to lift up their eyes to the hills, where their friends were already gathering in strength, and whence they would soon descend to bay the enemy in his last lair. A few days after the battle, the authority of the Dictator was acknowledged in almost all Western Sicily, save in the garrisoned capital and its Conca d'Oro, where men watching the hill-fires night by night were consumed with a silent fury of expectation.³

¹ *Naples MS. Landi. De Sivo*, iii. 200. *Abba Not.* 76, 77. *Adamoli*, 90. *Menghini*, 38, 426. *Capuzzi*, 44. *Mem.* 351.

² *Ciampoli*, 149.

³ In Trapani, too, there was a Neapolitan garrison, but its power did not extend as far as Monte S. Giuliano.

CHAPTER XV

IN THE MOUNTAINS ROUND PALERMO

'One had need to be a lion-fox and have luck on one's side.'—CARLYLE, *French Revolution*, III, bk. i, chap. iv.

EVEN before the battle of Calatafimi it had been determined at Court to withdraw the incompetent Castelficala from the governorship of Sicily, and to send out in his stead a viceroy with plenary powers, distinguished by the lofty title of the King's *alter ego*, or 'other self.' Among the impressionable populations of the south, this new move might have done much to counteract the spell cast over them by Garibaldi's name, if it had been possible to find a man with sufficient prestige and ability to fill the part. There was only one such man in the kingdom. Filangieri was summoned from his retirement to a Council of State held at Naples on May 14, at which the ex-minister had the satisfaction of hearing his reactionary rivals join with their royal master in imploring him to forget the past and to go once more to save Sicily and the kingdom. But Filangieri would not go. He had advised reform and friendship with Piedmont, his advice had been rejected, and the consequences which he had prophesied had occurred. He refused to try to mend what his opponents had marred, pleaded age and ill-health, and was deaf to the King's repeated entreaties. But when Ischitella, and, it is said, Nunziante, had in turn declined to go, and the difficulty of finding an *alter ego* became pressing, Filangieri so far relented in his Achillean wrath as to advise the sending of a most incompetent Patroclus, Ferdinando Lanza.¹

¹ *De Cesare*, ii, 215, 216, 244, 245. *Nisco*, *Fr. II*, 33.

General Lanza was a Sicilian, aged seventy-two, who had served in his native island as Filangieri's Chief of Staff, and was best remembered as a source of innocent merriment to Palermo, where he had tumbled down with his horse on a rainy King's birthday, and soused his magnificent review uniform in some particularly ample puddles. It was an accident that might have happened to anyone, but it had seemed specially appropriate when it befell Lanza, and the announcement that he was now returning as the King's *alter ego* caused more amusement than alarm among the Sicilian rebels.¹

On May 16 he sailed to Palermo, in time to witness the entry next morning of Landi's beaten troops and the general panic that ensued on the news of Calatafimi. Thoroughly unnerved by a situation that was in fact serious enough, he began on May 17 to send home alarmist reports. 'The city,' he wrote, 'is in great ferment, and has a sinister appearance. . . . A rising seems imminent. All the villages round Palermo are in arms, and are only waiting for the arrival of the band of foreigners to break into the city.'²

The *alter ego* wavered between two plans of campaign which had been discussed in high quarters at Naples. The first plan, which was to hold Palermo and send out strong columns to take the offensive against Garibaldi, was favoured by the King, by Nunziante, and by the majority of the Council. But Filangieri had put on paper a rival policy, namely, to leave a garrison in the Castellamare fortress, well victualled and in touch with the fleet; evacuate the rest of the capital; send the troops thus set free to join with the garrisons of Girgenti and Messina; make a real occupation with these forces of the east and centre of the island; proclaim Liberal reforms, and when time was ripe return upon Palermo as he himself had done in 1849.³

Filangieri's plan appears to have been a misreading of the actual conditions of 1860 by the false analogy of 1848-49.

¹ *De Cesare*, II. 217, 218.

² *Palermo MS. Polizia*, letter of May 17 to Minister for Sicily.

³ *Franci*, I. 49, 182-184. *Cronaca*, 302-305.

If once the Neapolitans had left Palermo, Cavour would have seen that they never came back. The abandonment of the capital before the mere terror of Garibaldi's name, would have meant a blow to their prestige in Sicily which only Filangieri himself could possibly have made good. And as he refused to execute his own plan, the proposal of it only served further to confuse and weaken the mind of his nominee Lanza, who, while actually concentrating his troops for a defence of Palermo, argued and wrote in favour of a retreat to Messina.¹ No real confidence was placed by the King in his *alter ego*, even at the moment of his departure from Naples. His 'plenary' powers were in practice as restricted as those of former governors of the island. Indeed, as early as May 18, General Nunziante was sent to Palermo to see that he assumed the offensive against Garibaldi, who was already drawing near the capital.²

Popular Italian art usually represents the Thousand as a number of well-shaved and well-appointed young men in military gaiters, smart kèpis, and clean red shirts. Such, no doubt, was the impression produced at certain moments by some of the regiments of volunteers who joined Garibaldi later in the year, but the Thousand, when they marched on after a day's rest in Calatafimi town, presented an appearance more resembling that of a Boer commando towards the close of the South African war. After their scramble up the Pianto dei Romani, the plain clothes in which nine-tenths of them were dressed were falling off them in rags, their boots were dropping to pieces, many limped painfully along, and many had head or limb bandaged. Before they stormed Palermo at the end of the month, forced marches, sleepless nights, and exposure on the mountains to semi-tropical rains and sun had reduced them to veritable scarecrows.³

But if their legs were weary, their hearts were light, not

¹ *Cronaca*, 107. *De Sivo*, iii. 206. 208.

² *Cronaca*, 107, 305. *De Cesare*, ii. 220. *Nisico*, *Fr. II*, 33.

³ *Capuzzi*, 35, 43. *Abba*, 137. *Cono*, *Tedaldi*, *Calvino* (*Guardione* li. 444). *Times*, June 8, p. 10, col. 3.

indeed with the assurance of victory, but with the sense that they were enviable above all Italians, that their unique campaign was poetry made real.¹ After Calatafimi they knew that they had at least avoided *fiasco*, and that even if they now died with Garibaldi they would be well remembered in the annals of the cause. While many, like Sirtori, had never bargained for more than a good death, many began to complain that they had been enticed by false reports as to the fighting power of the Sicilian rebels.² Others shared the now confident hopes of the native population. But all alike, seeing that Garibaldi was among them and was well pleased with them after the battle, were happy in a situation characteristically summed up by Bixio, who said to his battalion, 'We shall soon be either in Palermo or in hell' (*a Palermo od all' Inferno*).³

On the sunny morning of May 17, Garibaldi and his men marched out of Calatafimi, crossed the valley of the Freddo, and ascended the high-road to the city of Alcamo, built on a ridge which overlooks the gulf of Castellamare. In the corn-fields outside the town, men and women fell on their knees as he passed. Their primitive minds could not fail to attach some idea of supernatural power to any greatly admired object, but with the help of Father Pantaleo the Dictator found a means of diverting this embarrassing idolatry from himself into its natural channels, without losing the help of popular superstition for his own and his country's cause. He consented to assume the part of crusader sanctified by religion, as the champion of the Sicilian clergy and people against the foreign tyrant. When the Thousand entered Alcamo, they were led to the principal church, where Father Pantaleo awaited them. The Dictator knelt while the friar blessed him, crucifix in hand.

¹ E.g., *Cairolì*, 331. 'Cára Mammina, t'assicuro che questa spedizione è così poetica . . . ' writes Enrico Cairolì. Such expressions are constant in letters and memoirs of the Thousand.

² E.g., *Nisèvo*, 346, 354. *Abba Not.* 74, 75.

³ Bixio really said it at Partinico on May 18, see *Capussì*, 45, though it is sometimes put into Bixio's or Garibaldi's mouth on the heights of Gibilrossa.

Garibaldi, who was at this time of his life somewhere in process between deism and pantheism, had no belief in the supernatural, but his interpretation of nature was that of a mystic rather than of a materialist. Strongly anti-clerical, he was not by temperament anti-religious. He wished to see the world purified of priests, but he regarded Christ as the greatest of mankind, who had delivered his brothers from slavery. In North and Central Italy, where the Church was predominantly anti-national, he would not participate in ceremonies conducted by priests. But finding himself suddenly transferred to an atmosphere where democracy and patriotism were religious, and where the priest urged the people forward on the path of political liberty, he was at once impelled by instinct and drawn by policy to join in the forms of popular emotion. The rest of the Thousand, less simple than he in his equalitarian love of mankind, did not share his feelings of fraternity with the Sicilians, of whom for the most part they entertained a low opinion. They were not therefore influenced as he was by the emotional atmosphere around them, and looked on with mingled feelings at an 'outburst of mysticism' which they recognised as genuine on the part of their chief.¹

After the religious ceremony, the Dictator applied himself to political business. On the advice of Crispi, who was now appointed Secretary of State, he instituted the office of Governor with specified civil powers. There was ultimately to be a Governor for each of the twenty-four districts of the island, and for the present Baron S. Anna, who had fought so well at Calatafimi, was nominated for his native district of Alcamo, and Don Alberto Mistretta for the district of Mazzara, both of which were already dependent on Garibaldi for the maintenance of public order. At the same time he decreed the abolition for all Sicily of the *macino*, or excise on ground corn, a concession demanded by the

¹ *Abba*, 137, 138. *Capuzzi*, 41. *De Cesare*, ii. 316, 317. *Mario*, 264. *Mario Mac.* 247, 252, 253. *Ciampoli*, 899, 900, 935, 936. *Oddo*, 270-272.

peasants as the condition of their support, but destined before long to prove embarrassing to the Dictator's finance, since the *macino* supplied half the annual revenue.¹

On May 18 the Thousand made their first long day's march since the battle. Leaving Alcamo, they followed the high-road eastward across the uneven lowlands that decline towards the gulf of Castellamare, cut by water-courses, and covered with vines and corn. They hurried through the broad, mile-long street of Partinico, to escape from the unsavoury evidence of mutual carnage and cruelty which marked the track of Landi's retreat through a hostile population. Immediately outside the town they took the road to the right, abandoned the plain and mounted to the hamlet of Borgetto that hangs with its fruit gardens on the edge of the first steep ascent. There Bixio's battalion, composing the rearguard, bivouacked amid the clamour of nightingales.² But the vanguard pushed on up the high-road, by the side of a gorge of Alpine proportions on their left, until at nightfall they reached the top of the pass of Renda. There they encamped on the watershed dividing the streams that irrigate the Conca d'Oro of Palermo from those that flow westward to Partinico and the gulf of Castellamare. The desert spot where they lay down to sleep was called the *altipiano* of Renda, a flat plain a few hundred yards long by the side of the road, enclosed by knolls of grey rock. Here their head quarters were fixed during three days of almost ceaseless rain, to which they were exposed without tents, coats or other shelter, at a height of about 2000 feet above the sea.³

On the morning of May 19, during a respite from the

¹ *Leggi*, 6-10, decrees 3-8, Alcamo, May 17. *Palermo MSS. Br. Cons. Papers*, Mr. Goodwin's letter, June 18. Part of Filangieri's plan, see p. 266, above, was to remit the *macino*. *Franci*, i. 183.

² *Capuzzi*, 43-47.

³ Henceforth use Map IV., end of book. The *altipiano*, clearly distinguishable, is now under vines, but in 1860 was uncultivated, as I was told by a local peasant who claimed to have lived there all his life, viz. since 1850. *Abba*, 141. *Türr's Div.* 39. *Paolucci, Pilo*, 272. *Giusta*, 8, 9.

downpour, the Thousand for the first time saw Palermo. A few hundred yards beyond their camping-ground at Renda, the road, after passing between a group of grey-snouted crags, suddenly comes to the edge of the mountains, and there, as if startled by the sudden glory of the prospect disclosed, takes a rapid turn aside and then plunges steeply down to Pioppo. From this high vantage point, known as Misero-cannone,¹ the Thousand became aware of the theatre of mountains, from Monte Grifone round to Monte Cuccio, on the middle part of which they themselves stood; while down below, enclosed between these stately barriers and the sea, was spread the *Conca d'Oro* itself, one vast grove of oranges, lemons, olives, and cactus, the magnificent legacy to modern times of the Arab methods of irrigation. There, like a rich jewel set in the 'shell of gold,' lay Palermo on the edge of the azure sea; and there in the harbour rode the warships of Naples and of various other nations, set to watch the issue of this wild adventure, for news of which all the world was waiting. In plain and city, that seemed asleep and dreaming in the peaceful distance, a disarmed population was chafing in frantic expectation of their arrival, and 21,000 soldiers with artillery, fortresses, and all the panoply of war, stood ready to guard the city from their assault. Who were they, a band of forlorn and hungry watchers on the mountain tops, that they should take a capital from a kingdom's army and fleet?²

To advance direct on Palermo and attack such a garrison in face would be certain destruction. Garibaldi's only chance was to make such skilful use of the screen of mountains as to be able to conceal the weakness of his force

¹ Really 'Misel-cannone,' a name of Arab origin, like Misilmeri. At this point also another road goes off to the right to S. Giuseppe Jato.

² *Abba*, 143. *Paolucci*, *Pilo*, 272, 273. *Pietraganzili*, ll. 93, 94. No one would mention the cactus alongside of the orange and lemon as characteristic of the Conca d'Oro of to-day. Since 1860 the *fico d'India*, or prickly-pear cactus, with its pennyworth of fruit for its intolerable deal of fleshy, amorphous, antediluvian shrub (see illustration, p. 288), has been largely displaced in the Conca d'Oro, as throughout all Sicily, in favour of the more profitable forms of agriculture and arboriculture.

and to effect a rush into the city at some ill-guarded point. If once he and his Thousand could appear in the heart of the city, the population would rise and fight in the streets as in 1848, and so place the invaders on something a little nearer equality with the immense forces of the Neapolitan garrison.¹

The peaks, ridges, and long, deep valleys of the mountains, among which Garibaldi from May 19-26 gradually worked out this the supreme military problem of his life, resemble in size, shape, and general character the highest part of the English Lake District. It may give some notion of the character of the ground to imagine the hills between Helvellyn and Scafell with all their water-courses dried up, and instead of an universal and undying plenty of wet grass and moss and bracken spread between one precipice and the next, a sparse and short-lived crop of green herbs and bright-coloured flowers filling the interstices of the grey rocks after the asphodels of spring are withered, with here and there an underwood of aloe and cactus, and in valley bottoms a sudden wealth of olives and fruit-trees in some rocky Eden loud with nightingales.

The roads in this region were very few, and a small and mobile force, prepared to abandon its cannon and traverse the wildest recesses of the hills, with the aid of the inhabitants as guides, spies and transport agents, might, under a great leader, achieve some masterpiece of strategy. Calatafimi had been a soldier's battle, though the soldiers had fought with the spirit breathed into them by their general on the field itself; but the entry into Palermo was rendered possible only by the genius of the man who was as cunning in war as he was brave in battle.

Half-way along the high-road between Renda and the capital, almost at the foot of the hills and close above the

¹ The lowest official Neapolitan estimate of the garrison at Palermo on May 23 is 20,861 men; *De Sivo*, iii. 208. *Cronaca*, 120. But Captain Cava, of the Neapolitan General Staff, estimated it at 24,000; *Cava*, ii. 12, 84, and General *Marra* (*Oss.*), 13, 'never more than 24,000.'

orange groves of the Conca d'Oro, lies Monreale, famous for its Norman cathedral encrusted with the most magnificent mosaics in Europe. It was so strongly occupied by an advance guard of the garrison of Palermo that to storm it would have cost the Thousand more than they could afford as the price of a mere outwork to the enemy's main position. Although Garibaldi was ready to dare anything, he was equally determined to waste nothing. If he spent his Thousand prematurely, he would be a beggar indeed. If, however, the few hundred *squadre* whom Rosolino Pilo was keeping together in the hills, could occupy precisely those heights at the foot of which Monreale lay, its garrison would then be forced to retreat. Garibaldi at Renda, and Pilo three miles north at Sagana were in close communication, and it was agreed between them that Pilo should advance from Sagana to support his outposts at the Monastery of S. Martino, a vast edifice buried in the heart of those wild valleys. Using S. Martino as his head quarters, Pilo was to occupy in force the heights to the south-east of the monastery, especially the hill of the Castellaccio, an old ruined castle visible from afar as it towers above Monreale. Garibaldi supported this movement by a reconnaissance along the high-road through Pioppo, but the bulk of the Thousand remained on the heights near Renda until the result of Pilo's operation should be known.

The Neapolitans, however, did not wait to be attacked. A courageous Swiss officer, Colonel Von Mechel, with an energetic subordinate, the Neapolitan Major Bosco, had been sent by Lanza with 3000 men to strengthen the garrison of Monreale.¹ On the morning of May 21 they took the offensive, pushed a column along the road against the skirmishers of the Thousand, and drove them back along the flanks of the mountains from Lenzitti through Pioppo village, back on to the heights of Misero-cannone and Renda. In this affair, in the Vallecorta, was killed Piediscalzi, the spirited

¹ Besides the 3000 under Von Mechel there were already in Monreale three battalions under Colonel Bonanno, who took a not very active share in the events of the subsequent days. *De Sivo*, iii, 209.

leader of the indefatigable Albanians of Piana dei Greci, many of whom were now fighting side by side with the Garibaldini.

Meanwhile two other columns were dispersing Pilo's bands in the mountains overhead. One column moved up the San Martino valley to occupy the monastery, while another from Monreale climbed the steep hills of Castellaccio and Giardinello, and before the *squadre* were aware that they were the attacked instead of the attackers, fired down upon them as they stood on the lower Neviera hill. Pilo, who had seated himself among some rocks to write a letter to Garibaldi asking for help, was shot dead with the pen in his hand, and his men fled over the mountains.¹

The brave Sicilian and Italian patriot, who thus died on the eve of the consummation of his life's work, would readily have acknowledged that, in his own and Mazzini's eyes, the real object of his mission to Sicily had already been accomplished when Garibaldi had landed at Marsala. Yet his defeat and death were at the moment a severe blow to the cause, and not only checked the advance but endangered the position of the Thousand. For the camp at Renda, high placed though it was, lay in a hollow of the mountain-tops, and now that the Neapolitans had disposed of Pilo's force, they might at any moment appear on the heights commanding Renda from the north-east. Garibaldi was therefore obliged, as the result of the fighting on May 21, to shift his camp without delay.²

Thus compelled to abandon the Partinico-Monreale road by which he had first approached the capital, the General determined to move across country to the other great road connecting Palermo with the interior, which runs to Corleone through Parco and Piana dei Greci. He would there enter upon a new sphere of operations in the mountains to the south-east of the Conca d'Oro, which were already occupied

¹ *Cronaca*, 114-116. *De Sivo*, iii. 208, 209. *Conv. Armaforte. Conv. Vitali. Calvino* (*Guardione*, li. 437, 438). *Paolucci, Pilo*, 272-282; *Riso*, 57-62. *La Lumia*, 106. *Pietragnanili*, li. 91. *Piana dei Greci*, 38. *Giusta*, 9. *Cuniberti*, 33.

² *Mem.* 352, 354. *Paolucci, Riso*, 62.

by *squadre* under La Masa more numerous than those that had followed Pilo. Immediately after the battle of Calatafimi, the Dictator had wisely detached La Masa to travel through the island and rouse the people to arms. Unlike other Sicilians of the Thousand—such as Carini, Orsini, and Calvino—La Masa had no marked military talent, but he had influence as an orator and ability as an organiser, and was well fitted to play the part of a Sicilian Danton. With less than half a dozen comrades, he made a dangerous cross-country journey from Calatafimi through districts still infested by police and *compagni d'armi*, through Roccamena and the precipices and forests of Ficuzza, till he reached the more open country of Mezzojuso and Villafrate. In that region and along the coast from Termini to Bagheria, he was known and trusted as a local man and a leader of 1848. His appearance among his own people dispersed their fears and uncertainties, and he was able to dissipate a strange rumour that Garibaldi had not really landed at Marsala at all, but was being personated by a Pole. In a few days he formed a camp of some 3000 *squadre* at Misilmeri and Gibilrossa, and extended his outposts and lit signal fires at night on the top of Monte Grifone. He was much indebted to the patriotism of the citizens of Termini, who, in spite of the Neapolitan garrison holding the fort and bombarding their town, supplied his camp at Gibilrossa with men, food and such arms and ammunition as they could provide. Garibaldi's desire to get into touch with La Masa's *squadre* was one of his principal objects in moving from Renda to Parco.¹

This difficult operation, to be effected in the face of the enemy occupying Pioppo and Monreale, was carried out with secrecy and success on the night of May 21–22. It was necessary to march round the head waters of the Oreto across the stony and desolate moor in which it rises, some miles above the groves of the Conca d'Oro. Starting along the road

¹ *Mem.* 354. *La Masa (Sic.)*, pp. xxix–xxxvi, xxxix–xlii, 67–138. *O. B.'s La Masa*, 235–240. *Termini*, *passim*. *Pietranganzili*, ii. 109–115, 135, 152–159.

that leads back from Misero-cannone towards San Giuseppe Jato, the Thousand turned off it after two and a half miles, at a solitary and deserted toll-bar house (*Catena*), and began to cross the moor, at a height of some 2400 feet, by a bridle track so marshy in some places and so rocky in others as to be difficult walking even on a fine day, and almost impassable on that dark and windy night when torrents of rain seemed to carry the ground from under their feet. 'Not a soldier but fell,' wrote one who made the march. 'I fell thrice, many others ten or a dozen times.' Thus they stumbled and rolled in single file along a path of much the same general character as the passage of the Esk Hause in Cumberland, from the top of the Sty Head to the top of the Rossett Gill Pass. Close above them to the right, unseen in the darkness, were the precipices of Carpaneto and Moarda. But the local guides were faithful and competent, walking with Garibaldi in front to feel out the invisible way, and on the early morning of May 22 the Thousand, soaked, bruised and utterly exhausted, many of them without shoes on their feet, staggered down into Parco, where they were made heartily welcome to all the food and fire that the inhabitants could supply. The cannon, left near the toll-bar house during the hours of darkness, were dismounted, and next day slung on poles and carried by Sicilian mountaineers along the same path which the infantry had traversed during the night.¹ By this difficult march Garibaldi had given the slip to Von Mechel at Monreale and gained a full two days' respite.²

The small town of Parco lies at the foot of the mountains, on the very edge of the Conca d'Oro. Straight above its roofs the Cozzo di Crasto rises to a height of about 2000 feet above the sea, and presents a natural fortress of immense strength against an enemy approaching from Palermo. On its rocky summit, attainable by means of the winding high-road that leads towards Piana and Corleone, Garibaldi fixed his camp,

¹ *Campo*, 114. *Conv. Vitali* and *Conv. Armaforte*. Campo and Vitali were with the cannon. *Mem.* 354, bears out their statement.

² See Appendix N., 'The night march to Parco.'

dug trenches, and planted his ancient artillery. He wrote to La Masa on May 22 that he 'liked the position well, and would defend it, and then take the offensive'—no doubt against the capital itself. On the evening of the same day he sent orders to La Masa, which he repeated on May 23, bidding him descend from Gibilrossa into the plain and attack the Neapolitans in flank and rear as soon as they developed their expected attack on the Cozzo di Crasto.¹

The plan was not ill-conceived. An action, beginning in the defence of the formidable position above Parco, aided by La Masa's flank attack on the Neapolitans, might well develop into a counter-attack which should lead the victors into Palermo at the heels of the defeated enemy. But the position, which it was proposed to defend in the first instance, had a weak point. The Cozzo di Crasto, high as it stood and steep as were its slopes towards Palermo, was only a spur projecting from the still higher range of Moarda and Rebottone. Early on May 24 Garibaldi became aware that part of Von Mechel's four battalions were moving from Monreale across the head waters of the Oreto, clearly intent on occupying the Rebottone mountains above and behind the Cozzo di Crasto, while the remainder of the forces occupying Monreale, joined by two fresh battalions from Palermo under General Colonna, were to make a frontal attack by way of Parco. To save himself from being at once outnumbered, surrounded and overlooked, Garibaldi ordered the Thousand to retreat on Piana dei Greci. La Masa's *squadre*, who had meanwhile begun to descend into the Conca d'Oro by way of Belmonte-Mezzagno to attack Colonna's flank, fled back into the hills in panic and anger, declaring that Garibaldi had deceived them, that he was retreating into the interior and that all was lost. La Masa with difficulty prevented a general dispersion, rallied his disheartened forces at Gibilrossa, and wrote next day to implore Garibaldi not to retreat to Corleone, but to join him at Gibilrossa for a united attack on Palermo.²

¹ *La Masa (Sic.)*, pp. xlii-v. *Paolucci, Corrao*, 129.

² *De Sivo*, iii, 209, 210. *Cronaca*, 120. *Franci*, i, 53. *Marra Oss.* 9.

Meanwhile the Thousand began to ascend the winding mountain road from Cozzo di Crasto to the pass that leads over to Piana dei Greci. To cover their retreat, the Genoese Carabineers fought a rear-guard action with the Neapolitans coming up from Parco. The other part of Von Mechel's column, who had ascended the Rebottone mountains by the Portelle-Puzzilli pass and threatened to head off the retreat, were met on the rocks of Campanaro, more than 3000 feet above the sea, by a small detachment of the valiant Albanian *squadre*, supported by the main body of the Thousand, who had to turn off the road to repel the flank attack. At sight of the determined front of the Garibaldini, the Neapolitan vanguard shrank back and let them pass. Having thus cleared the way, they crossed the watershed near the Madonna del Bosco, and descended the high-road into Piana dei Greci, on the side of the mountains facing away from the Conca d'Oro into the interior of the island.¹

On the evening of May 24, while the Thousand were sadly filing into the street of Piana dei Greci, and far away on Gibilrossa La Masa was doing all that oratory and gesticulation could do to prevent the dispersion of his discouraged *squadre*, the general belief was that the revolution was at an end. The Sicilians, who had sincerely wished and expected Garibaldi to attack Palermo, could hardly believe their eyes when they saw him retreat; they began to doubt the magical powers which they had attributed to him, and took offence at the imperturbable calm of his demeanour in retreat, which they declared to be 'indifference.'² At Piana many of them disbanded and made off for their homes.³ If now the two battalions under Colonna, and the four under Von Mechel, had pressed hard along the road into the Albanian village, it would have fared ill with

La Masa (Sic.), pp. xlvī-xlviii. *Mem.* 355. *Bologna MS.* *Bixio. Pietraganzili*, ii. 230-232.

¹ *Mem.* 355. *Piana dei Greci*, 40. *Capussi*, 57, 58. *Bologna MS.* *Bixio. Paolucci, Riso*, 67, 68. *Conv. Vitali and Armaforte. Campo*, 115, 116.

² *Paolucci, Riso*, 68.

³ *Conv. Paternostro.*

the hopes of Italy. But Colonna returned to Palermo,¹ and Von Mechel, though he had the merit so rare in the Neapolitan service of taking and keeping the offensive, was no less slow than he was sure. Consequently Garibaldi was left to his own devices at Piana dei Greci during the critical evening and night of May 24, and was able, then and there, to carry out unobserved a plan that turned the tide of war, and caught the enemy in the snare of his own success.

Piana dei Greci, 'the plain of the Greeks,' was a flat, fertile Alp, about two miles across from side to side, lying about 2000 feet above the sea-level, but almost entirely surrounded by rocky mountains rising from one to two thousand more. Its well-watered soil had for nearly four centuries been cultivated by the Greek-Albanian colonists, who lived in their little town on the northern edge of the basin, where the road from Palermo entered it. To the east of the plain a by-road led through a gap in the circle of mountains to the hamlet of S. Cristina Gela, and there came abruptly to an end. On the south, the high-road wound conspicuously up the mountain side, leading to Corleone and the interior of the island. If Garibaldi left Piana by the high-road, it would mean that he finally turned his back on Palermo and abandoned all hope of success. And that way he sent his baggage, his sick and wounded, and his five cannon under the command of Orsini, with fifty artillerymen and an escort of about 150 *squadre*, many of them returning to their native Corleone.² Before darkness fell on May 24, this column was clearly seen by everyone in the plain winding up the mountain side by the southern road, and it was assumed by all that the infantry were about to follow.

And, indeed, soon after nightfall, the Thousand were

¹ *De Sivo*, iii. 210. *Cronaca*, 128. *Cava*, ii. 88, note. Bonanno, who with his three battalions (eighteen companies), had joined Von Mechel's four battalions in the attack on Cozzo di Crasto, returned to Monreale. *Cronaca*, 122, 123.

² Narrative by Sampieri, in *Türr's Div.* 384 and *Menghieri*, 71. *Conv. Paternostra*.

mustered in the street, and following in the track of the artillery, crossed the plain by the Corleone high-road, avoiding the by-road to S. Cristina Gela. But when they were two miles from the town, near the foot of the southern mountains and on the banks of the river that waters that side of the plain, they turned off the road at dead of night, unseen by friend or foe, and passing by the water-mill of Ciaferia, were led across country to the hamlet of S. Cristina Gela. Skirting its southern side, they took to a rough drove road that led eastwards towards Marineo, across rolling hills and valleys. Late at night they bivouacked in a wood, among the lonely pastures of Chianettu.¹

It was a starry night, and Garibaldi gazed at the unwonted brightness of Arcturus. Half in jest, he told his aides-de-camp that Arcturus was his star, which he had chosen for himself when he was a sailor-lad, and that its splendour foreboded victory. The word was passed round the camp and gave joy to all, not merely as an omen, but as a token of the General's happy mood and the renewed prospect of an attack upon Palermo.²

Next morning (May 25), descending from the higher prairie land, they followed one of the most lovely foot-paths in Sicily, across rocky ravines filled with olives and fruit-trees, and with poplars in the stream bottoms, until they reached Marineo, a large and dirty town, planted amid nature's fantastic magnificence beneath a precipice pillar resembling the Gibraltar rock.

From Marineo, where they rested for several hours, a paved road led down a broad and fertile corn valley to La Masa's headquarters at Misilmeri and Gibilrossa. The General sent word to La Masa that he would arrive at Misilmeri on the following day, but late in the afternoon, growing impatient of delay, he ordered the weary Thousand

¹ See Appendix O. *From Piana to Marineo*. There are few trees now (1908) on the heights of Chianettu (or Pianetto), but the bivouac in the 'wood' there is mentioned by Bixio (*Bologna MS.*), *Perini*, 199, Garibaldi (*Mem.* 356), and Canzio (*Menghini*, 428).

² *Türr's Risposta*, 10. *Abba*, 159.

on to the road, and kept them afoot till they entered Misilmeri an hour before midnight on May 25. The inhabitants, in the wildest delight at the resurrection of their magical Garibaldi, illuminated the town in his honour. At eleven o'clock he sent the following message to La Masa in the camp of the *squadre* at Gibilrossa: 'Dear La Masa, I hope to see you at three to-morrow morning to make important arrangements' (*per combinare cose importanti*). All knew that the combined forces would now fall upon the capital.¹

Not only had Garibaldi shaken off Von Mechel's pursuit, but he had deluded that officer into leading three or four thousand of the best troops in the Neapolitan army, including a battalion of German mercenaries, upon a wild goose chase into the middle of the island. The troops defending Palermo, with whom Garibaldi was about to try conclusions, were weakened by the absence of the bravest officers and men, and were put off their guard by the positive belief that he and his Thousand had fled in rout to Corleone, and would never trouble them again.

For when Von Mechel on May 25 tardily entered Piana dei Greci, he had, of course, been told that the Garibaldini had left the town by the Corleone road. In happy ignorance that they had subsequently doubled back to Marineo, he sent back messages of victory to make Lanza, the nervous *alter ego*, feel secure in the capital, while he himself set forward once more to run Garibaldi to earth. But though determined and obstinate, he was singularly slow in pursuit, and about the time that the man whom he thought he was pursuing was really breaking into Palermo city, he himself had only reached the royal forest of Ficuzza, eight miles south of Piana. There the King's gamekeepers gave the Neapolitan officers some warning that a division had been effected in Garibaldi's forces, whereupon Major Bosco, at least according to his own and his friends'

¹ *Capuzzi*, 59-62. *Giusta*, 9, 10. *Abba Not.* 106-108. *Paolucci, Riso*, 70-73. *La Masa (Sic.)*, pp. xlix, l.

account, urged his superior either to return at once to Palermo, or else to march on Marineo by a road that turned off thither from the spot where the discussion was being held. But the Switzer was obstinate; he did not love his able but pushing subordinate, and gave orders to continue the advance on Corleone. There the artillery officer Orsini, to whom Garibaldi had given the powers of pro-Dictator, with instructions to take every occasion for making a display, roused the populace, and on May 27 fought a spirited rear-guard action on the hills behind the town. The Neapolitans lost some men, but captured two of the five cannon; many of Orsini's followers dispersed. Having tasted blood, Von Mechel pressed on past Corleone, probably still hoping that he was on the traces of Garibaldi, or at least of the bulk of his force. Led on by the *ignis fatuus* of three obsolete cannon and a few score tired men and horses, he passed by way of Campo Fiorito as far as Giuliana and Chiusa, within fifteen miles of the south coast of Sicily. There, on May 28, a messenger reached him with the news that, since dawn on the previous day, Garibaldi and his Thousand had been fighting in the heart of Palermo.¹ A former messenger, sent off from the capital on the morning of the 27th, whose safe arrival might have changed the fate of Italy, had been arrested by the Albanian villagers as he passed through the street of Piana dei Greci.²

¹ *De Sivo*, iii. 210-212. *Cronaca*, 126 (Bosco's report) and 133. *De Cesare*, ii. 233. *Marra Oss.* 10, 11. *Orsini N. A.*, July 1907, pp. 46-50. *Orsini (Cenno)*, 15. *La Masa (Sic.)*, p. 122. Sampieri's narrative in *Türr's Div.* 384, 385. *Cuniberti*, 42, 43, is a good account, except that 'Von Mechel' should be read for 'Colonna.'

² *Piana dei Greci*, 45. Reproduced in *Oddo*, 400, 401.

CHAPTER XVI

GIBILROSSA.—PALERMO ON THE EVE

'Spread in the sight of the lion,
Surely, we said, is the net
Spread but in vain, and the snare
Vain ; for the light is aware,
And the common, the chainless air,
Of his coming whom all we cry on ;
Surely in vain is it set.

'Surely the day is on our side,
And heaven, and the sacred sun ;
Surely the stars, and the bright
Immemorial inscrutable night ;
Yea, the darkness, because of our light,
Is no darkness, but blooms as a bower-side
When the winter is over and done.'

SWINBURNE.—*Songs before Sunrise :*
Halt before Rome.

DURING the few hours between midnight and dawn on the 26th, the Thousand flung themselves down to rest, some in the cafés and private houses of Misilmeri, others in the church, which Bixio insisted upon using, in spite of the lamentations of the inhabitants, who considered its occupation as an act of sacrilege which would bring bad luck on the cause.¹ At three in the morning La Masa, in obedience to Garibaldi's summons, arrived in the town from his camp on the surrounding hills, and at dawn a council of war was held in the house where the General lodged.² Probably before leaving Piana, certainly before leaving Marineo, Garibaldi had already determined to fall on Palermo, but seeing that he was about to ask his friends to stake their

¹ *Capuzzi*, 62. *Abba Not.* 108, 109. *Giusta*, 10.

² *La Masa (Sic.)*, pp. II, III. *Paolucci, Riso*, 73-74.

lives on so desperate a cast, he thought good to lay before them the alternative of a retreat into the interior, indicating that his own opinion was for the bolder course. La Masa, rightly representing the feeling of the Sicilians, demanded the attack on the capital for which he had been pleading in his letters to the Dictator for six days past. No serious opposition was made: as Bixio said, 'There was no discussion, there could be none.'¹ At a quarter to six, the final decision having been formally taken, Garibaldi sent off a dispatch to Corrao, who had rallied the remnant of Pilo's *squadre* on the mountains at the other side of the Conca d'Oro, bidding him break into Palermo that night from the west. Since Garibaldi himself intended to enter it by surprise from the south-east, we may suppose that he wished Corrao to divert attention from the side where the serious attack was to be made. But Corrao started nearly twenty-four hours late, and consequently his movements in no way helped the entry of the main force.²

About seven in the morning, the Thousand marched out of Misilmeri to the other side of the low hill whereon stands the dismantled edifice of an Arabic-Norman castle. There, among the olives and vines, they encamped during the greater part of May 26, on the east side of the Piano della Stoppa, a flat crater bottom, now drained and highly cultivated, but then half full of water after the recent rains.³ Beyond the crater, to the north-west, rose the pass of Gibilrossa, more than 1000 feet high, the lowest point of the Grifone range that still divided them from the Conca d'Oro and the capital. They were to mount and cross those heights at sunset, by way of the little

¹ *Guersoni*, II. 93, note. This passage and *Sirtori*, 198, 206, show that, in spite of La Masa's assertions, Sirtori did not on this or any other occasion argue in favour of a retreat into the interior. From the moment the expedition had been undertaken contrary to his advice, he always urged an advance on Palermo as the best chance.

² *Paolucci*, *Riso*, 73, 74, *Corrao*, 127, 128.

³ *Giusta*, 10. *Times*, June 8, p. 10, col. 4 (Eber's report). As Eber only arrived during the morning and found them camped on this spot, he wrongly supposed that they had slept there all night.

white-walled convent that they could see shining amid cactuses and olives on the mountain-side above them. Once across that ridge and down in the Conca d'Oro they must conquer or perish. 'To-morrow,' said Garibaldi to his friends, 'I shall enter Palermo as victor, or the world will never see me again among the living.'¹

That morning, as it chanced, a carriage, with three British naval officers on the spree, drove out from Palermo by the coast road through Villabate to Misilmeri,

'where, to their surprise,' as they afterwards reported to Admiral Mundy, 'they heard the great national chief had arrived from Parco, only a few hours before, and was then at dinner in a neighbouring vineyard. The General, on hearing that three English naval officers were driving through the village, sent one of his attendants with a message requesting them to visit his head quarters. They accepted the invitation.'

Lieutenant Wilmot and his two brother-officers found Garibaldi standing amid a group of men dressed for the most part, like their chief, in grey trousers and red flannel shirts. Beside him stood his son, the finely-built and good-natured Menotti, his hand still bound up for the wound he had received at Calatafimi, and there, too, was the priest, Pantaleo, who, as the Englishmen were told, had fought in the battle, crucifix in hand. Garibaldi received his visitors with the impressively simple courtesy that charmed alike the men of all races and of all ranks. He feasted them on fresh strawberries, spoke, in good English, of his affection and respect for their country, hoped that he should soon meet the British Admiral—presumably in Palermo—and related how, on his retreat over the mountain-tops to Piana dei Greci two days before, he had witnessed 'the beautiful effect produced by the royal salutes from all the ships of war in honour of Her Majesty's birthday.' His guests drank his health and that of Italy, and did not appear at all embarrassed by the interview.

Almost simultaneously with the Englishmen, there had

¹ *Perini*, 221.

arrived in the camp two officers of the United States war-ship *Iroquois*, one of whom gave Garibaldi a revolver which he carried in the fight next day. The Anglo-Saxons made friends with the Thousand, and drove back to Palermo laden with letters for the post, messages that might prove to be the last to many an anxious home within sight of the circling Alps.¹

At the very hour in the morning when these friendly neutrals were visiting head quarters, there arrived by the same route the Hungarian Eber, acting as correspondent for the *Times*, which was now strongly pro-Italian. Eber had made no secret among his English friends in Palermo of his intention to seek for a command under Garibaldi,² and he came out to Misilmeri as the bearer of messages and information of high importance. The Central Revolutionary Committee of the capital also sent two other representatives to Gibilrossa in the course of the day.³ Eber gave Garibaldi and his staff an exact account of the location of the Neapolitan troops. Monreale, Parco, Porrazzi, and the Conca d'Oro in the direction of those places, he reported to be occupied by many thousands of the enemy. Near Palermo itself they were massed yet more thickly in the Quattro Venti and behind the Palace, that is on the northern and western outskirts of the town. But the indecipherable labyrinth of ancient alleys and lanes, that constitute the heart of Palermo, was left almost unoccupied. If, therefore, Garibaldi could penetrate into these recesses, he could call out the inhabitants to barricade the narrow arteries of the city, and be safe, at any rate for a while, from the immense forces in the exterior positions of the Palace and Quattro Venti.

But how was the entry to be effected? Palermo was a loaf with a soft centre but a hard crust. Eber, however, reported that the easiest way to force an entrance into the city would be by the south-eastern gates. For, strange to

¹ *Mundy*, 107, 108. *Abba Not.* 110-111. *Mem.* 356. *Times*, June 8, p. 10, col. 3. *Zasio*, 49. *Capuzzi*, 65.

² *Mundy*, 103.

³ *Conv. Guarneri.*

say, Lanza had most neglected that side which lay towards Gibilrossa: the easily defensible line of the lower Oreto river was guarded only by a weak detachment, and Eber described in detail the barricades erected, and the points occupied by a few companies of infantry and two guns at the south-eastern gateways of Termini and S. Antonino. Guided by this accurate information, Garibaldi wisely decided to try and storm the Porta Termini.¹

Having formed his plan, the Dictator convoked the leaders of the Sicilian *squadre*, and asked their concurrence. Some few murmured that they had little or no ammunition, but the greater part cried out 'A Palermo! A Palermo!' On being asked which was the most direct and secret route to the Porta Termini, they declared, with some exaggeration as the event proved, that a practicable path led down from the top of the Gibilrossa pass into the Conca d'Oro in the direction of Ciaculli. It was, therefore, decided to go by this route, instead of by the circuitous and public road through Villabate, by which the naval officers and Eber had driven out that morning.²

The enthusiasm now shown by the Sicilian chiefs, and their jealousy of being sent to the rear, induced Garibaldi to make his one mistake, destined to imperil the whole enterprise. He granted a change of plan, to the effect that La

¹ Such is the information which Eber reports in the *Times* (June 8, p. 10, cols. 3, 4) as having reached Garibaldi at Misilmeri; as *Times'* correspondent, supposed to be a neutral, he naturally does not say in so many words, 'I brought this information.' But we know it was he who brought it. See *Türr's Div.* 49, 51. Türr said to me in conversation that it was Eber's information which decided Garibaldi to choose the Termini gate. Any other gate, added Türr, even the neighbouring Porta S. Antonino, would have been fatal. The Termini gate was the least strongly defended.

² *Calvino (Guardione, ii. 440). Times, June 8, p. 10, col. 4.* Both Calvino and Eber arrived during the day (26th) and did not therefore know of the original council of war held in Misilmeri town before the dispatch was sent to Corrao at 5.45 a.m. The council which they witnessed, out in the hills, was not the occasion when the decision was taken, but only a meeting to hearten up the chiefs of the Sicilian *squadre*, and hear any advice they had to give. *Türr's Div.* 49, 50. *La Masa (Sic.)*, pp. li–lii. *Paolucci, Riso*, 75. Eber wrongly calls the pass of Gibilrossa the 'pass of Mezzagna,' see Appendix P, below.

Masa's *squadre* should march in front of the North Italians. There was, however, to be a vanguard, consisting of the scouts and a body of men picked from all the companies of the Thousand, who with the local guides should lead the whole column.¹

In whatever order they marched, it was a strange undertaking. What with sickness, wounds, and the absence of the detachment gone to Corleone with the artillery, Garibaldi's 'Thousand' were some 300 fewer than when he had landed at Marsala. With these 750 musketeers, or more properly bayonet-men, with rather more than 3000 peasants armed some with blunderbusses and sporting guns, some with pikes and scythes, and with the prospect of such help as he could hope to get from the disarmed citizens of the capital, if he could ever penetrate into its streets, Garibaldi was setting out to attack the garrison of Palermo and the Conca d'Oro, variously estimated by its own chiefs at 16,000 to 20,000 riflemen, cavalry, and artillery, not counting the four battalions that Von Mechel had led to Corleone.²

In the cool of evening on May 26, the Garibaldini ascended from their camping ground, near the Piano della Stoppa, to the monastery and pass of Gibilrossa,³ by a track running up the mountain-side between gigantic cactus hedges that gave an oriental character to the scenery. Halting for awhile on the solitary platform of grey rock, whereon the picturesque and lonely convent hangs perched amid olives, aloe, and cactus, they reached, a few hundred

¹ The number of the vanguard is variously estimated from about thirty to seventy-five. *Türr's Div.* 49, 50. *Mem.* 357. *Conv. Canzio. La Masa (Sic.)*, lili. *Bixio*, 199.

² *Marra Oss.* 13, 14. *Cava*, li. 12, 84. *De Sivo*, lili. 208. *Türr's Div.* 49, 50. *Bixio*, 198. *Paolucci, Riso*, 75. *Mundy*, 108. *Bologna MS. Bixio* says La Masa exaggerated in estimating his *squadre* at a higher figure than 3000. A few hundred *squadre* had followed Garibaldi from Parco.

³ *V. M.* 4, 5. *Bixio*, 199. *Giusta*, 10. *Capuzzi*, 67. *Times*, June 8, p. 10, col. 4. There is a conflict of evidence as to whether the bulk of the *squadre* were all the time up near the monastery, or whether they marched up thither from below with the Thousand. Very probably they were scattered at different points on the mountain in their different bands.

yards further on, the broad moor on the top of the pass, where the Gibilrossa monument stands to-day. It was an enchanted hour that threw its spell on all. The ground was still fragrant with the last flowers of spring, and there lay below their feet the evening view of the plain, the city, and the sea. There were the navies of the world riding at anchor in the bay, and there, on the opposite side of the Conca d'Oro, the shoulder heights of Hamilcar's Monte Pellegrino glowing like a furnace in the rays of sunset, as though the mountain itself were alight with all the fierce draughts of sun that it had drunk through unrecorded æons of time. Close at Garibaldi's feet, between him and the city, was spread a variegated carpet of foliage, masses of grey olive and of yellow-green lemon, broken by streaks of the dark-green orange leaf. The Cathedral and the Palace, the heart of the enemy's position, rose clear above the city roofs. But, whilst he was still gazing upon all this beauty, the soft, green masses below lost shape and colour, the towers and cupolas of Palermo were merged in undistinguished haze, the rosy tints upon the mountain-tops grew pale, and one by one his own signal fires of war leapt out instead along the circle of the hills, beckoning him to descend into the darkened plain.

'The evening gun in the fort had been long re-echoed by the mountains, and the moon had risen clear and bright,' before the head of the column began slowly to feel its way down the rocky clefts of the gorge that fell from Gibilrossa to the plain of Palermo.¹

The condition of affairs in the capital and Conca d'Oro, when Garibaldi descended on the eventful midnight and dawn of May 26-7, is faithfully presented in Admiral Mundy's Journal for the two days preceding the crisis. On May 25, having observed several Neapolitan vessels take up positions with the apparent object of being ready to bombard the sea-front, the British Admiral went up town to find Lanza at the Palace. There, in the spacious chambers

overlooking the city and the sea beyond, where the greatest and most beloved, but not the wisest, of English Admirals had given the Bourbon royalties very different advice from that now proffered by the excellent Mundy, the modern representative of Britain's power along the coasts of the world expostulated with the King's *alter ego* against beginning a bombardment which was not strictly part of any military operation.

'The reply of General Lanza,' continues the Admiral, 'was frank and decisive. . . . He entertained a firm hope that Palermo would not become the scene of a sanguinary civil struggle, and all his endeavours were directed to remove from its walls the calamities of war. He should oppose the foreign invasion outside the city; in fact, he had yesterday dislodged the band of Garibaldi from their strong position at El Parco, seven miles from Palermo, and had pursued them to the summit of the mountains of Piana dei Greci. If, however, in spite of his endeavours, the rebels should make the city rise, the fire of the artillery by sea and land would concur with the troops in the repression of the revolt. . . . When General Lanza had finished his address I rose to depart, thanking him for his candid statement, but, at the same time, remarking that there was a vast difference between the indiscriminate destruction of the edifices of a great city, and the use of artillery against a people in revolt. He then informed me that two Piedmontese prisoners¹ had been brought to the guard-house in the morning, who, though dressed as private soldiers, were evidently gentlemen. I asked him to spare their lives, which he said he would do.

'During this interview Signor Maniscalco [the Police Minister] and Colonel Polizzi entered into the discussion, with a view of justifying the resolutions which had been so clearly expounded by the Royal Commissioner. Unfortunately, in the heat of argument the former asked Mr. Goodwin [the British Consul] if he did not think a population deserved to be annihilated, should they rise up in insurrection against the constituted authorities. To this unexpected and ill-timed demand Her Majesty's Consul indignantly replied that he could not have supposed such a question would have been put to him; but that, as Signor Maniscalco had chosen to do so, he had no hesitation

¹ Of the Thousand, captured during the retreat from Parco.

in saying that when a people were tyrannised over they had an inherent right to take up arms, and to fight against their oppressors. . . .'

On the afternoon of May 26, while Garibaldi was between Misilmeri and Gibilrossa, Admiral Mundy and Mr. Goodwin went for a drive in the Conca d'Oro, and visited a convent, where Mundy was surprised to hear such antiquated people as the monks profess themselves ardently on the side of the revolution. Shortly afterwards, at La Grazia, the carriage was held up by some members of the *squadre*, whose appearance did not edify the Admiral, although his nationality secured him their respect. On his way back, he writes:—

'On the outskirts of the city I gained admission into a mansion once occupied by the Moorish Governors of Sicily,¹ from the lofty turrets of which I witnessed the burning of several of the country palaces of the nobility who were supposed by the soldiery to be hostile to the Royal cause.² In whichever direction I looked over this vast and richly-cultivated plain, the smoke of ruins and devastation presented itself to my view, while the constant report of musketry and the distant sound of cannon showed that armed men were in collision on the slopes of the hills.'

On his return through the streets of Palermo, the Admiral saw with indignation a procession of working men, handcuffed and led to prison by the police, because they had visited the British ships on their Saturday holiday that afternoon. They had returned with nothing more compromising about their persons than tobacco and hard biscuit; but the fact that they had visited the floating fortresses of freedom was held to be crime enough.

Having returned to his flag-ship, Admiral Mundy heard from Lieutenant Wilmot how he had unexpectedly found

¹ The Admiral may refer either to La Favara, near Brancaccio, or to La Zisa or La Cuba, nearer to the town and Royal Palace.

² In Mr. Goodwin's Political Journal of this week (*Palermo MSS., Br. Cons. Papers*) we read that the soldiers sacked the villas of the nobility, e.g., the Villa Marutta at Passo Rigano, under pretence of searching for arms.

himself in Garibaldi's camp that morning. Clearly, Garibaldi was not so far off as Lanza had supposed. In the evening, about the time that the Thousand were preparing to descend from the pass of Gibilrossa, a note was handed to the Admiral in his cabin, just before he turned in. It was from an English resident in the city.

'Dear Sir,' it ran, 'I hear that a rising will take place at two o'clock to-morrow morning, at which hour, or soon after, Garibaldi will be near Porta Sant' Antonino, through which you went out this afternoon, prepared to force his way into the city with the bayonet.'¹

The momentous secret, known to British residents and British authorities, was common property to all the active Liberals of Palermo. A Sicilian gentleman² has related to me the emotions which that night disturbed the home of his father, Signor Tedaldi, in the beautiful Quattro Cantoni, at the very centre of the city. To the grief and indignation of his younger brother, it was decided that only the father and the two elder boys should fight next day. The clothes which they were to wear were laid out in readiness, consisting of velveteen shooting jackets and highland caps. These were decorated with tricolour ribbons and cockades, sacred symbols which their mother had prepared with great difficulty, gathering bits of red, green, and white out of her own hats, for no one dared ask for the forbidden colours openly in the shops. They had no weapons, for the capital had been repeatedly searched for arms, but they expected to be able to obtain them from the Garibaldini. Through the shutters they could see the police in the square below, and wondered how they would be able to get out of the house next day. They sat up late, listening to stray shots in the Conca d'Oro, such as they had heard every night for the past month, and wondering if they heralded his coming.

¹ *Mundy*, 98-109.

² *Conv. Tedaldi*. Colonel Cav. Francesco Tedaldi, for many years past resident on the mainland. In 1860 he did his full patriotic duty not only in the fighting at Palermo, but at Milazzo and across the straits,

At last, the boys were sent to bed for a few hours' sleep, while the father sat up to watch for dawn and Garibaldi.

In the great Vicaria gaol, hundreds of political prisoners had, on the morning of the 26th, been horrified by the official news of Garibaldi's flight to Corleone, but, on the same evening, a note was smuggled in among them bearing the words, 'To-morrow Garibaldi will enter Palermo.'¹

That a secret so generally known was so well kept reflects credit, as Garibaldi said, on the secrecy and faithfulness of the Sicilian people.² It seemed, indeed, as if the authorities were almost the only people completely ignorant of the intended attack, and of the fact that Garibaldi had doubled back to the neighbourhood of Misilmeri. As late as 12.30 noon on the 26th, Lanza telegraphed to General Bonanno at Monreale, 'Garibaldi's band is retiring in rout through the district of Corleone. He is closely followed.'³ The same day a proclamation to the Sicilians was issued to the same effect, but the public now no longer believed in the defeat of the 'Filibusters,' and scornfully tore the announcement off the walls.⁴ Signor Della Cerda tells me that, when his mother was reading this proclamation at a friend's house, Cav. Paolo Amari said to her, 'Stop reading that. To-morrow Garibaldi will be in Palermo.'⁵ Even the Neapolitan officers, though they were not in the secret, felt by no means at their ease. Many had sent their families and goods back to Naples,⁶ and Colonel Fileno Briganti, the same who was shortly afterwards, as General, murdered by his own troops in Calabria, actually consigned his furniture to the care of his Liberal friends, the Della Cerda family,

¹ *Branaccio*, 189.

² *Mem.* 356. *Calvino* (*Guardione*, II. 440).

³ Printed in the *Giorn. Off. Sic.*, June 9, 1860. From a copy in handwriting of Maniscalco, found in the Palace of Ministers.

⁴ *Stamp. Off.*, *Bollettino*, May 26. *La Masa* (*Sic.*), 133, letter of May 26.

⁵ *Con. Della Cerda*. See *Menghini*, 56, on popular expectations, May 26.

⁶ *Times*, June 1, letter from Palermo, May 25. 'The Neapolitans are not very confident about their victory. Yesterday two steamers left for Naples carrying off fugitives and their goods and chattels. Boat after boat was seen passing full of furniture.'

sending it across in cart-loads from the *Castellamare* to their house opposite, as though a patriot's roof were a safer shelter in Palermo than the chief Neapolitan fortress, of which he was himself at that time commandant.¹

At headquarters in the Royal Palace, the energetic Police Minister, Maniscalco, together with General Bartolo Marro, and other officers, urged Lanza to take precautions against the rebels in the direction of Gibilrossa, but the replies of the *alter ego* were evasive or contemptuous. Even when a man came post-haste from the hills, announcing that he himself had seen the red-shirts, and that they were about to attack Palermo, he remained unmoved. When informed that the city was on the eve of insurrection, he would only repeat what he had told Admiral Mundy, that if there was a rising, he would order a bombardment. Since he took no measures to strengthen the slender guard on the line of the Oreto and at the Termini and S. Antonino gates, we may presume that, in spite of all warnings, he continued under the spell of his illusions until the rude awakening on the dawn of Sunday, May 27.²

¹ *Conv. Della Cerda. De Sivo*, III. 218.

² *De Sivo*, III. 213-215. *Cava*, II. 86. The situation is well rendered in a cartoon issued by the liberated press a few weeks later, in which Lanza is represented as presiding over a peep-show at the windows of which his soldiers are looking, while a Palermitan behind winks at a street boy, and the boy makes 'a vulgar, odious sign' at the *alter ego*. Lanza is saying, 'Walk up, gentlemen! Here are the Filibusters of the Mediterranean, led by Garibaldi, flying towards Piana. Further on you can see them, routed at Piana, flying to Corleone.' A bystander says, 'Your show is a swindle. I see nothing of the sort. I see Garibaldi entering Palermo victoriously at your heels.' *Forbice*, June 14, 1860.

CHAPTER XVII

THE TAKING OF PALERMO ¹

• Chi è costui che cavalca glorioso
In fra i lampi del ferro e del fuoco,
Bello come nel ciel procelloso
Il sereno Orione compar ?
 Ei sì noma, e à suoi cento dièr loco
Le miglaja da i re congiurate ;
Ei sì noma, e città folgorate
Su le ardenti ruine pugnâr.²

CARDUCCI.—*Sicilia e la Rivoluzione.*

• Who is this riding on in his might
As calm amid war's flash and sheen
As oft in tempestuous night
Orion in glory is seen ?
Cry his name, and whole armies shall fear it
And fly from his hundreds afar :
While the cities they blasted shall hear it
And rise on red ruins to war.¹

A WELL-MADE road now winds down the mountain-side from the Garibaldi monument on Gibilrossa Pass, into the plain near Ciaculli. But in 1860 there was no better means of descent than a straight, precipitous foot-track, which during the first and steepest part of the decline followed a dried torrent-bed along a stony gorge. Garibaldi's men climbed down this path, of which the gloomy grandeur, revealed, rather than relieved by the moonlight, put some of them in mind of the way by which Dante passed from the upper to the lower circles of his *Inferno*.² When the level of the plain was reached about midnight, the rugged track continued towards Ciaculli, along a stream bed between olive-groves, of which the low walls now bear

¹ See Map IV. end of book, both parts.

² *Rome MS. Savi.*

the inscription *Discesa dei Mille*—‘The descent of the Thousand.’¹

Among these olives, far from the enemy or any human habitation, took place the first misadventure of the night. One of the few horses in the column began playing tricks, a cry of ‘cavalry’ was raised, and a panic extended to a greater or less degree along the darkened line. Some muskets were let off, whereupon all the dogs of the Conca d’Oro invoked one another with frantic howlings. Fortunately such alarms had been so common for every night of late that the noise conveyed no warning to the Neapolitan generals in the Palace. Garibaldi restored order and the march was resumed.²

Once more they advanced through the silence of the groves, each man wrapped in his reflexions, or listening keenly for sounds of war from Palermo. The tinkling of a far distant piano, played who knows why at that dead hour, came fitfully down the breeze. On the Monte Grifone to their left, and on Gibilrossa behind them, the watch-fires blazed bright, fed by men whom Garibaldi had left for the purpose, lest the Neapolitans, not seeing the accustomed nightly signals, should divine that the rebels were descending into the plain.³

Passing the hamlet of Ciaculli, they approached the half-ruined palace, called La Favara or the Castello di Mare Dolce, beside its well-watered garden of lemons, where once the Saracen lords of Sicily, and after them the great Emperor Frederic II, had taken their learned pleasure. Here, in the maze of paths and fruit-groves, the *squadre* lost their way and fresh confusions followed. The leaders of the various local bands were not military men; indeed, one of them, named Rotolo, placed in command of the front division of the *squadre* that night, was a parish priest

¹ See Appendix P. The Route from Gibilrossa to Palermo.

² *Times*, June 8, p. 10, col. 5. *Abba Not.* 113–115. *Bixio*, 199. *Rome MS. Savi.* *Perini*, 226–228. *Giusta*, 10.

³ *Abba*, 167, 168. *Times*, June 8, p. 10, col. 4. *Rome MS. Savi. Mem.* 357. *Giusta*, 10.

from a village in the interior, whence he had led one hundred men to the camp at Gibilrossa. Rotolo, though by no means lacking in courage, had vainly pleaded to Sirtori and Garibaldi that his inexperience should disqualify him from marching at the head of his fellow-countrymen. La Masa himself, the chief of the united bands, now began to show his incapacity as shepherd of his unruly flock. Bixio, after swearing with his accustomed energy at the helpless leader, induced the Dictator to permit Carini, the Sicilian in command of one of the two battalions of the Thousand, to go and restore order among the *squadre*, which he succeeded in doing after a fashion with the help of Father Pantaleo.¹

From La Favara, the column appears to have advanced in two or more divisions, some passing by the road through Brancaccio,² others across country to the main road at Settecannoli.³ All united again at the junction of the two roads, known as the *bivio della Scaffa*, where a few of the enemy's outposts were dislodged from a mill.⁴

The first line of the Neapolitan defences lay along the banks of the lower Oreto from the cemetery above Guadagna down to the bridges near the *bivio della Scaffa*⁵ and at these bridges a body of some strength was posted.⁶ The Ponte dell' Ammiraglio, a magnificent relic of Norman-Arabic architecture built early in the twelfth century by King Roger's great Admiral, George Antiochenus, was

¹ See Appendix P. for the route. *Paolucci, Riso*, 75-77; *Conv. Rotolo, Bixio*, 199 (*Bixio MS.* for unexpurgated version). *O. B.'s La Masa*, 365, 366. *Times*, June 8, p. 10, col. 5.

² *Conv. Armaforte* and *Conv. Campo*, speaking of the way they themselves went.

³ *Paolucci, Riso*, 78. *Conv. Rotolo*, speaking of the way he led his men. He says they halted at Favara and then turned off to the right till they got into the road at Settecannoli. The halt at Favara is confirmed by *Campo*, 117.

⁴ *Menghini*, 60. *Giusta*, 10. *V. M.* 5.

⁵ *V. M.* 5. *Lorenzo, Giusta*, 10.

⁶ Neapolitan authorities differ as to the size of the force posted at the bridges. *Cava*, li., p. 86, says a battalion of the 6th line under Major Vincenzo d'Ambrosio; *De Sivo*, li. 216, says only 260 men of the 2nd *Cacciatori* under Captain Follo, as *Franci*, l. 54, also says.

a place associated in the minds of the natives with the ghosts of the 'unfortunate' victims of public justice, whose cemetery lay close at hand, and who were, strangely enough, supposed to be beneficent to passers-by.¹ The arches of this ancient bridge span what is now the dry course of the old Oreto. A few yards farther on the modern Ponte delle Teste crosses the waters of the actual river. The Neapolitans, massed on and around the Ponte dell' Ammiraglio, and in the neighbouring buildings, were ready to receive most warmly the head of the column as it approached from the *bivio della Scaffa*. For although Garibaldi had succeeded in surprising Lanza strategically, the tactical surprise had failed altogether, owing to Rotolo's *squadre*, who, as they passed through Settecannoli a few minutes before, had shouted and let off their guns in the air at the prospect of approaching battle.²

When therefore the Hungarian Tüköry, leading on the two or three score picked men of the Thousand who formed the vanguard, dashed against the Ponte dell' Ammiraglio, they were received by such a volley as checked their advance. A panic instantly seized the 3000 *squadre* behind them, and the Sicilian peasants bolted into the vineyards and fruit-groves on either side of the road. For a few critical minutes a wide gap was left between the small body under Tüköry who still held their ground in front of the bridge, exposed to a terrible fire, and the remainder of the Thousand in the rear of the now rapidly dissolving column.³

A minute's hesitation in the rearguard might have been fatal. '*Avanti, Cacciatori! avanti! Entrate nel centro!*' cried Garibaldi. ('Forward! Into the heart of the town!')⁴ Thus incited, the Genoese Carabineers and the two leading companies of Bixio's battalion came tearing along the road from the *bivio della Scaffa*, between

¹ V. M. 21. *De Cesare*, II. 231.

² *Conv. Rotolo*. Paolucci, *Riso*, 78. *Times*, June 8, p. 10, col. 5. *Türr's Div.* 51, 52. *La Masa (Sic.)*, III.

³ *Campo Conv.* Paolucci, *Riso*, 78. *Times*, June 8, p. 10, col. 5. *Türr's Div.* 52. *Perini*, 231, 232.

⁴ *Conv. Canzio*.

the garden walls over which the *squadre* had so nimbly disappeared. In front of them the ghostlike bulwarks of the ancient bridge loomed through the grey twilight of dawn, spitting fire at them as they advanced. Joined with Tüköry's vanguard and a number of Sicilians who had not taken shelter with the rest, the newcomers hurled themselves on the enemy, who after a fierce struggle turned and fled for Palermo. A body of cavalry, who had come down as far as the Ponte dell' Ammiraglio, retired without charging. The Ponte delle Teste was next carried, and the line of the Oreto passed. Domenico Piva, who ten years before had helped Garibaldi to warp out the boats at Cesenatico,¹ was the first officer across the river, if it was not Bixio himself. Rocca della Russa of Mount Eryx and two other Sicilians lay dead or dying by the old bridge, and several of the Thousand had fallen.²

From the Oreto to the Porta Termini stretches nearly a mile of suburban road, along which the Thousand hastened at full speed.³ For a short while the General and the mounted officers of the staff, together with a few Sicilians of the Thousand remained behind to drive the *squadre* out of the gardens where they had taken refuge, and induce them to cross the bridges which were still exposed to a heavy cross fire from the direction of Guadagna.⁴

The side of Palermo which the Thousand were approaching from the bridges, was not, like the rest of the city, protected by its walls and bastions, for a row of houses had been built along the outer side of the fortifications. But as these houses were in a continuous line, an entry *en masse* could be effected only through the Porta S. Antonino or the Porta Termini. There was no longer any gate at the Porta Termini, but the Neapolitans had erected

¹ Trevelyan's *Gar. Rome*, 285, 286.

² *Cava*, ii. 86. *Risorg.* anno ii., i. 125. *Bixio*, 200. *Conv. Canzio Franci*, i. 54, 55. *Menghini*, 429, 430. *Abba Not.* 115, 116. *Rome MS. Sav.* *Paolucci, Riso*, 78. *La Masa (Sic.)*, liv. (note).

³ Now the *Corso dei Mille*.

⁴ *Times*, June 8, p. 10, col. 5. *Paolucci, Riso*, 79. *Calvino (Guardione)*, li. 441, 442).

an unusually high barricade effectively blocking the street, near to the place where the gate had once stood. This obstacle, though feebly defended, was in itself physically impassable, and therefore sufficed to bring the charge of the Thousand to a stand, while Bixio and others flung themselves against it and began pulling it to the ground. So long as this work continued the Neapolitan riflemen and their two cannon posted outside the Porta S. Antonino in front of the church of that name, fired down the broad, straight *stradone*,¹ into the left flank of the Thousand, held up in front of the Porta Termini barricade. From the opposite direction a Neapolitan war vessel fired up the *stradone* from the sea. Here fell Benedetto Cairolì—yet destined to be the only one of five brothers to survive the wars of liberation—and Canzio of Genoa, Garibaldi's future son-in-law. Here the brave Hungarian, Tüköry, who had led the vanguard, fell wounded to death.

At this critical moment, Garibaldi, having done his share of rallying the *squadre*, galloped up to the Porta Termini, still crying aloud, '*Avanti! Avanti! Entrate nel centro!*' Then the high barricade yielded to the fury of Bixio, undeterred by a bullet in his breast. Nullo of Bergamo was the first man to enter the city, and after him the tide of war surged over the fallen barrier. A space was cleared to enable Garibaldi to ride his horse through the ruins, and all that remained of the Thousand, with their chief aloft in the midst of them, roared down the narrow street between the medieval palaces and overhanging balconies of Palermo.²

Meanwhile the *squadre* were following up. At the *stradone* they came to a halt, afraid to pass over to the Porta Termini across the open road, which they saw slippery

¹ Now the Via Lincoln.

² The street they came down, in which the Porta Termini had once stood, is now called the Via Garibaldi. *Conv. Canzio, Conv. Türr, Bixio*, 190, 200. *Conv. Campo. Calvino (Guardione*, II. 441, 442). *Türr's Div.* 52. *Menghini*, 430 (Canzio's diary). *Risorg.* anno II., I. pp. 123, 124. *Abba Not.* 117. *V. M.* 18. *Abba's Bixio*, 97-98. *Mondo Illustrato*, 1860, no. 1, p. 23. *Zasio*, 52, 53.

with the blood of the Thousand and swept by two cross fires from S. Antonino and from the sea. Eber and several of the Thousand who had been left to bring them into the city had a hard task to accomplish. The only way was to show them how badly the Neapolitans were in fact shooting. For this purpose Francesco Carbone, a Genoese lad of seventeen, planted a chair, with a tricolour flag floating above it, in the middle of the *stradone*, and himself sat down on it amid the storm of ill-directed missiles. 'The thing took at last decidedly,' wrote Eber; first by ones and twos, then in larger bodies the *squadre* crossed the danger zone, some even halting in the middle of the road to fire off their muskets. Finally, a barricade was erected across the *stradone* to cover the entrance for further bands from the mountains, of whom many penetrated into the capital by this way in the course of the following days. These undrilled peasants learnt to behave with ever increasing courage during the street fighting that followed. Eber wrote that they reminded him of the Bashi-Bazouks, because they 'can be led on after the first unpleasant sensation has passed away, especially when they see that it is not all shots that kill or wound.'¹

Garibaldi made no halt until he reached the Fiera Vecchia, 'the ancient market,' a little, triangular space at the end of the long, straight street by which he had entered the town. Of unknown antiquity, it is the heart of the popular quarter of Palermo. In it commenced the revolution of January 1848, the spark that lighted the European conflagration of that year.² In the centre of it stands a fountain, adorned by a statuette of the genius of Palermo—an old man feeding a snake at his breast, which was popularly held to represent the Sicilian capital feeding its foreign conquerors, as it had done through all the ages. In 1849 the too symbolic image had been

¹ *Times*, June 8, p. 10, col. 5. *Conv. Eng. Forbes*, 45, 46; *Pietrangeli*, II. 268.

² The Fiera Vecchia is now called the Piazza della Rivoluzione.

removed as seditious by the police; it was restored in June 1860, and stands there to-day. (*Illustration*, p. 298.)

Here, then, in the Fiera Vecchia, at about four in the morning, Garibaldi first drew rein, and began at once to organise the occupation of the city. Around him as he sat giving his orders, swayed a crowd of unarmed Palermitans, so dense that there was no room to move, all in the wildest excitement, struggling to get near and kiss the hand or knee of the impassive horseman, and yelling like maniacs '*Viva la Tàlia e Garibaldi amicu!*'¹ In the midst of all this, Garibaldi embraced Bixio, pointing him out to the ecstatic gratitude of the populace, as the hero of the day. Bixio was at the moment near fainting with pain and loss of blood, for he had just cut out with his own Spartan hands the bullet that he had received in his breast at the Porta Termini. He had no thought of retiring yet from the fight.²

From the Fiera Vecchia, the Thousand, ceasing to act as a regiment, went out in small parties in every direction through the narrow labyrinths of the great city, to rouse the inhabitants and expel the enemy.³ During the three days' fighting that ensued, most of the important, though not all, the operations of war were performed either by small parties of a dozen or more North Italians, or else by bodies of *squadre* and citizens under their leadership. To be one of the Thousand was to be recognised as the commander by any stray group of men in any part of the city, and on any one of the countless barricades.

On their first scattering through the town from the Fiera Vecchia, the Thousand complained of empty streets

¹ 'Long live La Tàlia' (Italia) 'and friend Garibaldi.' *V. M.* 25. Some of the more ignorant Sicilians thought 'Tàlia' was a princess, married to Garibaldi. At least so the Thousand were led to believe, though it has since been denied by some Sicilians. *Belloni*, 84. *De Cesare*, II. 228. *Pietraganzili*, II. 190. For the scene in the Fiera Vecchia see *Calvino* (*Guardione*, II. 442). *Times*, June 8, p. 10, col. 5. *Sampo, Lettera*, 14, 15.

² *Abba's Bixio*, 97, 98. *Bixio*, 194.

³ *Nievo*, 355.

and of people watching timidly from behind shutters. The citizens had no firearms, and they had not forgotten the failure of April 4.¹ But as the certainty of Garibaldi's presence in Palermo gained ground, the populace everywhere came out in swarms, men, women, and children, to welcome and aid their deliverers. They had nothing in their hands but swords, knives, sticks, or bars of iron, but they were bursting with noise and fury, and inspired by a fitful activity and daring. Men rushed up the *campanili* and fell to beating the toscin on all the bells of the town, with hammers since the clappers had been carried off by the police. The rural *squadre*, as they poured into the streets, fired off their guns, indifferently whether at the enemy or in the air.² Palermo with its 160,000 inhabitants and 4000 friendly invaders clashed and roared and shrieked and banged like the devil's kitchen, while the 20,000 foreign troops on the outskirts rained shell and heated shot into the centre, from the Palace at one end and from the Castellamare and the fleet at the other, setting whole streets on fire and killing and wounding men, women, and children.³

It had been Lanza's predetermined policy, that, if the city rose, he would reduce it to submission by bombardment, instead of using every effort to occupy it with his immense forces of infantry. Against this expressed intention Admiral Mundy had protested beforehand, in the interest alike of humanity and of the great quantity of British property in the town.⁴ But fortunately for Garibaldi, this cowardly and inactive programme was strictly adhered to.⁵ In the spirit of their leader, the troops stationed near the Palace began burning and sacking houses, and murdering whole families,

¹ *Conv. Canzio. Conv. Campo. Mem.* 358. *Abba Not.* 120. *Abba's Bixio*, 98. *Belloni*, 86.

² *Lorenzo. Giusta*, 11. *Mem.* 358. *Times*, June 8, p. 10, col. 5, and June 9, p. 9, col. 1.

³ *Mundy*, 111-115. *Br. Parl. Papers*, 13, p. 2. *Br. Cons. Papers sub.* May 27 and 28; *Times*, June 8, p. 10, col. 5.

⁴ *Mundy*, 81-83, 88-91, 98-103. *De Sivo*, III, 215.

⁵ *De Sivo*, III, 218.

both in the Albergheria within and in the suburbs without the gates, instead of advancing into the heart of the city and crushing the invaders before barricades had time to spring up. The desecration and robbery of churches and convents was so large a part of the activity of the Neapolitans in these days, that the devotion of the clergy and superstitious populace to the well-behaved Garibaldini became stronger than ever.¹ 'Thus,' wrote Captain Tommaso Cava of the Neapolitan General Staff, 'after two hours of bombardment, and several more of plunder and arson, General Lanza thought he had done enough, and became almost entirely inactive, while Garibaldi occupied all the points which he most required.'²

The Dictator himself, at the head of one of the small groups into which his Thousand were now divided, advanced from the Fiera Vecchia into the centre of the town in the direction of the Quattro Cantoni, the crossing place of the two streets of Spanish origin, the Toledo and the Macqueda, each a mile long, which cut Palermo into four symmetrical quarters. As the invaders drew near, the Tedaldi family³ from

¹ *Br. Parl. Papers*, 19, p. 1. Admiral Mundy, June 3, writes:— 'A whole district, 1000 yards in length by 100 wide, is in ashes; families have been burnt alive with the buildings: while the atrocities of the Royal troops have been frightful. . . . The conduct of General Garibaldi both during the hostilities and since their suspension, has been noble and generous.' In the *Morning Post*, June 26, p. 5, col. 4, the correspondent writes on June 6 from Palermo that in the Albergheria quarter 'a part of the town exclusively inhabited by the poorest classes, not even a single house is left standing, and one may fairly calculate the number of houses at about 200. These houses were not destroyed by the bombs or other projectiles, but by the soldiers themselves, who first entered and completely sacked them, and on leaving set fire to them, and heaven knows in each they could have found little more than the value of 2s. or 3s.' *Elliot* (p. 38) tells us that the beaten army on its disgraceful return to the mainland held auctions of the spoil of the island whence they had been driven. See also *Bixio*, 198, 202. *Brancaccio*, 216, 225; *Pietragnoli*, li. 281, 282; *V. M.* 8, 9, 28; *Cava*, li. 87. *Turr's Div.* 386 (doc. 18, detailed evidence by Swiss Agent); *Times*, June 28, p. 9, col. 4; *Durand-Brager*, 45-47.

² *Cava*, li. 87. There was a temporary lull in the bombardment about 8 a.m. on the 27th, *Mundy*, 111.

³ See p. 292, above.

behind the shutters of their house in the Quattro Cantoni, saw the sentinels below bolt up the Toledo for the Palace. Thus set free, the father and two elder boys descended unarmed into the streets, as so many of their fellow-citizens were doing at that hour, to seek for weapons and for allies. They soon met one of the Thousand, Paolo Scarpa, almost unconscious from prolonged exposure and want of sleep. They helped him into their house, where he dropped on a bed and slept where he fell. When the servant tried to remove his clothes, which he had not taken off since Marsala, they fell to pieces. Armed with his musket, the Tedaldi went out again to the fight. When Scarpa awoke many hours later, he was in despair at the disappearance of his weapon, but by that time his hosts were able to supply him with another musket procured on a barricade from one of the *squadre*.¹

Meanwhile Garibaldi, with a few followers, had occupied the neighbouring Piazza Bologni, from which important position Landi of Calatafimi hastily fled with his troops towards the Royal Palace.² The Dictator took up his quarters for a couple of hours in the courtyard of the Villafranca Palace, on the Piazza Bologni. It was noticed that even at that moment he insisted on unsaddling his horse himself, according to his custom. As he placed the saddle on the ground, a pistol in the holster went off and missed him so closely that it carried off a piece of his trousers. There was a momentary cry of 'He is assassinated.'³

While the Dictator was still in the Piazza Bologni, he became aware of Bixio, staggering for loss of blood from his wound, but all in a rage because the citizens had not yet come out in sufficient numbers in that part of the town. He was crying out that they would certainly all be killed in a couple of hours since the city would not rise, and that for

¹ *Conv. Tedaldi*.

² *De Cesare*, ii. 231, 322. *Nievo*, 355.

³ *Calvino (Guardione)*, ii. 443). *Campo Lettera*, 15. *Cremona*, 30. *Abba Not.* 119, 200. *Mem.* 358. The two latter authorities show that it was Garibaldi's own pistol and not that of his son Menotti that went off.

his part he would lead any twenty men who would follow him to attack the headquarters at the Royal Palace. Garibaldi countermanded the feverish plan, calmed his worthy lieutenant and finally ordered him off to have his wounds dressed, as he should have done several hours before. Once in bed, Bixio was unable to leave it during the next three days of battle, during which the absence of the dreaded, indefatigable man was a relief alike to friend and foe.¹

From the Piazza Bologna the Dictator recrossed the Via Macqueda to the Piazza Pretorio, or municipal square of the capital, and fixed his head quarters here during the next three weeks. He had nominated a General Committee of leading Palermitans to govern the town, subdivided into five Committees of War, Provisions, Interior, Finance, and, last but not least, Barricades.² With these, his State Secretary Crispi carried on the Dictatorial government in the Pretorio or municipal building, where Garibaldi also occasionally worked, and took his modicum of sleep. But he spent most of the days of battle sitting on the steps of the great fountain in the square below, among the statues with which it is decorated, between heaps of flowers and fruit brought to him by the people.³ The enemy soon discovered his whereabouts and aimed the bombardment specially at the Piazza Pretorio. Although every building on the square and in its neighbourhood suffered greater or less damage, the Municipality itself was strangely intact. Similarly, though many persons in the square were hit, Garibaldi had his usual luck.⁴ The populace cried out on a miracle. At some hazard to themselves they would stand in crowds gazing at him as he sat on the steps, as composed as one of the statues, paying no attention to the shells and abstractedly twirling round and round the string of a little whip which he held in his hand. The Palermitans whispered to each other in awe-struck tones '*Caccia le bombe*' ('He

¹ *Abba Not.* 120. *Abba's Bixio*, 98, 99. *Bixio*, 200.

² *V.M.* 5.

³ *Calvino (Guardione, ii. 443). Pietraganzili, ii. 268.*

⁴ *Mundy, 128. Morning Post, June 26, p. 5, col. 4.*

is keeping off the shells'), believing the whip to be a charm which he thus set in action.¹ In habits of thought and imagination the modern Palermitans had much in common with those ancient peoples of the Mediterranean for whose pagan souls the followers of Christ and Mohammed strove with the sword. When they saw sitting before them a stranger so beautiful, so kind, so strong to deliver and to slay, they felt as their remote ancestors felt when some god or hero was thought to have become the guest of man. And so during these days the belief became very general and profound that the Liberator was related to Santa Rosalia, the patroness of Palermo, who doubtless protected her kinsman in battle. For all agreed that a hero named *Garibaldi* must needs be descended from the famous *Sinibaldi*, Santa Rosalia's father. So they looked on him and took fresh courage.²

Of many scores of street fights that raged throughout the city, the most important and the fiercest of all was the contest for the Toledo—the broad, straight, level street which connected the Neapolitan head quarters at the Palace with the centre of the town and thence with the sea. At the marine end of the Toledo the *squadre*, under the leadership of one of the Thousand, captured the Porta Felice under a hot fire. But that did not prevent the warships from firing through its arch up the whole length of the town.³ An immense cloth was therefore stretched across the Quattro Cantoni, as had been done under similar circumstances in 1848, to prevent the Palace and fleet from communicating by signals, and to hide from the ships the fighting in the upper part of the Toledo.⁴ For it was there that the battle was hottest, Lanza's troops making serious, if belated efforts to fight their way down the

¹ Told me by Professor Pitré, the famous collector of Sicilian folk-lore and traditions. He saw and heard this himself as a boy in Palermo.

² *Conv. Pitré*. S. Rosalia died about 1170, but her bones concealed themselves on Monte Pellegrino till a plague in 1624.

³ *I. L. N.*, 1860, June 16, pp. 577, 578. *Lorenzo*. The other great street, the Macqueda, had early fallen into the hands of the insurgents.

⁴ *Brancaccio*, 220. *Abba*, 189.

great street from the Palace into the heart of the city, and the rebels to work up it from the Piazza Bologni. The palace of Prince Carini, ruined by the bombardment, and the Jesuits' College opposite, were the sites most hotly contested during the 27th and 28th. The Neapolitans easily maintained themselves in the Cathedral, round the east end of which the fighting remained hot and evenly balanced.¹

By mid-day on May 27, eight hours after Garibaldi's entry, the whole city was in the hands of the insurgents, except the large district round the Palace, and the two isolated positions of the *Castellamare* and the Mint at the other end of the town.² Outside the walls, in the suburbs known as the Quattro Venti near to the Vicaria prison and the barracks along the northern quays, a strong body of Neapolitans lay under General Cataldo. During the first day's fighting they were cut off from the Palace by the advance of the citizens, who, having taken the Porta Macqueda in open fight, pushed out to S. Francesco di Paola and even as far as the English Gardens.³

During the afternoon of the 27th and the next morning, the large bodies of men stationed under Bonanno near Parco and Monreale were recalled to head quarters at the Royal Palace.⁴ Lanza, infatuated by the apparent safety of his position at that point, conceived the false strategical notion of concentrating there all his forces except the small garrisons of the *Castellamare* and Mint. The Palace was an ill-chosen spot for the concentration of 18,000 men, because there they were cut off from further supplies of food and ammunition, and from all communication with the shore and the fleet, except by means of semaphores signalling to each other on the roofs of the Palace and *Castellamare*.⁵

In pursuance of this bad policy, on the afternoon of

¹ *Lorenzo Cronaca*, 132. *Forbice*, June 19.

² *Mundy*, 111. *Cronaca*, 132.

³ *Lorenzo*. *V. M.* 20, 21. *Cronaca*, 132, 133.

⁴ *Mundy*, 115. *Cronaca*, 132. *De Sivo*, iii. 218. *Times*, June 9, p. 9, col. 1.

⁵ *Mundy*, 120. *Brancaccio*, 219. *De Cesare*, ii. 322.

May 27, the *alter ego* sent a fatal order to Cataldo at the Quattro Venti, bidding him join the main body at the Palace.¹

Meanwhile the remnant of Pilo's *squadre*, rallied by his companion Corrao on the hills to the north-west, were working down to Palermo by way of Uditore and Lolli. During the night of May 27-28 they fell on the Neapolitans under Cataldo, who had not yet carried out the order to return to head quarters. After some fighting Corrao, wounded by a shell, led his men into the city by the Porta Macqueda, and at dawn on the 28th Cataldo brought his troops round from the Quattro Venti and the Vicaria to the Royal Palace.²

The second day of the fighting in Palermo (May 28) began with the eruption of the prisoners from the gaol-fortress of the Vicaria. The gaolers, a detestable set of men, had wisely taken themselves off even before the departure of Cataldo's infantry. Early in the morning, as soon as the last sentinels disappeared from the ramparts, the many hundreds of political prisoners in the Vicaria burst their cells, and the foremost of the crowd began to attack with crowbars and naked hands the inside of the great iron door that denied them exit. Minute after minute its strength resisted their frenzied efforts, and the terrible cry was raised 'the soldiers are returning.' But the alarm was false, and finally the door was opened from the outside by a man to whom the departing gaoler had confided the keys. He had hastened first to let out the common criminals, among whom he had some friends. An eager mob of the best and worst men in Sicily, some

¹ *Cava*, II. 85, gives the wrong date for the order (May 26), but *Cronaca* (pp. 132, 133) says, no doubt rightly, that Cataldo received it about 4 p.m. on the 27th. *De Sivo*, III. 218, and *Paolucci, Riso*, p. 82, do not seem to be aware that Lanza sent Cataldo an order to retire. *Marra Oss.* 15.

² *Paolucci, Riso*, pp. 81, 82, and *Lorenzo* differ somewhat as to the scene of the fighting. *Branaccio*, 198, 199, proves that the Neapolitans had not abandoned the Vicaria before dawn on the 28th.

2000 all told, rushed into the town by the Porta Macqueda, and flew to the barricades.¹

The original barricades, which on the first day had been improvised of carriages and household furniture, were gradually being replaced by carefully-built erections of the flagstones with which the streets of Palermo are paved. Many, even, were loop-holed for musketry, or faced along the top with sandbags. The Committee of Barricades saw to their scientific disposal, at intervals of a hundred yards, down the length of every street, until the whole town was protected from the centre outwards by a network of successive lines of defence. The populace, women as well as men, was ready with scalding water and heavy objects to hurl from the balconies on to the troops below. The noise of bells and the clamour of the multitude was appalling, and there was in fact every physical and moral discouragement to the advance of the enemy's infantry down the streets.² On the other hand the fits of lethargy that seized the Sicilians from time to time were the despair of all the Northerners except Garibaldi ;³ the small quantity and bad quality of the firearms, of which there were few in the city beyond what the peasants and the Thousand brought with them from the hills,⁴ and still more the shortage of ammunition, which the *squadre*, with their childish love of noise and smoke, wasted in the most heart-rending manner,⁵ were circumstances which left the final success of the patriots still dependent on their amazing

¹ *Brancaccio*, 105, 197-203, 212-218.

² *Mem.* 359. *Leggi*, 19, no. 22. Pictures and photographs of barricades in *V. M.* and *Album Garibaldi*. *Conv. Tedaldi*. *Mundy*, 129, 130.

³ 'Not so energetically seconded by the Palermitans as one could have expected from their enthusiasm. There is a semi-oriental *laissez-faire* about them which only produces fits of activity. . . . Even the ringing of bells, the most demoralising sound to an army in a populous town can, in spite of all injunctions, be only kept up in fits and starts.' End of letter, May 27 eve. in *Times*, June 8; see also *do.* June 9, p. 9, col. 1. *Nievo*, p. 357. *Belloni*, 81. *Bixio MS.*

⁴ *Conv. Tedaldi*. *Campo*, 125. *Brancaccio*, 219-221, 227.

⁵ *Conv. Canzio*. *Mem.* 359, 360. *Times*, June 9, p. 9, col. 2, letters of May 28-29.

good luck and on the continuance of Lanza's imbecile conduct of affairs.

Early on the morning of May 28, the *alter ego* opened communications with the British Admiral by means of semaphore messages to the *Castellamare*, conveyed on board H.M.S. *Hannibal* at eight o'clock by Captain Cosso-vich, now in command of the Neapolitan vessels in the harbour. Lanza's first request was to obtain the use of the British flag to enable officers from the Palace to pass along the Toledo and hold a conference with the commanders of the fleet and *Castellamare* on board H.M.S. *Hannibal*. The use of the British flag in the streets of the town was refused, but Admiral Mundy, with the consent of Captain Cosso-vich, sent Lieutenant Wilmot,—the same who had shared Garibaldi's strawberries at Misilmeri,—to find the Dictator in the heart of the besieged city and ask him to allow the Neapolitan officers to pass down the Toledo. Garibaldi consented, but Lanza for the present refused to accept the concession as coming from the filibuster, since the use of the British flag in the town was not to be obtained. While these first abortive negotiations were pending, Captain Cosso-vich, who hated the service assigned to him of destroying a splendid city, had willingly, at Admiral Mundy's request, suspended the naval bombardment for several hours, though the *Castellamare* and the artillery at the Palace continued to fire.¹

May 29, the third and last day of continuous street fighting, saw the severest conflict of all. In the morning the Sicilians and the Garibaldini made a determined advance against the Cathedral, which the men of Bergamo succeeded at last in taking. From its high, western *campanile* they were able to pour such a rain of bullets down on to the Archbishop's palace that this also became untenable by the enemy. The buildings commanding the great square in front of the Royal Palace thus fell into the hands of the insurgents, and Lanza's headquarters were

¹ Mundy, 116-134. *Br. Parl. Papers*, 13, pp. 2, 3.

closely threatened. Driven to bay, the hosts of the Neapolitans rallied after mid-day, and from the Porta Nuova swept their assailants back again through the Archbishop's palace, and through the Cathedral. As Garibaldi sat on the steps of the Pretorio fountain early in the afternoon, with a map of Palermo spread on his knees, his old companion in arms, Piva, who had been the first man across the river two days before, rushed up with the news that the Neapolitans were advancing from the Cathedral and bade fair to penetrate to the heart of the town. 'I must go myself,' said Garibaldi, and taking Türr and some fifty men who happened to be at hand, mostly Sicilians, he walked to the scene of action. At first the Neapolitans stood their ground, and one of the *squadre*, shot through the head, fell dead into Garibaldi's arms. But when he ordered his bugler to sound the charge, and the whole party dashed forward, the enemy fled back into the Cathedral. The east end of that magnificent edifice became once more, as in the morning, the boundary of the Neapolitan position.

In these fierce fights of May 29, for the possession of the upper Toledo, the members of several Sicilian aristocratic families behaved with distinction. The brothers Pasquale and Salvatore di Benedetto fell dead together at the corner of a street; a third brother, Raffaele, had been wounded two days before, and was destined in after years to give his life for Italy under the walls of Rome. The Di Benedetti were the Cairoli brothers of Sicily.¹

The revolution had scored one important success that day. In the morning a small handful of men, chiefly of the Thousand, North Italians under the leadership of Sirtori and of the two Sicilians Ciaccio and Campo, captured the gate and bastion of Montalto and the neighbouring buildings, including the S. Giovanni degli Eremiti. The latter, with its cloistral ruins and little garden, well known to travellers as one of the most beautiful relics of Arabic-

¹ Türr's *Div.* 60. *Times*, June 9, p. 9, col. 2, 3. Lorenzo. Abba, 191. Cronaca, 127. V. M., 23, 28. Brancaccio, 72, 73, 228-230. Paolucci, *Rise*, 24-26.

Norman architecture, was retaken in the afternoon by the Neapolitans issuing from the Palace. But the Montalto bastion and gate remained to the insurgents as the one solid gain to either side of that day's fighting.¹

On the night of May 29-30, two fresh battalions of so-called 'Bavarian' troops (1st and 2nd *leggieri*), German recruits of a rather indifferent quality under Colonel Buonopane, who had landed near the *Castellamare* off two steamers recently arrived from Naples, marched right round behind the scene of conflict by way of the English gardens, and coming in at the rear of the Royal Palace, reported themselves in the isolated and overcrowded headquarters, where the scarcity of supplies was already beginning to be felt.²

Throughout May 29 Lanza had persisted in his refusal to communicate with Garibaldi. But he had once more feebly attempted to beg the use of the British flag to cover the passage of his own officers through the town, a negotiation of which the only results were to irritate the British Admiral, and to give to the humane Captain Cossovich an excuse for suspending the naval bombardment on the 29th as on the former day.³ But during the night of May 29-30 the *alter ego* began to reconsider his position. The failure of the serious effort made in the afternoon to penetrate from the Cathedral into the heart of the town, the threatened shortage of food, and the state of the eight

¹ The bastion itself has now disappeared, but the curtain of the older medieval wall of the city that stood inside the bastion is there still, see illustration, p. 318, below. *Campo*, 126, 127. *Cronaca*, 137. *Türr's Div.* 59. *De Sivo*, III, 221. *Cicaccio Lettera*, only partly printed in *V. M.* 22 (q.v.) and 28. Cf. *Campo Lettera*, 11-13, and *Campo Risposta*, 23, 34. *Abba*, 189. *Sirtori*, 208.

² *De Sivo*, III, 219. *Marra Oss.* 15, 21. *Franci*, I, 56 (date wrong). *Winnington-Ingram*, 203. *Mundy* (pp. 133, 138) somewhat confuses their movements with those of the other and better German troops (3rd *leggieri*) under Bosco and Von Mechel who returned next day from Corleone by way of the Botanical Gardens and Porta Termini.

³ *Mundy*, 133-138. *Cronaca*, 137. *Times*, June 9, p. 9, col. 3.

hundred¹ wounded, cut off from all necessities, most of them suffering under his own eyes in the Palace, conduced to shake his infirm resolution. On the morning of May 30 he awoke prepared to treat with his enemy in a manner unnecessarily humiliating to the Royal cause, and penned the following letter, of which the address alone marked his changed attitude towards the 'filibuster.'

'GENERAL LANZA TO HIS EXCELLENCY GENERAL GARIBALDI.

'May 30, 1860.

'Since the English Admiral has let me know that he would receive with pleasure on board his vessel two of my Generals to open a conference with you, at which the Admiral would be mediator, provided you would grant them a passage through your lines, I therefore beg you to let me know if you will consent thereto, and if so (supposing hostilities to be suspended on both sides) I beg you to let me know the hour when the said conference shall begin. It would likewise be advantageous that you should give an escort to the above-mentioned Generals from the Royal Palace to the Sanità, where they would embark to go on board.

'Waiting your reply,

'FERDINANDO LANZA.'

If a man on his way to execution were asked by the prison authorities whether he would be so good as to change places with the hangman, he would feel much what Garibaldi felt in his heart, when with calm and serious countenance he finished reading this letter in the presence of the two Neapolitan officers who brought it to the Pretorio. The fact was that he had practically no ammunition left. He secretly sent one of his men to steal across the harbour in a boat at night, and beg ammunition from the Piedmontese vessel commanded by the Marquis d'Aste, who refused to commit any such breach of neutrality.

¹ During the armistice, 800 Neapolitan wounded were shipped. *Br. Parl. Papers*, 13, p. 6, May 31. *Br. Cons. Papers*, June 1. The Neapolitan official estimate for the first two days' fighting was a loss of 208 killed and 562 wounded (*Monaca*, 140), and the third day's fighting was perhaps the severest of all.

Garibaldi and many of his circle remembered this against Cavour, whose black purposes they saw in the 'correct' attitude of a patriotic but much perplexed naval captain.¹

So Garibaldi arranged with Lanza's messengers that firing should forthwith be stopped on both sides and more particularly that an armistice should commence at stroke of noon, after which hour the parties to the conference would, as soon as possible, proceed on board the British flag-ship.²

Before thus sending off, about nine o'clock,³ his petition to His Excellency General Garibaldi, the *alter ego* had received a piece of intelligence that would have made any commander of sense and spirit postpone all thought of negotiations. At dawn, the look-out on the Palace roof had sent word that he saw Von Mechel's four battalions, at last returned from Corleone and from the pursuit of the phantom Garibaldi. They were on the edge of the town, between the Ponte dell' Ammiraglio and the Porta Termini. Lanza for several hours neglected this significant news, and when it was forced upon his attention, instead of ordering a general attack in co-operation with the newly-returned column, he sent his letter to Garibaldi none the less, and even enclosed in it an order to Von Mechel, bidding him observe the armistice that was about to be concluded.⁴

'If Von Mechel had returned a day earlier, we should have been lost.' So said General Türr, the year before he died, to the writer. Von Mechel and Major Bosco were the two fire-eaters of the army, and their regiments were the fighting regiments, especially the 3rd Light Infantry, a battalion of Germans of much finer quality than those recently landed under Buonopane.⁵ There can be no

¹ *Mem.* 360, 363. *Conv. Canzio.*

² *Mundy*, 139-143; *Marra*, *Oss.* 19.

³ *Cava*, II. 89, borne out by the fact that Mundy heard the firing cease 'shortly before ten' (*Mundy*, 140), and by Eber's statement in letter dated May 30, 9 a.m., *Times*, June 9, p. 9, col. 3.

⁴ *Cava*, II. 88, 89, where the story is most clearly and fully told. *Cronaca*, 138, says the news of Von Mechel's arrival was brought to Lanza at 9.30, but this was not the first time such news was brought to him, as *Cava*'s narrative shows.

⁵ *Marra*, *Oss.*, 17, 21.

doubt that, if they had returned on the 29th, the officers would have overruled Lanza's timid counsels, and the men would have borne themselves well in battle. The reason why Von Mechel did not return on the first or second day after Garibaldi's entry, was partly that the messenger sent after him on the morning of the 27th had been stopped by the villagers of Piana dei Greci,¹ and partly that the brave Switzer, whose motto was 'slow but sure,' had no idea of forced marches. On the latter part of the journey back, instead of taking the direct route across the Conca d'Oro from Parco to the Palace, he had passed along the foot of Monte Grifone by way of S. Maria di Gesù, crossed the Ponte dell' Ammiraglio, and spent the night of May 29-30 near the Botanical Gardens. His bivouac there, just outside the Porta Termini, had been seen before sunset on the 29th by the watchmen on the *Castellamare* roof, who did not however semaphore the news to the Palace.²

Late on the morning of the fateful May 30, many precious hours after dawn, Von Mechel began to move into the city, outside the walls of which he had been content to camp all night without making his arrival known at head quarters. It was not until a few minutes after the stroke of noon, when the armistice had just come formally into operation, that the stillness was broken by volleys from the Porta Termini and the Fiera Vecchia, which announced simultaneously to the Dictator at the Pretorio, to the British Admiral on his flag-ship, and to the *alter ego* at the Palace, that Von Mechel was forcing his way into the town by the very route that Garibaldi had followed three days before.³ Great was the surprise, confusion and rout of the slender guard of Sicilians under La Masa, thus taken in rear, in time of truce, and almost without

¹ See p. 282, above.

² *Cronaca*, 126, 138, 140; *Marra, Oss.* 17. It was they who bivouacked in the Botanical Gardens this night, and not Buonopane's Bavarians with whom they are confused in this matter in *Mundy*, 138.

³ *Mundy*, 144.

ammunition. The newcomers occupied the Fiera Vecchia, and would have pressed on at once to the Pretorio, but for the activity of Sirtori. The gaunt, ill-dressed, meditative ex-priest, poised inexpertly on an immense horse, his trousers perpetually rising up to his knees, was during these days in Palermo compared by his comrades in arms to the figure of Don Quixote. But he was no mere tilter at windmills, and in this moment of rout and dismay the Chief of Staff rallied enough men to keep the Neapolitans within the compass of the Fiera Vecchia, until the peace-makers had time to come on the scene. He did it at the cost of a severe wound, the third which he had received since he entered Palermo.¹ Carini, the finest soldier among the Sicilians in the Thousand, was also badly hit while endeavouring to induce both sides to observe the truce.²

One of the next to arrive on the scene was a chance-comer, Lieutenant Wilmot. Having been sent on shore again to make final arrangements for the conference on his Admiral's flag-ship that afternoon, he was going round by what he thought to be the safest route to the Pretorio, by way of the Fiera Vecchia. He suddenly found himself between a cross fire of *squadre* and Bavarians. Waving his handkerchief, he walked straight up to the Royalist troops, and, pointing to the hands of his watch which indicated that it was already past noon, he remonstrated against the breach of a truce in the observation of which the honour of the British Admiral was involved. The foreign officer and his men were, however, 'very much excited,' and seemed to be on the point of advancing, taking the indignant Englishman with them as a sort of prisoner, when the two Neapolitan officers who had carried Lanza's letters to Garibaldi, arrived on the scene from the Pretorio and saved the situation—and perhaps Italy. They made it clear to the unwilling mind of Von Mechel, and to his yet more eager and enraged lieutenant,

¹ Sirtori, 210. *Cremona*, 30. *La Masa (Sic.)*, lxxli, lxdv. *De Sivo*, iii 224. *Cava*, li, 89.

² *Mundy*, 146. *Times*, June 9, p. 9, col. 3.

Major Bosco, that an armistice had indeed come into force at noon, and that Lanza had given special orders that the newcomers should observe it.¹ Garibaldi appeared almost immediately afterwards, furious at the breach of the truce, and had an angry altercation with the Royalist officers, who consented to halt, but refused to retire from the ground which they had occupied.²

Meanwhile in the Palace the *alter ego* and his Staff were eagerly disputing whether they should advance in force down the Toledo, and order Von Mechel to meet them at the heart of the city. Victory was in their grasp, unless honour obliged them to observe the truce until the Garibaldini had time to hem Von Mechel into the Fiera Vecchia with a network of barricades. Good faith carried the day in Lanza's mind, aided perhaps by the natural inertness of the old General's disposition. Much to the disgust of several of his Staff, he effectively stopped Von Mechel's advance, and gave orders for Generals Letizia and Chretien to proceed forthwith on board H.M.S. *Hannibal* to the promised conference.³

When Lanza's two delegates drove down to the quayside at the Sanità, Garibaldi was there before them, signalling with his handkerchief across the inner harbour to the riflemen in the *Castellamare*, who were characteristically trying to shoot him in time of truce, and equally characteristically failing in the attempt. Generals Letizia and Chretien, who had hoped to deal with the British Admiral alone, were disgusted at finding themselves literally and metaphorically 'in the same boat' with the filibuster; they did not know which way to look when Garibaldi stepped in after them, and the British officer cried, 'out boat-hooks' and 'shove off,' before they had

¹ *Mundy*, 145, 146, *Cava*, II. 89, *Times* (June 9, p. 9, col. 3), *De Sivo*, III, 224, and *Marra Oss.* 20, all agree that there were two Neapolitan officers who stopped Von Mechel, not merely one as Willmot says.

² *Mundy*, 145, 146.

³ *Marra Oss.* 19, 20. *De Sivo*, III. 224.

time to protest. They were none the better pleased when, on their coming aboard H.M.S. *Hannibal*, the guard of marines saluted Garibaldi, again dressed for the occasion in his uniform of Piedmontese General, with the same honours as were accorded to themselves as representatives of the King of Naples.¹

In the Admiral's cabin, where the conference began about 2.15 in the afternoon of May 30, Letizia's ill-humour burst out. He objected in no courteous way to the presence of the French, American, and Piedmontese commanding officers (the Austrian Commodore had not wished to come), and still more to the presence of Garibaldi. He argued with doubtful logic that Lanza's idea in proposing the conference had been that the Neapolitan officers and Admiral Mundy should draw up terms for an armistice, which the rebel chief could then either accept or refuse. Garibaldi and the Piedmontese captain, the Marquis d'Aste, held their peace, while the French and American commanders expressed their indignant astonishment at Letizia's language, and Mundy made it clear that for his part he was not acting as mediator, but was merely offering his cabin as a neutral meeting-ground for the convenience of the two parties, who must confer together and on equal terms, if there was to be any conference at all.

Letizia gave way and proceeded to read the terms proposed by Lanza for the armistice. Garibaldi made no objection to the proposals for free passage of the Royalist wounded to the ships, and of provisions to the Palace. But when Letizia had read the fifth clause—

‘That the municipality should address a humble petition to His Majesty the King, laying before him the real wishes of of the town’—

he thundered out ‘No! The time for humble petitions has gone by,’ and then, giving rein to his pent indignation, inveighed against the recent treacherous attack on the city in time of truce, and the refusal of Von Mechel to

¹ *Mundy*, 147-149, 161-163.

withdraw from the positions so occupied. The conference would have broken up, had not Letizia been, in fact, prepared to grant everything, in spite of his offensive and bullying manner, which was not shared by his amiable colleague Chretien. After some bluster, seeing that Garibaldi appeared quite indifferent as to the failure of the negotiations, he withdrew the clause about the humble petition, and an armistice was signed, to last until noon next day.¹

Thus Garibaldi, by playing out to the end a game of dignified and courageous bluff, had secured twenty hours at least in which to provide himself with ammunition.² Before he left the British flag-ship, he took aside Captain Palmer, the United States commanding officer, and asked him to assist the cause of freedom with a supply of powder. Probably the American was no more compliant than the Piedmontese captain, and, in any case, he could have spared but little from a slender store.³ As Garibaldi returned to land, between four and five o'clock, the idea of a retreat to the mountains crossed his mind, though no one would have guessed it from his imperturbable manner. But the populace, whose zeal, though fitful and unreliable, was proportionately terrible in moments of exaltation, after being much depressed while the conference was still sitting, showed such a warlike spirit on the critical evening of May 30, as to put confidence into Garibaldi and fear into his opponents. The last shadow of doubt was removed from the Dictator's inmost soul, after he had addressed the Palermitans from the balcony of the Pretorio. When he told them how the Neapolitan General had asked that

¹ *Mundy*, 143, 147-157.

² Canzlo, the year before he died, said to the writer, 'We had scarcely any ammunition left. But for the armistice we should have been destroyed.'

³ Cf. *Mem.* 360 to *Guerzoni*, II. 113. *Winnington-Ingram*, 203. *Mundy* (p. 161) supposed that he asked the Marquis d'Aste for ammunition at the same time as he asked the American Captain. But from *Mem.* 360, 363, and *Conv. Canzio* (p. 314, above), it is clear that he had applied at another time, sending one of his men out secretly to the Piedmontese vessel.

Palermo should send a humble petition to King Francis, and how he had refused it in their name, the roar of joy and rage that went up from the fountain-square was so appalling that Major Bosco, who happened to be present on business of the armistice, grew pale and trembled, being even more affected than the Garibaldini by the spectacle of popular rage which he knew to be directed against himself and his comrades.¹

From that moment, about five in the afternoon of May 30, until noon next day, when the armistice was to come to an end, the whole population worked with a will at the manufacture of ammunition and arms, and at the erection of barricades to surround and isolate Von Mechel in the Fiera Vecchia. Under cover of darkness, a Greek vessel which had entered the port with a cargo of powder, sold a certain quantity to Garibaldi, together with an old cannon. That night the city was brilliantly illuminated.² Discouragement proportionately set in among the Royalists. Desertions, especially by non-commissioned officers, began to be frequent. During the armistice Neapolitan soldiers were sometimes inveigled into conversation, taken into the town and treated to wine, with the result that they lost their rifles or came over to the ranks of Italy.³

At nine o'clock on the evening of May 30 a council of war was held at the Palace, at which it was decided to attack next day at noon, the moment the truce had expired. Exact orders were sent to Von Mechel and given to the other heads of columns, detailing the routes by which they were to penetrate through Palermo and meet in the centre. But after the council of war had broken up, Colonel Buonopane, who had been in the heart of the town

¹ *Mem.* 362. *Campo*, 128. *Brancaccio*, 233, 234. *Paolucci*, *Riso*, 85, 86. *Abba Not.* 129, 130. *I. L. N.* June 16, 23, pp. 578, 593. *Times*, June 9, p. 9, col. 3; June 13, p. 12, cols. 1, 2.

² *Mundy*, 159-161. *Mem.* 360, 362, 363. *Brancaccio*, 234, 235. *Times*, June 9, Eber's letter of May 30, and *Times*, June 13, *ditto* of May 31.

³ *Marra Oss.* 22. *Mundy*, 163. *Times*, June 13, p. 12, cols. 2 and 4; June 21, p. 9, col. 5.

treating with Garibaldi about the transport of wounded, gave Lanza so alarming an account of the perfection of the barricades and the spirit of the populace, that the *alter ego* changed his mind once more. The Dictator was asked to prolong the armistice for three days, and when he consented, at eleven o'clock on the morning of the 31st, the elaborate preparations for the attack were all countermanded. Under the new armistice, the isolated position of the Mint, with the very large sums of money which it contained, was handed over to Garibaldi.¹

It is perhaps from this moment of the signing of the second armistice, that the chances may be said to have turned in favour of the revolution. For every hour that the truce lasted made it more difficult to recommence hostilities. General Letizia and Colonel Buonopane were sent to consult the Court and Ministry at Naples, where Buonopane's account of the military strength of the revolted city frightened the King and his advisers, as it had frightened Lanza. There were also political and moral considerations. Great odium would attach to the young king, if he personally gave orders that the bombardment of his subjects should be renewed, after his generals had suspended hostilities for four days. It might so far alienate England and France as to compromise his chances of preserving the throne of Sicily, or the throne of Naples if Sicily were already lost. It was felt that if the generals had wanted to renew the fight, they should have taken the responsibility on their own shoulders, and the application to the authorities at home seemed to imply that those on the spot knew that the game was lost.¹

Capitulation was the most obvious way out of the immediate difficulties in which they had involved themselves, and the want of moral strength and purpose in the men of the Bourbon *régime* allowed them to grasp at it for want of any alternative policy. And so, by the

¹ *Cronaca*, 141. *Marra Oss.* 22-24. *De Sivo*, III, 226, 227. The garrison of the Mint, 136 men, had almost surrendered on May 29: *Br. Cons. Papers*.

² *Cronaca*, 306-311. *De Sivo*, III, 229. *De Cesare*, II, 242, 243.

consent of the Royal Government, after another temporary prolongation of the armistice, a final capitulation was signed on June 6. The Neapolitans were forthwith to abandon the Palace and all other positions in the city except the *Castellamare*. They were to march out with the honours of war, and to take up temporary quarters at the Quattro Venti and on the great plain behind it that stretches to the foot of Monte Pellegrino. Thence they were as rapidly as possible to be shipped for Naples. When they were all gone the *Castellamare* was, last of all, to be handed over to Garibaldi, together with the six State prisoners of noble Palermitan family which it still contained.¹

If the Neapolitan generals had known the thoughts that were passing in the mind of Nino Bixio during the first days of June, they might never have signed this humiliating treaty. 'The second of the Thousand' was afoot again since May 30, and from what he saw of the discipline of the forces defending the town he lived in constant terror of another attack. The Sicilians could not be relied on to perform regular and irksome military duty. The *squadre* were many of them going home to their villages. The conscription decreed by the Dictator was proving a flat impossibility. Many of the island warriors were in the habit of carrying off for personal use the muskets of the Thousand and the rifles captured from the enemy. On the morning of June 7, the day fixed for 20,000 Neapolitans to march defeated out of the city, there were only 390 muskets among the remnant of the Thousand. Those who survived of that gallant body, now all dressed in red shirts to give them distinction and authority, were the one reliable element in the situation, and they had consequently to do continuous duty at the outposts, partly in order to preserve the truce, as the maddened Palermitans were liable to insult and shoot at the men who had murdered so many of their women and children. Garibaldi put his trust in the rage felt against the soldiery who had

¹ *Turr's Div.* 388, doc. 20.

inflicted such horrors on the town, and believed that if the Neapolitans attacked again the incensed populace would fight with a furious desire for vengeance. But the slender and irregular character of the military defences were such that even the General, according to Bixio's observation, was 'sometimes confident, but sometimes anxious.'¹

In these days, when there was little sanction for law except the personal ascendancy of Garibaldi, the safety of life and property was extraordinary in a city into which the criminal population had recently been emptied from the Vicaria. Some of Maniscalco's spies were hunted down and slaughtered, although Garibaldi managed to save most even of these. No one else had anything to fear, and the British Consul praised both Government and people, writing home that public order was far better than in the first days of liberty in 1848.²

The terms of the capitulation were executed without a hitch. On June 7 more than 20,000 regular troops in two long columns under Lanza and Von Mechel respectively, evacuated the Palace and Cathedral, and the Fiera Vecchia; passing round the outside of the town they marched to their new camping-ground under Monte Pellegrino. Von Mechel's column passed from the Porta Termini by way of the sea, where, in front of the barricade at the Porta Felice, sat Menotti Garibaldi on a black charger, with a dozen red-shirted comrades, while before them filed along the esplanade an army in battle array. It was as though Goliath in his armour were surrendering to David with his sling. The British Admiral and his captains who witnessed the scene from their ships were filled with a sense of mingled exultation and disgust. A similar scene was enacted at the Porta Macqueda, where Lanza and his column filed off before Türr and another group of red-shirts.³

¹ *Bixio*, 201-207, and *Bixio MS.* *Times*, Eberl's letters from Palermo, early June. *I. L. N.* June 23, p. 599. *Mem.* 364.

² *Br. Cons. Papers*, June 6 and 11. *Conv. Tedaldi*, *Abba Not.* 124.

³ *Mundy*, 173, 174. *Winnington-Ingram*, 206. *Bixio*, 205, 206. *Times*, June 16, p. 9, col. 6.

Of the loss of the victors in the three days' fighting from May 27 to May 30 there is no reliable estimate, but, counting the victims of the bombardment, it must have run into many hundreds. The Neapolitans had lost about a thousand—800 wounded and over 200 killed.¹

Twelve days passed before the whole army of twenty to twenty-four thousand soldiers could be embarked for Naples in the limited number of transports available. After a week, 9000 still remained.² As the Neapolitans grew weaker, Garibaldi's strength increased, till even Bixio began to sleep at nights, instead of constantly patrolling among the sentinels.³ Soon after the enemy's evacuation of the Palace, a consignment of arms and ammunition had arrived from Genoa by way of Marsala; and on June 18, the day before the last batch of Neapolitans sailed, Medici with the 'second expedition' of 2500 well-armed men landed in the Gulf of Castellamare, twenty-five miles west of Palermo.⁴ During the latter and most dangerous part of their voyage, between Sardinia and Sicily, a Piedmontese war vessel scouted in front of them—so far had Cavour already dared to advance in the benevolence of his neutrality towards Garibaldi.⁵

On the night of June 18-19, when the Dictator himself had gone to meet the newcomers, Palermo was roused from its slumbers by the sound of heavy firing

¹ See note, p. 314, above.

² *Mundy*, 175.

³ *Bixio MS.*

⁴ This Castellamare and its gulf have nothing to do with the fortress called *Castellamare*, in Palermo.

⁵ *Peard MS. Journal*, June 17, 18, 1860 (see *Cornhill*, June 1908). *Bianchi's Cavour*, 98, note. *Persano*, 34. The history and organisation of these later expeditions I leave for another volume.

As early as May 31, Cavour had sent the following orders in cipher to the Marquis d'Aste in Palermo harbour: 'Follow up the overtures of the Neapolitan Commandant Vacca. Assure him in the name of the Government that the Neapolitan officers who embrace the National cause will preserve their rank and have a brilliant career assured them. A pronunciamiento by the Neapolitan fleet would make the complete triumph of our cause certain.' *Chiala*, ill. 254, 255.

out at sea. Had the Neapolitans broken faith at the last moment? Were they returning in force? Were they waylaying Garibaldi, who was expected to come back by boat along the coast? The whole population rushed into the streets at midnight and flew to arms. In the morning it was discovered that the disturbing sounds had come from the British sailors, practising gunnery by night—the eccentric, indefatigable men, with no thought for the nerves of a city recently bombarded.¹

On the morning of June 19 the Dictator returned by land to the capital. It was the day appointed for the sailing of the last of the Neapolitan army, in twenty-four ships collected ready for them at the quays beyond the Quattro Venti. All Palermo went down to see their hated foes take themselves off for ever. At the moment of their departure, the *Castellamare*, left till now in the enemy's hand, would run up the tricolour flag, and the hostages imprisoned there would be released. Since these were none other than Baron Riso and the five young nobles arrested on April 7,² the most popular citizens in Palermo since that hour, it would clearly be necessary to carry them in triumph up the Toledo.

Everyone, therefore, had gone down to the harbour; an unusual silence reigned in the upper part of the city, and Garibaldi for awhile was left in peace in the new lodging which he had chosen for himself in the Royal Palace. This was one of the humblest rooms which he could find there, the so-called Observatory over the Porta Nuova, at the extreme north wing, almost detached from the main building.³ On one side, his windows looked down the mile-long Toledo to the sea; on the other, up the road to Monreale across the Conca d'Oro. It was his first day

¹ *Peard* (Cornhill, June 1908). *Durand Brager*, 58. *Conv. Della Cerdà. Morning Post*, June 30, p. 5, col. 4.

² See p. 160, above.

³ Perhaps not without a touch of good-natured humour, he lodged the elder Dumas in the State apartments, when the novelist came to join his friend the Dictator.

in these new quarters, and he stood gazing at the city and plain which he had freed from servitude and won for Italy. Above Monreale and Parco rose the grim and splendid mountains, where he and his Thousand had dodged with death ; while from the sea, up the length of the Toledo gay with flags and flowers, was heard ever nearer and nearer the joyful roar of the people, as they came bringing the released prisoners to present them to the Liberator. When the young men, with their parents and families, at length came into his presence in the little room over the gateway, tears stood in his eyes, and it was some minutes before he could find voice to answer their words of gratitude.¹

¹ *Peard MS. Journal. Mem. 365. Times*, June 29, p. 12, col. 2. *Forbice*, June 20. *Giorn. Off. Sic.*, June 20. *Morning Post*, June 30, p. 3, col. 4.

EPILOGUE

THE story of Garibaldi and the Thousand down to the taking of Palermo has an historical and artistic unity. In a future volume I hope to carry on the history of the following six months, which resulted in the making of Italy. The occupation of eastern Sicily, the battle of Milazzo, the crossing of the straits, the march through Calabria and the Basilicata, the entry into Naples, the battle of the Volturno, the meeting with Victor Emmanuel, and the return to the farm at Caprera, constitute the rich remainder of the Garibaldian epic of 1860. If it is no less extraordinary than the capture of Palermo, it is of a different character. The larger numbers and better equipment of the volunteers, never indeed equal to those of the enemy, differentiate the story from the wild adventure of the Thousand. The entry of Victor Emmanuel and Cavour into the arena of the war, the release of Papal Umbria and the Marches by the Piedmontese regular troops, the diplomatic history of Europe at the decisive crisis of the Italian question are large matters, though they all have their origin on the heights of Calatafimi and the barricades of Palermo.

GARIBALDI AND THE MAKING OF ITALY

INTRODUCTION

THE choice of this title for a volume of which the principal theme is Garibaldi's part in the events of June to November 1860 requires, not apology, but comment. It is true that the 'making of Italy' had begun two generations before, when General Buonaparte crossed the Alps with his hungry French Republicans, and was completed in 1870 when Victor Emmanuel entered Rome after the news of Sedan : but 1860 was the decisive year in that long process, the year when Italy was made. After considering whether I should call the book *Garibaldi and the Fall of the Neapolitan Kingdom*, I have rejected any such title, not only because it would fail to cover some of the most important events described—the battle of Castelfidardo and the liberation of the greater part of the Papal provinces—but also because the motive that inspired Garibaldi from the first to the last moment of his great campaign in the South was less the desire to destroy the Kingdom of Naples than the desire to make the Kingdom of Italy. The reader's mind should not be diverted from the national and constructive character of the Italian revolution by the interesting but subsidiary fact that the Bourbon system of government in South Italy collapsed in 1860 for the fourth and last time. The revolution of that year differs from those of

the Napoleonic epoch and from those of 1820 and 1848, in that it created a free State stretching from the Alps to Sicily, which has since maintained its place in the family of nations as securely as France, Spain, or the German Empire. Although at the end of 1860 the Austrian was still in possession of his Venetian territories and the Pope of the small province that contained the city of Rome, the union effected between the other parts of Italy rendered the absorption of Rome and Venice merely a question of time.

This volume, starting from the accomplished fact of the capture of Palermo by Garibaldi and the Thousand described in a previous volume, narrates the events of the following half-year which brought this new State into being. The story has variety and scope enough. It is a complicated tale of war, regular and irregular, of diplomacy open and secret, of politics high and low. It carries us into palaces and peasants' huts from one end of Italy to the other and into half the capitals of Europe. And it has all the interest of long protracted suspense. For even after the taking of Palermo in June, it was by no means certain that, when the winter snows descended again on Aspromonte, four-fifths of Italy would be united and free. The turn of complicated events brought this result about, but in June it was no more a foregone conclusion than the break-up of Austria-Hungary or the reconstruction of Poland, events which were confidently expected in Garibaldi's camp, and of which at least the former entered as a probable contingency into the schemes of Cavour.

In the following pages the reader will see by how narrow a margin Italy in her great year escaped another disaster like that of 1848; with what skill and fortune she avoided foreign interference while she achieved her union against the will of all the great European Powers except England; what gross political and military mistakes stultified the powerful resistance which the Pope and the King of Naples might have set up; how Gari-

baldi's luck and genius and the psychological atmosphere of a triumphant revolution again and again produced military results contradictory to the known science of war ; how the bullet that might, in any one of a hundred scuffles, have reversed in a moment the fortunes of the campaign, never passed nearer than through his poncho or his felt hat ; how the first check to his career northwards, when Capua held out against him in September, occurred at the very moment when the wiser friends of Italy were beginning to pray that he might get no nearer to the walls of Rome ; how in the contest waged for six months between Cavour from his chamber at Turin and Garibaldi from his shifting bivouacs on the Southern Apennines, the divergent views of the two patriots as to the utmost pace at which the redemption could be pushed on were finally compromised exactly at the right point, so as to secure the essential union of Italy without the immediate attack on Rome and Venice which must have imperilled all.

The mass of the nation supported both Cavour and Garibaldi, and it was this that saved the situation. But many of the principal actors were naturally forced to group themselves behind one or other of the two chiefs. If either party had completely got the upper hand, if Cavour had succeeded in annexing Sicily in June, and if he had been relieved from the competition of the revolutionary bands, the great Powers would not have permitted him to attack either Naples or the Papal territory. If on the other hand the Garibaldini had succeeded in attacking Rome, Napoleon III would have been forced to undo all that they had accomplished for Italy. The principle of audacity and the principle of guidance, both essential for successful revolutions, had each in 1860 an almost perfect representative. But the death of Cavour in 1861, and the subsequent deterioration of Garibaldi, deprived both parties of the splendid leadership of the great year, so that the last stages of the Italian *risorgimento* were shorn of their meed of glory. Venice and Rome were

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ultimately acquired, but in a back-handed manner. Between 1861 and 1870 the ship of Italy's fortunes drifted and whirled amid shallow eddies, but was swept at last safe into port, because in 1860, when bold and skilful hands were still on board, the great flood tide had lifted her over the breakers at the bar.

CHAPTER I

THE CONSEQUENCES OF THE CAPTURE OF PALERMO IN NAPLES, PARIS, TURIN, AND LONDON

'You've seen the telegram?
Palermo's taken, we believe.'

MRS. BROWNING. *Garibaldi.*

IN the first days of June 1860, the news spread throughout Europe that the capital of Sicily, guarded by 20,000 regular troops, by forts and artillery, and by the Neapolitan fleet in the harbour, had been taken after three days' fighting by Garibaldi and a thousand North-Italian volunteers in plain clothes, aided by a mob of half-armed Sicilians. How soon, men asked, and how far would the revolution advance?

When last Palermo had expelled its garrison in January 1848, half Europe had followed suit. To the excited hopes of patriots and exiles, to the indignant fears of kings and their chancellors, Palermo seemed but the first point fired in a train of gunpowder laid through Messina and Reggio to Naples, through Naples and Rome to Venice, through Venice and Pesth to Vienna, through Vienna perhaps to Warsaw and back to the Tuileries. It was in the interest of every monarch who was not, like Victor Emmanuel, out for revolution, to check by force or by diplomacy the progress of the red-shirted portent. The 'filibuster,' having failed to be shot in the authorised manner,¹ seemed an incarnation of the

¹ '*Le Flibustiere* [sic] movement at Naples is very shameful. . . . Col Walker [the Nicaraguan filibuster] has been shot, and Garibaldi, who comes out of that self-same school, is divinised.' *The King of the Belgians to Queen Victoria* Nov. 2, 1860, *Queen's Letters*, Vol. III.

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improbable, and for a while aroused hopes and fears, of which some were wildly extravagant.

'A Caesar he, ere long, to Gaul,
To Italy an Hannibal,
And to all States not free
Shall climacteric be.'

It was a case for a Holy Alliance of sovereigns to restore order in Sicily, or, if that were no longer possible, at least for a Concert of Europe to prevent the further spread of mischief. The first person to invoke the protection of the Powers by an appeal to the common interest of all established governments, was the unfortunate King Francis II of Naples, whose house was already on fire at one end, and was packed from roof to floor with combustible matter.¹

The Neapolitan appeal for protection might take one of two forms. Either it might be addressed primarily to the powers of reaction, Russia and Austria, and would in that case be accompanied by vigorous conduct of the war in Sicily and by continued repression on the mainland; or else, as actually occurred, it might be addressed primarily to the more Liberal powers, to England and France, in which case efforts must be made to patch up a truce with Garibaldi, and a constitution must be granted on the mainland. As the latter course was the actual path by which King Francis descended so rapidly to his doom, it is easy to say now that the bolder policy would have had a better chance of success. But the House of Bourbon had twice before weathered the revolutionary storms of the Bay of Naples by granting a charter, to be set aside when the danger had passed by; and no one in

¹ On June 7 Odo Russell, the British Representative at Rome, wrote to his uncle, Lord John: 'The other day the young King of Naples was seized with such a panic that he telegraphed five times in twenty-four hours for the Pope's blessing. Cardinal Antonelli, through whom the application had to be made, telegraphed the three last blessings without reference to his Holiness, saying 'that he was duly authorised to do so. The Convents are awfully scandalised at proceeding.' *Russell*, ii. 323.

the Neapolitan Camarilla had the nerve of a Strafford or a Bismarck openly to continue in the reactionary course with Garibaldi in Palermo. The only man among all Francis II's counsellors was his Bavarian Queen, Maria Sophia, and she, though ready, as she afterwards proved, to fight for her crown behind the cannon of Gaeta, honestly desired a constitution and a complete change of system.¹

Besides this, Russia and Austria, though more willing, were less able to afford protection than either France or England. Russia, who had dominated the European situation in 1849, when she had invaded rebellious Hungary on behalf of Austria, had since then had a fall on the ramparts of Sebastopol. In whatever light the Crimean war may be viewed from the standpoint of British or near-Eastern interests, there is no doubt that from the point of view of Continental Liberalism and the freedom of action of independent States, it had done much to secure the 'liberties of Europe,' the phrase inscribed at Macaulay's suggestion on the monument to our soldiers at Scutari. The great power of darkness had been disabled and discredited in pan-European affairs, and the new Czar had even begun the work of liberation at home. Austria, too, who had the most immediate reason to support the old governments in Italy, and to check Garibaldi's advance, was in like manner recovering from her Crimea, the Lombard war of 1859. She dreaded that if she again moved to interfere in Italy the Hungarian rebels would rise behind her, this time without fear of the Russian armies, for the ingratitude shown by Austria to Russia during the Crimean War had dissolved the political friendship of the two Powers. Napoleon III and Cavour were both in constant communication

¹ For Maria Sophia see *Garibaldi and the Thousand*, pp. 126, 130. The queen in Daudet's *Rois en exil* is admittedly based on Maria Sophia, but while Daudet's queen was an ultra-royalist, Maria Sophia had Liberal inclinations, at least while on the throne. Also the king in the *Rois en exil* has positive vices which were wanting to the real Francis II.

with Kossuth, and Cavour had a Hungarian rising ready primed to fire in case of an Austrian war.¹

Partly for these reasons, and partly because the Sicilian and Neapolitan situation was more easily commanded from the sea, it was necessary for Francis II to appeal not so much to the Eastern as to the Western and naval powers. In spite of the constant bickering between France and England, the deepest line of diplomatic division lay between East and West. The idea of an alliance with the principles of Russian despotism, even for the purpose of scoring a point against a near neighbour, was abhorrent to Napoleon III on one side of the Channel, and to Palmerston and Lord John Russell on the other. In fact when Russia early in July proposed to join with France in policing the Mediterranean against Garibaldi's transports, the offer coming from that quarter was promptly rejected.² If Napoleon interfered on behalf of Naples, it would be in concert with Great Britain, and, if possible, with Piedmont, and only on behalf of a reformed constitutional Kingdom.

The decision of the young King of Naples to adopt a Liberal policy, to abandon the friendship with Austria and Russia so long traditional in his family, to appeal to Napoleon III for help, and to conciliate France, England, and his own subjects by the grant of a constitution, was taken in principle at Councils held on May 30 and June 1, 1860. They were the first-fruits of Garibaldi's success. On June 1 the King also sanctioned General Lanza's proposal to retreat with 20,000 royal troops from the Palace to the suburbs of Palermo, and on June 4 he sanctioned his further proposal to capitulate with Gari-

¹ See *Chiala's Pol. Seg. passim*. In the *Russell MSS.* Hudson writes on May 1, 1860: 'Palacky is in communication with Cavour, and yesterday in a fit of enthusiasm he let out that Cavour and Kossuth are in correspondence, that the revolution has commenced in Hungary, and Austria is on her last legs.'

² *F. O. Sard. Hudson*, No. 299, July 8, 1860, and *F. O. France, Cowley*, No. 860, July 9, 1860. *Br. Parl. Papers*, vii. p. 27, Russell to Hudson, July 7.

baldi and to ship the whole royal army back from Palermo to Naples.¹

The chief promoter in the Council of these important decisions was General Filangieri, the veteran Prince of Satriano, who had served with equal fidelity the Napoleonic Kings of Naples, and the restored House of Bourbon, who had reconquered Sicily for the Crown in 1849, and ruled it with wise moderation until recalled by his reactionary enemies at Court. He had often and in vain advised *Bomba* and his son after him to break with Austria and the reaction, and to come to an understanding with France abroad and with the Constitutionalists at home.² His advice, rejected year after year so long as it would have saved the throne, was now adopted a month too late, and was with his own full concurrence coupled with the fatal policy of military surrender at Palermo, at a moment when a renewed attack on Garibaldi and the rebel town, headed by General Nunziante or by the King in person, would not improbably have turned the tide of war.

It might have been expected that Filangieri, having at length completely overborne his reactionary enemies at the Council-board, would have helped to carry out the hard task, which he had himself set to his royal master, of changing horses in the bed of a roaring torrent which had already swept them all off their feet. But he preferred to retire to his country-house near Sorrento, whence at his ease he could watch the troubled city of Naples across the full breadth of the Bay. When the King sent General Nunziante to beg him to return to the head of affairs and to revive the body politic by a constitutional regimen, he replied with brutal frankness: 'Would you have me repeat the miracle of Lazarus? I am not Christ, but a miserable mortal.' His interlocutor,

¹ *De Cesare*, ii. 275-278. *Filangieri*, 317. Readers of *Garibaldi and the Thousand* will observe that the last pages of that book and the first pages of this one overlap chronologically.

² For Filangieri see *Garibaldi and the Thousand*, pp. 131, 146-147, 265-266.

Nunziante, hitherto a staunch reactionary, who had been loaded with honours and emoluments by the late King, and was esteemed and trusted by Francis II as the ablest man in the Neapolitan service after Filangieri himself, had recently consented to take up the command against Garibaldi, and had drawn up plans for the reconquest of Palermo, but he was so deeply impressed by these words of Filangieri that he at once determined not to go to Sicily, and then and there began to calculate how best to desert the falling House of Bourbon, and to carry over the army intact to the service of the House of Piedmont and United Italy.¹

Before the end of June the King himself crossed the Bay of Naples to try his own powers of persuasion on the recluse of Sorrento. When the royal yacht was unexpectedly seen approaching the landing-place below the villa, Filangieri fled to his bedroom and jumped into bed. Not having time to take off his clothes, he drew the blankets over him up to his chin, and received his royal visitor so. Was ever monarch before or since received in such fashion by the first subject in his kingdom?

Francis II held an hour's private conversation by the bedside of the malingerer, and then returned to Naples. Filangieri, perhaps a little ashamed of himself, never disclosed even to his nearest and dearest what had passed in that strange interview, but no one doubted that he had again been pressed to form a constitutional Ministry, and that, pleading his feigned illness, he had again refused.²

Early in August, Filangieri went into voluntary exile at Marseilles. After the revolution was accomplished he returned to Italy, and till his death in 1867 resided as a loyal subject of Victor Emmanuel, refusing office and honours from the new Government, but never regretting the old. The ideal of his life had been an independent

¹ *Nisco*, p. 48. *Franci*, i. 63, 188-191. *De Cesare*, ii. 307.

² *De Cesare*, ii. 280-281. *Filangieri*, 319. In the latter work, the filial biographer does not relate that part of the incident referring to the bed, but the evidence given in *De Cesare* seems convincing.

South Italy, with a progressive and civilised Government of its own, such as that which in his youth he had helped Murat to conduct. After Waterloo the restored Bourbons and their subjects had left that path, and had since failed in numerous attempts to return to it again, in spite of the efforts of men like Poerio and Filangieri. Poerio, convinced after 1848 that South Italy was by itself incapable of maintaining a tolerable Government, had quickly come to believe in the Union of all Italy as a positive good ; and even Filangieri was at last forced to admit, after the event, that Union was the least bad of all practicable solutions.

Discouraged but not deterred by Filangieri's refusal to lend a hand in carrying out his own policy, Francis II continued in the prescribed course. In the first days of June he had frankly thrown himself on the protection of France. De Martino had been sent as the bearer of an autograph letter of the King of Naples to the Emperor. Accompanied by Antonini, the regular Neapolitan Minister at Paris, he went out to Fontainebleau on June 12 to interview Napoleon.¹ The envoys met with a chilling reception from the French courtiers. Even Thouvenel, the Foreign Minister, though no friend to Italian aspirations, was brutally rude to the representatives of the falling cause, and before the conference began was overheard by them saying in a loud voice in the antechamber, 'Now I must go and hear what lies the two Neapolitan orators will tell the Emperor.' Napoleon himself, though courteous and humane, held out no hope that he would actively interfere. He explained the difference between the claims of the King of Naples on his protection and those of the Pope. 'The French flag,' he said, 'is actually waving on the Pope's territory, and then there is the question of

¹ For this interview, reported by Antonini himself in two dispatches of June 13, see *Bianchi*, viii. 297-301, and *Bianchi's Cavour*, 78, 105-107, and *Liborio Romano*, 144-150.

religion. The Italians understand that if they attacked Rome I should have to act.' But in the case of Naples he declared that as the victor of Solferino and the liberator of Lombardy, he was bound not to stultify his own past by using his troops on behalf of an opposite principle in South Italy. '*Les Italiens sont fns*,' he said; 'the Italians are shrewd; they clearly perceive that since I have shed the blood of my people for the cause of nationality, I can never fire a cannon against it. And this conviction, the key to the recent revolution, when Tuscany was annexed against my wishes and interests, will have the same effect in your case.' The King of Naples' concessions, the offer of the constitution, failed to impress him. 'It is too late,' he said. 'A month ago these concessions might have prevented everything. To-day they are too late.'

It was now June 12. On April 15 Victor Emmanuel had written to his 'dear cousin' of Naples, suggesting a mutual alliance on the principle of Italian nationality and freedom, and ending with the words: 'If you allow some months to pass without attending to my friendly suggestion, your Majesty will perhaps experience the bitterness of the terrible words—*too late*.'¹ Eight weeks had sufficed to fulfil the prophecy, and the 'terrible words' were now on the lips of Napoleon himself.

But there was still, said the Emperor to the Neapolitan envoys, one chance for their master. Let him humbly ask for the Piedmontese alliance, which he had himself rejected earlier in the year when Victor Emmanuel had made the advances. 'Piedmont alone,' said Napoleon, 'can stop the course of the revolution. You must apply not to me but to Victor Emmanuel.' 'We French do not wish,' he added, 'for the annexation of South Italy to the Kingdom of Piedmont, because we think it contrary to our interests, and it is for this reason that we advise you to adopt the only expedient which can prevent or at least retard that annexation.' For the rest, he would

¹ *Garibaldi and the Thousand*, pp. 185-186.

be delighted if the Neapolitan Royalists proved able to defeat Garibaldi and the revolution with the force of their own arms, but he could not help them himself, partly for the reasons which he had already given, and partly because he was determined to do nothing contrary to the wishes of England.¹

His advice therefore to the Neapolitan envoys at Fontainebleau was nothing more than a reasoned repetition of the programme which his representative Brenier had several days before urged upon the Court at Naples,² namely :—

First, a scheme of Sicilian Home Rule under a Prince of the Royal House of Naples.

Secondly, a Constitution for the mainland.

Thirdly, an alliance with Piedmont.

This triple programme was perforce adopted by the Neapolitan Court, but the first item depended for its fulfilment on Garibaldi and the Sicilians, and the third on Cavour and the Piedmontese. The Constitution, indeed, could be published by the King without the consent of any other party, but whether it would at this twelfth hour conciliate the population of the Neapolitan provinces still remained to be seen.

The question was soon put to the proof. A Council of Ministers sat on June 21, and after Antonini's report of the interview at Fontainebleau had been read to them, decided by eleven votes to three to adopt the triple programme laid down by the French Emperor. A short while back the same men would have voted by an equally large majority against any concession, but in these weeks life-long opinions were changing with a rapidity peculiar to the crisis of a great revolution. Since the taking of Palermo most of the reactionary party, headed by the

¹ *Bianchi*, viii. 664 top, Antonini's letter of June 16. This sentiment of the Emperor's with regard to England as the tether of his range in Italian policy this summer, is repeated in his letter to Persigny, July 27, printed in *Mem. Stor. Mil.* ii. 186-187 and elsewhere.

² *Q. O. Sicily*, *Elliot*, June 8, 1860, No. 256.

King's uncle, the Count of Aquila, had become ardent Constitutionalists; while the Constitutional party of former years, headed by the Duke of Syracuse, another uncle of the King (the Philippe Egalité of the Neapolitan revolution) had turned against the dynasty, and were working to bring in Victor Emmanuel. 'A year ago,' wrote Elliot, the British Minister, 'there was hardly an annexationist to be found in this part of Italy, and now pretty nearly the whole country is so for the moment.'¹

But even after the Council of June 21 the feeble King still hesitated. Although he would not go to Sicily and lead on his troops against Garibaldi, he was almost equally unwilling to publish the Constitution and to declare for the Piedmontese alliance. All the pieties and instincts of his dumb nature were averse to the change, and he was upheld in his passive resistance by the clamours of his stepmother Maria Theresa, 'the Austrian woman,' whom he had been accustomed since boyhood to obey. But on the other side was his wife, Maria Sophia, whose influence upon him was constantly growing throughout his brief reign, corresponding to a perceptible increase of manliness on his part. For some days after the Council of June 21 a final struggle was waged between the two Marias, ending in the victory of the younger. Her demand for constitutional reform was urgently supported by the King's uncle, the Count of Aquila, and by the French Minister, Brenier, who were now in close partnership.² De Martino, meanwhile, had been sent to Rome to obtain the Pope's leave for the change of policy, which was grudgingly given on condition that any alliance with Piedmont was not to be made at the expense of the Papal territories or the privileges of the Church. The Pope's consent turned the scale in the King's mind, and on June 25 the Sovereign Act was published recalling to vigour the Constitution of

¹ Elliot, 37, July 8.

² Russell MSS. Elliot, letters of June 11, July 23, Aug. 2. *Liborio Romano*, 6-8. *De Cesare*, ii. 283-289.

1848, granting Home Rule to Sicily under a Prince of the Royal House, and announcing that an alliance would be made with Piedmont—the complete triple programme advised by Napoleon. The tricolour flag, symbolic of Italian nationality, was hauled up on all the public buildings and on the ships of the fleet;¹ the political prisoners were let loose throughout the Kingdom; the exiles returned amid processions and rejoicings; pending the elections to Parliament, a Ministry of moderate Liberals took over the authority of the State. As far as the Government was concerned, everything was done in the most approved manner according to the pattern of one of those joyous Constitution-givings of the spring of 1848, when monarchs and peoples had wept in each other's arms. But on this occasion it was only the monarch who opened his arms and embraced the empty air. When on June 26 the King and Queen drove out in an open carriage to receive the ovations of liberated Naples, hats were respectfully raised, but hardly a cheer was heard in the whole length of the Toledo.²

The Constitution was still-born. In some upland villages, especially in the district between Naples and the Roman border, it was regarded as a Jacobinical betrayal of religion; while the great mass of the King's subjects in the capital and in the provinces south of the capital regarded it merely as a first step in the direction of Italian unity, a means of freeing themselves from the police and the censorship, so as to be better able to welcome 'him' when he came. 'He' was at Palermo, he would soon be at the Straits, and it was in that direction and not to the Palace of Naples that all men's thoughts were turned. The newly granted liberties were used to destroy the Government that had conceded them. Newspapers sprang up by the score; books,

¹ Victor Emmanuel's flag, used by Garibaldi, was the tricolour *with the cross of Savoy upon it*; that is now the flag of all Italy. There was no cross on the tricolour of the short-lived 'Constitutional' Kingdom of Francis II of Naples.

² *Liborio Romano*, 8. *De Cesare*, ii. 289-291.

pamphlets, and proclamations appeared everywhere, and nearly the whole output of the liberated press was anti-dynastic. Its only disputes turned on the rival merits of Cavour and Mazzini, of Federation and Annexation and whether or not to await Garibaldi's coming before beginning the revolution.

The new Ministry formed by Spinelli, with De Martino in charge of Foreign affairs, consisted chiefly of mediocre but honest men, desirous of working the Constitution and saving the dynasty. But with one exception they had neither influence nor popularity, at a time when the mere possession of office lent but little authority to the opinions of its holder. Yet even the Ministers, without intending to do so, further undermined the stability of the throne. For they busied themselves, as indeed it was their duty to do if the Constitution was to be a reality, in turning out reactionaries and putting in old constitutionalists as prefects, magistrates, and police, regardless of the fact that the old constitutionalists were now for Garibaldi almost to a man. The expulsion of genuine royalists from the public service alienated the enthusiasm of the King's friends, without reconciling his enemies, to whom it gave the civil power in every Province from Calabria to Abruzzi. The bishops, more reactionary than their clergy, were the only persons in authority who could not be summarily dismissed, but they were watched by spies who reported their sayings and movements to the Minister of the Interior: some of the prelates fled from their dioceses in real or affected fear for their personal safety. In every town the new authorities formed and armed the National Guard, chosen out of the middle class, which became in effect a military force prepared to support the coming revolution.

The army alone was loyal to the King, but as it still consisted of about 100,000 well-armed and well-drilled men, it might still defeat Garibaldi, and if it could once drive the red-shirts in rout no one doubted that the Constitution, the National Guard, the Ministry, the press,

and the tricolour flags would all be huddled away in twenty-four hours. After all, there had been a Constitutional Ministry in 1848, and shortly afterwards the principal Ministers were serving their time in irons. It was this supreme consideration which made real loyalty impossible for any man, however much he cared for the dynasty, if he also cared for the Constitution. No one except the reactionaries really wished to hear of a victory over the man who was in name the national enemy, and in reality the national deliverer. It was for this reason that the new Ministers were so unwilling to take the offensive against him in Sicily. For no Cabinet can be expected to conduct a war with vigour, when a decisive victory would mean twenty years' penal servitude for each of its members. General Pianell, the new War Minister, was a faithful and honest man, but he erred in accepting a post of which he could not, by the nature of the case, heartily fulfil the duties.¹

Don Liborio Romano, the new Prefect of Police, was the sole exception to the rule that the Ministers had neither popularity nor influence; and he was also the exception to the rule that they were passively loyal to the King. 'Don Liborio,' as he was called in these days, was a native of lower Apulia, skilled in the insinuating manners and arts of political intrigue which the inhabitants of the region between Taranto and Brindisi are said to have inherited from their Greek ancestors. He had been an active Liberal as early as 1820, and had often suffered as such at the hands of the police. But he belonged essentially to the world of Levantine intrigue, rather than to the world of European revolution. For this reason he was able from June to September, 1860, to preserve the confidence of the inhabitants of the capital by a kind of masonic mutual understanding or sympathy of character, which a more straightforward man would have failed to establish with the Neapolitans. After his retire-

¹ *De Cesare*, ii. 292-322. *Elliot*, 34-42. *Nisco*, 50-54, 59-62. *Salazar*, 47-52.

ment he always asserted that he had taken office, not in order to save the dynasty, which he believed to be already lost, but in order to preserve his fellow-countrymen from anarchy and civil war.¹ This account of his motives, if a considerable allowance be also made for his vanity and ambition, is accepted by the most competent and un-biassed authorities who knew the Naples of that day well, and they are also of opinion that at the moment of entering office he did actually achieve his purpose and save the city and perhaps the whole Kingdom from a terrible disaster.²

The circumstances were as follows. On June 27, two days after the proclamation of the Sovereign Act, when all the authorities of the old *régime* had lost their power, but before the new Ministry was well in the saddle, and before the National Guard or the new police had been formed, disorders broke out in Naples. The police of the old Government were hunted down, and their archives burnt. Unless the mob was checked, anarchy would soon prevail in its most hideous form. But there was at the moment no armed force deriving its authority from the Constitution, and if the regular army, aflame with reactionary passions, had been called out to shoot the mob, civil war would have begun at once. In the circumstances Liborio Romano was entreated to become Prefect of Police, on the ground that no one else could save Naples. He accepted the post on June 27, and on the next day the Prefecture of Police, till then execrated by every one, became the resort of the leading Liberals. But the Liberals alone could not control the vicious and non-political criminal class of Naples. The *camorra*, hitherto in tacit league with the old Royal Government,³ had now turned against all government. Don Liborio, to avoid the imminent social catastrophe, struck a bargain with this secret association of criminals, in the name

¹ *Liborio Romano*, 14, 26. *Trinity*, 232-233.

² *Trinity*, 233. *De Cesare*, ii. 294-295. *Nisco*, 53-54.

³ *Garibaldi and the Thousand*, p. 132.

of the new Government, or at any rate of its Prefect of Police. The chiefs of the *camorra* were given places in the new police force, along with other more respectable members of society. The consequence was that there were no more disturbances in Naples during the next three months of turmoil, panic, and revolution, except on occasions when the reactionary soldiers broke loose from their barracks. In this ignominious manner Naples was saved. The price paid by the Italian Government in later years was high, but possibly not too high for the escape of society from promiscuous bloodshed and rapine.

Having thus tided over the immediate danger, Don Liborio formed the National Guard from among his own adherents in the respectable middle class. The National Guard, the police, and the *camorra* were now at his disposal, not only in Naples but throughout the provinces. He was master of the situation and held the stakes until either the King or Garibaldi had conquered. Throughout July and August he was the real ruler of the country for all domestic purposes except the command of the army. Francis II hated and distrusted Don Liborio, but dared not dismiss him.¹

While the House of Bourbon was thus engaged at home in clothing its enemies with authority and its friends with confusion, the Piedmontese alliance, to obtain which all these sacrifices were being made, was eagerly solicited at Turin. Twice during the last twelve months Piedmont had asked for an alliance and been rebuffed by the counsellors of Francis II; it was now their turn to sue for the settlement which they had so recently refused. The House of Bourbon was on its knees, clad in the Constitution and the Tricolour for a garb of penitence. But the record of its perjuries prevented all confidence, and the record of its cruelties all

¹ *Liborio Romano*, 3, 8-21, 26. *Nisco*, 52-55. *De Cesare*, ii. 293-295, 301-303, 305-307. *Trinity*, 219-224, 230-233.

forgiveness. The 'Neapolitan prisoners,'¹ whose woes Mr. Gladstone had made famous, the victims of *Bomba's* dungeons, were now many of them residing in Turin, several as Deputies in the North Italian Parliament which was then in full session. Others, like Braico, had gone to Sicily with the Thousand. When the news of the fall of Palermo arrived, the Neapolitan exiles in Turin met at the house of Mancini, one of their number, and at the instance of Carlo Poerio declared for the deposition of the Bourbons.² When, some three weeks later, there arose the question of the alliance of Piedmont with Naples, the uncompromising attitude of these men strengthened Cavour's hands to resist the proposal. Poerio, the Conservative Minister of the late King during the Parliamentary *régime* of 1848, had been rewarded for his undisputed loyalty to Crown and Constitution by a sentence of twenty-four years in irons obtained by notoriously false witness, at the instance of *Bomba* himself. He had served eight years of that sentence, and had come out of prison in 1859 converted to the programme of Italian Unity. He and his friends now put themselves at the head of the popular agitation in North Italy, which made it impossible for Cavour, even if he had so wished, to accept the alliance and to protect the Neapolitan State from further invasion by Garibaldi. On June 29 Poerio, from the tribune of the North Italian Chamber, uttered sentiments which, coming from the mouth of one so moderate, so reticent, and so just, carried the full weight of their literal meaning.

'The Neapolitan Government,' he said, 'has the tradition of perjury, handed down from father to son. That is why it now offers to swear to the Constitution, because it is clear that in order to be perjured it is necessary first to swear. I trust that the Ministers of Victor Emmanuel will not stretch out their hands to a Government which certainly is the most declared of the enemies of Italian independence.'

The roar of applause that followed him as he returned

¹ *Garibaldi and the Thousand*, chap. iii.

² *Mancini*, 135-136.

to his seat showed that the North Italian Deputies had already made up their minds about the proposed alliance.¹

The Neapolitan exiles, while they held this language in public, expressed themselves with no less vigour and decision in their private correspondence. Writing to Panizzi, the Librarian of the British Museum, and one of the chief unofficial agents of the Italian cause in our country, Poerio and his fellow-martyr Settembrini urged that the hour had struck to weld Italy into one State, and that if a truce were now patched up, when the trumpets should be sounding the final charge, 'enthusiasm would cool with time' and the principle of 'dualism with all its terrible consequences' would for ever divide the Italian Peninsula.²

Cavour was from the first aware that it was impossible to accept the alliance. On the very day of Poerio's speech in the Chamber, he telegraphed to Villamarina, the Piedmontese Minister at Naples: 'Take care to render impossible an agreement between the King of Naples and the national party. We must not allow Italy to believe that by complaisance or weakness we are ready to fraternize with the King of Naples.'³ To accept the Neapolitan alliance would, as he knew, mean schism and possibly civil war in North Italy. And yet he dared not at once close the door on a proposal initiated by France, regarded by Austria, Russia, and Prussia as only too liberal, and at present supported officially by England herself. As soon as Hudson had finished persuading Lord John Russell to accept frankly the idea of annexation and united Italy, a task upon which he was busily engaged in a private and unofficial correspondence,⁴ Cavour might take a bolder course. But 'even if

¹ *F. O. Sard. Hudson*, July 2, 1860, No. 232. See also *Manebrini*, 46.

² *Panizzi*, 428-433.

³ *Chiala*, iii. 277, June 29. That it was the real intention of Cavour and Farini to refuse the alliance is borne out by Farini's words to Spaventa on July 11 (*Spaventa*, 295).

⁴ *Russell MSS Hudson*. Letters of May 31, July 16, 27, 31; see Appendix A, below.

we were helped by England,' he wrote to Ricasoli on July 8, 'we could not fight both on the Mincio and on the Alps,' against both Austria and France. So he could not 'reject scornfully a proposed settlement presented under French auspices and by French advice.'¹ He determined, therefore, to entertain the Neapolitan envoys, Manna and Winspeare, and to treat about the alliance on such terms as were certain to be refused by King Francis, making demands tantamount to the cession of Sicily and the further partition of the Pope's territory for the benefit of Piedmont.²

But the fear that the Italian people would suppose even these negotiations to be serious constantly haunted him. 'If we consent to the alliance we are lost. If we reject it, what will Europe say? In my life I was never more embarrassed.'³ To retain the confidence of the patriotic party Cavour more and more openly hastened the equipment and departure of the expeditions of volunteers to join Garibaldi, and that portion of the press which he inspired was observed to be scornfully hostile to the Neapolitan alliance.⁴ At the same time he tried to cut the knot of his difficulties by engineering an immediate revolution in Naples. The Piedmontese diplomatic representative, Villamarina, was the centre of this movement and the Piedmontese Legation its house of call. Even in April, under the old *régime* of repression, Villamarina's house, with its immunities against police search, had been used for the meetings of conspirators, and the forwarding of their letters to North Italy.⁵ And now in July he was instructed to act with Piedmontese agents of high character like Emilio Visconti-Venosta, and with the best of the Neapolitan exiles like Spaventa and Nisco, who openly came into Naples, some

¹ *Chiala*, iii. 282.

² *Ibid.*, iii. 273, June 27. *Bianchi*, viii. 305-312. *Bianchi's Cavour*, 108-114. *Spaventa*, 295.

³ *Chiala*, iii. 284, July 12.

⁴ *Chiala's Dina*, 311-314, *Opinione* of June 29 quoted.

⁵ *Mancini*, 134.

as naturalised Piedmontese subjects, others trusting to the civil rights enjoyed under the new Constitution. Some came with money supplied by Cavour and Farini to start newspapers ; all came to talk to their old friends in the army and elsewhere, and to stir up an annexationist movement.¹ Within a few days of his arrival in Naples, Venosta wrote home to report that the army was Bourbonist in sympathy, and that the people only understood the idea of revolution as connected with Garibaldi, for whom they were waiting as for a second St. Januarius.² But it was not until the end of August that Cavour could be persuaded by his agents that a revolution without Garibaldi was impossible.

It was indeed, neither a dignified nor an honest policy to pretend to treat for alliance with the Government of a country while arming bands of volunteers to invade its provinces, and sending emissaries to excite a revolution in its capital. But that was the system pursued by Cavour during July and August, because he believed the alternative to be the Austrian bayonets in Milan and the French in Turin. Danton once thundered out for all the world to hear, *Que mon nom soit flétri, que la France soit libre*. Cavour's intellectually aristocratic temper had no such unsafe confidences for the people at large, but he said quietly to his friends one day : ' If we had done for ourselves the things which we are doing for Italy, we should be great rascals.'³ The magnificent integrity of Cavour's private character and the entire disinterestedness of his public conduct, lends peculiar force to this saying. It must indeed be confessed that he bequeathed to the statesmanship of the new Italy the old traditions of duplicity, which have sometimes become low cunning in the hands of successors with neither his virtues, his abilities, nor his dire necessities for their

¹ *Spaventa*, 292-298. *De Cesare*, ii. 364-365. *Nisco*, 70-73. *Menzacapo*, 123-129.

² *Conv. Venosta*.

³ Related in M. D'Azeglio's letter about the ethics of 1860-1, *Persano*, 463.

excuse. But before we condemn Cavour we must decide whether without a large degree of duplicity he could, supported by England alone, have made Italy against the will of a hostile Europe—against the destroyers of Poland, ‘the man of December,’ the Pope, and the perjured dynasty of Naples. This question I am unable to answer, and I believe that no answer, however confidently given, can be anything better than a reasoned guess.

There were not wanting at the time well-informed observers who believed that Cavour could have avoided all this chicanery, that even in June he could have carried out the bold and straightforward policy on which he finally embarked in September. ‘I wish,’ wrote Elliot to Lord John Russell on June 25, ‘Victor Emmanuel would throw off the mask like a man and go to war. It would certainly be a very easy matter for him to roll down this rickety dynasty, and he would be received with enthusiasm by the nation.’¹ It was natural for the British Minister at Naples to write in this confident manner, for what Elliot had close under his own eyes was the rottenness of the Government to which he was accredited. But it was not any fear of resistance at Naples that withheld Cavour; it was the fear of counter-attack from Vienna and Paris. There were many riddles in the complicated problem which Cavour had to solve, but the chief one was to guess the true colour of the chameleon of the Tuileries, the Liberal protector of the Pope, the friendly foe of Italian unity. If Cavour let loose the nation straining at the leash, if he made legal war on Naples and invaded the Papal Marches and Umbria, would Napoleon merely protest, or would he actively interfere? Or if Austria attacked Piedmont when she was engaged in liberating the South, on what terms, if any, would Napoleon lend his protection?

On this, the supreme problem of that summer, Cavour obtained a decided opinion from the Emperor’s cousin,

¹ *Russell MSS. Elliot, June 25.*

Jerome.¹ This prince, a whole-hearted friend of Italian unity, deserves more credit than he has got for his successful efforts in 1859-60 on behalf of that policy, which for ever cut him off from all hope of an Italian kingdom in Tuscany or elsewhere. On June 30 he wrote to Cavour that the time had come when he could attack South Italy without fear of the Emperor's veto. The letter is one of the most important in the history of Italy, for it foreshadows the course which Cavour adopted two months later.

'Italy,' wrote Prince Jerome, 'is in a supreme crisis. She must emerge from it united under the sceptre of my father-in-law [Victor Emmanuel] with Rome as her capital, or else she will slide back under the oppression of priests and Austrians, at Turin as well as at Naples and everywhere else. The die is cast. . . . Daring alone can save you to-day. Be strong. Don't trust to yourself, no illusions, no vanity, you have need of France and you can get her by means of the Emperor. (*Il vous faut la France par l'Empereur.*) Be then completely open with him. No more *finesse*; that served your turn for Tuscany; it will not serve your turn with Sicily, Naples, and Rome. Explain to him your views of the future, not only your end but your means and your conduct.'²

Cavour did not at once adopt the course here prescribed for him by the Prince, but he did so before two months were out, when he opened his innermost counsels to Napoleon, and mobilised the Italian army to invade the territories of the Pope and of the King of Naples. The question is whether he could safely have ventured upon this policy in the first days of July, on receipt of the Prince's letter, or whether in fact it was necessary, as he judged, to wait until the unofficial revolution under Garibaldi had spread from Palermo to the gates of Naples. Perhaps Prince Jerome ante-dated the readiness of his Imperial cousin to condone the making of Italy. It is true that Napoleon at the end of August accepted it as the only alternative to anarchy, but it was by no means

¹ On Prince Jerome see *Garibaldi and the Thousand*, p. 75 and note.

² *Principe Nap.* p. 54.

the only alternative prior to Garibaldi's victory at Milazzo and march through Calabria. Would Napoleon at the beginning of July have consented to throw over, at Cavour's request, all the proposals which he himself had just made for a reformed Neapolitan kingdom allied to Piedmont? It may be doubted—although the Emperor's gloomy words to the Neapolitan envoys at Fontainebleau perhaps imply a weakening of his resistance to Cavour.¹ But on July 6 Brenier, the French Minister at Naples, declared strongly against annexation.² And at Turin the French Minister, M. de Talleyrand, was pressing Cavour hard to grant the Neapolitan alliance, claiming first and foremost that Victor Emmanuel should at once write to Garibaldi to bid him make a truce. Talleyrand found that Cavour 'sheltered himself behind England,' and put off his demands with fair words and excuses to gain time. Victor Emmanuel was conveniently away hunting in his beloved Alps, and his return must be awaited.³

Meanwhile, in the better world up there, in the pine woods and beneath the moraines, the descendant of twenty generations of hunting rulers of Savoy unbosomed himself to his companions of the chase, the men to whom he could talk gruffly and freely, to ease his rugged nature of its weight of simple emotions. 'He talked much about Sicily,' wrote one of these after their return to the plains. 'He said he envied Garibaldi, and would like to be able to lay about him, like the Nizzard general. Victor Emmanuel really loves Garibaldi.'⁴

The affection for Garibaldi which the Italian King could only express to his confidants in the depths of the Alpine forest, was being proclaimed aloud in the streets by all classes in Great Britain. In the uncertain diplo-

¹ See p. 12 above.

² *Elliot*, 35, July 6. 'Brenier . . . blurted out . . . "You shall not have annexation." This was plain speaking.'

³ *La Gorce*, iii. 391. De Talleyrand's dispatch of July 9.

⁴ *Amari*, ii. 108.

matic situation, England's decided attitude became the governing factor. If at the beginning of July, when France asked for her support in forcing a truce on Garibaldi in Palermo, England had supported the other Powers in such a programme of interference, it is difficult to see how Sicily could have been annexed to Piedmont.¹ But England refused, and without her concurrence Napoleon, who at this time highly valued her friendship was unwilling to proceed to definite action.² And again at the end of July, as will be told in a later chapter, she refused to participate in Napoleon's scheme to prevent Garibaldi from crossing the straits, and thereby enabled the red-shirts to invade the mainland. This policy of Lord John's was not that of intervention in Italian affairs, but of non-intervention with an implied veto on the intervention of others.

The action of Great Britain in this summer, without which Italy could not have been made, was due partly to the steady pressure of public opinion, press, and Parliament on the Cabinet,³ and partly to the personal attachment of the Minister for Foreign Affairs to the cause of Italian freedom. Lord John Russell had been brought up in boyhood and youth among the friends of Fox, that small group of Liberal aristocrats who, no fair-weather friends of freedom, had sacrificed their popularity and their chance of influence and power for forty years, on behalf of the principles of civil and religious liberty. Russell had inherited their traditions, had in early manhood led the great attack that re-established freedom in Great Britain in 1832, and now in old age was prepared to do all that in him lay to overturn on Italian soil worse

¹ *Chiala*, iii. 281, telegram of July 7. *F. O. France, Cowley*, July 9, 1860, No. 859.

² 'As to Southern Italy I am free from engagements and I ask nothing better than to concert matters with England on this point as on others' (e.g. Syria). 'Since the peace of Villafranca my only thought has been to inaugurate a new era of peace and to live on a good understanding with all my neighbours, particularly with England.' Napoleon III to Persigny, July 27, 1860. *Mem. Stor. Mil.* ii. 186-187.

³ *F. O. France, Cowley*, July 9, 1860, No. 859.

tyrannies than had ever been known in England. In this task Lord John was opposed by the Court, but he was supported by the public, by the press, by the petitions of great municipalities, and by his two chief colleagues, Palmerston and Gladstone, both converts, at different dates and for different reasons, from those authoritarian principles in Church and State to which he himself had sworn eternal hatred while he was still a boy.

The British Minister for Foreign Affairs was therefore ready to take any step consonant with British interests that would assist Italian freedom, and fortunately he had for his advisers, at Naples and at Turin respectively, two men of marked ability who sympathised with these aims. Elliot and Hudson conducted a private correspondence with Lord John behind their official dispatches, and so enabled the British Minister to keep abreast of the rapid development of the Italian situation in 1859-60. It was for this reason that British policy never fell seriously behind the ever-increasing requirements of Cavour.

Before the middle of July 1860 both Hudson and Elliot had become converts to the idea of Italian unity. And both of them began to write private letters to prepare Lord John's mind to accept the annexation of the whole Peninsula by Victor Emmanuel. But their support of this programme was due only to the Garibaldian conquests. Union had not previously been favoured even by Hudson himself.

On May 18, while Garibaldi with his Thousand were still in the mountains overlooking Palermo, Hudson had argued in a long private letter to Russell that the fusion of North and South Italy in one State was difficult because of the intervening Papal territories, and not desirable because of the moral corruption of the South. He had recommended as a compromise the possession of the throne of Naples and Sicily by a cadet of the Royal House of Piedmont.¹ But the fall of Palermo at the end

¹ See Appendix A, below, for the important letters referred to in the remaining paragraphs of this chapter.

of May converted him to the idea of complete Italian unity.¹

Meanwhile Lord John had not taken up with any warmth his suggestion of placing a cadet of the House of Piedmont on the throne of Naples, and 'the tidal wave of unity which the victory of Palermo set in motion carried that idea to the frozen sea of diplomatic nostrums,' as its author cheerfully acknowledged. Therefore on July 16 Hudson wrote to Lord John again, declaring himself this time 'cordially and entirely' in favour of Italian unity under Victor Emmanuel, 'because now that the notion of a Prince of the House of Savoy has been set aside by the force of circumstances,' he saw 'very great danger to the Balance of Power in the Mediterranean if France should in the midst of the Neapolitan confusion find means to place a creature of her own on that throne.' On July 27 he again wrote in favour of annexation 'as less prejudicial to British interests (of which you remind me) than the anarchy of Sicily and Naples, and the discontent of North Italy.' Finally on July 31 he wrote a long reasoned letter to Lord John to prove that Italian unity was in accordance with British interests. In this important letter Hudson uses two main arguments. First that annexation had now become the only possible form of stable government for South Italy: 'are the respectable classes of Naples to be subjected to the inconvenience of being shot, plundered, burnt, and violated because the Foreign Powers dislike Unity?' Secondly, when the whole Peninsula was united in one State, it would be strong enough to be independent of France, and would naturally gravitate to friendship with England and the German Powers. A good understanding between Austria, Prussia, Italy, and England, argued Hudson, would rid Europe of the nightmare of French domination which then oppressed her. 'It is my duty,' he concluded, 'under my instructions to support Duality, and I have

¹ 'I was then a dualist. I continued to be so till the capture of Palermo.' Hudson's letter of July 31, *Russell MSS.*

done so. But I should greatly fail in my duty if I did not point out to your Lordship the difficulties (I may say the impossibility) which prevent its accomplishment.'

These arguments, in which, as will be seen, the fear of French predominance was the chief, sufficed to persuade the British statesmen of 1860 that their earnest desire to help Italian freedom was compatible with the material interests of Great Britain, and that it was not only their pleasure but their duty to bring about the union of the whole Peninsula under Victor Emmanuel. Side by side with the love of Italy, the fear of France then dominated Englishmen, and not least among them Lord John Russell. He was in constant anxiety at this period lest Cavour should purchase from Napoleon the right to annex the rest of Italy by ceding the island of Sardinia and the Genoese Riviera to France. The rumour was in fact baseless. But although Cavour and Farini hastened to deny it with the utmost solemnity, Russell could not feel easy, remembering the protestations of innocence that had preceded the barter of Nice and Savoy. Hudson endeavoured to relieve his chief's fears, pointing out that Genoa was a vital part of Italy, whereas Nice had been a mere outpost. At the same time, with admirable skill, he turned Lord John's remaining fears on this head into an argument that England herself should support the Italian claims unconditionally, and so outbid the French by doing the work for nothing. 'I perceive,' he wrote on May 31, replying to Lord John's fears about the alleged cession of Genoa, 'that the more you hang back the more easy do you make the propagation of French notions in Italy.' It is difficult to see where Lord John had been guilty of 'hanging back.' In any case he was never seriously open to the charge again, but made himself thenceforth a willing auxiliary to the plans of Hudson and Cavour.¹

¹ See Appendix A, below, the Russell Papers.

CHAPTER II

ENTHUSIASM IN NORTH ITALY. THE EXPEDITIONS IN AID OF GARIBALDI. MAZZINI, BERTANI, AND CAVOUR

' Oh giornate del nostro riscatto !
Oh dolente per sempre colui
Che da lunge, dal labbro d' altrui
Come un uomo straniero, le udrà !
Che a' suoi figli narrandole un giorno,
Dovrà dir sospirando : io non c'era ;
Che la santa vittrice bandiera
Salutata quel dì non avrà.'

ALESSANDRO MANZONI¹

' Oh days of our country's ransoming ! Unhappy for ever shall he be who shall like a stranger hear of it from afar, from the lips of others ; who when he tells the tale to his children on a time, must say sighing, " I was not there ; " who shall not have hailed on that day of days our holy, conquering banner.'

A NEW nation cannot be made solely by the skill of a great statesman playing on the mutual jealousies of Foreign Powers. The making of nations requires the self-sacrifice of thousands of obscure men and women who care more for the idea of their country than for their own comfort or interest, their own lives or the lives of those whom they love. Cavour, with the help of England's attitude of 'non-intervention,' could, at best, only keep the ring while the revolutionaries struck down the Neapolitan Kingdom. It remained to be seen whether volunteers would go out in sufficient numbers to enable Garibaldi to defeat the 100,000 Bourbon troops

¹ From Manzoni's Ode 'Marzo, 1821,' dedicated 'To the illustrious memory of Theodore Koerner, poet and soldier of German independence, killed at Leipsig, 1813. A name dear to all the peoples who fight to defend or to recover a fatherland.' This ode was published by Manzoni first in 1848, and again in 1860. The verse printed above was frequently quoted by Italians in reference to 1860.

who, even after the fall of Palermo, refused to embrace the national cause. The Italian revolution had produced martyrs by the hundred; could it now produce effective soldiers by the thousand? The active patriots came from among all classes of the town population, and from the leaders of the rural districts, but the common peasantry of the North, though most of them had now been converted to the National cause, did not cross the sea to join Garibaldi. A severe strain was therefore put on the cities of North Italy, not at that date as wealthy as they have since become, to supply at a few weeks' notice, out of the civil population, a complete army of volunteers. The strain was the more severe because so large a portion of the patriotic youth of the Peninsula had already enlisted in the regular army of Piedmont, which, so long as Garibaldi was on the war-path, was urgently required for home defence against a possible attack from Austria. Yet within three months of the capture of Palermo more than 20,000 volunteers were shipped off south from Genoa and Leghorn.¹

The great majority of these Northerners proved in the battle of the Volturno that they could fight bravely. And it is reasonable to suppose that nine-tenths of them went to the war mainly from patriotic motives, for there was no compulsion to enlist except public opinion, no reward except mental satisfaction. The pay offered was insufficient to supply their daily needs on a campaign where the plunder even of food was punished by death, and where the improvised commissariat was always insufficient, and often non-existent. When Garibaldi at Palermo heard complaints of the irregularity of the pay, he said to Bandi: 'What do you want with pay? When a patriot has eaten his bowl of soup and when the affairs of the country are going well, what more can any one want?' However, he agreed to fix a scale, and thenceforward officers received two francs a day, and privates one franc or less. The Intendant General calculated two

¹ See Appendix B, below, *Expeditions of Volunteers who joined Garibaldi*.

francs per man as the average for pay and maintenance combined, including both officers and privates in the estimate.¹

Neither was there any prospect that at the end of the war the spoils would be divided among the actual victors. For the South was to be liberated, not conquered; and furthermore the Garibaldini well knew that they were fighting to win a kingdom for a Royal Government suspicious of them if not of their leader, and fully equipped with place-hunters of its own. Financially, far more was given up than was gained by the Garibaldino—though exceptions could be named. Physically, the campaign was no holiday; in the mountains of Sicily and Calabria these town-bred youths of an unathletic community were exposed to the utmost hardships of hunger and thirst, heat, cold, and rain, and to the thousand petty miseries of campaigning in a half-barbarous country, all of which, as privileges of a patriot's life, the old South-American guerilla expected his followers to enjoy as much as he did himself. All this they endured, and the tortures of wounds treated in ill-provided field hospitals, with an uncomplaining courage which aroused the wonder of their British companions in arms.

The difficulty of raising at a moment's notice a purely volunteer army, and of leading it to victory over regular troops, is one on which modern military authorities lay ever-increasing stress. In the light of these doctrines it will be seen that the improvised campaign narrated in this volume, even when full allowance has been made for the inferior quality of the Bourbon troops, remains a remarkable feat. It proves that fine elements of character were widely spread in the cities and market-towns of North Italy, and were brought out and fused together by the patriotic ardour of that year, when the best men

¹ *Bandi*, 210-211. *Forbes*, 163. *Conv. Dolmage*. *Milan MSS. Bruzzesi*, Notebook, August 1-2, and printed table of scale of pay, September 30, 1860. *Risorg.* anno iii. fasc. 1-2, p. 88.

of a race too intermittent in its activities, and too uncertain in its emotions, were wrought up to six months of steady heroism by the appeal of the great simple passions of liberty and country.

The work of raising and equipping these 20,000 volunteers was carried out equally by the Cavourian and by the more advanced parties. Their rivalry for the affections of the people, and their quarrel for the right to direct the revolution, had the effect of stirring each side to greater activity on Garibaldi's behalf. Since the friends of Mazzini and of Cavour could not have sat side by side in one office, there were three or more separate organisations engaged in the work. First, there was Bertani's *Central Committee in Aid of Garibaldi*, seated at Genoa, conducted in the interest of the advanced groups; secondly, the more moderate *National Society*, seated at Turin, of which Cavour's agent La Farina was now President, in place of Garibaldi resigned;¹ thirdly, the *Million Rifles Fund*, with its armoury at Milan, founded by Garibaldi but conducted from first to last under the control of the Government.² The Million Rifles Fund did not, like Bertani's Committee and the National Society, actually enlist and equip men, but it supplied the National Society with a great part of its arms and money, and was itself secretly supplied, to this end, with large sums from the Royal treasury, which in this roundabout manner helped to finance Garibaldi's operations in June and July.³

One or both of the rival organisations, Cavour's National Society and Bertani's Committee, had local branches and agents collecting money and enlisting men in every chief town of free Italy, from Turin to Rimini, from Brescia to Leghorn.⁴

¹ For the previous history of the National Society, see *Garibaldi and the Thousand*, pp. 65, 165, and index under heading Italy.

² For the previous history of the Million Rifles Fund, see *Garibaldi and the Thousand*, p. 165 and index.

³ *Luzio, Giorn. d' It.* 5 May, 1907. *Chiala*, iv. p. clxiii, note.

⁴ See Appendix C, i. below.

In the enslaved provinces there was more secrecy but scarcely less activity ; the conspirators of the Papal States were in constant correspondence with Mazzini and Bertani, who urged them not to send their young men to Sicily but to hold them in readiness for a rising which Bertani pledged himself to assist with an invasion of volunteers from the North.¹ But from Austrian Venetia, the liberation of which was not immediately contemplated, several thousands of young men escaped over the Lombard frontier by help of a committee that sat for the purpose at Milan and sent them on by way of Genoa to join Garibaldi.²

An English engineer named Denton who was travelling on business through North Italy that summer, described the excitement he found in every town and village ; the patriotic newspapers read aloud at the street corner to satisfy a 'rapacity' for news 'astonishing to an Englishman ;' Garibaldi's name overheard every moment ; Garibaldi's photograph seen in every size and shape, from the shirt-stud to the 'big poster on the town's walls' ; the volunteers openly departing by the light of day in their red shirts and képis. When Mr. Denton crossed into Austrian Venetia he found the flame burning not the less intensely for being forced to smoulder. He was able to see below the surface, because every patriot thought it safe to open his heart to him, when no stranger was by, on no other security than the fact that he was an Englishman. One Venetian merchant, leaving his home because the Austrian spies and police had at length rendered his life unbearable, said to him : 'That is my nephew, and he is going to join the ranks of the future liberator of Venetia. He will make the fifth nephew I shall have serving Garibaldi, and out of sixteen young men I had in my counting-house ten have left me' for Sicily. 'So it will be,' he said, 'throughout

¹ *Milan MSS. A. B. Plico B, sec. G. Bertani, ii. 141-147. Rome MSS. Mazzini letters, V.E. 2366, secret agent's report from Northern Umbria.*

² *Bertani Comp. 4.*

Venetia; there will not be a young man of spirit left at home.'¹

No class and no party and no district in North Italy was behindhand in the offering of lives or of money. Rich and poor sent their private offerings from all over the country, in sums which to our English standards are not immense, but which represented the widow's mite in many straitened Italian households.² The Cavourian municipal bodies of great towns like Milan voted large sums out of rates to the Million Rifles fund. Cremona alone, a town well below thirty thousand inhabitants, sent nearly a thousand volunteers and gave over 130,000 *lire*, partly by subscription, partly by a loan which the municipality raised in order to aid Garibaldi's expedition.³

But Bergamo, Brescia, and Pavia were the chief Garibaldian cities, next to Genoa herself. In Pavia the Cairoli exercised a supreme influence, based upon nothing more material than the respect of their fellow-citizens for their integrity and their leadership in patriotic endeavour. The father, Carlo Cairoli, Professor of Surgery, had been made Podestà of his native city in 1848, and had died soon after its re-occupation by the Austrians, leaving his five boys to the influence of his widow Adelaide. 'The mother of the Cairoli' had first lost Ernesto at Garibaldi's battle of Varese in 1859. In 1860 Benedetto and Enrico had gone with the Thousand and were both lying wounded in Palermo, when Luigi, aged twenty-two, threw up his commission in the regular army and followed them to Sicily. In September he died of typhus, the result of the hardships of the march through Calabria. During the days when he was contracting his fatal illness, he wrote a long and cheerful letter to his mother and to his betrothed, from the remote Calabrian village of Spezzano Albanese. 'Mama,' so the letter ended, 'I must tell you one thing, which I have tried to be silent about so as not to alarm your modesty,

¹ *Times*, August 31, 1860, p. 7, Mr. Denton's letter.

² See Appendix C, ii. below.

³ *Cremona*, 10.

but which I can no longer leave untold. Yesterday evening my hosts asked me my name. You should have seen the effect which it had on them to hear that I was a Cairolì, or rather a son of the Cairolì mother, of Pavia. And this is not the first time that it has happened to me. Garibaldi's proclamation to the women of Sicily,' [in which Adelaide's patriotic sacrifices were held up for their imitation,] 'was greedily read in all Sicily and the Neapolitan continent, and so your name is already venerated by every good Italian of the South. . . . Good-bye, Mama, good-bye, Adriana.'¹ Luigi died a fortnight after writing this letter, but Benedetto and Enrico recovered of their wounds. Seven years later Enrico, and Giovanni the youngest of the five, received their death-wounds from the Papal troops at Villa Glori, while attempting at the head of a small band of men to force their way into Rome. Benedetto, the eldest, and the mother Adelaide alone survived the wars of liberation. The story of the Cairolì, all bound together by ties of the strongest affection, all devoted wholly to their country's cause, all free from any taint of self-interest, of bombast, or of violence, was revered by Garibaldi and his contemporaries, and has become traditional with posterity as the most perfect example of that family life which fostered the purest qualities of the Italian *risorgimento*.

The papers of Bertani's Central Committee in Aid of Garibaldi have been preserved. The historian can turn over voluminous masses of accounts, bills, purchases of steamers, lists of arms, uniforms, and stores acquired and despatched, besides many documents more poignantly human. There are hundreds of letters for May, June, and July offering service, or rather imploring to be allowed to serve under Garibaldi.² In many cases the writer offers to throw up for life some well-paid civil or military post under Government, the Italian idea of bliss, in order to be able to serve Garibaldi for six

¹ *Casrolì*, 89-92, 349.

² *Milan MSS. A. B.* Plichi xiii. xiv. xv.

months. Frequently the aspirant states his age to be seventeen, apparently as the ideal age for a soldier. Sometimes the letter speaks for a group of persons preparing to come. Sometimes it serves to introduce a would-be volunteer who brings it by hand. We can imagine Bertani, his emaciated body propped up on the pillows of his sick-bed, working night and day with the light of fever, almost of madness, in his eyes; his hand shakes as he tears open one after another of these letters, and dashes off a line of answer to each in an almost indecipherable scrawl. Racked by an incessant cough, unable to speak articulately, unable to swallow his food, he had not in the middle of June the strength to leave or return to bed except by his friends' help; when they told him he would die if he continued to work, he replied, 'What does it matter?'¹ To their surprise he recovered as the summer drew on.

The misery of some who met with Bertani's point-blank refusal to accept them as volunteers is depicted in their piteous second appeals, refusing to be denied.² Meanwhile Genoa was crammed full of volunteers who had been duly forwarded by their local committees or who had paid for their own journey thither on the chance of getting a passage to Sicily; all these complained bitterly if they were not shipped south by the very next steamer.

One important group of letters³ proves that Bertani faithfully carried out Garibaldi's instructions that officers of the regular army should be restrained from sending in their papers, and men from deserting the ranks in order to join him. Garibaldi, when he sailed for Sicily, had left behind him a proclamation exhorting Italian

¹ *Bertani*, ii. 76-77.

² A girl of the Genoese working class writes to him confidentially on July 4: 'Genoa and the world weary me, so far from the heroes of Italy. . . . My parents may perhaps be adverse to my decision to go to Sicily, but you who are, like Garibaldi, the incarnation of the Italian mind and heart, can find means to persuade them.' *Milan MSS. A. B. Plico xv. No. 180. Teresa Penco's letter.*

³ *Milan MSS. A. B. Plico xii. No. 13.*

soldiers to remain at their posts, and Bertani, as we find, had a formula ready drawn out to the same effect, copies of which were stacked in his office. When, as often happened, he received an application from some officer in the royal army, desirous of joining Garibaldi, it was his custom to sign a copy of this formula and send it off to stop him. He made some exceptions, but this was his usual policy. In spite of it many royal officers, sergeants, and corporals appeared in Sicily, not a few having been sent out by the Cavourian agencies. Some had the tacit consent of Victor Emmanuel or of the military authorities, who knew that Garibaldi stood in need of drill masters ;¹ but others risked and in many cases lost their careers.² Without such a stiffening of regulars, it is doubtful whether the volunteers could have conquered. But if Garibaldi and Bertani had not done their best to keep the movement within limits, the discipline and numbers of the royal army might have been dangerously weakened.

Meanwhile Mazzini was lying hidden in Genoa, secretly exerting through Bertani and others an important influence on events.

The great exile, who in the 'thirties and 'forties had raised the Italian movement into a religion by which thousands lived and died, had since 1848 remained behind in his old position, while the national cause to which he had given the first vital impulse rallied under other leaders and moved forward to final victory. He was out of touch with the new age. Even this year 1860, which saw Italy united in fulfilment of his dream dreamt thirty years ago, seemed to him merely another chapter of national shame and weakness. Since the sacrifice of personal happiness was the soul of Mazzini's teaching and character, there is artistic fitness in his life-long

¹ *E.g. Bandi, 60. Adamoli, 71-73, 78.*

² *Conv. Dolmage.* Mr. Dolmage talked with many of them and heard their stories. These stories are indeed scattered thickly up and down Garibaldian literature.

disappointment; and his old age, though sad, is far above our pity. He would have been wiser as a statesman, but less great as a prophet, if he had reconciled himself to the monarchy and settled down to die content in the country which he had made a nation. But, as he wrote to Bertani at this time, 'after I have helped to make Italy one under the King, I shall go back to London and write to tell the Italians that they are idiots.'¹ He clung to his Republicanism, to his hatred for Cavour's methods and of royal officialdom. Politically he erred, but spiritually he thus found a means of telling himself the truth that the Italians of the new monarchy were not the regenerated mankind whose immediate advent he had prophesied with Shelley-like ardour in the great days of his youth. 'I shall have no more joy in Italy,' he wrote, 'I shall have none, even if to-morrow the Unity were to be proclaimed from Rome. The country, with its contempt for all ideals, has killed the soul within me.'² If he deceived himself, it was never to gain soul's ease. If it was delusion in him to believe that by calling their State a Republic his countrymen could materially increase their own chance of being great and good, yet there was Spartan courage in his acknowledgment of the fact that the Third Italy was not the Kingdom of God which he had set out to establish on earth. He saw the Kingdom of Italy established instead, and it pleased him not. But if the reformation of human nature had failed, the making of Italy was a sufficiently remarkable feat, as Carlyle was driven to confess for all his scorn of Mazzini's doctrines. It showed that the pre-scientific idealists, of whom Mazzini and Garibaldi were the survivors from an earlier age, had a power over the springs of human action which the politics of materialism may despise or explain, but can never imitate.

At the beginning of May, Mazzini had left London for Genoa. He came out intending to sail with Garibaldi and the Thousand, but finding they had left Genoa

¹ *Mazzini*, xi. p. xcvi.

² *Ibid.*, xi. p. ciii. Letter of June 19, 1860

two or three days before his arrival, he determined not to follow.¹ 'I am tired,' he wrote, 'of being misunderstood. If I was to go to Sicily now, every one would say that I had gone to undermine Garibaldi, or God knows what. Besides, as far as Sicily is concerned, it would be too late. And for what we intend to try on the mainland, I cannot hope to change Garibaldi, who loves me not.'²

Mazzini's presence in his native city was a secret kept by a few friends. He had to escape detection by the police, for Cavour would have been glad to deport or imprison him during the crisis. He strolled about, often by night and sometimes even by day, through the deep, narrow alleys of old Genoa, the scenes of his childhood and of his brooding student youth. He had no disguise beyond a shaven chin and a low felt hat pulled well over his tell-tale forehead and eyes. Thus attired he amused himself by stopping Cavour's spies and asking them to lend him a light for his cigar, or to tell him the way up some familiar street.³ By day he wrote notes to Bertani; by night he came to visit his sick-bed. It was a delicate situation: for Bertani, being now Garibaldi's agent, wondered how far he ought, in that capacity, to connect himself again with his old master.⁴ His evident hesitation grieved Mazzini, who was already suffering from a political difference with Aurelio Saffi, his fellow-exile in England, once his fellow-triumvir of the Roman Republic: Saffi, dearly as he loved Mazzini, did not feel justified in entrusting to him the expenditure of the money raised for Garibaldi's expedition in Great Britain.⁵

Bertani, however, in spite of occasional misgivings, fell once more under the spell of *l'amico*—'the friend'—as Mazzini was called by the whole subterranean world

¹ *Rome MSS. Mass. letters V. E.* 2429, May 8 to Grillenzoni; 2330, May 9 to Bertani. *Fam. Crauford*, 207-208.

² *Massini*, xi. p. ci. June 19, to Nicotera, Mosto, and Savi in Sicily.

³ *Mario Supp.* 325-326.

⁴ *Massini*, xi. pp. xcvi-vii. *Fam. Crauford*, 211-214.

⁵ *Fam. Crauford*, 213-214.

of Italian conspiracy. Indeed, from 'the friend's' first arrival in Genoa early in May, Bertani entered with him into the great plan for invading the Papal States.¹

It was the intention of Bertani's Committee in Aid of Garibaldi to send the volunteers whom they enlisted for his service, not to join him at once in Sicily, but to meet him at Naples, going by the land route, and liberating Umbria and the Marches from the Pope on their way south. The city and district of Rome, being garrisoned by French troops, was to be avoided for the present, but it was hoped that when Garibaldi from the south and Medici from the north had met in triumph at Naples, the enthusiasm for unity would overcome all obstacles, and they would be able before the year was out to proclaim Victor Emmanuel King of Italy from the Capitol. This plan had not been entirely foreign to Garibaldi's own intentions when he sailed for Sicily with the Thousand. He had then assigned to Medici the task of leading the next expedition, instructing him to send reinforcements both to Sicily and also to the Papal Marches and Umbria, where a rising was, said Garibaldi, about to take place.² Whether Medici in person was to go with the reinforcements to Sicily or with the invaders of the Pope's territories, was left undecided in Garibaldi's letter.³

¹ *Mario's Mazzini*, 406 (chap. xxiii.). *Fam. Crauford*, 210, letter of May 13. *Taylor MSS.* letters xciii., clxvi.

² Presumably to be stirred up by Zambianchi.

³ Garibaldi's letter (see *Garibaldi and the Thousand*, p. 204, and *Medici*, 5), reads as follows:—

‘GENOA, May 5, 1860.

‘DEAR MEDICI,—It is better that you should remain behind, and you can be more useful so. Bertani, La Farina, the Directors [of the Million Rifles Fund] at Milan will furnish you, on the presentation of this letter, with all the means you will require. You must not only make every effort to send reinforcements of men and arms into Sicily, but to do the same for the Marches and Umbria where there will soon be a rising and where soon it will be necessary to support it to the utmost. Tell the Italians to follow you in entire confidence, and that the time has come to make the Italy that we all yearn for.’ In the orders which Garibaldi gave to Zambianchi, he speaks of Medici going to the Papal States as a possibility, but not as a certainty. See *Garibaldi and the Thousand*, p. 216, *Mario's Mazzini*, 404.

Such were the vague instructions which he left behind, obviously requiring a good deal of interpretation. Bertani, under the influence of Mazzini, decided to divert practically the whole of the reinforcements to the Papal States. Neither of them military men, they were both under the delusion that Garibaldi could overrun Sicily and cross the Straits with his Thousand alone, aided by the islanders. 'Sicily is safe,' said Mazzini, 'let us think of the rest. . . . You do not know the genius of Garibaldi and the indomitable determination of the Sicilians to be rid of Bourbon rule. Henceforth we must help Sicily from Central Italy by way of the Abruzzi. Garibaldi has with him a body of good officers,' who would suffice to drill and lead the Sicilians. 'To the Centre every one: Umbria and the Marches liberated, we will reach Garibaldi across the Abruzzi.'¹

The supposition that Garibaldi could have advanced from Palermo without strong reinforcements from North Italy was perhaps the crudest of the mistakes involved in this scheme, and was, moreover, the only point where the scheme deviated from Garibaldi's own instructions. But it may further be doubted whether a few thousand volunteers, under a chief other than Garibaldi himself, would have sufficed to liberate Umbria and the Marches. Mazzini told Bertani that all would go well because the Papal troops would join the liberators in the hour of battle.² But the Pope's fighting regiments, his newly levied Austrian, Irish, and French crusaders, were about as likely to join the red-shirts as the red-shirts were to join them. These Papal troops put up a gallant though hopeless fight against the superior force of the Piedmontese regular army in September, and there is no reason to think that they would not have opposed a very serious resistance to Medici's scanty volunteers in June.³

¹ *Mario's Mazzini*, 404-405. See also a letter of his to Bertani prior to the landing of Garibaldi: 'Collect money, but don't send it to Sicily. If Garibaldi does not get there it is not needed; if he gets there, it is equally not needed. His presence there will suffice.' *Rome MSS. Mazz. letters*, 2343.

² *Mazzini*, xi. p. xcix.

³ Cadolini in *Mem. Stor. Mil.* ii. 176-180.

Even if victorious in the field, how could an army of irregulars without siege guns take Ancona? But if the plan to liberate the Marches and join Garibaldi at Naples was to succeed at all, it must succeed completely and at once.

For not only the Papal army but the Foreign Powers had to be considered. Austria, who until 1859 had herself garrisoned the Marches for the Pope, had since the beginning of 1860 been pouring into the port of Ancona thousands of Austrian subjects to be enlisted in the Papal army. Would Austria, then, have watched unmoved the capture of these districts by Revolutionary bands? And as to France, even if Medici had left Rome untouched, would Napoleon have allowed the red-shirts to do to Umbria in June what he allowed Cavour to do in September?

On May 7, the day after Garibaldi's departure, Medici still regarded the invasion of the Papal States as his own probable destiny;¹ but when all these grave considerations—the weakness of Garibaldi's military position in Sicily, the strength of the new Papal army and the old Papal fortresses, and the probable action of Austria and France—were laid before his cool judgment by Cavour's agents, La Farina, Amari, and Melenchini, he was not long in deciding for Sicily. As early as May 12, even before the news of Garibaldi's landing at Marsala had arrived, Medici had been won round to Cavour and common sense, and had declared that he would take his expedition by sea to join Garibaldi.²

The quarrel that divided Mazzini and Bertani's Com-

¹ 'I have remained behind to support the bold enterprise by a second expedition, or better still by a *powerful diversion elsewhere*.' Medici's letter to Panizzi, May 7, *Panizzi*, 425.

² *La Farina*, ii. 319, letter of May 12. *Amari*, ii. 83, letter of May 13. *Chiala*, iv, p. cclxii. *Bertani Comp.* 6. After having helped before May 12 to persuade Medici to take his men to Sicily, La Farina a few days later was foolish enough to advise that no men but only money should be sent to Sicily—the men apparently to go to Naples. See La Farina's letter of May 17, in *Medici*, 14-15. Fortunately no one listened to him.

mittee on the one side, from Cavour, Medici, and the National Society on the other, arose on this question of the destination of the volunteers, not on the question of Republic or Monarchy. On the latter point even Mazzini had, for the time being, surrendered.¹ But on the former the quarrel was in full vigour even before the fall of Palermo.² It first arose on the question whether Medici should go to Sicily or to the Papal States, and it was revived in the same form over the departure of every large consignment of volunteers that left Genoa in June, July, and August.

If Bertani's plan of invading the Papal States had been carried out, Garibaldi would have been left locked up at Palermo for want of men, and Italy would probably have met with a great disaster in the Centre. And yet Bertani's policy, though it would have been fatal if put into practice, proved invaluable as a stimulus to Cavour. The constant threat of the advanced party to send their own men into the Papal States, coupled with Garibaldi's success in the South, finally drove Cavour to invade the Papal States himself when the time was ripe. Mazzini and Bertani, wrong in detail, were right in their two general principles—first, that the Pope and the King of Naples ought to be attacked this year while the revolutionary enthusiasm created by Garibaldi's success was at its height ;³ and secondly, that they ought to be attacked from both north and south at once.

¹ In one of his almost daily notes to Bertani, written in June, he says:—

'I have no republican intentions. I strive for nothing but the Unity. The cry *Viva la Repubblica* would seem to me a real mistake at this moment.' *Mazzini*, xi. p. xcvi.

Again in his letter to his republican friends, Nicotera, Mosto, and Savi, June 19 (*ditto*, p. cii), he writes that he would prefer the 'neutral banner' and the single cry 'Italy,' leaving the form of government to be settled by the nation later. But if the leaders of the volunteer movement insist on Garibaldi's cry, 'Italy and Victor Emmanuel,' Mazzini will make no protest even against that, and 'will follow the column in silence.'

² *Amari*, ii. 87-90. *Risorg.* anno i. fasc. 5-6, p. 993. *Dallolio*, 97-115, on some fruitless attempts to heal the breach, made in the last half of May.

³ *Mazzini*, xi. p. xcvi. 'Enthusiasm cannot go on increasing indefinitely.'

At present Cavour was content to help Garibaldi. Having won over Medici to abandon the Papal States and to go direct to Sicily in Bertani's despite, the Government was bound to fit him out and send him with all possible speed. Medici's expedition, and the expedition of Cosenz a few weeks later, were armed, clothed, and shipped at the expense of the Cavourian National Society and the Million Rifles Fund.¹ Since these organisations had no offices in Genoa, the port of departure, it was necessary for Medici and Cosenz to set up there a *Military Office* of their own, as they did not wish to be dependent on Bertani's Committee.² Dr. Bertani did, however, fit out the ambulance for their expeditions, and both of them, when they respectively sailed, parted from him on speaking terms.³

The Bertani Committee also supplied the Military Office of Medici and Cosenz with a good many of its best recruits, in addition to the men whom the Cavourians raised for themselves in Milan and elsewhere.⁴ But the steamers, the arms, and the money for the expeditions of June and July came almost entirely from the Cavourian agencies. It was only in August that Bertani and his friends sent out the great expeditions which they themselves had paid for and equipped. In June and July hundreds of thousands of *lire* were secretly supplied by the King's Government to purchase the steamers and equip the men for Medici and Cosenz.⁵ Over 6000 firearms were obtained for them by Cavour from the armoury of the Million Rifles Fund at Milan, which had been closed to Garibaldi himself a month before by the inconvenient scruples of Massimo D'Azeglio, the Governor of the city.⁶ Cavour now eased D'Azeglio's conscience by purchasing the weapons with the alleged

¹ See references in Appendices B (p. 320) and C, below, and *Bertani Comp.* 7-8 in particular.

² *Bertani Comp.* 3-4. ³ *Bertani*, ii. 76-77, 91. ⁴ *Bertani Comp.* 4, 9.

⁵ *Lusio, Giorn. d' It.* May 5, 1907, Finzi's correspondence. See Appendices B and C, below.

⁶ *Garibaldi and the Thousand*, 182-183.

intention of arming the National Guard,—and then sent them to Medici at Genoa.¹

In the course of the summer D'Azeglio gradually discovered that he was being fooled. When in obedience to the ostensible orders of Government he tried to put difficulties in the way of recruiting volunteers in Milan, he found that all the neighbouring Governors gave him the cold shoulder. Finally a private letter from a highly placed official to one of D'Azeglio's subordinates served to open the Governor's eyes: 'It seems,' said the letter, 'that at Milan you are not much in touch with the real intentions of the Government.' Finally D'Azeglio retired, alleging the ground of ill-health. To the end of his life he would never allow that Cavour's underhand methods had been right.²

¹ *Luzio, Corr. della Sera*, Dec. 8, 1909, letter of Farini to D'Azeglio, May 29. *Bertani Comp.* 7.

² *D'Azeglio*, 306-308. *Persano*, 463-465.

CHAPTER III

GARIBALDI AT PALERMO. THE RECONSTRUCTION OF HIS ARMY. THE ADVANCE THROUGH THE ISLAND

'Addio, mia bell' addio
L'armata se ne va ;
Se non partissi anch' io
Sarebbe una viltà.'¹

'Farewell, farewell, my true love,
The army's on the move ;
And if I stayed with you, love
A coward I should prove.'

THE three steamers which were to carry Medici and his men to Sicily had been purchased from a French company nominally on behalf of De Rohan, a Yankee devotee of the Italian cause. They had been hastily rechristened the *Washington*, *Oregon*, and *Franklin*, and the United States Consul at Genoa, accompanied by 'Garibaldi's Englishman,' Peard, who was starting with the expedition, went on board the *Washington* and hauled up on it the stars and stripes.² A little before dawn on June 10 Medici sailed with the *Washington* and *Oregon* from a spot a few miles west of Genoa, where a midnight embarkation had taken place, and on the same day the *Franklin* sailed from the shore between Pisa and Leghorn, where she had taken on board the Tuscan volunteers.³ These two parts of Medici's expedition met

¹ There is always some popular song that is being sung, whistled, and hummed *ad nauseam*. In the Italian armies of 1860 it was 'Addio, mia bell' addio.'

² Peard, 813. *D. News*, June 26, 1860, p. 4. (The latter, signed 'A. J. M.,' is clearly by Alberto and Jessie Mario, who were in the *Washington*.) *F. O. Sard. Hudson*, June 9-10, Nos. 271, 277.

³ Peard, 813. *F. O. Sard. Hudson*, June 10-11, 15, Nos. 271, 273, 277, 281. Mariotti, 417-419.

safely at Cagliari, the port in Southern Sardinia which became henceforth an important place of call for successive ship-loads of Garibaldini. But two other vessels, the small *Utile* and the American clipper *Charles and Jane*, which were also expected at Cagliari with another thousand men, were captured on the way by Neapolitan cruisers, and taken into the harbour of Gaeta. Medici, after awaiting them for some time in vain, left Cagliari with the *Washington*, *Oregon*, and *Franklin*, containing 2500 men, 6000 or 8000 rifles and muskets, and an immense store of ammunition. This was the first aid despatched to Garibaldi from the mainland, with the exception of sixty men and a stock of arms and powder which the *Utile*, since captured by the Neapolitans, had run through to Palermo by way of Marsala on an earlier and more fortunate voyage.¹

Medici's three vessels left Cagliari early on the afternoon of June 16. Shortly before nightfall of the following day, when they were nearing the Sicilian coast and entering the zone of greatest danger from the Neapolitan cruisers, they saw a Piedmontese war-vessel steering towards them. When she came alongside she turned out to be the *Gulnara*, whose commander came aboard the *Washington* to speak with Medici. He had orders from his admiral, Persano, to conduct the expedition safely to Castellamare,² the landing-place agreed on between Persano and Garibaldi. The commander of the *Gulnara* also made in Persano's name a strange request for the instant surrender of Mazzini. Medici was able to assure him that, although the Republican Alberto Mario and his English wife, Jessie White Mario, were on board, Mazzini himself had not accompanied the ex-

¹ See Appendices B and C, below. Medici actually arrived with 2500 men, though he told Garibaldi that he was bringing 3500 at a time when he still believed Corte's 1000 men would be able to join him. *Persano*, 41 note. This led me to give the numbers wrongly in early editions of *Garibaldi and the Thousand*, p. 325.

² Twenty-five miles west of Palermo: it must not be confused with the Castellamare fortress at Palermo.

pedition.¹ A few hours later they reached Castellamare and began to disembark before midnight. Garibaldi came to meet them, and they marched in high spirits to Palermo, arriving there on the 19th and the two following days, just as the last of the Neapolitan garrison took their departure under the terms of the capitulation.² The new era in Garibaldi's enterprise had now fairly begun.

The demand made by the commander of the *Gulnara* for the surrender of Mazzini out at sea was the end of a curious story. Cavour, who after the fall of Palermo had adopted the policy of aiding Garibaldi—upon terms—instructed Admiral Persano to lend him what covert help he could, but at the same time sent out a confidential agent of his own to represent to the Dictator of Sicily the wishes of the Government of Turin.³ Cavour's choice for this purpose had fallen on the Sicilian, La Farina, President of the National Society, who like Bertani, had done much to bring Cavour and Garibaldi together in old days, and like Bertani seemed now to aim at undoing his own work. He was already an object of dislike in Garibaldian circles when Cavour unwisely chose him for this delicate task. Those of Cavour's friends who knew Garibaldi foresaw inevitable disaster.⁴ La Farina arrived in Palermo during the first week of June, and began almost at once to quarrel with the new masters of the city. He turned his reports to Cavour into a series of bitter attacks on the Dictator and his administration, some just and some unjust, but all calculated to alienate the two men on whose alliance the welfare of Italy depended.⁵

¹ *Persano*, 34-48. *Caraguel*, 25-27. *Peard*, 815. *Bianchi's Cavour*, 98 note. *Chiala*, vi. 564.

² *Garibaldi and the Thousand*, 325-327. *Peard*, 815-817. *Cremona*, 39.

³ *Chiala*, iii. 257. *La F. Biundi*, ii. 78.

⁴ Valerio wrote to Castelli on June 3, 'For heaven's sake don't send La Farina. Garibaldi and his friends detest him.' *Castelli Cart.* i. 305.

⁵ The degree to which La Farina's letters must be discounted, may be judged from the fact that in November he wrote to Cavour from Naples that

On June 12 Cavour, misinformed by his spies at Genoa as to Mazzini's movements, sent the following message to Admiral Persano :—

'We are assured that Mazzini and Miss White [Jessie Mario] have embarked on board the *Washington* that is taking volunteers to Palermo. Send La Farina to Garibaldi to invite him in the King's name to arrest Mazzini, and to give him into your hands. He must tell him that Mazzini's presence in Sicily would necessitate the recall of the squadron and ruin the national cause in Europe. You will send Mazzini to Genoa on board the *Carlo Alberto*. . . . Should Garibaldi refuse to have Mazzini arrested you will immediately prepare to depart with the fleet and will send the *Authion* to Cagliari to receive instructions.'¹

This letter proves that there were limits to Cavour's understanding of Garibaldi, though it was large compared with Garibaldi's understanding of Cavour. It was an error to expect Garibaldi to hand over to prison his former master and honoured rival, now in the decline of years and prosperity, and a folly to enforce the demand by a threat to the liberator of Palermo in his hour of triumph. Cavour had never had the chance of studying Garibaldi and his friends at close quarters ; otherwise he would have known that Garibaldi himself was above all things a gentleman, and that Mazzini was regarded by the whole world of exiles and advanced patriots, even when they most differed from him, with a reverence which to Cavour was foolishness.

La Farina flatly refused to carry out the mission, saying that he had no influence with the Dictator, and compelled the Admiral to take the message himself. Persano, who was at this time popular with all parties, was not ordered out of the room as La Farina would probably have been, but Garibaldi replied that he would not arrest Mazzini unless he began to intrigue against

Mazzini was speculating for his private gain under cover of collecting money to liberate Rome and Venice. For this vile charge and for its refutation see *La Farina*, ii. 443. *Ire Pol.* 98-101.

¹ *Chiala*, iii. 263.

the monarchy of Victor Emmanuel. Persano, fully realising Cavour's mistake in tactics, determined, instead of making preparations to leave Palermo, to effect the arrest of Mazzini before he landed in Sicily. That was why he commissioned the commander of the *Gulnara*, when he went to meet Medici, to make the arrest out at sea. But since Mazzini was all the while in Genoa the incident ended in *fiasco*.¹

The main object of La Farina's mission to Sicily was to secure the immediate annexation of the island to Piedmont. Cavour was unwilling to allow Garibaldi, by prolonging his Dictatorship, to acquire a civil and military establishment of his own, independent of the Royal Government. It was necessary to send out arms and men to Garibaldi, but it was impossible not to dread some of the uses to which he might turn those arms and his own immense popularity. Surrounded as he was in great measure by the friends of Mazzini and Bertani, by the Marios, by Crispi, by Nicotera, it was probable that, while continuing loyal as ever to the monarchy, he might grow less and less amenable to the advice of the King's Ministers. Cavour was struggling to keep his feet in a flood of diplomatic troubles which Garibaldi thought it unpatriotic even to consider, and yet the Dictator's independent actions were the prime factor in the diplomatic situation of which he ignored the very existence. There were also grave political dangers of an internal character in a prolonged Dictatorship: Cavour was endeavouring to build up the unity of Italy on the only possible basis, that of a constitutional monarchy, and if the advanced parties were to get all the credit of the revolution in South Italy and enjoy an indefinite tenure of power in the Provinces which they liberated, it would be a bad beginning for the principle of authority in the new State as represented by the King's Parliamentary Cabinet at Turin. Therefore Cavour desired as soon as possible to dominate the revolution, and like the

¹ Persano, 36-48, 53.

falconer to lure his hawk back after it had struck the prey.

These motives, and these principles of action, were sound in themselves, but there remains always the question of particular application. If indeed the enemies of Italy had already been struck down by Garibaldi, or if Cavour had been prepared to strike them down himself in open war, then no date would have been too early for the annexation of Sicily. But the House of Bourbon still reigned on the mainland, and could be overturned by Garibaldi alone. When Cavour attempted to obtain the annexation of Sicily in June and early July, he was acting on the mistaken belief that an annexationist revolution could be engineered by his own agents in Naples.¹ He imagined that the rank and file of the Neapolitan army was prepared to come over to the Italian cause, and that a civil and military *pronunciamento* would speedily bring the Bourbon dynasty to an end by the act of the Neapolitans themselves. If such a revolution had been possible, it would no doubt have been safer to dispense with Garibaldi's further service as an independent chieftain, and to bring him back to the place which he had occupied in the war of 1859, as the leader of volunteers fighting in front of the royal armies of Italy, whenever they should next be led against Pope or Austrian. But Cavour had yet to learn by experience that the Neapolitans would effect no revolution for themselves, and that as he was not himself prepared to declare war on Francis II, Garibaldi must be allowed to cross the Straits of Messina if Italy was to be free.

If in June the Dictator had yielded to the cry for immediate annexation which La Farina stirred up among the Sicilians, the island would have passed officially into

¹ For these agents and their mission, see pp. 22-23 above. On July 14 Cavour wrote to Admiral Persano :—

'On the one hand, we must at all costs prevent Garibaldi from passing on to the continent, and on the other, we must provoke a revolution in Naples. If this succeeds, the government of Victor Emmanuel would be proclaimed without delay.' *Persano*, 88.

the hands of Piedmont, and before Garibaldi had marched onward from Palermo, Victor Emmanuel would have found himself completely responsible to the Powers for every act of every red-shirt in Sicily. In that case Garibaldi, who even as it was came very near to being stopped at the Straits of Messina by the Powers, would most certainly have been prevented from crossing to the mainland, since Cavour could no longer have pleaded inability to control his action. Then, when the Neapolitan revolution had missed fire, the great statesman would have discovered too late the flaw in his plans, and the Pope and the King of Naples would have continued to govern Central and Southern Italy.

All this was clearly foreseen at the time by not a few Cavourians, including Michele Amari, the wise and learned historian of the Sicilian Vespers, who was just returning from exile to his own Palermo to work there for Italian unity. Amari was certain that the Dictator did right to refuse annexation in June, because annexation would have confined him to the island; but he was equally certain that he was wrong to refuse annexation when once he had crossed the Straits.¹

For nearly a month La Farina laid siege to Garibaldi. At his instigation, petitions were sent up by Sicilian ministers and municipalities, and demonstrations were held in the streets of Palermo, which showed a genuine popular desire for immediate annexation. The attitude of the islanders was neither that of Cavour nor that of Garibaldi. They desired annexation at the earliest possible moment, because they saw in it the best security against reconquest by the Neapolitans and the quickest way to a settled government. They cried *Italia Una* with no

¹ See Amari's letter of 1862, quoted in *R. S. del R.* anno 1897, vol. ii. p. 136. See *Mario Mac.* 248 for Garibaldi's own views in June. Emilio Visconti Venosta, an out-and-out Cavourian, sent by Cavour to Naples in 1860 to stir up the revolution there, told me in 1910 that in his opinion Cavour made a mistake in desiring the annexation of Sicily before Garibaldi had crossed the Straits. Cadolini himself, politically the wisest and the most Cavourian of the red-shirts of 1860, expressed to me the same opinion.

feigned zeal when they saw their protectors, the red-shirts, and hoped for the Bersaglieri to follow, as averters of Bourbon reconquest; but they cared little whether the hated Neapolitans were or were not brought into the Union, and only the more enlightened individuals among them strongly supported Garibaldi's project of crossing the Straits.¹ But while, from these selfish motives, they favoured Cavour's plan of immediate annexation, on the other hand, their devotion to *Garibaldi*, who had come to their rescue like a Paladin of old, was so powerful a compound of superstition with pure human gratitude and love that no difference of political opinion could wear it away. As late as the middle of September, when Garibaldi was clearly wrong in delaying the annexation any longer, he had only to come to show himself in Palermo, and although he was standing in the way of the popular desire, all opposition was silenced in heart-felt shouts of welcome and applause.² When, therefore, in June, La Farina represented the island to Cavour as being already on the point of 'a terrible explosion' of popular wrath against the Dictatorship, he was writing nonsense such as only an angry man can write.³ Garibaldi said in effect to the people of Palermo and to his Sicilian ministers: 'I know you desire to vote the annexation at once, but I desire to free the rest of Italy first. I have freed you, and in return I ask you to wait while I free your brothers. Fight first and vote afterwards.' They consented to wait, less for the sake of their brothers than for the sake of the man who asked of them this slight return for all that he and his Thousand had done.

La Farina, in his letters to Cavour, not only represented the Sicilians as more hostile to Garibaldi than they really were, but he also represented the island as falling into a state of anarchy, whereas in fact the disturbance was merely such as war and revolution must necessarily

¹ *Bertani*, ii. 86. *Guarneri*. *La Farina*, ii. 341-350. *Castellini*, 48. *Bandi*, 206.

² See p. 230 below.

³ *La Farina*, ii. 347.

bring in their train among a population unaccustomed to self-government. Bitter personal animosity to Crispi, Garibaldi's factotum in the island, goaded on La Farina to these exaggerations. The two Sicilians were deadly rivals for the affections of their countrymen. La Farina was so far right that Garibaldi was utterly unfitted to cope with any purely political or administrative situation, or to bring order out of the chaos of revolution; but the chaos was not of the kind which destroys society. La Farina was right in saying that annexation was desirable at the earliest date possible in the interests of administration in Sicily, and, as Amari pointed out, the gendarmerie of North Italy were the only force capable of restoring complete order in the island. Yet Sicily continued under the Garibaldian rule for nearly six months without any positive catastrophe. Nor, when Victor Emmanuel's Government took over the administration, did the Cavourians find it an easy task. For ten years the island was in a continual state of unrest.¹

The 'hermit of Caprera' was the last man likely to succeed as administrator or politician. Beyond the life of the sailor, the poet, the farmer, and the soldier in active service, he understood nothing of the ways of men. His friend and biographer has justly said:—

'Finance, police, taxation, law courts, bureaucratic machinery were to him artificial and oppressive additions to the life of nature, invented by the wickedness or craft of man; if he could, he would have swept them all away. As he could not, he resigned himself to submit to them, but in his heart despised and abhorred them. Now for one holding these ideas, it is not easy to govern States well, or even to choose the best men to govern them, and so it was with Garibaldi. . . . One thing he saw with unerring vision during his Dictatorship, from his landing at Marsala till his arrival in Naples, and that was that he must put off the annexation of the Kingdom to the Monarchy of Victor Emmanuel until the revolution, which was to lay the foundations of Italian Unity, had become an accomplished fact.'²

¹ See Appendix D, below. The state of Sicily.

² *Guersoni*, ii. 124-125.

Garibaldi endured La Farina for a month, and then his patience gave way. He had always held high ideas of the Dictatorial Power in times of crisis, when the freedom of the country was at stake. He was determined to advance on Naples and make Italy, and if Cavour's agent strove to lock him up in Sicily by arousing there a movement for premature annexation, the man must take the consequences. He decided to send him back to his master.

On July 7 La Farina's house was surrounded by the police; he was made prisoner, taken on board the Piedmontese flagship and handed over to Admiral Persano, from whom La Farina's captors had the impudence to demand a 'receipt' for his person. Nor was this all. A notice of his expulsion from the island was inserted in the official paper of Sicily in terms of malignant insult. La Farina was spoken of as expelled with two other men, Griscelli and Totti. 'The three men thus deported,' said the official journal, 'were in Palermo conspiring against the existing order of things.' Now Griscelli and Totti were two of the meanest of mankind, who had narrowly escaped execution on a charge of plotting to assassinate the Dictator,¹ and La Farina had no more to do with them than he had with the beggars on the steps of the Cathedral.²

For the decision to deport La Farina there was much to be said. It restored political peace at Palermo, and

¹ They asserted that they had actually been paid and sent by the Bourbon Government for this purpose. Griscelli, the 'first murderer,' was primarily a police spy in the pay of Piedmont, and only secondarily a Bourbon agent, so he revealed the alleged plot to his real masters, Cavour and Villamarina, who warned Persano and Garibaldi. But the identity of Griscelli as a Piedmontese secret agent was left in doubt at Palermo for more than twenty-four hours, and he consequently had a very uncomfortable time before a Garibaldian council of war. The truth was revealed in time to save this innocent but exceedingly undesirable prisoner.

Since the complicity of the Bourbon Government in the assassination plot rests on the word of these double-lived police agents only, I do not regard it as proved. *Crispi*, 1911, p. 231. *Griscelli*, 23-29, 210-218. *Persano*, 68-71.

² *La F. (Biundi)*, ii. 87-97. *Persano*, 72-74. *Raffaele*, 270. *Bandi*, 206. For the La Farina incident see *Crispi*, 1911, pp. 211-235.

cut short a controversy which could not safely be conducted in the face of the enemy, who had still 20,000 troops in the island. But the manner of his deportation was most offensive and leaves a stain on the chivalrous character of Garibaldi. It is not known whether the details were planned by him or by some ill-natured follower, but it is certain that he never punished or reproved the gross insult offered to the emissary of the Royal Government.

The expulsion of La Farina from Sicily, and still more the manner of the expulsion, embittered the quarrel of Cavourian and Garibaldian throughout the Italian world. But the nation as a whole, with a political instinct inspired by the supreme nature of the crisis, continued to regard Cavour and Garibaldi as partners in the great work.¹ The Dictator had now cut the knot of Sicilian politics and was free to advance and cross the Straits if he had the military strength. Indirectly he had done Cavour a service, of which the latter was quick to take advantage. The incident could be used as a proof to diplomatic Europe that the Royal Government had no control over the Dictator's actions. 'Cavour,' wrote Hudson to Lord John Russell, 'says that the Government have no influence with Garibaldi, who has ordered La Farina to quit Sicily.'²

In spite of La Farina and the vexed question of immediate annexation, June and July were full of happy days for Garibaldi, for the Sicilians, and for the volunteers who came pouring in by every steamer from the North. All classes of the population of Palermo, with priests and monks conspicuous among them, trooped down to the harbour to work at dismantling the Castellamare, the fortress whence the Bourbons had so long held Palermo in awe. The Church in Sicily lost none of its enthusiasm for Garibaldi on nearer view. The

¹ *Chiala*, iii. 283-290. *Dallolio*, 123-145. *La Farina*, ii. 355-383.

² *F. O. Sard. Hudson*, No. 300.

Archbishop was friendly, and even consented to bless the troops. In the nunneries of Palermo, where almost every noble family had a daughter shut up for life, the enthusiasm for 'Giuseppe' and his young followers, who had in several cases during the street fighting saved them and their churches from the brutality of the Neapolitan soldiers, was shown in many pretty and pathetic ways.¹ Garibaldi, writing to Ruggiero Settimo, the veteran statesman of Sicily's former revolutions, described the feelings which he shared so fully with the people. 'This brave people is free. Joy is written on every face, the country echoes with the glad cries of the liberated.'²

Garibaldi had good reason to be happy. He was fulfilling, by his own methods and with his own followers, the dream of his life which had seemed foolishness to the wise. The vision of all that he might some day do for Italy had first risen before his mind's eye more than twenty years before, as he rode over the Pampas leading a few dozen partisans to nameless skirmishes in long-forgotten wars. The vision had drawn near, only to vanish again like a mirage on the walls of Rome. Dim with fears of failure, it had yet given him strength to endure in the marshes of Ravenna and in the trading vessel on the far-away Pacific. It had cheered his farm life at Caprera with a steadier glow of hope. And now all Europe was watching this poet's daydream enact itself in the world of living men.

Bixio and many other volunteers, officers and privates, wounded and whole, lodged in the Trinacria, the famous hotel looking out upon the esplanade. Its host, Ragusa, a worthy Piedmontese, announced that for thirty days he would dine any of the Thousand for nothing, but next year he told an English guest that there had not been a man of them but had insisted upon paying his bill.³

¹ *Red Shirt*, 2-5. *Arrivabene*, ii. 62-63. *Nievo*, 360. *De Cesare*, ii. 354-355. *Conv. Dolmage*. *Bandi*, 202-203.

² *Ciambolli*, 161. June 21.

³ *Forbes*, 76. *Conv. Dolmage*.

The Dictator and his aides-de-camp lived at the other end of the town, in the so-called 'Observatory' of the Palace over the Porta Nuova.¹ It had two balconies, one looking eastward down the mile-long Toledo to the sea, the other westward across the *Conca d'oro* to the mountains above Monreale. Its interior consisted of a modest hall of audience with the beds of the four officers on duty concealed behind screens in the four corners, and two little bedrooms beyond for Garibaldi and his secretary. The manners and way of life of the Dictator in the Palace at Palermo, as afterwards in Naples and Caserta, were in no way different from those on his Caprera farm. Formality there was none. Important visitors were sent to him to have audience whatever he was doing. Not infrequently they found him combing out his hair, to which he still gave long and careful attention, although the thick, flowing locks which had adorned the defender of Rome no longer fell over his shoulders. On another occasion, with more dispatch, he evacuated his red shirt and grey flannels and retired into bed, still discussing the business in hand with his astonished visitor.²

The terrace roof, connecting the Observatory, where the General lived, with the main part of the Palace, was a *rendezvous*, in the summer evenings, for the principal Garibaldini, for the ladies of Palermo, and for the officers of the Piedmontese and British navies. Eager questionings and endless stories about the battles and adventures which had led them thither so far, were mingled with confident prophecies of the coming campaign. All were agreed that they would enter both Rome and Venice before the winter. The perfumes rising from the gardens of the plain, the sun setting behind the distant mountains where the Thousand had suffered and fought, 'the place, the time, the events produced a sort of delicious ecstasy

¹ There is a photograph of it opposite p. 326 of *Garibaldi and the Thousand*.

² *Red Shirt*, 8. *Menghini*, 153. *Ashley Nat. Rev.* 495. *Elliot*, 120-121. *Miller MS.*

which annihilated distances and transfigured facts. Nor was this a mere effect of the southern temperature, for English officers shared those emotions, those illusions, those errors of enthusiasm.¹

Among this happy crowd on the terrace appeared one evening, like death at the feast, a group of young men, prematurely aged and bent, looking about them with eyes that seemed to gaze without seeing. They were the eight remaining followers of Pisacane, who had started with him three years before from Genoa on his rash attempt to overthrow the Bourbon power.² Since their defeat and the death of their leader and companions, they had lain in the dungeons of the island of Favignana, whence, only six weeks ago, they had seen through the prison bars the *Piemonte* and *Lombardo* sail past with the Thousand to Marsala.³ The revolution had now reached Favignana and set them free, and they had come straight to Palermo to demand places in the forefront of Garibaldi's battles. The first person whom they met on the terrace was the long-bearded Antonio Mosto, leader of the Genoese Carabineers. As soon as he had recognized his friends beneath the changes that misery had wrought in them, he granted them the privilege, sought by many in vain, of enlisting as privates in his little company that fought in the van of the army and bore the highest proportion of the losses. They were then taken into the Observatory to see the General. He was deeply moved. 'This,' he said, 'is a type of human life. We, whom fortune favoured with victory, lodge in royal palaces. These brave fellows, because conquered, are buried in the vaults of Favignana. Yet the cause, the undertaking, the audacity was the same. . . . The first honours are due to Pisacane. He led the way and these brave fellows were our pioneers.' Their leader, Nicotera, who had been Pisacane's lieutenant, was sent

¹ *Red Shirt*, 9.

² The Sapri expedition. See *Garibaldi and the Thousand*, pp. 68-70.

³ *Garibaldi and the Thousand*, pp. 229-230.

to organize the new expedition of volunteers preparing in Tuscany, where his incorrigible Republicanism soon caused trouble. The others marched with Garibaldi, and a few weeks later five out of the seven fell dead or wounded on the field of Milazzo.¹

But the terrace and Observatory were sometimes besieged by less disinterested visitors. Even before the capture of Palermo was complete, even before the Bourbon troops had signed the capitulation, no less than 3000 petitions for employment had been sent in, each petitioner setting forth his own claims on the State in terms of fulsome panegyric. If Garibaldi had placed Northerners in the governorships and magistracies, these duties might have been more effectively fulfilled, but in so disposing of patronage he would have alienated the Sicilians. This must be remembered by those who criticise the undoubted maladministration under the Dictatorship.² Many of the better sort of Sicilians, especially the returning exiles, retired into private life, disdaining to advance their real claims on the State, but the worst class of petitioners set upon him like yelping hounds. He was utterly unfitted to choose among the pack: 'The Dictator says *yes* to every one and leaves me to disentangle matters,' complained Nievo the poet of the Thousand, now Vice-intendant of the National forces in Sicily. 'Every one makes court to me,' he wrote in disgust, 'Princes and Princesses, Dukes and Duchesses by shovelfuls, coveting salaries of twenty ducats a month.'³ On the civil side Crispi made selection among his fellow-islanders, for better, for worse. Garibaldi's only way of dealing with this foul Levantine disease of State-sycophancy was to apply the ineffectual remedy of his own example. The Dictator took ten francs a day for his civil list, and did not add to it by any indirect means.

¹ *Red Shirt*, 9-14, 39. *Mario Mac.* 248-249. *Nicotera*, 43-44. *Ricasoli*, v. 206-207. *Bandi*, 205.

² *Times*, July 26, 1860, p. 10, c. 2. See Appendix D, 5, below.

³ *Nievo*, 253, 256. *Castellini*, 48.

Once when he burnt a hole in his clothes he was hard put to it for a change. To Alexandre Dumas, who had come over in his yacht to see historical romance in the living reality, Garibaldi said one day: 'If I were rich I would do like you, I would have a yacht.' Dumas was much moved, for he had just seen him sign a cheque for half a million francs of public money.¹

It was fortunate for Garibaldi that North Italy was so generous with the purse, and that by one of his usual pieces of luck he had captured from the Neapolitan Government an immense sum of ready money which had been called in for re-coinage and lay in the mint at Palermo.² For by the middle of July the Sicilians had subscribed voluntarily no more than £5000: the British Consul, who had seen them win and lose their freedom in 1848-1849, observed the same characteristics once more, passion wreaked on the statues of the Bourbons and the stones of the Castellamare, flags, shoutings, bombastic processions, but no foresight, no fruitful fear of reconquest, no general and public self-sacrifice.³ Since on this occasion they had North Italy to protect them, their sense of security was less ill founded. But Garibaldi's edict of conscription remained a dead letter, and he was soon induced by deputations from the upland communes to suspend it 'until the agricultural work of the year was over,' that is, until the Greek Calends.⁴ Most of the *squadre*, or irregular bands of peasants, went back to their homes before or after the capitulation of Palermo. But several thousands of Sicilians volunteering for more regular service were formed into regiments and drilled by native, by North Italian, and by English officers. They proved far more efficient than the *squadre*, and although the degrees of courage which they displayed

¹ Monnier, 208-209.

² Forbes, 59. *Conv. Dolmage*. Appendix C, ii. below.

³ F. O. Sicily, Elliot, Consul Goodwin's *Political Journal*, July 19-24. Forbes, 78.

⁴ *Türr's Risposta*, 13. *Crispi*, 1911, pp. 172-175.

in the coming campaign varied from time to time, on the whole they did credit, both in their own island and on the mainland, to the officers who had in a few weeks knocked them into soldiers.

Some of the upper class of the island behaved poorly, refusing to serve unless they were at once given commissions, although scores of the noble and wealthy families of North Italy had sons doing the meanest duties of the camp, and thinking a red shirt better wear than epaulettes.¹ There were indeed many of the Sicilian upper class who did their duty well,² but the island regiments consisted of the lower orders of the population to a greater degree than did the regiments from the North.

Dunne's 'English regiment,'³ in particular, was largely recruited from the corner-boys of Palermo, who under discipline and good influences behaved with marked courage in Milazzo fight. Many of these lads had passed a fortnight or three weeks in the 'Garibaldi Foundling Hospital,' established and conducted on excellent military lines by Alberto Mario. Happy as they were in this institution, they deserted from it fast to join Dunne's regiment, because they were told that under '*milordo*' they would go sooner to the wars with *Garibaldi*.⁴ *Milordo* himself was one of the most romantic figures in the Garibaldian camp. Dunne had a share of the mysterious power of Nicholson or Gordon to inspire confidence, discipline, and courage into untrained races. He had commanded Turkish levies for the British Government in the Crimea. Shortly before the capture of Palermo he accepted, at Hudson's suggestion, a dangerous mission from Cavour and La Farina to carry a political message through to

¹ *Adamoli*, 107-108. *Forbes*, 78-79.

² *E.g. Brancaccio*, 261. *De Cesare*, ii. 357-358. *Whitaker*, 277-278 and *passim*.

³ Though it was so-called, only a part of the officers were English and the men were Sicilian. It must not be confused with the British Legion that only appeared at Naples in October.

⁴ *Red Shirt*, 15-39. *Fazio*, 55-56. *Conv. Patterson*.

Garibaldi and to smuggle into Sicily the Cavourian agent, Scelzi, disguised as his servant. Scelzi and Dunne had landed in North Sicily, raised several hundred *squadre* on their own account, skirmished with the Bourbon troops, and entered Palermo at the head of their men a few days before the capitulation was signed. Dunne then discarded his *squadre* and set to work to make a real regiment out of apparently unpromising material. Aided by Wyndham, an Englishman, formerly of the Austrian army, by a dozen civilians just come from Great Britain and Ireland for love of Garibaldi, and some ex-sergeants of the Piedmontese army, he soon manufactured a force of 600 young Sicilians whom the Dictator could have ill spared in the coming battle.¹

Whatever his political errors, Garibaldi had a firm hold of the military situation, and did not waste a day. On June 20, twenty-four hours after the departure of the last Neapolitan troops, and while Medici's men were still arriving in Palermo, a column under Türr started for the centre of the island with orders to march by way of Caltanisetta to Catania on the eastern sea. The force, when it left the capital, numbered little more than 500 men, consisting chiefly of members of the original Thousand, together with a small company of foreign deserters from the Bourbon army, and a dozen Sicilian gentlemen. This 'brigade,' as it was called, was the more formidable in report because of two obsolete cannon retrieved from the ignominious position of posts in the streets of Palermo, remounted and dragged across the island as 'artillery'. The foreign company had good Enfield rifles, but the majority of the force, the remnant of the Thousand, still had their old bad muskets. Ammunition was procured on the way in the sulphur district of Caltanisetta.

Being the first column to leave Palermo for the front,

¹ *Dunne MSS.*, Scelzi's letter, etc. *Conv. Patterson.* *Conv. Dolmage Dumas*, 120-121. *Crispi*, 1911, p. 168.

Türr's 'brigade' created great interest. It was accompanied by some of the best war-correspondents in Europe, and by Alexandre Dumas with a female midshipman in tow. The vain, good-natured, luxurious giant, liked by some, disliked by others, and laughed at by all of his companions on the march, left them half-way and returned to head-quarters at Palermo. The expedition, though romantic and picturesque, was uneventful. At Misilmeri the population, which had shown fierce enthusiasm and sent its *squadre* for the attack on Palermo when Garibaldi passed that way three weeks before, was found to be sullenly hostile because of the edict of conscription. When they learnt that it was to be inoperative, they recovered their cheerfulness, and enjoyed the eloquence of Garibaldi's friar, Father Pantaleo,¹—which produced two volunteer recruits. Here Türr fell dangerously ill and was forced to return to the continent for a few weeks to recover his health. The command of the column devolved on his fellow-Hungarian Eber, who did not on that account give over his functions as *Times* correspondent. Eber was a reserved and quiet gentleman, known and respected in the English Lake district, where he had passed many years of exile, and in the best London society. He had neither Türr's military experience and vigour nor his popularity with the troops, but he had an easy part to play and fell into no capital errors. Passing through the heart of the island by Enna and the rock citadel of Castrogiovanni, which commands the finest view in Sicily, Eber and his men skirted Aetna on the South and entered Catania unopposed on July 15. After Misilmeri they had been well received, in most places with real enthusiasm, and they had put down some incipient brigandage; but they did not pick up many recruits in the course of their march from sea to sea.²

¹ See *Garibaldi and the Thousand*, pp. 249-250, 268.

² See Map IV, below. *Türr's Div.* 79-102. *Zasio*, 66-67. *Adamoli*, 104-131. *Abba Not.* 160-190. *Brancaccio*, 261-276. *Türr's Risposta*, 13. *Dumas*, 142-

On June 25, less than a week after the departure of Türr's and Eber's column, Bixio left the capital with another 'brigade' of about 1200 men, consisting partly of Sicilians and partly of Northerners under Caldesi, who had come out in Medici's expedition.¹ Passing through Piana dei Greci, where he enlisted sixty of the warlike Albanians, through Corleone and by the temples of Girgenti, Bixio reached the southern coast, sailed along it from Licata to Terranova, and marched thence straight across country to Catania, where he joined Eber's column in the latter half of July.²

Meanwhile, as will be recounted in the next chapter, Medici with a far better organised, better armed, and better disciplined force was moving along the north coast towards Milazzo. This Northern detachment could be most quickly supported by Garibaldi himself with the reserves which he was busily forming in Palermo. The columns of Eber in the centre and of Bixio in the South were to a large extent stage armies, not therefore the less effective in paralyzing the Bourbon generals at Messina. Garibaldi justly relied on the inactivity of those veteran warriors, or else he would not have sent two weak columns to roam at large through the island, and finally to unite at Catania, not far from Messina, where lay fifteen to twenty thousand Bourbon troops. Judged by the rules of ordinary war, the division of the Dictator's slender forces into three appears an absurd error. But under the actual conditions he was justified in making the division, because, while the force with which he intended to strike home on the north coast was immensely the strongest and proved sufficient

182. *Morning Post and Times*, July, 1860 (*passim*). *Notes and Memories*, James Cropper, for Eber in England, and *Atkins' Life of W. H. Russell*, i. 167-168, for Eber in the Crimea. *Conv. Dolmage* (Mr. Dolmage was with the column; he does not think they got nearly as many as 1000 recruits during the march to Catania, as stated by Adamoli, 107).

¹ *Medici* (Pasini), 17.

² See Map IV, below. *Türr's Div.* 81, 94, 97, 103. *Bixio*, 209. *Menghini*, 144.

for its purpose, the other two flying columns served to alarm the Bourbon generals and to render them less willing to advance from Messina and attack his real force in front of Milazzo with the requisite vigour.¹ But the chief purpose of the columns of Eber and Bixio was not military but political. They established the authority of the Dictator in three-quarters of the island, they nipped in the bud the beginning of anarchy and brigandage, they obtained several thousand recruits, mostly after their arrival on the east coast,² and they set up before Europe the claim of Garibaldi to the real possession of the island.³

But that claim had still to be made good in the battle of Milazzo.

¹ The presence of Eber on the east coast was not the only reason why Clary did not send more troops to Milazzo, but it was one of the reasons. See p. 93 below.

² *Adamoli*, 125, 133.

³ Cf. *Medici (Pasini)*, 15-16, and *Türr's Div.* 103, to *Cuniberti*, 94-95.

CHAPTER IV

THE BATTLE OF MILAZZO

'Who is the happy warrior? Who is he
Whom every man in arms should wish to be?
—It is the generous spirit, who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his childish thought:
Whose high endeavours are an inward light
That make the path before him always bright.
Whose powers shed round him in the common strife
Or mild concerns of ordinary life
A constant influence, a peculiar grace;
But who, if he be call'd upon to face
Some awful moment to which heaven has join'd
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a lover; and attired
With sudden brightness, like a man inspired;
And through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw.'

WORDSWORTH.

By June 19 Palermo and most of the other garrison towns in Sicily had been completely evacuated, but there still remained 18,000 effective Bourbon troops in Messina, 2000 in Syracuse, over 1000 in Milazzo, and 500 in Augusta.¹ On the mainland were some 80,000 more, of whom large numbers could be shipped to the island from Naples in a few hours. In these circumstances two rational courses were open to the Royalists. Either a vigorous counter-attack might be made, first on the columns which Garibaldi was sending out from Palermo, and then upon that city itself, before the three thousand North-Italian volunteers had grown to ten, fifteen, and

¹ *Nove Mesi*, 2. *Palmieri*, 38-48. Of the 18,000 in Messina, 3000 or more were sent under Bosco to Milazzo on July 14.

twenty thousand. Or else the opposite course might be chosen, a course less ambitious indeed but more consistent with the grant of the Constitution and the new diplomatic attitude adopted towards France, England, and Piedmont: Sicily might be written off as lost, and the troops in it confined to garrison work within the sea-fortresses of Messina, Syracuse, Milazzo, and Augusta. These places, if supplied and assisted by the fleet, could not be taken by the means at Garibaldi's disposal. Further fighting would thus be avoided in the island, and a claim would thereby be established on the good offices of England and France. The sea powers, pleased at such moderation in the Court of Naples, might not improbably use their fleets to stop Garibaldi at the Straits of Messina. With or without such aid, the military defence of the new constitutional kingdom could be reorganized on the Calabrian shore of the Straits, with the citadel of Messina as a hostage effectively held on the enemy's ground.¹

If logically executed, either the offensive or the defensive plan had a good chance of success, but since they were mutually inconsistent, a clear choice had to be made between the two systems. Any compromise between them might easily lead to disaster.

The offensive system was favoured by General Clary in command at Messina and by most of his subordinate officers, by the King at Naples, and by those of his advisers who were still reactionary at heart. But the new Liberal Ministry, and above all the new War Minister, General Pianell, wished to suspend operations in Sicily and organize a diplomatic and military defence behind the Straits. The Ministers had good reason to deprecate further hostilities, for while a victory of Garibaldi would overthrow the dynasty, a defeat of Garibaldi would overthrow the Constitution, and their own position depended on the maintenance of dynasty and Constitution together.

While the Ministers remained inactive and sought the

¹ *Pianell*, 12, gives a clear statement of this defensive plan by its principal advocate.

ways of peace, neither the King at Naples nor the General at Messina had the nerve to wage a vigorous offensive war in their despite. But the reactionary party was not entirely without influence on events in June and July. It had sufficient power in Court and camp to sow distrust between the Ministers and the Crown, and to initiate in Sicily a feeble and partial offensive movement under Colonel Bosco, of which Garibaldi took advantage to escape the danger of an armistice, to win the battle of Milazzo, and thereby to create the panic among the Bourbon troops on the Straits which enabled him to march almost unresisted to Naples. Such, in brief, is the significance of the events narrated in this chapter.

General Clary had distinguished himself on May 31 in suppressing an attempt of some local *squadre* to occupy Catania. When, immediately after this little victory, he was ordered to abandon Catania and retire to headquarters at Messina, he obeyed under protest. As one of the very few Generals who had shown any spirit during the operations in May, Clary was in June promoted Marshal, and placed in command of the Royal forces at Messina. A strong reactionary, he at once drew up schemes for the reconquest first of Catania and then of Palermo, and applied to Naples for approval. On June 25 King Francis sent him orders to take the offensive in accordance with his own proposals. But the new Marshal, on whose brave words the reactionaries had for some weeks been building their hopes, proved after all to be of much the same calibre as the other Generals. For as soon as he was ordered to advance, the tone of Clary's reports changed wonderfully; he began to write of the unfitness and unwillingness of his troops, of the necessity of remaining on the defensive, of the probability that if he left Messina with a part of his force, Garibaldi would slip in behind his back, as he had slipped into Palermo behind the back of Von Mechel. But again, as soon as the Ministry countermanded the advance and

bade him remain on the defensive, Clary recovered his courage and complained bitterly that such orders damped the spirits of his men.¹

Meanwhile King Francis was consulting his Generals and Ministers at Naples on a proposal to send strong reinforcements from the mainland to reconquer Sicily. In a council held on July 13 the Ministers opposed it, giving their voices in favour of armistice and diplomatic action, and their arguments were supported by Generals Nunziante and Pianell, the two best soldiers in the service since Filangieri's retirement.² The plan was therefore abandoned, and next day Pianell, in an evil hour for his own reputation and peace of mind, was induced to become Minister of War. An honest, cultivated, and high-minded man, true to the dynasty and to the Constitution, he failed to see that the one could now be saved only at the expense of the other. He was fully persuaded that Sicily could not be reconquered—perhaps he did not dare to ask himself whether he wished it to be reconquered. He maintained that the island had been lost because of the demoralised condition of the army, and that it would be his chief duty as War Minister, while passively defending the Straits, to revive the discipline and military spirit of the Royal forces. A critic might have urged that the only way to revive their spirit would be to discard tricolour and Constitution, and bid them march forward under the white flag of the Bourbons, with the King in their midst, as was afterwards done with some success at Capua a few months too late. No troops could feel enthusiasm for the Constitution and at the same time fight loyally against the man who was the cause of the Constitution's existence.

But whatever Pianell's plan was worth, it never had a fair trial, for on July 14 Marshal Clary sent Colonel Bosco with 3000 picked troops along the north coast

¹ *Cronaca*, 170-171, 175, 182-186 (June 19-22, 25), Clary's messages of June 27-28, 30, July 4, 6, 9, 13. *Franci*, i. 60-63. *De C.* ii. 360-362.

² *Pianell*, 12-13, 179. *Liborio Romano*, 35.

from Messina, with orders to occupy the open country between Milazzo and Barcellona. This half-hearted measure, taken without the knowledge of Pianell, had all the faults and none of the merits of the defensive plan decreed by the Ministers, and of the offensive desired by the King.¹

Bosco was the fighting man of the army,² and the news that he had been sent into the open field with a force of his own was regarded by every one as a bid for the reconquest of Sicily. Yet the actual orders given by Clary to the Colonel on the day before he left Messina reflect the divided counsels of the Royalist camp. In this document Bosco is reminded that the Ministry has forbidden any fresh attack to be made; he must therefore leave it to the enemy to begin the fighting, but when attacked himself he has the right to make a counter-attack and dislodge the Garibaldini from their positions; the object of the expedition is defined as being to guard the threatened garrison of Milazzo from a blockade—though in fact this end could have been far more simply effected by the use of the fleet; for this purpose Clary advises Bosco to occupy Archi and certain other places some miles outside Milazzo; he is not to proceed farther westward than Barcellona, even if victorious, but is to await orders there.³ These instructions, which might be interpreted in many different ways, when thus placed in the hands of a spirited officer, were certain to lead to a pitched battle, for when Bosco left Messina, Medici, in command of 2000 Garibaldini, had already for a week made Barcellona his head-quarters, and had been scouting with his friends on the mountains that tower above the plain of Milazzo.⁴

Giacomo Medici, who had held the Vascello for four

¹ *Pianell*, 12-18, 23, 180. *Cronaca*, 189. *Nove Mesi*, 10-13. *Liborio Romano*, 35.

² *Garibaldi and the Thousand*, pp. 315-318.

³ *Palmieri*, 47-50, doc. 1, or *Nove Mesi*, 10-12.

⁴ *Peard's Journal MS.* July 7-14.

weeks against the French army on the Janiculum,¹ was the friendly rival of Bixio for the first place among Garibaldi's lieutenants. To him the General had entrusted the leadership of the most important of the three columns now advancing through the island on Messina, that one which was to keep the north coast and be supported in case of need by Garibaldi himself and the reserves from Palermo. Medici left the capital with 1800 of the well-armed volunteers whom he had brought from North Italy, Simonetta's Lombards and Malenchini's Tuscans.² The General's orders were that he should occupy Castoreale (*see Map II at end of book*), a strong position in the mountains above Barcellona, and there await orders. But when he found the coast towns enthusiastic in the national cause, when he was joined by several hundred local volunteers and bands from eastern Sicily, he felt unwilling to retire into the mountains on Bosco's approach, leaving his hosts at Barcellona to the Bourbon vengeance. Such a retreat would inflict a wound on the growing prestige of the Garibaldian armies, which stood to them in the place of cavalry, artillery, and big battalions. In order, therefore, to protect Barcellona, Medici moved his head-quarters to Meri and there awaited the enemy's attack, drawn up behind the broad *fiumara*, or torrent bed of white stones, that passes in front of the village on its way from the neighbouring mountain gorge to the sea.³ (*See henceforth Map I p. 81 below.*)

On July 15 Bosco and his three thousand approached by the high road from Messina to within a short distance of the *fiumara*, where Medici's men lay eagerly awaiting them; the Royalists, however, wheeled off sharply to the right, and marched across the plain to Milazzo.⁴ It is possible that Bosco declined battle on account of his

¹ Garibaldi's *Defence of Rome*, 199-200.

² The remaining 700 of those whom Medici had brought to Sicily, namely Caldesi's battalion, had gone south in Bixio's column. *Medici (Pasini)*, 17-18.

³ *Medici (Pasini)*, 17-19. *Peard's Journal MS.* July 7-15.

⁴ *Peard*, 819 (or *Journal MS.*), July, 15. *Medici (Pasini)*, 19.

instructions from Clary not to initiate hostilities. On his arrival in the town, beneath the precipice on which the mediaeval fortress is perched, the inhabitants fled for refuge into the thick olive groves that cover the hills of the peninsula beyond, where they remained hidden during the events of the following week.¹ Bosco and his army occupied the deserted town and put themselves into communication with the garrison on the castled rock overhead.

Medici, encouraged by Bosco's refusal of battle, sent out detachments across the *fumara* of Meri to occupy Coriolo and Archi, hamlets sheltered among the olives of the last foot-hills that overlook the plain of Milazzo. Now one part of Bosco's instructions had been to occupy Archi, and therefore, in spite of that other part of his orders which forbade him to be the first to attack, he felt justified in recapturing Archi now that a Garibaldian outpost had occupied it and thereby cut off his connection with Messina. He had passed through the village on the 15th on his way to Milazzo, but had neglected to leave any guard behind. And so, early in the morning of July 17, he sent back across the plain four companies,² with cavalry and artillery, under Major Maringh, with orders to retake Archi. The hamlet and surrounding hills were defended by 300 Lombards under Simonetta and about seventy Sicilians. Maringh skirmished for some time, used his cavalry well, captured a score of prisoners, and then unaccountably returned to Milazzo. Bosco placed him under arrest and sent out in the afternoon six companies under Lieutenant-Colonel Marra, who assailed Coriolo, and brought their artillery into

¹ *Forbice*, July 23 and 24, 1860, letters from seat of war. *Zirilli*, 18-22, 35-42, docs. 2-5. *Piaggia*, 54-55. In view of these documents it is clear that the charges against the inhabitants of Milazzo of sympathizing with the Bourbon troops were mainly false. But the Milazzesi were not as helpful to the Garibaldini as the people of Barcellona.

² A company in the Neapolitan army was supposed to be 160 men; a battalion was about 1000 men, and Bosco had three battalions of infantry. *De Sivo*, iii, 121-122.

action. Medici sent up more men from Meri, including Malenchini's Tuscans, and fierce fighting took place in the street of Coriolo and along the *fumara* above which it stands. The street was taken by the Bourbon troops and retaken at the point of the bayonet. Marra's men tried to turn Medici's flank by penetrating up into the mountains towards Sta. Lucia, but they were headed off near S. Filippo. At the end of an arduous day Coriolo remained in Medici's hands, and Archi in those of the Royalists. But at midnight Bosco, who had come out when the fighting was over to review the situation, ordered a retreat to the town. He had been persuaded that Medici had 7000 men, whereas in reality he had scarcely more than 2000 all told.¹

Although Bosco's deserved reputation for courage saved him from wholly losing the confidence of his men, his conduct on this day had been neither spirited nor wise. He should have come earlier to direct the action himself, and he should not have sent out such small detachments if he seriously intended to occupy the slopes of the mountains, and so debar the further advance of the Garibaldini along the north coast. He had allowed Medici to out-manoeuvre him, to drive him down off the hills, to get between him and Messina, and to lock him into the plain of Milazzo with his back to the sea. The Garibaldini were elated at their success, and rejoiced over an intercepted letter of Bosco's to Clary, written in the usual querulous style of Neapolitan despatches: 'Maringh basely betrayed me. I have him under lock and key. I can't do more. I am left to do everything, everything, everything (*tutto, tutto, tutto*). The officers are so many nullities.' But if he were reinforced from Messina either

¹ *Cronaca*, 193-196, 200, 218-219, *Nove Mesi*, 13-15, 20-22, *Palmieri*, 30-40, 50-51, docs. 2-3, and *De Sivo*, iii. 310-311, contain Bosco's reports and other matter on the Neapolitan side. *Medici* (Pasini), 20; *Piaggia*, 21-29; *Mistrali's da N. 611-614* (identical with *Mattignana*, 382-386); *Times*, August 4, p. 10, cols. 1-2; *Conv. Cadolini*; *Da Forio* 619-620; *Fonvielle*, 110-119; *Forbice*, July 23, letters of July 17-18; *Veritas*, 32-36; *Pozzi*, 22; *Menghini*, 180, 196-199; *Peard*, 820; *Milasso* (G.B.Z.) 8, 9; *Pungolo*, *Milano*, July 27, letter of July 19.

by sea or by land, he boasted that he would enter Palermo 'on Medici's horse.'¹ Those of his dispatches which reached Messina, being signalled by semaphore, were conceived in the same tone of complaint against his subordinates, and demanded fresh men and fresh officers, although in fact he had in the *cacciatori* the best regiments of the army.² The feeling of the 15,000 officers and men left idle in Messina was that they ought at once to be led to the rescue of the gallant Bosco, who was far more popular than Clary. But the Marshal, who had already quarrelled with his subordinates at Messina as well as with Bosco himself, sent him, not the reinforcements which he demanded, but a Captain Fonseca to make excuses and to explain that there were not enough horses, carts, or ships to carry an army by sea or by land to Milazzo.³ Clary's inactivity was in part due to the telegrams which he received from the Minister of War ordering him to remain on the defensive, and denouncing Bosco in the strongest language for having resumed hostilities.⁴

But although Medici had drawn a cordon round Milazzo, it was a very thin line, and if Bosco discovered that he was being contained not by 7000 but by 2000 men, he might attack once more. In the telegram reporting to the Dictator his success of July 17, Medici begged for reinforcements.⁵ Nor had he long to wait. Some troops were already on the way. On the 18th there marched into Meri Dunne's regiment of 600 Sicilians with its English officers, and Cosenz with a first detachment of the excellent troops whom he had just brought to Palermo from Genoa.⁶

The Dictator, on receiving Medici's telegram in the

¹ *Milazzo* (G.B.Z.), 9. *Piaggia*, 30. *Forbice*, July 23. *Branaccio*, 299.

² *Nove Mesi*, 14-15. *Palmieri*, 50-51, docs. 2-3. *Bandi*, 229.

³ *Nove Mesi*, 15-16, 31. *Cronaca*, 219.

⁴ *Cronaca*, 192, 196.

⁵ *Guerzoni*, ii. 137.

⁶ *Da Forio*, 620. *Forbice*, July 23. *Medici* (Pasini), 21. *Nelson MS.* *Peard's Journal MS.* For Cosenz' expedition see p. 46 above, and Appendices B and F, ii. note below.

small hours of the morning of the 18th, made one of those sudden resolves, quick as the flash of a sword, that with him always marked the end of a long period of suspense. Breaking through all his engagements in Palermo, and not even announcing his departure, he went on board an old Scottish cattle-steamer called the *City of Aberdeen* that had brought volunteers from Genoa a few days before and happened still to be in the harbour. At four in the morning he made arrangements for her use with her Scottish crew and captain, who were passionately devoted to his cause and person. He instantly put on board the Carabineers of the Thousand, and those of his *aides-de-camp* whom he could muster at a moment's notice. Just as they were about to weigh anchor, there happened to enter the port the steamer *Amazon* from Genoa bearing Corte and his volunteers, captured a month before in the *Charles and Jane*, and now released from their captivity at Gaeta by the Constitutional Ministers of King Francis, as part of the policy of friendship with Piedmont. They had been sent back to Genoa, but had instantly sailed again for Sicily in another ship; on account of this adventure they were henceforth known as the 'Gaeta battalion.'¹ Garibaldi ordered them not to land, but to come on board the *City of Aberdeen*. The transfer of men, arms, and ammunition was effected in half an hour, and about eight in the morning the cattle-steamer left Palermo with the whole expedition on board. She was accompanied by the Piedmontese war-vessel *Carlo Alberto*, under orders from Persano to see them safely landed.² They disembarked at Patti before dawn on July 19. Leaving his men to march after him, the General drove at a gallop towards Barcellona and Meri.³

¹ See p. 49 above and Appendix B, below. For Corte's capture and release see Castellini, 26-29. Baroni. Menghini, 434-440. F. O. Sard. Hudson, June 30, Nos. 291, 301.

² Persano, 89.

³ For the departure and voyage from Palermo see Miller MS. Milazzo (G.B.Z.), 6, 9-10. Rome MS. Savi. Red Shirt, 41. Times, August 4, p. 10, col. 2.

At Barcellona the principal church was employed as a hospital for Medici's wounded. As Garibaldi passed through the town, the noise of his reception in the street penetrated into the quiet of that gloomy hall, where a gigantic crucifix looked down upon the sufferers. In an instant they were struggling off their couches and crawling to the door on hands and knees. As they lay crowded on the steps of the church, he waved his gentle salutations and thanks to them, and passed on towards Meri. One young Lombard who had been shot through the lungs crawled to his bed again, fell back on it, and died.¹

When Palermo discovered that the Dictator had gone, the streets were filled with angry and inquiring crowds. His departure was a complete surprise. The Palermitans felt only half safe in his absence, and many of his old followers and friends were aggrieved because he had left them behind in the hurry of his departure. Such was the eagerness to follow him that in a few hours nearly all the North Italians in the Sicilian capital had thrown up the civil or military posts which kept them from the front. In many of these cases substitutes were found among the wounded, who were unwilling to remain in hospital at such a time. Those who could, set out post-haste for Milazzo, and quiet was restored.²

There was little doing at Meri on July 19. Medici and Cosenz were away scouting, and their men were eating their dinners in the filthy houses of the village, or beside the white stones of the *fumara*, glowing in the midday heat, when an open carriage was noticed coming along the high-road from Barcellona. As it drew near they saw whom it contained. In an instant all the camp was in an uproar. The uneaten dinners were left smoking, and the volunteers rushed to seize him as he stepped from the carriage. It was his official birthday, being celebrated at that hour in Palermo with flags and speeches,³ but he had come to spend it among friends in

¹ *Veritas*, 36-39.

² *Red Shirt*, 32-37, 41.

³ His real birthday was July 7, but they celebrated it on the 19th. *Forbice ; Giorn. di Sic.*

the field. Confidence and joy were in his looks, and were reflected in the faces of the soldiers who pressed round him. They now knew that on the morrow they would fight and conquer. He did not linger in Meri but took horse to find his old companions in arms, Medici and Cosenz, and to spend the rest of the day riding with them over the mountains of Sta. Lucia, surveying through his spy-glass the plain below, where Bosco was in the act of taking up a new and formidable position to cover the approaches to Milazzo.¹

The plain of Milazzo is enclosed to north and west by the two sea-beaches, that converge on the town and castle at the neck of the peninsula. To the south and east the plain is bounded by the white *fumare* of Meri and of Coriolo and by the low hills covered with olives that lie between the mountains and the plains. The ground on which the battle was fought, confined within a radius of a mile and a half from the southern gate of the town, was perfectly flat and almost on a level with the neighbouring beach. On this seaward plain stood farms, mills, and small hamlets, scattered about in a manner foreign to the interior of the island, where the whole population was housed at nightfall in hill-towns of several thousand inhabitants each. These isolated houses strengthened the Royalist position on the plain. The ground was occupied by cornfields and vineyards, or near the sea by brakes of canes, seven feet high, used by the peasants for training their vines. The vineyards and cane brakes were enclosed by thick hedges of cactus, or by high white walls, which had been loopholed by the Bourbon troops. These were formidable barriers against an army of irregulars without artillery. The only way by which Garibaldi's men could pierce the enemy's line without scaling the loopholed walls and

¹ *Milazzo* (G.B.Z.), 10. *Fonvielle*, 128-129. *Da Forio*, 620. *Piaggia*, 32. *Mistrali's* da N. 616. *Peard*, 820-821. *Menghini*, 199-200. *Pozzi*, 23. *Mariotti*, 423. *Castellini*, 35, 37.

hewing through the cactus hedges was to charge along the two beaches and along the various roads converging on Milazzo. But the roads, and the beach on either side of the town, were remarkably straight and were swept by the cannon of the Royalists. Against their eight excellently served pieces the Garibaldini had nothing to oppose except two useless carronades, dragged about by hand, which were brought into action only to be withdrawn after a few minutes.¹ The one road that was not straight enough to be swept by the Bourbon artillery was a sunk lane that wound through the vineyards, hollowed out by a water-course that finally entered the side of the S. Palino road as a culvert, and issued into the sea under the main road, beneath a little bridge 500 yards from the town gate.² This bridge was chosen by Bosco to be the scene of the final stand outside the town, in case his more advanced positions were forced, and here two of the cannon were placed. Two more stood a mile in front near the 'angle' of the high-road to Messina. Beyond this 'angle' the Bourbon left wing occupied the Mills near the seashore, thus forming an advanced post which could enfilade Garibaldi's advance against their centre near S. Palino. Their right was supported by the other four guns, which were placed at Casazza and on the western beach.³

These formidable positions in front of the castle were held, according to Bosco's own report, by 2500 excellent Neapolitan *cacciatori*, the flower of the army, aided by the eight guns and a squadron of cavalry. In the castle on the rock overhead was the garrison, about 1000 infantry of the line, and over forty cannon of different sorts, some of which were able to fire with effect towards

¹ Appendix F, ii. below.

² This water-course, dry in spring and summer, is called a *fumara* in Bosco's report and by some of the inhabitants to-day. But it is not a typical *fumara* as it is of brown earth only, not of white stones.

³ *Mem.* 369. *Palmieri*, 44-45 (Bosco's report). *Piaggia*, 36-38, 40-41, which shows among other things that when Bosco speaks of Casa Unazzo he refers to the place usually called Casazza.

the close of the day. In the peninsula behind the castle Bosco had stationed another 400 *cacciatori* to prevent a landing from taking place in his rear. The total of all arms defending these positions was reckoned by the Neapolitan staff at 4636 men and officers.¹

Against this series of concentric lines of defence, culminating in the precipice and castle, Garibaldi was leading a force perhaps slightly larger in numbers than that of Bosco,² but altogether inferior if judged by the normal military standards. He had no cavalry and until late in the day no artillery. The infantry consisted of North Italian and Sicilian volunteers, hastily raised and regimented in so-called 'battalions' of 300 to 900 each, many of which, like Corte's newly landed 'Gaeta battalion,' had handled fire-arms only during the last forty-eight hours and did not know the elements of drill;³ while even Medici's and Dunne's men, who had had a few weeks' drill, did not know how to use the sights of their Enfield rifles.⁴ But in most of the 'battalions' there was a large proportion of veterans of '48 and '59; of sergeants who had deserted, collusively or otherwise, from the regular army; and of officers of old experience and in some cases of remarkable talent in revolutionary war. Above all, the whole force was inspired by an ardour for their cause and for their leader which did much to take the place of discipline, and made them ready to endure the very heavy losses without which even the first positions could not possibly have been stormed.

Shortly after dawn on July 20 the Garibaldini moved down to the attack off the hills of Olivarella and Coriolo. In the centre, S. Pietro was occupied without opposition; on the east, Simonetta and his Lombards began their attack on the enemy's advanced post at the Mills; while on the other flank Malenchini and his Tuscans, marching

¹ Appendix F, ii. below.

² *Baroni*.

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ Appendix E, 2, 5, below.

through S. Marco and S. Marina, developed the attack on Casazza and along the western beach.¹

The day began with a disaster. Malenchini carelessly led his men up to the mouth of the Bourbon rifles and batteries, which opened on them with terrible effect and fairly drove them off the field. Garibaldi, who was watching the first stages of the fight from the roof of a wine-store on the edge of the plain, sent Cosenz with fresh troops to rally the fugitives and to take over the command of the left wing. Nevertheless the Royalists, supported by cavalry and artillery operating on the broad beach, advanced and drove back the Garibaldian left and left-centre for nearly a mile. Although Malenchini and many of his Tuscans returned to the fight, it was all that Cosenz could do to hold the Zirilli farm and the western approaches to S. Pietro.

The General himself, rightly confiding in the calmness, authority, and military talent of Cosenz, had not gone to rally the defeated left wing, but had bent all his personal energies to effect an advance along the other shore, at the head of the right wing under Medici. If he could penetrate by way of the Mills and the 'angle' of the road as far as the bridge, he would be able to threaten the rear of the victorious advance of the Royalists on the west, which was in fact a dangerous move on their part at so early a stage in the battle.

Garibaldi's method of sending his troops into action on this day was to stand well exposed to the fire at some spot by which the next detachment would have to enter the battle, and to speak, almost in a whisper, some word of encouragement to the young soldiers, of whom many were then hearing the bullets for the first time in their lives. In a small army of volunteers depending more on individual courage than on discipline, the General's exercise of his strange powers of fascination considerably increased the chances of victory. As one section of

¹ Hitherto Malenchini's men had been part of Medici's force, but on the 20th they fought, first independently, then under Cosenz' orders.

Dunne's Sicilians with their English officers and cadets filed by him into action up the ride of a cane-brake, he kept repeating in a low voice *Avanti! Coraggio, uomini!*¹ When the veteran company of Genoese Carabineers, destined to lose nearly half their number before nightfall, were brought about ten in the morning to the place where they were to enter the battle, they found the General there before them, standing almost alone in the middle of the road, a conspicuous mark at which the enemy were directing their fire.²

The first success of the day was the capture of the Mills by the Northerners of Simonetta's and of Specchi's 'battalions.' It cost a severe struggle, for Bosco was there in person encouraging his men, and he had skilfully placed two guns near the 'angle,' one on the high-road, the other in the Mill Lane. The latter, after doing great execution, was captured through the devotion of a volunteer named Alessandro Pizzoli, who, leaving his comrades in ambush behind a wall flanking the Mill Lane, himself sprang down a few yards in front of the cannon's mouth in order to draw its fire. He was blown limb from limb, and the next moment his comrades leapt down after him and captured the piece.³

Thus the Royalists were slowly pushed back on the east flank from one vineyard and farm to another. But the few positions gained by the red-shirts seemed to many but little compensation for the long train of wounded continually passing to the rear, for the suffocating heat, the thirst, the hunger, and, as the day wore on, the sheer fatigue. Those who had no stomach for eight hours of such work went off with the wounded and forgot to return. The better sort of men, getting together in groups often irrespective of their proper 'battalions,' followed any officer with a turn for leadership whom the chance

¹ *MS. Nelson.*

² *Rome MS. Savi.* For a similar experience of the 'Gaeta battalion' see *Baroni.*

³ *Piaggia, 43-47. Palmieri, 43-44.*

of battle brought their way. Scarcely ever seeing the enemy through the cane-brakes and behind the loopholed walls, but always exposed to his shots, firing only at close quarters, making headway by rushes and rallies, by dashes down the sunk lane, here leaping over a wall and there tearing through a cactus hedge into the flank or rear of the enemy, they carried on the battle, which had now become a mere test of individual prowess. And more and more as the day went on the General himself appeared, now here, now there, heading charges which behind him never failed of success. One of our countrymen, a lad of seventeen, who had left his home a few weeks before for love of Garibaldi, found himself with a few of his comrades from Dunne's, and a number of men from other battalions, standing at the end of a cane-brake through which the Royalists were firing at them from behind a wall. The bullets were crashing through the tall canes which snapped under the shower, the men were falling fast, the position was untenable. Suddenly the Englishman was aware of Garibaldi galloping up to them, leaping off his horse, and without a word or a look dashing up the narrow ride between the canes, straight at a small opening in the wall lined by the enemy's rifles. He did not once look round to see if his men were following, for he knew that none who saw him would linger. The Bourbons stood to it to the last, and the bayonet was used before the wall was cleared.¹

By a series of such charges Bosco's *cacciatori* were pushed back, well after midday, to their last position outside the town. This was the bridge over the culvert, where stood the two reserve guns commanding the straight roads that converged on that spot. Close by, on the shore, was a large factory for pickling tunny-fish. Here the crisis of the battle took place. The General sent Missori to fetch up a detachment of Dunne's Sicilians which had not yet lost its identity in the mêlée. With

¹Conv. Patterson. Mr. Patterson was later in the day wounded at the bridge, and Garibaldi made him lieutenant for his services that day.

these and some North Italians under Pilade Bronzetti, he passed through a garden, climbed a wall, and dropped down upon the two guns. One was captured, the other limbered up and escaped into Milazzo. Bosco ordered a handful of cavalry, who were standing near the town gate, to rescue the lost piece. A score of them made a spirited charge over the bridge, and Dunne's men scrambled out of the road to let them pass. If Bosco had followed up the charge with a body of fresh infantry he might have won the battle, but his last reserves on this side of the castle had been used by Colonel Marra to support the advance of his right centre. As the cavalry rode back from running the gauntlet through the Garibaldian lines, Dunne's Sicilians emptied half a dozen saddles, firing from behind the cactus hedge that lined the road. But two men, who had not taken refuge behind the hedge when the cavalry first charged by, were still standing alone in the roadway, on the line of their retreat. Of these two one was Garibaldi and the other was his aide-de-camp, Missori, a handsome young Lombard of noted gallantry. Both were on foot, and the horsemen, unable to avenge their fallen comrades on any one else, swarmed round, eager to cut them down. Missori shot the horse of the Bourbon captain, who rose in the stirrups as it fell and slashed at the Dictator. Garibaldi parried the blow, and laying his hand on the bridle of the kneeling animal struck the captain in the neck with his sabre and killed him on the spot. Missori with his revolver shot two more of the cavalry, and the half-dozen who were still left alive galloped back through the gates of the town.¹

¹ For a portrait of Missori see illustration, p. 38 above. I have given this incident, including the details about Dunne's men and the guns, as it was told me by Missori himself, about a year before his death. The story is confirmed by many other authorities (see below). From Bosco's report we may deduce that the name of the unfortunate Bourbon captain was Giuliani, and that his lieutenant, Faraone, got back to the town with seven shot wounds. The only question is whether the cavalry charged up the main road or the sunk lane or up both. On this there are various opinions given. *Piaggia*, 50-51. *Mem.* 371.

The Garibaldini, having now occupied the bridge, had turned Bosco's left flank and were threatening his rear. The rash advance of his right wing would have to be turned into a hasty retreat if the red-shirts could maintain their newly won position. That was indeed no easy task, for the cannon of the fortress, firing over the roofs of the town, played full upon the bridge, while the *cacciatori* below fired on it at close quarters from the town gate and from the houses along the side of the port. Garibaldi's men fell fast. One of his best and most popular lieutenants, Migliavacca, was killed, and Corte was wounded. An attempt to bring the two carronades, the only artillery of the force, into action on the bridge proved that they were perfectly useless, and in a few minutes the General ordered them to be withdrawn.¹ Seeing that an immediate advance on the town was impossible, he put most of the men for rest and shelter into the tunny-factory and some wood stores near by, while others kept up a fire against the walls of Milazzo from the bridge and neighbouring gardens, and from behind the fishing-boats on the beach. In particular, Peard, Garibaldi's Englishman, whose long beard and fine head reminded his comrades of King Lear, kept his company of thirty men at the bridge, suffering severe losses, and demonstrating that Colt's five-chambered revolving rifle, with which they were armed, leaked fire at the breech, woefully scorching the hand that used it, and had therefore no future in the history of modern armaments.² During two hours in the early afternoon the affair continued in this state, the Garibaldini losing men, but holding the position they had taken, and resting after the fatigues of the morning's attack.

Villari Cosp. 701. *Times*, August 4, p. 10, col. 3. *Menghini*, 239-241. *Palmieri*, 45. *Durand-Brager*, 107. *Conv. Patterson*. *Conv. Sclavo*.

¹ Appendix F, ii.

² *Garibaldi and the Thousand*, 88, 96 for Peard. *Peard*, 821-822 and Appendix E, 1, below for Peard's company at the bridge and for the rifles. Mr. Patterson, of Dunne's, who was wounded on the bridge, tells me the same about Peard's rifles, which he saw being used there.

Having thus established his men on the bridge, Garibaldi left them under Medici's command and rode off to deal with Bosco's victorious right wing, which was still pressing Cosenz near the Zirilli farm and S. Pietro. For this purpose he made his way down with a few staff officers to the western beach, found a small boat, and rowed out to the *Tüköry*, a paddle-steamer of 400 horsepower carrying ten guns¹ which had arrived on the scene that very afternoon from Patti. This vessel, formerly the *Veloce* of the Bourbon service, had recently deserted to him at Palermo, and now composed his whole fighting navy, over and above his transports and such help in convoy work as was afforded him by the Piedmontese warships. His aides-de-camp watching from the shore soon saw him swarm up the mast of the *Tüköry* to view the field. Taking her close inshore under fire from the guns of the castle, he proceeded to bombard the enemy's cavalry on the western beach. The victorious right wing of the Royalists, feeling the fire of the *Tüköry* from the west, and learning that their rear had been turned on the east, at length hastened to retreat. This incident calls to mind the obvious truth that if the Neapolitans had sent a part of the fleet to protect Milazzo, their fire would have rendered it impossible for Garibaldi to occupy or even to attack the town.²

Cosenz and his men, thus relieved by the retreat of their assailants, followed up, and joining with Medici on the bridge, stretched a line across the neck of the Peninsula, and invested the walls of Milazzo. Next after Garibaldi, Cosenz had borne the burden of the day. He came of a French-Neapolitan family, whose military and patriotic traditions dated from the days of the Parthenopean Republic, of Marengo, and of Murat. But his friends said that Enrico Cosenz seemed rather to belong to some northern race, for his manners were imperturbable in their calm. He was modest and retiring almost to a

¹ *F. O. Sicily, Elliot*, September 30, No. 541.

² This is pointed out in the *Forbice* of July 26, 1860.

fault. He has been well called Garibaldi's good angel in politics and war.¹ This thin, quiet man in spectacles had restored the courage of Malenchini's routed troops and held them to their post all day. Now in the late afternoon he was standing close under the walls of Milazzo, in the hottest fire from the fortress, wiping his spectacles with the deliberation of Mr. Pickwick, while a breathless aide-de-camp from Garibaldi, waiting for his reply to a message, wished that he would either make up his mind more quickly, or continue his meditations in a more secluded spot.²

Bosco might still have held out in the town with some likelihood of success. By his own account he had lost not more than 150 men, a fifth part of the loss confessed by the victors.³ But his troops were overcome with exhaustion and discouragement at the end of their brave but unsuccessful fight of eight hours under an almost tropical sun, and the fear of Garibaldi, which Bosco alone of the Bourbon officers had for a while conjured away, returned upon them like a fate. He therefore marched his *cacciatori* up into the castle to join the garrison there, leaving only a few soldiers to keep up a fire from the town walls.⁴ When about four o'clock the Garibaldini began to make their way into Milazzo, creeping in first along the port-side where the walls no longer existed,⁵ they found to their surprise that the streets were empty. Even when they advanced into the upper part of the town, no enemy was there, although marksmen in the fortress overhead opened fire upon them and wounded Cosenz. Before sunset the whole city was occupied, and the entrances of the streets were barricaded against the

¹ *Cosenz*, 10-13.

² *Conv. Tedaldi* (Tedaldi was the aide-de-camp in question).

³ Appendix F, iii. below.

⁴ *Zirilli*, 41, Neapolitan officer's letter.

⁵ The walls of the town have now disappeared altogether, but in 1860 they existed along the west side and at the gate facing the bridge. *Piaggia*, 34; *Zirilli*, 10; there is a sketch of the walls in the *l'Illustration*, reproduced in *Menghini*, 234.

castle. Garibaldi chose for his head-quarters the steps of a small church beside the sea ; there he sat giving his orders, propped up against his South-American saddle, which he always took off his horse with his own hands. For a few hours at midnight he slept, as he liked best to sleep, with his head upon that soldier's pillow, which had served him when youth and love were still his, in lands where man needed only sword and saddle for the free rover's life upon the uplands.¹

¹ For the authorities on which this account of the battle is based see Appendix F, i. below.

CHAPTER V

SURRENDER OF MILAZZO CASTLE. THE CHECK AT THE STRAITS. DIPLOMATS AND POLITICIANS

'Garibaldi a une grande puissance morale, il exerce un immense prestige non seulement en Italie mais surtout en Europe. . . . Si demain j'entrais en lutte avec Garibaldi, il est probable que j'eusse pour moi la majorité des vieux diplomates, mais l'opinion publique Européenne serait contre moi. Et l'opinion publique aurait raison, car Garibaldi a rendu à l'Italie les plus grands services qu'un homme pût lui rendre. Il a donné aux Italiens confiance en eux-mêmes : il a prouvé à l'Europe que les Italiens savaient se battre et mourir sur le champ de bataille pour reconquérir une patrie. . . . Cela n'empêche pas qu'il ne soit éminemment désirable que la révolution de Naples s'accomplisse sans lui ' *Cavour to an intimate friend*, August 9, 1860 [*Chiala*, iii. 321.]

THE castle of Milazzo, which Garibaldi had yet to take, rose between the two seas on a granite precipice more than three hundred feet high. Founded by the Saracens, improved by Norman and Angevin, it had been finally enlarged and beautified by the Emperor Charles V. A place of importance throughout the Middle Ages, it had in the war of the Vespers been occupied by Sicilians and French in turn. In 1675 it had successfully sustained a regular siege, and in the wars of the early eighteenth century and again in the struggle with Napoleon, it had been occupied by the British and their allies. The English cavalry barracks of fifty years back could be seen on the shore below. When Bosco held it against Garibaldi, it was, as it still is to-day, a spacious and pleasant place, unlike some of the featureless castle-prisons of the Neapolitan mainland, of which the very style of architecture seems to symbolize cruelty and crime. Below the fine mediaeval keep lay grass plateaus a quarter of a mile broad and long, enclosed by the outer works of Charles V. Thence the defenders could view the Calabrian

coast; the Lipari islands and the eternal smoke of Stromboli; the gulf of Milazzo where Duilius with his grappling-irons destroyed the fleets of Carthage and made Rome mistress even of the sea; the plain where Garibaldi had just triumphed in conflict man against man; the bare mountain ridges stretching away towards hidden Messina; and near at hand a profusion of cactus, fig-trees, and shrubs clinging to the precipices of the castle rock. In the silent midday heat the stronghold gives the impression, not of decay, but of long unbroken peace. Its defences, if antiquated, were in good repair, and could only be breached by siege cannon, which Garibaldi did not possess.¹

To defend such a place against irregular troops would have been an easy and even a pleasant task, if Bosco had taken care to lay in provisions while his communications were still open. But there was little food and that bad, the water stank, and the dirty habits of more than 4000 soldiers, who would not even take the trouble to bury the corpses of man or beast, soon rendered the whole of that large area insanitary.² The Royalists had fought well in the battle, but defeat had destroyed their discipline, and when they were put on half-rations they muttered threats about opening the gate. At the first sound of mutiny the fighting Colonel himself lost his nerve and began signalling to Messina the tale of his distresses in messages on the semaphore which Garibaldi and his officers read with delight.³ He enlarged on the state of the provisions and water; he complained that the enemy had in the last twenty-four hours shot one man dead on the ramparts besides wounding eight men and three mules; he declared that a breach for a storm-

¹ Symth, 103. *Piaggia*, 34. *Conv. Sclavo*. *Zirilli*, 22. *Amari*, *G. del Vesp. Sic.* Personal observation.

² *Forbes*, 107-108. *Medici (Pasini)*, 28. *M. Post.* August 9, p. 6. *Cronaca*, 208-209, 212-214. These reports, the first three by Garibaldini, the last by Bosco, seem to me to outweigh the statement of *Zirilli*, 22, that the place was provisioned for 5000 men for more than a month.

³ *Forbes*, 104. *Times*, August 4, p. 10, col. 4. *Conv. Dolmage*.

ing party could be made in a few days. The latter proposition was undeniable as a piece of abstract military theory, for the Windmill Hill, whence the Garibaldini were sniping, was only 500 yards away, and was on a level with the lower parts of the castle. But the practical inference was *nil*, because the assailants had no breaching cannon, and the fortress was defended by forty pieces. 'The morale of the troops,' so ended Bosco's tale of woe, 'is destroyed.' And so, he might have added, was that of their commander, who could no longer distinguish between a real danger of starvation and imaginary dangers of storm and battery.¹

On July 21 Marshal Clary held a council of war at Messina. His subordinates hated him and one another, and the prevailing sentiment at the council was each man's desire to throw upon his neighbour the responsibility for disasters present and to come. The sense of the council of war appears to have been that they were bound in honour to march at once to relieve Bosco, but that there were not enough horses and carts for the transport service, and that a column of Garibaldini advancing northwards from Catania would step into Messina if any part of its garrison of 15,000 were rashly sent to Milazzo. This fear was somewhat out of place, since Eber's column at Catania as yet barely numbered 1000 men, and only two or three hundred had been sent as far north as Taormina; but this trivial reconnaissance, as Clary's own dispatches show, seriously affected his decision not to move to the help of Bosco.²

Once indeed, on July 22, Clary ordered three regiments to embark, and signalled to Bosco that they had already sailed to his relief. But in a few hours he countermanded the movement, either from fear of the Garibaldini at Taormina, or else in obedience to orders from the War Minister, Pianell.³

¹ *Cronaca*, 208-209, 212-214.

² See p. 68 above. *Palmieri*, 19-28. *Cronaca*, 212, 219. *Türr's Div.* 113. *Adamoli*, 133-136. *Conv. Dolmage*.

³ *Cronaca*, 214, 219-220. *Nove Mesi*, 28.

When first the news reached Naples that Bosco's force was shut up in Milazzo, Pianell, much as he wished to suspend all hostilities, felt that he must extricate the rash Colonel before resuming the defensive. He therefore ordered a large expedition to be put on board the fleet in the bay of Naples, to sail to the relief of Milazzo. But the fleet, more liberal in political sentiment than the army, refused to take the troops on board, and the mutiny was encouraged by the Admiral, Count D'Aquila, the King's uncle. The case was brought up for discussion before the Ministers, into whose willing ears D'Aquila poured such effective arguments against a resumption of hostilities in Sicily, that they decided to send, instead of a relieving fleet and army, empty transports to fetch away Bosco and his men. Following the transports they dispatched a large part of the fleet, with a Colonel Anzani on board, whose instructions from Pianell were to negotiate the capitulation both of Milazzo and of the garrison of Messina. But Clary, as soon as he was assured that the Ministry did not require him to relieve Milazzo, again assumed the part of aggrieved hero, and refused to evacuate Messina on any account.¹

On July 23 the approach of the Neapolitan war-vessels to the port of Milazzo caused some anxiety among the volunteers. If the town were bombarded from the sea, it would be necessary for them to retire and to lose the fruits of the victory which they had so dearly bought. Garibaldi, as usual, showed a bold face and fitted up a battery on the mole with cannon landed off the *Tűköry*. The new-comers, however, proved to be intent on more charitable thoughts. Colonel Anzani and the Dictator soon signed a treaty of capitulation by which the troops in the castle were to march out with their arms and half the battery mules. The cannon and ammunition of the

¹ *Liborio Romano*, 35-36. *Pianell*, 23-24, 182. *Türr's Div.* 398-399, doc. 32. *Cronaca*, 220. *Pianell* (23) says that on July 20 he ordered Clary to march to the relief of Bosco. Clary does not say so and implies the opposite. In any case such orders were countermanded when Anzani was sent to make the capitulation.

castle, the rest of the mules and all the horses were to be left behind for the conquerors. Bosco had boasted that he would enter Palermo on Medici's horse, so Garibaldi had determined that Medici should enter Messina on Bosco's horse, as shortly afterwards took place.¹

On the morning of July 25, when the Bourbon troops were to march out of the castle, the Piedmontese fleet appeared in the offing. Admiral Persano, seeing Neapolitan war-ships lying off Milazzo, ordered his decks to be cleared for action, presumably intending to save Garibaldi from bombardment even at the cost of a rupture with Naples. When he found how peacefully matters had been settled, he contented himself with embracing the Dictator, and congratulating him in the name of Victor Emmanuel on his fresh victory for the common cause.²

The Bourbon troops filed down to the point of embarkation, with the honours of war, between two lines of ragged volunteers. Although they had full opportunity to desert, and were loudly invited to fraternize and to join the army of true Italians, few except among the artillery answered the appeal.³ At the tail of the column walked Bosco, guarded as a prisoner, fuming and pulling at his moustache. He was hissed by the townspeople, who were beginning to return to their houses from their hiding-places in the peninsula. It was an unpleasant scene and moved the Garibaldini to sympathy for Bosco in spite of his hectoring manner, which did not desert him in this dramatic exit from before the footlights of history.⁴

It soon became known why Garibaldi had caused Bosco to be placed under arrest during the embarkation.

¹ *Türr's Div.* 399-400, doc. 33. *Re* Bosco's horse see *Cronaca*, 214, Anzani's report to Clary; *Brancaccio*, 299; *M. Post*, August 9, p. 6; *Conv. Missori*; *Medici (Pasini)*, 28-29; *Guerzoni*, ii. 145-146; *Conv. Sclavo*; *Durand-Brager*, 117; *Castellini*, 41-42; *Risorg.* anno ii. fasc. 1, p. 18.

² *Persano*, 94-97.

³ *Times*, August 4, p. 10, col. 5.

⁴ *Forbes*, 107. *M. Post*, August 9, p. 6. *Brancaccio*, 302. *Milan MSS.*, *Bruzzesi*, *Evac. di Milazzo*. *Conv. Sclavo*.

When Peard with a few of his fellow-countrymen and others went to take possession of the abandoned castle, they found the mules which had been surrendered under the capitulation lying about dead on the turf, and many of the guns spiked. They luckily detected, before they had trodden upon it, a train of gunpowder hidden under straw, thickly strewn with detonators and running under the door of a magazine, which was intended to blow the citadel and its new occupants sky-high.¹

When Garibaldi, accompanied by Admiral Persano and the Marios, came up into the castle, they found Bosco's horses, abandoned and frightened, running round and round the grass plateaus of the outer enclosure. The Dictator took his lasso, and amused himself and his companions by a display of the skill which he had acquired in South America more than twenty years before.²

Alberto Mario and his English wife Jessie had arrived from Palermo in pursuit of the army. They found a number of truants from their 'Garibaldi Foundling Hospital' enlisted in Dunne's ranks, half a dozen of them badly wounded. Although they had run away from the institute they had not run away from the rifles of the *cacciatori*. One little wounded Sicilian apologised to Mario, stroking his hand as he said: 'Are you angry with us, Signor Commandante? So many of our brigade are wounded and killed: *Milordo* the Colonel says that after the battle of Milazzo no one can say again that the Sicilians never fight.' Another boy of twelve suffered amputation sitting in the lap of Jessie Mario, who said that she cried more than he did.³ These young scamps

¹ Mr. Dolmage, who was present at this discovery, writes to me (July 8, 1910) describing the incident, and adds: 'We afterwards heard that Garibaldi had known of the slaughter of the animals and the spiking of the guns early in the day, and that the disgrace of Bosco was the consequence. The gunpowder train was our little find. But we never suspected that Bosco had to do with the stupid act. It must have been the work of some understrapper. The Neapolitans did not always play the game properly, and some of them were brutal enough.' For other eye-witnesses see Peard, 823. *Times*, August 4, p. 10, col. 5. *I.L.N.* August 11, pp. 136, 138.

² *Mario Mac.* 249.

³ *Red Shirt*, 38-40.

off the streets of Palermo were not the only class who behaved admirably in hospital. Throughout the campaign, in the ill-equipped ambulances, without chloroform or proper dressings, the silent endurance of pain by Italians of sensitive and cultivated natures aroused the admiration of British military men. The terrible, and partly unnecessary sufferings to which the patriots were exposed by the absence of proper provision never moved them to indignation or even to complaint; they would bear anything for Italy and for the General. In Milazzo, where lay half the men wounded in the recent battle, there was no straw to fill the bed-ticks which the Marios had brought from Palermo. At Barcellona, which took in the remaining 300, the inhabitants were more active and things went better.¹

Both here and later on at Naples and Caserta 'that excellent creature of the Lord, Jessie White Mario'² as one of her patients called her, did her best to be the Florence Nightingale of the campaign, though she had no staff of trained nurses. Fanatical in her republicanism, lacking in toleration and in charm of manner, she had the Spartan virtues of her creed and a power of complete self-sacrifice which she had learnt perhaps from her friend and master, Mazzini. She was equally the friend of Garibaldi, who knew well how much he owed to 'Jessie,' and how many of his best followers were saved by her ceaseless exertions. Superficially at least there was little in common between this lady of fixed and fiery faith and the comfortable citizens of her native island. But they too were ready to praise her when they heard how she attended the wretched pallets of hundreds of wounded Italians, who blessed her in their pain and her country for her sake.³

¹ *Conv. Dolmage*, Caraguel, 68. *Bertani*, ii. 106. *Piaggia*, 56 note. *Red Shirt*, 38. *Menghini*, 290-293, 225. *P. O. Sicily*, Elliot, Goodwin's *Pol. Journal*, August 3.

² 'Quella eccellente creatura del Signore che si chiama Jessie Mario White.' *Menghini*, 293.

³ *M. Post*, August 9, p. 6.

Desiring to take advantage of the enthusiasm for his cause prevailing in England, Garibaldi, while still quartered in the castle of Milazzo, consulted his British companions in arms, who had borne themselves so well in the battle, as to the possibility of raising more of their compatriots to come out and join him on the Neapolitan mainland. The idea was suggested to him by Hugh Forbes, the gentleman who, wearing a white top-hat, had shared the perils of his retreat from Rome to the Adriatic in 1849.¹ In the interval between the two Italian revolutions, Forbes had been in the United States, where he had had some peculiar dealings with old John Brown previous to the Virginia raid. He now appeared at Milazzo. Garibaldi fell in with Forbes' proposal that a British Legion should be raised, but refused to give him the command, and left him behind as Governor of Milazzo Castle. The scheme aroused little enthusiasm among those who would have been best qualified to carry it out. Mr. Dolmage, who was a British officer on leave from Malta, refused to touch it, and Dunne himself, who had quarrelled with his countrymen when he left the Queen's service, angrily declared that he did not want any more of them out there. He prophesied that a whole regiment raised at a few days' notice among a civilian population and shipped to a strange land would contain good elements, but that, for disciplinary reasons, it would be more trouble than it was worth during the short period that the war was likely to last. But Garibaldi, though he knew that the British Legion would not come in time to be of much assistance in the Neapolitan kingdom, looked forward to a campaign in the Papal States, and to the capture of Rome. He therefore sent to England as agent for the raising of the Legion, a certain Styles, who had behaved well in the battle of Milazzo, but who

¹ See *Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Republic*. Hugh Forbes must not be confused with Captain C. S. Forbes, R.N., Peard's friend, who in 1860 went in the van of the advancing army as a non-combatant, and whose book is often cited in this volume.

turned out no better than he should be, and soon fell out with the disinterested committee who took up the project in London.¹

It was now evident that there would be no further fighting in Sicily. Since Marshal Clary and his 15,000 at Messina had not moved to the relief of Milazzo, they certainly would not take the field on their own account now that it had fallen. Garibaldi's way lay open down to the shore of the Straits. Medici, duly mounted on Bosco's horse, led the vanguard into the streets of Messina, and on July 28 he signed a treaty with Clary, by which the citadel was to be held by the Royalist garrison and the town by the Garibaldini. Hostilities between them were to be suspended by sea as by land, so that the citadel, which completely dominated the entrance of the harbour, might not fire a shot at the Dictator's vessels, even when they sailed out under the muzzles of the King's cannon to invade his Calabrian provinces. Such a treaty, extorted without bloodshed from 15,000 men in an impregnable fortress, was a great advantage for the inferior forces of the volunteers, who would have had much difficulty in entering the streets of Messina if Clary had resisted their approach on the mountain ridges above the town, and in the forts designed for its protection. Nor could they have remained in Messina if the citadel had been free to open fire. The terms of this treaty are a measure of the panic struck into the heart of the Royalist troops by the defeat of Bosco, and a measure also of the ardour with which the Neapolitan Ministers desired to avoid further

¹ *Conv. Dolmage and Patterson. Russell MSS. Misc. It.*, containing Hugh Forbes' report dated November 28, 1860; Forbes rightly says that Dunne, although he signed the papers with which Styles returned to England, 'did so unwillingly, objecting to any English coming there.' This is borne out by Mr. Dolmage, to whom Dunne spoke freely. *Holyoake*, i. 243-256, for the London end of the story. In *Schwabe MS. 2*, is a letter of De Rohan which says that Garibaldi at Milazzo only intended individual volunteers to come out to him from England, and that the idea of equipping a Legion was invented by the London Committee; but Hugh Forbes (*Forbes MS.*) writes: 'In Milazzo I proposed to General Garibaldi the creation of an English Legion,' and Mr. Dolmage bears this out.

fighting in the island. The greater part of the garrison were now withdrawn from the citadel of Messina to the mainland.¹

During the anxious month that followed the battle of Milazzo, the politics of Europe turned on the question whether Garibaldi could succeed in crossing the Straits. Would the naval Powers interfere to prevent him? And even if they did not, could he cross in the face of the Neapolitan army and fleet?

The diplomatic part of the question was destined to be settled in a few days by the secret activities of Cavour. He was now fully determined to acquire the Neapolitan kingdom for Victor Emmanuel, if possible without, but if necessary with further aid from Garibaldi. On July 14 he had still believed that he would be able, before Garibaldi could leave Sicily, to engineer a revolution in Naples by means of the agents whom he had sent there; at the critical moment the Piedmontese fleet was to appear in the bay. Sanguine of success, he had written to Admiral Persano:² 'We must at all costs, on the one hand prevent Garibaldi from crossing the Straits, and on the other excite a revolution in Naples. If this were to succeed, the government of Victor Emmanuel would at once be proclaimed there. In that case you would immediately sail with your whole squadron for Naples.' The plan presupposed some active disloyalty in the army, and some power of initiative in the inhabitants of Naples. Neither were forthcoming. A week after he had written this letter to Persano, Cavour had become so far doubtful of his ability to provoke an internal revolution, that he decided to clear the way for Garibaldi's passage of the Straits. His earnest wish to forestall the Dictator at Naples no longer blinded him to the fact that the advance of the red-shirts might prove after all the only means of deposing the House of Bourbon. He continued, indeed,

¹ *Rüstow*, 223-225. *Cuniberti*, 102-105. *Franci*, i. 79-80, 213-215. *Castellini*, 43-44. *Forbes*, 120-122, 125.

² July 14. *Persano*, 88.

until after the middle of August to work and hope for a wholesale desertion of the Neapolitan army to the national cause, which would remove the need for Garibaldi to cross the Straits, and would place all authority at both ends of the peninsula in the hands of the Ministry at Turin.¹

But meanwhile, not allowing himself to be duped by these golden hopes, Cavour entered into a conspiracy with Victor Emmanuel to open Garibaldi's way before him, in spite of the threats of European diplomacy, to which it was necessary all the while to appear subservient. The King and his Minister, while publicly requesting the Dictator to halt, secretly urged him to advance. And while not daring to dispute, through regular diplomatic channels, the proposition that he ought to be stopped at the Straits, they dissolved by a hint to England the concert of naval Powers that was being formed for that purpose. These two pieces of secret service, Count Litta's mission to Garibaldi, and Sir James Lacaita's mission to Lord John Russell, have only recently been established as certain historical facts. Their importance in the history of the crisis that made Italy is very great.

At four o'clock on the evening of July 22, Count Litta Modignani came by appointment to the Palace at Turin to receive from the King's hands a written message which he was to take to Garibaldi. Victor Emmanuel first gave him a letter requesting the Dictator not to cross the Straits—the ostensible royal message published to the world to allay the threatenings of France. But here, said the King to Count Litta, is a second note which you will at once administer to Garibaldi 'to neutralize the effect of the first.' So saying Victor Emmanuel handed over a letter containing the following words in his own handwriting:—

¹ See Cavour's letters of these weeks. *Ricasoli*, v. 196. *Persano*, 101, 123, 127, 134-135. *Chiala*, iii. 322.

'TO THE DICTATOR GENERAL GARIBALDI.

'Now, having written as King, Victor Emmanuel suggests to you to reply in this sense, which I know is what you feel. Reply that you are full of devotion and reverence for your King, that you would like to obey his counsels, but that your duty to Italy forbids you to promise not to help the Neapolitans, when they appeal to you to free them from a Government which true men and good Italians cannot trust: that you cannot therefore obey the wishes of the King, but must reserve full freedom of action.'

With these two missives in his pocket, Count Litta left the royal presence. The same day he saw Cavour and Farini, who chaffed him on the 'Garibaldian part' he was about to play. He sailed to Palermo and thence to Milazzo, where he arrived on the morning of July 27, just in time to catch Garibaldi before he started to overtake Medici and the vanguard at Messina. As soon as they were closeted together, the King's messenger produced the two letters in their order. At the second, delivered by Litta with sly excuses for the first, Garibaldi burst out laughing. He rose at once and went into his bedroom, where Sirtori, Trecchi, and others were talking so loudly that he was forced to say, 'Gentlemen, I have got to write a letter, please don't make so much noise.' So saying he sat down and wrote his answer to the King, which thrilled the heart of Italy in the ensuing weeks.

'Sire,' he wrote, 'Your Majesty knows the high esteem and love I bear you. But the present state of things in Italy does not allow me to obey you, as I should have wished. Called by the peoples (*chiamato dai popoli*) I refrained as long as I could. But if now, in spite of all the calls that reach me, I were longer to delay, I should fail in my duty and imperil the sacred cause of Italy. Allow me then, Sire, this time to disobey you. As soon as I shall have fulfilled what I have undertaken, by freeing the peoples from a hated yoke, I will lay down my sword at your feet and obey you for the rest of my life.'

Litta hastened back to Turin, the public bearer of this

famous reply. But the world knew nothing of the other document which he safely carried back, the King's original draft, of which the Dictator's answer was but a paraphrase adorned with a few Garibaldian touches. That most compromising of documents has just come to light after a discreet interval of fifty years.¹

It was easy thus, while saving appearances, to make sure that Garibaldi would obey the law of his being and go forward as fast and as far as he was able. But to prevent the maritime Powers from stopping him at the Straits was a harder task.

For the moment little was to be feared from Austria, alienated as she was from the Government of Naples by the nature of its appeal to England, France, and Piedmont. The diplomatic representatives of Naples did not hesitate to allege that if the western Powers would force a six months' truce upon Garibaldi, their country would be able to hold the elections to her new Parliament, and would lend her regular army as soon as it was required for the 'inevitable' war against Austria in Venice. Though such promises were only the result of abject fear and were unlikely to be fulfilled, they caused irritation, if not alarm, at Vienna,² and postponed the season of Austrian intervention.

Napoleon, on the other hand, at that moment desired to preserve the Bourbon dynasty on the mainland as a constitutional State under French direction far more ardently than he desired a month later to preserve the Pope's Adriatic dominions. He was therefore most anxious to stop Garibaldi at the Straits; but he was no less anxious to preserve good relations with England.³ Both these objects could be achieved by a naval combina-

¹ *Risorg.* anno ii. fasc. 1, pp. 1-48, Litta's diary, and photograph of the secret letter. *Risorg.* anno ii. fasc. 3-4, pp. 651-662, in no way impairs the truth of the story. *Arrivabene*, ii. 71-73, bears out some minor details of Litta's diary.

² *Vitzthum*, i. 95-96.

³ See his letter of July 27 to Persigny, *Mem. Stor. Mil.* ii. 186-187.

tion of France and England to hold the Straits of Messina against the passage of the Garibaldini, and this was proposed by the French Ministers to Palmerston and Russell. Lord John, in his English simplicity, supposed that Victor Emmanuel and Cavour meant what they said when they declared against Garibaldi's invasion of Calabria, and no doubt felt that he could best serve Italy by acting in accordance with the publicly expressed wishes of Cavour.¹

The British Ministers, therefore, were not indisposed to listen to the arguments of Napoleon when he proposed that England and France should send the two greatest fleets in the world to protect the Calabrian coast against the red-shirts. Details as to the number of ships to be employed were actually arranged at Naples between King Francis' Ministers, Brenier, and the French Admiral.² The final consent of the British Cabinet had yet to be received, but if Palmerston and Russell fathered the scheme it would meet with no resistance from their colleagues, who, except Gladstone, were less enthusiastic than they in the Italian cause.

It was a moment full of danger, but Cavour was warned just in time of the blow which the extreme subtleness of his policy was preparing for him in the house of his friends. The warning came, it is said, through an indiscretion of one of his worst enemies. The story goes that the French Empress in conversation with Nigra, the Piedmontese representative at Paris, let drop a hint of the negotiations with England, that Nigra extracted the whole truth from her by pretending to sympathise with the project, and sent on the news to Turin.³

Cavour, gravely alarmed, went straight to the British

¹ *Russell MSS.* Lord John to Hudson, July 23. 'I am told that the only man who has influence with Garibaldi is the King. If he likes to send a message to Sicily to desire Garibaldi to stay where he is and not to go to Calabria he will have our full concurrence. Pray ask to see the King and tell him so, first warning Cavour of the purpose of your audience.'

² *Liborio Romano*, 37.

³ Villari's story, as he obtained it from Lacaita; it is, of course, not first-hand evidence. *Villari Pasq.*

Legation and asked Hudson point-blank how to prevent Russell from being made an unconscious agent in the ruin of Italy's best hopes. Hudson, happily inspired, advised Cavour to send Sir James Lacaita, the intimate friend of the Russell family, to explain the real situation to Lord John.¹

Giacomo Lacaita, a gentleman of Apulia and a lawyer of Naples, had in 1850 been Mr. Gladstone's political mentor during his famous visit.² Driven into exile for this, he became naturalised in England and was knighted as Sir James Lacaita for public services rendered to his

¹ Sir James Hudson's autograph letter to Lacaita written in 1885 to bear witness to this event is in possession of Mr. Charles Lacaita, who has given me a photograph of it. The letter, which runs as follows, at length puts the story beyond all possible doubt :—

‘ FLORENCE,
‘ 9 May, 1885.

‘ MY DEAR LACAITA,

‘ I have a clear recollection of the circumstances connected with your visit to Earl Russell in 1860, and as far as the action of Count Cavour was concerned I can declare, that he called upon me at the Queen's Legation at Turin, and pointing out the dangerous complications which must arise if a stop was not put to the negotiations then in progress between France and Naples, into which it was hoped to induce England to enter (*i.e.* to exercise a direct armed pressure upon Garibaldi), begged me to take such steps as I might deem practicable to prevent this mischief to the Cause of Italy.

‘ I told the Count that the only thing which occurred to me would be to address you upon the subject desiring you to go immediately to Lord Russell and explain to him the real bearings of the case—that I proposed yourself because you were intimately known to the family of Lord Russell as a man of honour and a Neapolitan Gentleman having a perfect knowledge of the whole case and its deplorable consequences if not promptly checked: and, moreover, because this was not a case where a Regular Diplomatic Agent could be of use, who, if he acted at all, could only do so under Protest; to which if no attention was paid at the instant, would render the “agreement” between the Powers concerned an “accomplished fact”.

‘ Therefore the success must lie entirely in the personal qualifications of the gentleman employed in so delicate a conjuncture.

‘ Count Cavour agreed in this view of the case, and said he would telegraph to the King's Minister in London to concert with you the steps to take.

‘ Your success on that occasion added one more to the many services you had already rendered to Italy.’

‘ Yours sincerely,
‘ JAMES HUDSON.’

² *Garibaldi and the Thousand*, pp. 48-49.

adopted country. In July, 1860, he was engaged in examining the candidates for our Indian Civil Service. On the 23rd, the rain of an English summer's day gave him a severe cold, and further to his distress, as he noted in his diary, he heard that a special Neapolitan envoy, the Marquis La Greca, had arrived in London and had been closeted with Lord John. On the next day, Tuesday July 24, he spent another chilly morning examining the young men *vivà voce*, came home exceedingly ill, and took to his bed. He was called up by an unexpected visit from Emmanuel D'Azeglio, the Piedmontese Minister in England, who, in obedience to Cavour's message, came to request Lacaita to go at once to Lord John 'and put him on his guard against an application he would receive for intervention to force an armistice on Sicily'.¹ In spite of his illness, Lacaita dressed again, and disregarding the protests of his family dragged himself into the streets to obey the orders of Cavour, and, as it chanced, to bring about the making of Italy.

Arriving at the Russells' town house² he rang the bell. The servant who appeared knew him well as a friend of the family. The conversation that followed was to this effect:—

'Is Lord John at home?'

'Not at home, Sir James.'

'Is he out or only busy?'

'He's engaged, most particular, Sir James, with the French Ambassador; I've turned away the Turkish Ambassador, and I've strict orders to let in no one except the Minister for Naples.'

'There's no time to lose,' thought Lacaita, and then inquired:—

'Is Lady John at home, then?'

'She's in bed, Sir James, ill.'

Then Lacaita took out a card and wrote upon it,

¹ *Lacaita's Journal*, MS.

² Lady Agatha Russell writes to me: 'I think my parents were probably at Chesham Place: they came to Pembroke Lodge Saturdays to Mondays.'

'For the love you bear the memory of your father¹ see me this instant,' and sent up this strange message to the lady of the house. In a few minutes he was by her bedside. He persuaded her to send down to her husband the simple message, 'Come up at once.' Thinking to find his wife suddenly taken worse, Lord John left Persigny, the French Ambassador, sitting there, rushed upstairs, opened the door of the bedroom, and found himself face to face with Lacaita. It was no time for apologies or explanations. In a flood of impassioned words the Apulian poured forth his soul to his English friend. Was 1848 to be repeated? Then Sicily had revolted, then England and France had helped to prevent the Sicilians from invading Naples, and then Sicily had been reconquered. If Garibaldi crossed now Italy would be made. If he was stopped, division, reaction and disaster would ensue as before. Did Lord John wish to be for ever loved or for ever hated by Liberal Europe? A violent paroxysm of coughing shortened his eloquence. But he had said enough to show Lord John what Cavour wanted England to do. 'Go to bed,' he said to Lacaita, 'and don't be so sure that I am going to sign the treaty yet.'²

Russell's mind was well prepared for these ideas, for during the summer his wife had received letters from her Neapolitan friend Poerio, urging that the Bourbon must be dethroned and Italy made, now or never³; and for a

¹ Gilbert Elliot, second Earl of Minto, a great friend to Italy in public and to Lacaita in private life.

² Such is the story told by Lacaita to Villari, printed in *Villari Pasq.* and elsewhere. The story was first published in 1880 in an imperfect form in *Fagan's Life of Panizzi* (ii. 207). Lacaita was annoyed at this, and Villari therefore asked Lacaita for the real details, which Lacaita furnished. Villari's story is Lacaita's authorised version. His son, Mr. Charles Lacaita, told me this. Sir James told the story not only to Villari but to his son, and to various other people. Lady Russell's journals for 1860 are lost, but see Appendix A, p. 315 below, for complete evidence from Mr. Vernon's diary that she and her husband acknowledged the truth of Lacaita's story. For the remarkable personality of Lady John Russell, see the *Memoir* of her by Mr. Desmond MacCarthy and Lady Agatha Russell (Methuen, 1910).

³ *Lady Russell MS.*

fortnight past Hudson and Elliot, themselves new converts, had been preaching the doctrine of complete Italian unity in their private letters to the Foreign Minister. Going downstairs, Lord John presumably put off Persigny with what excuse he could, for two hours later he sent round a messenger to Lacaita to tell him to be of good cheer.¹ And at the Cabinet held on the afternoon of July 25 it was decided to reject the French proposal with regard to coercing Garibaldi.²

Persigny was amazed at the *volte-face* of the British Ministers, for, as he himself tells us, 'he had obtained Lord Palmerston's promise' to join in stopping Garibaldi.³ On July 26 Lord John wrote to our Ambassador at Paris a dispatch suitable for publication, no reader of which would ever guess that the majestic current of British foreign policy had just been deflected from its course by one of the Civil Service Examiners. 'I informed M. de Persigny,' writes Russell, 'that Her Majesty's Government were of opinion that no case had been made out for a departure on their part from their general principle of non-intervention.' Her Majesty's Government had only come to this conclusion within the last forty-eight hours. 'That the force of Garibaldi was not in itself sufficient to overthrow the Neapolitan Monarchy. If the navy, army, and people of Naples were attached to the King, Garibaldi would be defeated; if, on the contrary, they were disposed to welcome Garibaldi, our interference would be an intervention in the internal affairs of the Neapolitan kingdom.' This was sound

¹ See Appendix A, p. 315 below.

² *Br. Parl. Papers*, vii. p. 40, No. 50. The Cabinet held on the afternoon of the 25th (see *Times*) is the meeting referred to. The visit of Lacaita to Lord John's house must have occurred some time between D'Azeglio's call on Lacaita on the 24th, and this Cabinet on the 25th, *viz.* either in the afternoon of the 24th or the morning of the 25th July.

³ *Persigny*, 274-275. So also we read in *Elliot*, 48, under the date July 26, 'Brenier yesterday read me a dispatch from Thouvenel . . . saying that Lord John, after having shown himself disposed to come to an understanding with France with regard to Naples, had now announced the determination of the English Government to abstain completely from all interference.'

doctrine. To come to the point: 'If France chose to interfere alone, we should merely disapprove her course and protest against it. In our opinion the Neapolitans ought to be masters either to reject, or to receive Garibaldi.'¹

Napoleon was not prepared to take a course against which England would protest, and the project of foreign intervention fell dead.

Garibaldi had no longer anything to fear from the French and British fleets, but he still had before him a military operation of immense difficulty, to cross the Straits of Messina through the midst of the Neapolitan fleet and to land on the Calabrian coast in the face of the Neapolitan army. The modern Odysseus stood on the sandy cape of Charybdis, and gazing across at Scilla's now castled rock, bethought him of his many devices.² Other heroes had striven in vain to become masters of this event. Half a century before, the generals of the great Napoleon, including Murat himself, had been baffled by this same strip of sea, two miles wide at the narrowest point, which had guarded Sicily from the French as safely as twenty-one miles of northern ocean had guarded from them a more favoured island.³

¹ *Br. Parl. Papers*, vii. p. 40, No. 50.

² The currents in the Straits, which had given rise in the sea-ports of ancient Hellas to the fable of the Charybdis whirlpool, are so slight that they caused but little inconvenience to Garibaldi's transport operations from the Faro, although these were principally conducted in scores of row-boats, each one smaller than Odysseus' ship. *Times*, August 20, p. 9, c. i.

³ See *Johnston* (ii. 118-119, 239-242) for the two attempts of the French to invade Sicily, in 1806 and 1810. On the second occasion 'the King of Naples [Murat] arrived at Scilla on the 3rd of June, saluted by the ringing of bells and by salvos of artillery that were re-echoed, but with solid shot, by the British batteries on the further side. The Strait of Messina at this point appears little more than a river winding between hilly and picturesque banks. It gradually widens from about two miles across at the Faro to eight or nine miles at Messina. The troops of both armies were mostly encamped at the narrowest point, and so slight was the distance between them that from the lofty rock of Scilla, 550 feet above the sea, nearly all the British camps and intrenchments could be discovered. From the further side the view was no less remarkable and clear, and one English traveller claimed to have distinguished and recognised from the Faro through a

The lighthouse which gives its name of 'Faro' to the cape of Charybdis, and an old fort and battery by its side, stand at the end of the spit of sand where the north and east sides of the triangle of Sicily unite. On the sand dunes behind the lighthouse the greater part of the Garibaldian army was bivouacked during the first three weeks of August. The depth of the water round the cape, which enables the tunny-fishers to row their boats within a few yards of the pebbly shore, made it an excellent place for a great embarkation. Two salt-water lakes near at hand gave safe harbourage to the larger transports and to rafts which were being constructed to take across horses and cannon; while the flotilla of small boats which Garibaldi collected from Messina and the neighbouring fishing villages were drawn up along the beach of the sea. The mean houses of Faro village afforded useful shelter. It was on these sands that the British had been encamped fifty years before, and the remains of their trenches could still be seen. Garibaldi had three new earth-work batteries erected, where he mounted some indifferent cannon, taken from off his only war-ship, the *Türkory*, and from the castle of Milazzo. With these and the three small cannon in the fort beside the lighthouse, he made pretence to command the Sicilian side of the narrow waters.¹

On the roasting sand between the lighthouse and the lakes the volunteers lay encamped day after day, amid scenes of nature and of man very different from the rainy streets of London and the dim rooms in Chesham Place where their fate had just been decided. The crowded quarters soon became insanitary; the food and water were insufficient; on the open sands the sea mist soaked them by night and the sun scorched them by day, and

telescope the person of the King of Naples.' Garibaldi was now using his telescope from the spot where the 'British traveller' had used his fifty years before.

¹ *Morgan MS. Forbes*, 124-125. *Du Camp*, 62. *Milan MS. Bruzzesi's note-book*, August 9. *Türr's Diu* 119-120. *Orsini*, 51-52. *Times*, August 20, p. 9.

there was little to relieve body or soul except constant bathing in the sea, drilling, and guessing how the General meant to carry them across.¹ Among Garibaldi's own retinue the gaiety of the days in Palermo Palace and Milazzo Castle had given place to a more serious mood. Their chief was silent for hours together, passing about between Messina and the Faro, sometimes mounting the lighthouse to watch the coming and going of the Bourbon ships, sometimes vanishing no one knew whither, concealing even from Medici the plans that engrossed him all day long, but keeping his telescope ever directed on the Calabrian shore.²

The eyes and thoughts of all men were fixed on the coast opposite, so near and yet so far, the ground whence one could march to Naples, to Rome, to Venice. The toe of Italy³ has for its bone the enormous granite mass of Aspromonte, 'the rugged mountain,' of which the plateaus and spurs, clothed in forests of oak, pine, and chestnut, and cut by deep cañons each paved with a dry *fumara* of stones washed white by flood, run down to the shores upon which the Garibaldini were so covetously gazing. Where the last steep precipices of Aspromonte overhang the Mediterranean, a road crawls beneath them along the narrow strip of shore, joining the crowded villages of Bagnara, Favazzina, Scilla, and Cannitello. Along that road the red-shirts could watch the enemy's columns moving to and fro.

The narrowest point of the Straits was commanded from the Calabrian side by two small forts of Torre Cavallo and Altifumara, built on the hill-side about a hundred yards above the road and the sea. If Garibaldi could capture one of these forts, his guns would command the narrowest part of the Straits from side to side, for he would then have batteries on both shores. The Neapolitan fleet would therefore be compelled to stand out

¹ *Fonvielle*, 202-203.

² *Mario Mac.* 249. *Red Shirt*, 43. *Castellini*, 47, 51.

³ See henceforth Map II, at end of book.

of the narrows, and he could pass his army across from the Faro to the captured fort. It was on this basis that he planned his first attempt.

On the night of August 8, a forlorn hope of 200 men, picked out to capture the fort of Altifumara, embarked in row-boats at the Faro. Garibaldi himself, always to the fore in any maritime operation, arranged and guided the flotilla into mid-channel. He then returned to the Sicilian shore where the rest of the army was embarking in steamers and fishing-boats, ready to cross at dawn if a signal from the opposite shore announced the success of the enterprise. Meanwhile the 200, under cover of a cloudy night, rowed through the middle of the Neapolitan cruisers, and landed not far from the desired place. Their leader, Musolino, a Calabrian, had visited his native soil in disguise a few days before, and had arranged, as he believed, that the gates of the fort should be opened from the inside.¹ But the alarm was given, their night attack was repulsed, and they had no course left but to escape into the mountains of the interior. At first they ascended the *fiumara* that debouches beside the fort, guided through the night by the glint of its white stones; later on they climbed the mountain walls in complete darkness, dragging each other up the steepest places by the muzzles of their guns.

During the next ten days these 200 men were the only invaders on Neapolitan soil. They wandered about the upper plains of Aspromonte at a height of over 3000 feet above the sea, suffering from intense cold by night and August sun by day, sometimes starving in the mountain desert, sometimes falling in with trains of mules bearing ample provisions sent up for them from the Liberal Committee of Reggio. Owing to the fact that

¹ The fort in question was that of Altifumara, now called *fortino Garibaldi*, as is shown by the eye-witness, Alberto Mario, in his *Red Shirt*, 49, 54, and by *Arrivabene*, ii, 88. *Times*, September 4, p. 7, c. 2. *Mem.* 373, and *Forbes*, 130. *Türr's Div.* 123 incorrectly says that it was the neighbouring fort of Torre Cavallo.

the new Intendant of Reggio appointed by Don Liborio Romano was a 'constitutionalist' in tacit sympathy with the invaders, this rebel Committee acted with singular publicity, in spite of the presence of the royal troops in the town. The old Royalist militia—the *guardie urbane*—had just been disarmed by an order of Don Liborio from Naples, and the new National Guard, Liberals to a man, had been armed in their stead. The civil and local authorities, therefore, no longer gave any support to the regular army camped in their midst.¹

The pitiful numbers of the invading force in Aspromonte were increased by small bands of Calabrian peasants, hardy mountaineers in goat-skin sandals, knee-breeches, shirt-sleeves, and brimless sugar-loaf hats ornamented with streamers of black velvet—the romantic Calabrian costume which the opera-house and the picture gallery of that era had made as familiar to cultured Europe as the kilt of Sir Walter Scott's Highlanders. Their leader was Plutino, a local magnate jealous of the fame which his fellow-Calabrian Musolino had acquired in the province as leader of this expedition. Both Musolino and Plutino were feudal chiefs and political leaders rather than expert military men, and the command of the expedition was made over by consent to Missori, the Lombard who had saved Garibaldi's life at Milazzo. Under his spirited leadership these few hundred men kept the Neapolitan army perpetually on the *qui vive*. Every night they lighted a blaze of bonfires along the heights, to show their friends on the Sicilian shore that the insurrection was alive in Calabria. Once they came right down to the coast, captured Bagnara, and held it until driven out by several thousand troops. The Calabrians behaved well in this first skirmish.

In mountain hamlets like Solano and Pedavoli the invaders learnt something of Calabrian local politics, the blood-feuds which under the form of Liberal and Bourbon

¹ See pp. 16-19 above. *Morisani*, 16-20. *Salazaro*, 49-51.

faction-fights had devastated the villages in '48. Since that year the course of events had so far alienated or discouraged the Royalist party, that Missori's men were almost everywhere assisted and were nowhere opposed by the Calabrians themselves. This was the more remarkable seeing that the country was still occupied by the Neapolitan troops, and that for the ten days preceding Garibaldi's crossing, Missori was being hunted like a partridge in the mountains. On August 15 General Ruiz with two battalions was sent up after him from the coast, and pursued him in vain through the forest gorges, of which the fantastic magnificence had more than once attracted landscape-painters like Arthur Strutt and Edward Lear to brave very real dangers of brigandage. The Garibaldini escaped over the upper plains of Aspromonte, many miles across, where only a few huts and sheepfolds broke the monotony of the desert, and where 'the only point visible on the horizon was Etna's purple cone. It was impossible,' wrote Alberto Mario as he tramped behind Missori through such scenes, 'even in the hazardous project which absorbed us, not to be at times subdued by a mighty awe.'¹

After this first failure, Garibaldi was only the more anxious to cross the Straits. The 'call of the peoples' for his presence among them, of which he had spoken in his letter to Victor Emmanuel, was growing daily more insistent. Half Calabria, in anticipation of his coming, was already in open revolt; the liberty of the press, the sympathies of the new 'constitutional' magistracy and police, made rebellion easy in any town or village not actually occupied by the regular troops; and the lower clergy, in contrast to the bishops, often took the popular side. In the toe of Italy the presence of 16,000 troops

¹ *Red Shirt*, 44-107. *Menghini*, 446-450, 454-455. *Fonvielle*, 207. *Zasio*, 71. *Ruiz*, 9-10. *Mem.* 373. *Milan MS.*, *Bronzetti's note-book*, August 9. *Türr's Div.* 122-123. *Arrivabene*, ii, 88-93. *Forbes*, 130-131. *Strutt and Lear*, *passim*.

prevented the insurrection from breaking out along the thickly populated coast-line, and confined the movement to the wanderings of Missori's bands in the heights of Aspromonte. But the province of Cosenza in Upper Calabria fell more or less into the hands of revolutionary committees in the first days of August, and the Basilicata followed suit on August 18. The movement in Calabria had been stirred up by the great local proprietors—the Plutino family, Stocco of the Thousand, and Pace of Medici's expedition, whom Garibaldi had sent on to their old homes to prepare the way before him. In the Basilicata a like part was played by Mignona, also commissioned by Garibaldi. The leaders of the insurrection in the provinces south of the capital showed both sense and courage, and succeeded in overawing the troops in their midst, such as the formidable garrison of Cosenza, who remained passive spectators of the rebellion. If the Northern provinces had been equally Liberal, and the inhabitants of Naples equally bold, Cavour would have got his revolution without need of further help from Garibaldi.¹

As the moment for invading the mainland drew near, the recently enlisted Sicilian bands, considering their part in the affair completed, began to desert in hundreds from Messina and the Faro. Many of them had fought well for the deliverance of their own island, but few shared the enthusiasm of their Northern Liberators for the idea of Italian Unity. In so far as it meant protection by Piedmont against the return of the detested Neapolitans, Italian Unity was good; but in so far as it meant friendly dealings with the Neapolitans, it was nought. Now that their own island was safe, they returned to their homes.² Only Dunne's regiment of six hundred and a 'Sicilian brigade' of eight hundred *Cacciatori d'Etna*, led by real enthusiasts like La Masa, Corrao, and

¹ *De Cesare's F. di P.* cix.-cxxxviii., cxliii. *Mignona*, 198-214.

² *Milan MS., Bronzetti's note-book*, August 2-4. *Castellini*, 48. *Conv. Dollage*.

La Porta, of whom the last two were good soldiers, shared the fortunes of the army until the end of the Volturno campaign.¹

If the Dictator had any doubts as to the real wishes of the Court of Turin, they were removed by another secret message which reached him at the Faro through the hands of Victor Emmanuel's aide-de-camp Trecchi, the regular medium of royal communication with Garibaldi. The King's positive orders to the Dictator were to occupy Naples, and thence to invade the Pope's territory of Umbria and the Marches.²

It is not easy to judge whether or not Cavour was a party to this message. On the one hand it was a habit of Victor Emmanuel to carry on a policy of his own through secret agents acting behind the back of his Ministers. And certainly Cavour was on principle opposed to a red-shirt invasion of the Papal States. He wished to keep the liberation of the Marches and Umbria as a royal prerogative, and not to allow it to become a new source of strength to the advanced parties, who, he feared, would then dictate terms to the Monarchy and attack the city of Rome at the risk of a war with France.

On the other hand, the King's message, though in apparent contradiction to Cavour's policy, was perhaps one of the subtlest moves in the Minister's game. In order to interpret the royal words of encouragement to Garibaldi, dictated on August 5, it is necessary to understand that Cavour had already, four days earlier, deter-

¹ *Paolucci's Corrao*, 144-145.

² Like the secret letter carried by Count Litta (pp. 101-103 above), it has only just been made known to the world after fifty years (*Nuova Antologia*, June 1, 1910, *Trecchi papers*). The text of the message in Trecchi's handwriting, dictated apparently on August 5, runs thus:—

'Words dictated by Victor Emmanuel to be conveyed to Garibaldi. Garibaldi in Naples. Will regulate himself according to opportunity, either occupying Umbria and the Marches with his troops, or allowing bands of volunteers to go. As soon as Garibaldi is in Naples he will proclaim its union to the rest of Italy as in Sicily. Prevent disorders which would harm our cause. Keep the Neapolitan army in being, for Austria will soon declare war. Let the King of Naples escape, and if he is taken by the people, save him and let him escape.'

mined in his own mind to invade the Papal States from the north with the regular army of Piedmont. On August 1 he had written to Nigra in Paris and to Emmanuel D'Azeglio in London disclosing to them this secret, the key to all his subsequent policy, in 'ultra confidential' letters which were to be destroyed as soon as read.¹ The grounds on which he adopted this decision, the greatest and boldest of his whole life, will be discussed in a future chapter. The policy did not take effect until September, and till then was not foreseen by the world at large. It is, therefore, enough at this stage to point out that by August 1 Cavour had secretly determined to invade the Papal States himself. He had, therefore, the less objection to the further advance of Garibaldi, because he now knew that the King would be able at once to assist and to control the red-shirts, by meeting them with the regular army either at Naples or on the southern border of the Papal States. He was not yet prepared to disclose this plan to Garibaldi, but he was perhaps not sorry that the King should keep the Dictator in good humour by talking about a Garibaldian invasion of the Papal States from Naples, which would now never really take place, since the royal troops would forestall him in the Pope's territories. It was the more necessary to tell Garibaldi that he might invade the Papal States from Naples, because Cavour was at this moment putting his veto on Mazzini's plan to invade the Papal States direct from Genoa with Bertani's private army.

Bertani's Committee in Aid of Garibaldi had not yet sent out to him any large body of men. Throughout June and July the expeditions despatched to Sicily had been organised chiefly by the moderates and by the supporters of Cavour.² Although Bertani had been levying and equipping volunteers ever since Garibaldi sailed in May, he had hitherto held them in reserve for a blow at

¹ *Bianchi, Polit. de Cavour*, p. 378 and note.

² See p. 46 above.

the Papal States. Garibaldi had all along favoured such a design, while at the same time demanding reinforcements for himself in Sicily. On July 30 he wrote from the Faro to Bertani: 'As to the operations in the Papal and Neapolitan territories, push them on with all possible vigour.'¹ The time had now come to strike the blow. In the first days of August Bertani had at his disposal 8940 volunteers, who, unlike the men of the earlier expeditions, were ready armed, uniformed, and organised for immediate service in the field.² Six thousand of them were at Genoa, but some were at Florence under Nicotera, and a few more in the Romagna. The detachments at Florence and in the Romagna were to invade Umbria and the Marches respectively, while the main body were to sail from Genoa, land in the Papal territories at a point north of Civita Vecchia, and march by way of Viterbo to join Nicotera and the others in the east. Rome and Civita Vecchia, the only places occupied by French garrisons, were to be spared for the present.³

There were grave objections to this plan. First, Lamoricière's newly levied army of Papal crusaders, being superior in numbers⁴ and not wholly inferior in enthusiasm to Bertani's volunteers, could not be destroyed with the rapidity which was essential if French and Austrian interference was to be forestalled. Nine thousand Italian volunteers under the command of Pianciani, whom Mazzini and Bertani had chosen for his politics

¹ *Ciampoli*, 168. The letter was delayed in transmission for a fortnight, so it was of no use, except as a proof to the historian of Garibaldi's wishes at the end of July. *Mario Supp.* 313. On July 30 he also wrote to Ricasoli asking him to let the Tuscan volunteers cross the Papal frontier. *Ricasoli*, v. 171.

² *F. O. Sard.* Brown to Hudson, from Genoa, August 11, 1860, No. 317. 'The men are already formed into companies and regiments, and unlike the previous volunteers are already equipped with uniforms. They are chiefly Lombards, and are a fine, soldier-like body of men.' Bertani had paid for their equipment, etc., chiefly out of the five million *lire* which he had received from the Government of Sicily, through Garibaldi, see Appendix C, ii. below.

³ *Rüstow Brig. Mil.* 6. *Guersoni*, ii. 155. *Pittaluga*, 126-129. *Bertani*, ii. 143-144. Appendix B, below.

⁴ Appendix K, ii. a. below.

rather than for his military capacity, would not be worth half the number under Garibaldi.¹ Further, Garibaldi was beginning to find, as August advanced and the Sicilians dispersed to their homes, that he could not cross the Straits in face of the Neapolitan armies on the Calabrian shore until he received strong reinforcements from the North. On August 11 he was expecting shortly to be joined at the Straits by the volunteers whom Bertani had organised at Genoa.² But Pianciani was preparing to lead them off to a wholly different part of the Italian Peninsula, under the delusion that Garibaldi would have 6000 Sicilian soldiers to take with him across the Straits, in addition to his Northern followers.³

Cavour, however, prevented this fatal mistake from being made. He could not allow revolutionary armies, organised by Mazzini and Bertani, to start from Genoa direct for the Papal States. An invasion made under such conditions must inevitably provoke French interference. He therefore sent to Genoa his principal colleague Farini, to negotiate with Bertani about the destination of Pianciani's force. Saffi, ex-triumvir of Rome, was present at the interview. Farini told Bertani that the King's Government intended itself to invade the Papal States: 'before many days,' he said, 'our own bugles will be sounding.' In any case the time was not quite ripe, and therefore the Government must insist that Pianciani and his volunteers should sail first to the Golfo degli Aranci in Sardinia, and thence to Sicily, where they would necessarily become subject to Garibaldi's orders. After touching at Sicily they might go to whatever part their leaders wished, not excluding the Papal States, provided that they did not re-enter Piedmontese territory as a base from which to attack the Pope. This compromise

¹ *Mem. Stor. Mil.* ii. 177-178, Cadolini's opinion. See pp. 43-44 above.

² *Ciampoli*, 175, Garibaldi's letter to Musolino. But he expected Nicotera's men to invade the Papal States from Tuscany, see *Ricasoli*, v. 171, and *Bertani* ii. 170.

³ *Pianciani*, 204.

was agreed upon by Farini for the Government, and by Bertani for the volunteers.¹

The clear intention of the authorities to use force rather than permit the invasion of the Papal States direct from the port of Genoa had compelled Bertani to temporise. But he had no real thought of fulfilling his part of the bargain by sending Pianciani's men to Sicily. The Government had promised to let his volunteers sail for the Golfo degli Aranci: he intended to persuade Garibaldi to come to meet them at the Sardinian port and himself to lead them thence, not to Sicily, but to the Papal States. With this object in view, he sailed to the Faro, landed there at dawn on August 12 and laid his proposal before the Dictator. Garibaldi took ship with Bertani that very evening for the Golfo degli Aranci, stealing away from the camp beside the Straits so secretly that no one knew whither he had gone nor why. But all felt that great events were in the air, and that when next they saw him there would be an end of this wearisome delay.

It is hard to know what were Garibaldi's intentions on board the *Washington*, as it carried him and Bertani on their hazardous voyage to Sardinia through the midst of the Neapolitan cruisers. Bertani was under the erroneous belief that the General would consent to lead the volunteers straight from the Golfo degli Aranci to the Papal States.² But until the moment of Bertani's arrival at the Faro, Garibaldi had intended to use the greater number of them to assist his passage of the Straits of Messina,³ and he himself tells us that he rejected Bertani's proposal to go to the Papal States, and was considering instead whether he might not attempt a direct *coup-de-main* on Naples.⁴

¹ *Risorg.* anno ii. fasc. 1, pp. 29-30. *Mazzini*, xi. p. cxxx note (Saffis' evidence). *Bertani*, ii. 151-153. *Mario's Mazzini*, 408.

² *Bertani*, ii. 168. *Ire Pol.* 66-67. *Pianciani*, 211-213. Pianciani never shared this delusion of Bertani's as to Garibaldi's intentions.

³ *Ciampoli*, 175, Letter of August 11.

⁴ *Mem.* 374. In *I Mille*, 150-152, he does not even allow this, and is unfair on Bertani. In these autobiographical works of a later day Garibaldi speaks

But the vigilance of the Piedmontese Government had settled the matter beforehand. When at dawn of August 14 the *Washington*, bearing Garibaldi and Bertani, steamed into the Golfo degli Aranci, only one part of the fleet that had transported the volunteers from Genoa was to be found in the bay. The rest had already been compelled by Piedmontese war-ships to go on to Sicily, in accordance with the agreement which Bertani had made with the Government and was now plotting to evade.¹ He was wild with fury when he saw that he had been frustrated. Garibaldi, on the other hand, fell back without any serious loss of temper on the plan which he had entertained three days before of using Pianciani's men to force the passage of the Straits of Messina.²

Since he had chanced to come so near to his island home of Caprera,³ he went to pass a few hours there in repose. With the poignant affection and delight of a boy at home on his day's *exeat* in the middle of term, the Dictator wandered amid the sweet-smelling shrubs and the chaos of granite rocks, called his favourite cows up to him by name and fed them from his hand.⁴ Then he took ship again for Palermo, where all Pianciani's expedition was soon assembled, 6000 strong.

with hostility of Bertani and the Mazzinians as 'these gentlemen' who 'perhaps felt repugnance to submitting themselves to obey the Dictatorship.' He may have felt these suspicions of Bertani at the Golfo degli Aranci, or he may have conceived them retrospectively in later years. In any case he was far indeed from being the tool or dupe of the Mazzinian party: if anything he made 'these gentlemen' his dupes by using the troops they had raised for his purposes and not for theirs.

¹ *Maison*, 6-27. Madame Mario's suggestion (*Bertani*, ii. 168) that Bertani meant Garibaldi and the volunteers to touch at Sicily first and thence sail for the Roman States is not admissible. There is nothing about this in Bertani's own words as published by Madame Mario, or in *Ire Pol.* 65-67, or in *Pianciani*, 211. If that was Bertani's plan, why was he so angry at the volunteers being sent to Palermo, and why did he drag Garibaldi to the Golfo degli Aranci at the risk of being caught by the Neapolitan cruisers?

² *Mem.* 374. *Ciampolì*, 175.

³ The need to coal took them from the Golfo degli Aranci to Maddalena. *Mem.* 374.

⁴ *Guersoni*, ii. 159. *Du Camp*. 19-20. *Bertani*, ii. 169-170. *Durand Brager*, 164-165.

Even at Palermo, Bertani again implored him to lead the men to the Papal States, but his mind was now once more intent on the problem of the Straits of Messina. Pianciani therefore resigned his commission and went home, but Bertani remained at the seat of war, hoping to use his influence upon Garibaldi in opposition to the more moderate counsels of the soldiers, Medici, Türr, Bixio, and Cosenz, who were well aware of the necessity of avoiding a breach with Cavour.¹

There still remained some 2000 volunteers in Tuscany under Nicotera, who had not been specifically mentioned in the terms of agreement between Bertani and Farini at Genoa. Garibaldi, though requiring Pianciani's men in order to effect the passage of the Straits, was still willing that Nicotera should invade the Pope's territory by land, and wrote to him to that effect.² But Cavour instructed Ricasoli, as Governor of Tuscany, not to permit any such movement. After an embittered quarrel, in which Ricasoli and Nicotera behaved each with small consideration for the other, the Governor had his way, and the last of the volunteers were forcibly shipped to Sicily.³ Thus the whole army which Bertani had prepared against the Pope, more than 8000 in number, finally swelled Garibaldi's force in the South, and was of indispensable service to him in his occupation and subsequent defence of Naples. They were almost the last volunteers who joined him from North Italy. For Cavour, alarmed by the constant threat of the advanced parties to invade the Papal territory, and now fully determined to invade it himself, prohibited on August 13 the further levy or dispatch of volunteers under any pretext, and this time, to the surprise of diplomatic Europe, actually enforced his proclamation. There were no more departures *en masse* from Genoa, though some hundreds of private

¹ Pianciani, 212-213. *Mem. Stor. Mil.* ii. 182. Türr's *Risposta*, 15-16.

² Bertani, ii. 170.

³ Pianciani, 313 *et seq.* (documenti M, N). Ricasoli, v. 171-224 *passim*. Nicotera, 44-47. Nicotera was more republican in his expressions than even Mazzini liked, see *Mignona*, 193. Appendix B, p. 319 below.

individuals went south with Government passports.¹ In all, Garibaldi had about 20,000 Northerners under him in the course of the year,² and at the Straits he already had, at the time of his crossing, much the greater part of this total, besides Sicilians. He was a match, even in numbers, for the troops in the toe of Italy, provided his transports could escape the enemy's fleet. But by all ordinary calculation that was impossible.

¹ *Pittaluga*, 159-161. *Mem. Stor. Mil.* ii. 179. *P. O. Sard.* No. 332. Brown to Hudson, August 27, 1860.

² Appendix B, below.

CHAPTER VI

THE CROSSING OF THE STRAITS

'Che volete, Signorini; io sono un vecchio soldato, e perciò m'attendeva che Garibaldi m'attaccasse di fronte, ed invece m'è capitato alle spalle!'

'What do you expect, gentlemen; I am an old soldier, and so of course I expected Garibaldi to attack me in front, and he came from behind instead!' *General Gallotti's explanation of his defeat overheard by Arrivabene* (ii. 112).

'Lu curaggio è nu donu di Dio, ed io nu l'aggiu.'

'Courage is a gift of God, and I have it not.' *Saying attributed to a Neapolitan soldier by the Garibaldini. Whitaker, 283.*

BETWEEN the working of one great action and the next, Nino Bixio was heard of chiefly through his deeds of insane violence. After the taking of Palermo, 'the second of the Thousand' had distinguished himself in the Sicilian capital by his quarrel with a brother in arms, the self-sacrificing Agnetta, whom he struck in the face for an imaginary insult. Since Garibaldi would allow no duel on campaign, they did not fight it out until late in the following year, in Switzerland. Bixio came tardily and unwillingly on to the 'field of honour,' because he of all men had scruples against duelling. Agnetta shot him in the hand, crippling it for the rest of his life, whereupon Bixio said, 'I am punished in the hand that gave the offence.' He subsequently earned Agnetta's gratitude by services of real friendship.¹

Bixio was not present at the battle of Milazzo, for he was leading his command through the south of the island. When at the end of July all the Garibaldian columns met near the Straits, he was sent by the Dictator

¹Busetto, 23, 42. Whitaker, 292. Bandi, 191-192. Adamoli, 91-93. Abba's Bixio, 102-105. Bixio, 206-207, 463. Bixio MSS. contain Agnetta's letter of gratitude.

to suppress a predatory and murderous anarchist rising under the western slopes of *Ætna*. There, at Randazzo and on Nelson's old estate of Bronte, his summary methods and manners soon terrified the wrongdoers into submission at the cost of only a few actual executions.¹ Bixio's own soldiers were always complaining of him. 'He is mad, he is intolerable.' 'Very well, under whom do you wish to serve then?' 'What? Eh? Oh, under Bixio, of course.'² At Bronte one morning some volunteers recently arrived from North Italy, and not accustomed to his ways, were late in turning out of bed. He went into the houses after them with a horse-whip. The older troops, who had marched under him and learnt to love him, with difficulty saved his life from the fury of the new men, who had come out to fight under Garibaldi, not to be whipped-in like hounds.³

But now an action was in hand on which his rage to be up and doing for his country could be spent to better purpose.

The Dictator had been away in Sardinia and Palermo for nearly six days, and no one at the Straits knew when or whether he would return. The suspense on both shores was terrible. On the morning of August 18 he suddenly reappeared in the Faro camp, gave his orders, left for Messina, and an hour afterwards was seen driving through its streets in a three-horse carriage along the southern road. His movements were still as mysterious as ever, for he was again travelling away from the scene of active operations at the Faro.⁴ But in fact the camp and flotilla beneath the lighthouse were to serve during the next twenty-four hours only as a decoy to fix the attention of the enemy's ships and regiments on the narrow waters of Scilla and Charybdis, while the real

¹ *Bixio*, 215-224. *Bixio Schavo*, 22-25. *Fonvielle*, 215-216.

² *Abba Not.* 213.

³ *Conv. Capurro*.

⁴ *Peard MS. Journal*, August 18. *Forbice*, August 26, letter from Messina August 19 re passage of Garibaldi 18th. *Forbes*, 135, 147. *Mem.* 374.

crossing took place at the broader part of the Straits, thirty miles to the south.

On the afternoon of August 18 Garibaldi's carriage reached the hamlet of Giardini, which stretches along the beach between the wall of mountains and the sea, at the southern foot of Taormina rock. Here Bixio's men from Bronte and Catania had been secretly collected during the last two days. Here the *Torino* and *Franklin* had safely arrived, after steaming round the whole island from the Faro in order to avoid the Neapolitan cruisers in the Straits. The captain of the *Torino*, a man of peace, who objected to the use of his transport vessel for an enterprise so hazardous as an attack on the Calabrian coast, had been silenced and placed under arrest by Bixio. The troops, 3360 in number, were already on board the two steamers when Garibaldi drove up. When all was ready, it was found that the *Franklin* had sprung a leak. The hole could not be found, and Bixio proposed that they should start with the *Torino* alone, but, when Garibaldi took the matter in hand, the hole was soon found and stopped. To judge by the space which he allots to this operation in his Memoirs, the Dictator recalled it with more interest than all his historic achievements during the next fortnight. That he should cause 15,000 soldiers of tyranny to lay down their arms seemed to him no more than an inevitable fate, now that Italy's hour had struck; but to find and calk a hole in a ship which had baffled the other seamen, was an action of which a man had good right to be proud.¹

At nightfall the two vessels steamed out from below the rock of Taormina. The distance to Melito, the point chosen for the landing in Calabria, is thirty miles, and, if at any point in the crossing the unarmed transports had fallen in with a Neapolitan war-ship they could have been sunk to the bottom. But the enemy were all away at the narrows, watching the camp and flotilla at the Faro.

¹ *Mem.* 374-375. *Menghini*, 451. *Times*, August 25, p. 9, c. 5. *Arrivabene* ii. 100-101. *Tosi*, 91. *Bixio*, 232. *Forbes*, 147.

The night voyage was unbroken by anything more terrifying than the voice of Bixio from the *Torino* continually shouting through his megaphone to the silent Garibaldi in the *Franklin*.¹

When dawn revealed Ætna's cone and the long ranges of subject Sicilian mountains at her feet, the Calabrian coast lay close ahead. Again, as at Marsala, Bixio ran his vessel aground on the shallows. But the men of both the steamers were taken off in the ships' boats and landed on the desolate beach called Porto Salvo, a mile from Melito village. There were no houses near, but an old chapel with a cupola rose amid the cactuses and aloes at the edge of the sea sand. The flat country behind, though it bore olive groves and scraps of cultivation, was arid for the most part, stripped and scarred each winter by the torrents from Aspromonte. The mountains themselves here stand back a mile or two from the coast, but the Garibaldini as they landed saw the pillar rock of Pentadatilo raising its five grotesque fingers against the dawn.²

Garibaldi spent the whole morning of the 19th in a vain attempt to save the *Torino*. He was waiting also for Missori's men to come down from the mountains near San Lorenzo, whither he had sent them a message to announce his landing. In the afternoon Neapolitan war-vessels appeared from the direction of Messina, destroyed the grounded and derelict *Torino*, and fired, not without some effect, into the red-shirts on shore. The *Franklin* had returned safely to Sicily. Towards evening the vanguard of Missori's men appeared on the neighbouring mountains, and the night of August 19-20 was spent in bivouac not far from Melito.³ For thirty-six hours

¹ *Tosi*, 91.

² Pentadatilo had been a favourite place of Edward Lear's during his painting tour in Calabria which was cut short by the revolution of 1848. Very few others have visited Pentadatilo before or since; Calabria is out of fashion now even with painters, though safer and no less magnificent than of old.

³ See Appendix G, i. below. *Mem.* 376. *Menghini*, 451-452. *Bixio*, 233 234. *Tosi*, 92. *Red Shirt*, 108.

many of the troops had neither food nor drink ; some of them who were inland-bred dug holes in the sea-shore and lapped the water that oozed up, in the desperate hope that Neptune would lose his salt by filtering through the sand.¹

On August 19 the telegraphs and semaphores in the Neapolitan kingdom had been wagging all day with ominous rumours from the south, and before midnight the Ministers at Naples knew that there had been a landing in force a dozen miles beyond Reggio.² There were now some 16,000 Royalist troops in Lower Calabria.³ General Vial, their commander-in-chief, had his headquarters at Monteleone, too far removed from the scene of operations. His regiments were scattered along fifty miles of the road between Monteleone and Reggio. His lieutenants, Melendez and Briganti, were guarding the supposed points of danger opposite the Faro, but at the moment of Garibaldi's landing there were no troops south of Reggio, and in Reggio itself only some 1000 men, chiefly of the 14th line. When, forty-eight hours later, Garibaldi fell upon the city, the numbers of its garrison had not been increased by a single man. The news of the landing at Melito ought to have caused an instantaneous move in that direction on the part of each of the columns scattered along the coast road, but neither Vial, Melendez, nor Briganti stirred until it was too late to save Reggio, in spite of a stream of indignant telegrams from Pianell at Naples. The War Minister had been anxious to avoid fighting in Sicily, and had perhaps not sent enough troops to guard the Straits, but his telegrams show that he did his best to make the generals fight Garibaldi when once he had landed.

Old General Gallotti, in command at Reggio, was the

¹ *Conv. Tedaldi.*

² *Pianell, 45-46.*

³ They are sometimes estimated at 12,000; but Garibaldi took 14,000 [1000 at Reggio, over 3000 at Piale and San Giovanni, and 10,000 at Soveria, pp. 131, 137, 148 below]. Besides these 14,000, we know that 1000 disbanded from Monteleone and Pizzo, and 1000 more returned thence with Vial to Naples, see p. 141 below.

most complete dotard of them all. When informed of the landing at Melito, he said that Garibaldi had taken to the mountains and that Reggio could not be attacked from that side, but only in front from the sea. He therefore made no preparations to defend the city. He forbade the energetic Colonel Dusmet to take up a good position near the castle, and compelled him instead to bivouac in the middle of the Cathedral Square, a mere trap for those who occupied it unless the entrances to the city were strongly guarded. These, however, were confided to the National Guard of Liberal *bourgeoisie*, whose loyalty was more than doubtful. Gallotti himself remained in the castle with a garrison. The castle of Reggio is a tall, grim building, flanked by round towers, somewhat similar in strength and appearance to the Bastille of old Paris, though on a smaller scale. But unlike the Bastille it does not rise clear above all possible assailants. For Reggio is¹ built on the side of a hill, and since the castle is only half-way up the hill, its battlements can be commanded by sharpshooters at the top of the town.

On the 20th the invaders marched from Melito, passing over the top of the sandstone cliff of Capo dell' Armi—*Leucopetra*, whose 'white rock' had been a famous sea-mark to the sailors of the ancient world. The General walked with his sabre over his shoulder, talking and singing with the men. All were hungry but in high spirits. Near Reggio they rested again, and at midnight advanced to the attack. Garibaldi with Missori's men entered the upper town by way of the hills, through Spirito Santo. Bixio with the main column kept the high road through Sbarre, and came in by the principal streets below the castle. His men stumbled upon outposts at the entrance of the city.

'*Chi va là ?*'

'Garibaldi.'

'*Avanti !*'

¹Or rather 'was.' *Fuit Iliou*. But the castle has withstood the earthquake.

It was the National Guard standing aside to let them pass. They hurried on through the sleeping streets. In the middle of the town they came upon other sentries.

'*Chi va là?*'

'Garibaldi.'

Bang!

They had come upon the loyal troops at last.¹

A fierce struggle raged in the great Cathedral Square until the morning. Colonel Dusmet and his son, not yet of age, fell gallantly fighting in front of the Royalists. Bixio's horses received nineteen wounds, and their rider two in the arm to which he paid no attention till Garibaldi sent him to bed the next night, saying, 'I suppose the balls that reach you are made of puff-paste.'²

The odds were all against the 14th line, and Garibaldi's column was pouring in upon their rear from the upper town. As day broke the red-shirts possessed themselves of all Reggio except the castle, which was provisioned for a month and could easily be defended against its present assailants.

Later in the same day (August 21) Briganti approached Reggio from Villa San Giovanni with about 2000 men. Garibaldi led his troops out into the country just beyond the northern suburbs and took up a position to cover the town. After the exchange of a few shots in a feeble reconnaissance, Briganti fell back, leaving Reggio to its fate. Garibaldi afterwards wrote that if the attack had been pressed, the Royalists might very possibly, with the help of the garrison in the castle, have recovered the town, and that in that case his own position would have been desperate. Indeed the troops in the castle had clamoured to be led out to attack him in the rear and

¹ *Conv. Tedaldi*, his account of his own experience.

² Bixio himself wrote afterwards to a friend: 'My horses received ten bullets at Rome (1849), nineteen at Reggio in Calabria, three at Maddaloni (Volturno). My own carcase was honoured by three bullets at Rome, one at Palermo, two at Reggio, and a fracture of the leg at the passage of the Volturno.' *Bixio*, 229, note. *Busetto*, 49. *Red Shirt*, 110-111. *Bologna MSS. Bixio*, Letter of August 24.

join hands with the relieving force. But Gallotti had refused to allow a sally. Hitherto the Royalist garrison in Reggio with the exception of Gallotti himself had behaved well, but after Briganti's retreat they felt themselves deserted and began to lose courage. When sharpshooters placed by Garibaldi in the upper part of the town commenced picking off the men on the battlements, panic set in, and the castle, which might have held out for weeks, was surrendered within twenty-four hours. The taking of Reggio had cost the victors about 150 in killed and wounded.¹

On the same day another important event took place to the north of the Straits. Garibaldi had left Cosenz in command at the Faro with instructions that he was to carry his troops across the water at the moment when the Dictator himself attacked Reggio. There was a good chance that Cosenz would be able to cross in safety because the Neapolitan war-vessels had now, too late, left the narrow waters and gone south to attend to Garibaldi after his landing at Melito. Before sunrise on August 21,² to the sound of the distant firing from Reggio, the flotilla of row-boats put out from Faro, carrying between 1000 and 1500 volunteers; they struggled successfully against the currents of Charybdis, made a wide detour to avoid the cannon-balls from the fort of Scilla, and landed the same morning on the strip of flat shore beneath the wall of wooded mountains at Favazzina. The Neapolitan war-ships, hastily summoned back from Reggio, sank and captured a large number of the boats as the fishermen were taking them back empty to the Faro.

A few minutes after Cosenz and his men had landed

¹ *Morisani*, 65-98. *Pianell*, 45-55. *Franci*, i. 90-96. *Mem.* 378-379. *De Sivo*, iii. 365-369. *De Cesare*, ii. 390. *Bixio*, 229-231. *Arrivabene*, ii. 108-112. *Red Shirt*, 109-111. *Zasio*, 76. *Türr's Div.* 133. *Menghini*, 453-454. The date of the surrender of Reggio Castle was the evening of the 21st, and not the 22nd as some have stated: see on this *Ruis*, 32; *Franci*, i. 225-226, doc. 55.

² See Appendix G, ii.

at Favazzina, they were attacked while crossing the coast road by Neapolitan troops from Scilla on one side and from Bagnara on the other. The enemy were repulsed chiefly by the Genoese carabinieri, the pick of Garibaldi's original 'Thousand,' and the whole force proceeded straight up the sides of Aspromonte by precipitous tracks through the brushwood. At noontide the greater part had reached the hamlet of Solano, 2000 feet above the sea. Overcome by heat, thirst, and fatigue they took their siesta in the houses, believing that all the Royalist forces were far below them on the level of the shore. From the precipice edge of Solano they looked back down the gulf of an enormous ravine below, but the village is itself closely overshadowed by other heights, covered with chestnut woods, and in these a few hundred Neapolitan troops were lying concealed. They were a detachment of Ruiz' men who had not yet gone down off Aspromonte from their vain pursuit of Missori's column.¹ Though inferior in numbers to Cosenz, the Royalists seized their advantage, surprised the sentinels and burst into the village. The Garibaldini had an hour's hard fighting before they could drive them out. Two little companies of French and English volunteers distinguished themselves in the scuffle under the leadership of De Flotte and of Goodall.² De Flotte was killed in the street at the head of his men. He was a French Republican exile, who had played a part in Paris in '48, and narrowly escaped Cayenne after Napoleon III.'s *coup d'état*. He had been loved by all his companions in arms, English, Italians, and French; and Garibaldi, when he heard of his death, mourned for him as a true soldier of liberty. They buried him where he fell, high up among the granite gorges and the chestnut woods, far from his fierce, gay city and the Boulevard lights.

After repulsing this attack, Cosenz' column mounted

¹ *Morisani*, 108-109. See p. 114 above.

² *Arrivabene*, ii, 123, says: 'After De Flotte's death they were led by Captain Goodall, a dashing young Englishman.' *Menghini*, 278.

another 1500 feet to Forestali on the higher plains of Aspromonte. There they received a message from the Dictator bidding them march westward and join him above Villa San Giovanni. Their sufferings on the plateaus of Aspromonte were severe. Starved and sun-baked all day, at night they were soaked with the dew and chilled with the intense cold of the mountain, so that Goodall and other useful soldiers were put out of action.¹

The movements of Garibaldi and Cosenz are a model of combined action from two separate bases. Each had enabled the other to succeed, by distracting the attention of the enemy's naval and military force. And now they were about to join hands at a spot above and in rear of the enemy's main line of defence.

On August 22, the morning after the fall of Reggio, the Dictator and Bixio moved northward to attack the forts and regiments commanding the narrowest part of the Straits. Again Bixio kept the coast road and Garibaldi the hills. On the evening of that day the Dictator joined forces with Cosenz above Piale and Villa San Giovanni. After this junction he had with him about 5000 men, and was for a while superior to the enemy both in numbers and position. Down below, between him and the sea, lay rather more than 3000 troops under Generals Melendez and Briganti.² The greater part of this force was in Villa San Giovanni on the coast road, under the command of Briganti; but Melendez with 1200 men occupied Piale village, a mile up the hill-side. Garibaldi was above them both at Campo Calabrese, where Murat had pitched his tents when he threatened Sicily with invasion. These seaward heights now oc-

¹ For Cosenz' crossing and Solano fight, *Conv. Goodall*, *Conv. Patterson*, *Pianell*, 56. *Caraguel*, 115-132. *Times*, September 4, p. 7, c. 3. *Maison*, 44-50. *Red Shirt*, 130. *Menghini*, 276-279. *Magni*, 7-9. *Mem.* 379. *Morisani*, 105-109.

² There is no Neapolitan estimate of the numbers, though *De Sivo*, iii. 373, says Melendez had 1200 men at Piale. Briganti's force below was larger, as all agree. The *Times* and *Morning Post* correspondents, who were present at the surrender on the 23rd, respectively estimate the haul at 3800 and 3500.

cupied by the red-shirts bore no resemblance to the wooded and precipitous mountains below which Cosenz had landed. It is a tumble-down land of broken mud banks on which vineyards, fruit gardens, cactuses, and houses maintain an ever precarious existence. The landscape on this part of the Calabrian shore is more weird than beautiful, but the view thence of the Straits, of Sicily and of *Ætna—Mongibello*, 'the fair mountain,' as the Calabrians call it—filled the Garibaldini with delight as they waited for the surrender of their foes. An artillery duel between the Neapolitan ships and the batteries at the Faro was watched by both armies as from the seats of a theatre, of which the lower circles were occupied by the Royalists.

On the 22nd Melendez and Briganti might still have retreated to Scilla, for it was only during the following night that the Dictator cut off their retreat by pushing his advance guard down to the coast at Cannitello. But they let the hours slip by in the vain expectation of reinforcements from the north. Besides the men whom they had with them, there were more than 10,000 Royalist troops in Lower Calabria,¹ and they naturally supposed that Vial would lead these to their rescue. But the commander-in-chief had no advantage except in point of age over his dotard lieutenants. A pleasure-loving and idle young man, raised by personal influences at Court to a command for which he had no qualifications, Vial had too much of the heartless flippancy of the Neapolitan to be serious over even the gravest situation. He continued to linger and amuse himself at Monteleone, saying that he 'would give Joe a ducking'² if he tried to cross the Straits. When he heard that 'Joe' had crossed, and was taking Reggio, he still lingered with the greater part of the troops under his command fifty miles from the scene of action. At length, driven to the front by furious

¹ *Franci*, i. 97, places Vial's [= Ghio's] men at 10,000 for infantry alone.

² 'Avrebbe pescato Peppariello.' (*Peppariello* = *Giuseppe Garibaldi*.) *De Cesare*, ii. 390-391.

telegrams from Pianell, the War Minister, he sailed from Pizzo on the morning of August 22, taking with him one of his best battalions. He landed alone at Villa San Giovanni, interviewed Briganti and Melendez, and ordered them to hold out while he set this battalion ashore at Scilla and led it to their rescue. He then returned to Scilla, but as a sea had arisen which made the landing of troops momentarily difficult, he hailed the excuse to sail back with the battalion to Pizzo and Monteleone, leaving his lieutenants to their fate without even warning them that he had changed his plan and run away.

Meanwhile, Melendez and Briganti were expecting aid not only from Vial, but also from General Ruiz, who had at length descended from Aspromonte to the coast road, and was hurrying along it to their rescue. Like Vial, Ruiz came on alone in front of his column to take stock of the situation. He visited Melendez and Briganti up at Piale and then went down to the main road again to bring up his column from Altifumara. But on his way back through Villa San Giovanni he could not fail to observe that Briganti's men were in a state of complete demoralisation. Red-shirts were going about among them with impunity in *cafés* and at street corners, exhorting them not to prolong a useless and fratricidal contest ; and it was only too evident that the men were listening. There was little of active disloyalty or of political Liberalism among the rank and file. But they had in August small motive or encouragement to fight. They were at once terrified and fascinated by the name of Garibaldi, and after the taking of Reggio regarded him as unconquerable. During the last two months, ever since the grant of the Constitution, they had been forced to march under the tricolour flag,—the flag, as it seemed to them, of their enemies. They witnessed, in every street down which they passed, the enthusiasm of the populace for the revolution and the open disloyalty of the new civic authorities, who had proclaimed 'Long live the King' as a seditious cry. Their own officers were visibly shaking

with fear, muttering their doubts to each other, or pre-occupied with private thoughts of which the character was only too evident. Their General, Briganti, was known to be in favour of negotiation. The enemy, it appeared, was to be regarded as more than half a friend, since no one prevented his emissaries from entering their lines to talk sedition in the open street of Villa San Giovanni.

As Ruiz rode through the town noting what he saw, he judged that Briganti and his troops did not mean to fight, and that he had best save his own men from sharing in their surrender. A few miles further north, at Altifumara, he met his column hastening up, ordered it to turn right about and before nightfall on the 22nd had led it back to Bagnara. Like Vial, Ruiz was pursued by indignant telegrams from the War Minister at Naples to the effect that Melendez and Briganti were preparing to die at their posts, while he basely deserted them. But he knew better, and rather than face Garibaldi again, resigned his command. His successor, Morisani, on the morning of the 23rd began to march back once more to the relief of San Giovanni, but was met and turned back for good and all by a messenger from Melendez himself, who declared that it was now too late.¹

In this fashion Melendez and Briganti, lured by false hopes that Vial and Ruiz were marching to their relief, had let slip the opportunity to escape out of their untenable positions on August 22. At daybreak on the 23rd they saw that retreat was no longer possible. During the night Garibaldi had drawn the net round them by sending down detachments from Campo Calabrese to Cannitello. They were completely surrounded with a semicircle of sea on one side, and a semicircle of red-shirts on the other. As the sun rose the Garibaldini began to descend upon them from the hills. The Nea-

¹ *Ruiz*, 13, says that he had had only 1400 men in his column. But *Morisani*, 132-134, and *De Sivo*, iii. 373, say that Ruiz had 3000 (21 companies), at any rate when he handed over the command to Morisani.

politan rifles and cannon opened fire, but the advancing host made no reply. The slow, ordered, noiseless approach of their enemies affected the nerves of the Royalists, as Garibaldi had intended that it should. They opened negotiations. A Garibaldian *parlementaire* with the white flag in his hand was shot dead, but General Briganti himself came out to apologise. He explained to the Dictator that he would have been a Liberal himself, but that he had two sons in the Neapolitan army and so felt gratitude to the Bourbons. 'Otherwise,' he said, 'I would join you.'¹ He asked to surrender with the honours of war. Garibaldi gave him and Melendez till three o'clock to surrender unconditionally, and allowed them to send out a messenger, who, as already related, stopped the further advance of Morisani to their rescue.

Meanwhile, the Garibaldian army halted on the hillside and watched the confusion growing hour by hour among their enemies below. When the appointed time had run out the advance was resumed. As the red-shirts drew the circle close upon them, the Royalists threw away arms and knapsacks and fled in a mob along the northern road. They were turned back by a volley, and crowded together like driven sheep in the centre of their position. Garibaldi rode almost alone into their midst. 'Soldiers,' he said, 'you as well as my companions are the sons of Italy; remember that. You are at liberty. Whoever wishes to remain with us may address himself to General Cosenz, your countryman, who is charged to enlist you. But whoever wishes may go home.' At these words they rushed at him with cries of joy and much to his disgust began kissing his hands, arms, and feet. Three thousand five hundred men, four field pieces, and the fort of Punto del Pezzo with its artillery were the prize of this bloodless victory. Very few of the men chose to enlist under Cosenz, but as they scattered to their homes they spread the news that Garibaldi's custom was to send off his prisoners free, and this knowledge

¹ *Conv. Sclavo* (eye-witness).

greatly increased the readiness of the troops under Vial and Ruiz to follow the example set at Villa San Giovanni.

That example proved contagious along the whole road to Naples. The next day, August 24, the fort of Altifumara, which had resisted Missori's attack a fortnight before, the neighbouring fort of Torre Cavallo, and the more formidable castle on the rock of Scilla, armed with twenty-two cannon, all opened their gates to the outriders of the invading army, among whom Garibaldi himself was one of the foremost. As soon as the batteries of these forts had compelled the Neapolitan navy to sail out of the Straits, Medici's regiments at Messina were brought safely across to the mainland.

The race to Naples had now fairly begun. It was led by Garibaldi and his staff, many hours ahead of the van of their army, accompanied by Jessie and Alberto Mario, and by some English gentlemen who liked fatigue and had the luck and money to hire horses that could keep the pace. There were more than 10,000 of the enemy close ahead, but no one feared that they would resist when overtaken. Basilicata and Upper Calabria were already rising in arms. The Dictator and his companions set out to ride unchallenged along the great trunk road that stretches for 250 miles through mountains and forests and fever-stricken plains from the foot of Aspromonte to the foot of Vesuvius.¹

¹ *Pianell*, 48-81. *Morisani*, 120-139. *Ruiz*, 11-18. *Marra Oss.* 38-41. *Arrivabene*, ii. 115-129. *Red Shirt*, 112-147. *Conv. Tedaldi*. *Forbes*, 167-177. *Peard Journal MS.* *Conv. Goodall*. *Conv. Patterson*. *Menghini*, 455-457. *De Cesare*, ii. 390-392. *Franci*, i. 93-95. *De Sivo*, iii. 372-377. *Times*, September 4, p. 7, c. 5. *M. Post*, September 6, p. 5. *Conv. Sclavo*. *Bologna MSS.* *Bixio*, Letter of August 24.

CHAPTER VII

THE MARCH THROUGH CALABRIA

'O how comely it is, and how reviving
To the spirits of just men long oppressed,
When God into the hands of their deliverer
Puts invincible might,
To quell the mighty of the earth, the oppressor,
The brute and boisterous force of violent men,
Hardy and industrious to support
Tyrannic power, but raging to pursue
The righteous, and all such as honour truth!
He all their ammunition
And feats of war defeats,
With plain heroic magnitude of mind
And celestial vigour armed;
Their armouries and magazines contemns,
Renders them useless, while
With winged expedition
Swift as the lightning glance he executes
His errand on the wicked, who, surprised,
Lose their defence, distracted and amazed.'

MILTON. *Samson Agonistes*.

THE Calabrian Liberals were not altogether unworthy of such a deliverer. The Garibaldini, who had seen little to admire in the inhabitants of Eastern Sicily in spite of all the facile enthusiasm at Messina, declared that when they had crossed the Straits they soon found themselves among 'a staid, manly, and athletic population.'¹ Travelers who to-day visit those remote but magnificent regions notice with relief that the corruption of Naples has not infected the whole South of the Peninsula.

The Calabrians of those days were not unaccustomed

¹*Forbes*, 158. *Du Camp*, 163-164. *Maison*, 61, 64. *Red Shirt*, 106-107. On September 3, Luigi Cairoli, after the march through Calabria, wrote to his mother: 'quanto è bello, quanto degno dell' uomo italiano è il carattere Calabrese.' *Cairoli*, 340.

to war. For sixty years past they had from time to time conducted guerilla campaigns for and against the Bourbons. Some towns had always been on the side of reaction, like Pizzo, whose fishermen had arrested Murat among their nets on the beach, and handed him over to his death; while others, like Monteleone on the hill above, had no less constantly been Liberal. In the period of those French and English wars, the prevailing sentiment in Calabria had been reactionary, or at least anti-French. But since Waterloo, forty years of obscurantist inquisition into every household by spies and police officers had left the restored Bourbons but few zealous adherents, and had made every man of spirit and intelligence their active enemy. In 1848 the Calabrian peasants had upheld the national cause with a valour that distinguished them among the populations of Southern Italy. In the reaction that followed, the leaders of the movement—doctors, professors, and landed proprietors—had gone into prison and into exile. Their day was now come. Francesco Stocco of the Thousand, the principal landlord of the Catanzaro district, reappeared among his own people, with the wound which he had received at Calatafimi yet unhealed. In 1860 feudal devotion was still strong in Calabria, and helped much to make the rising effective.¹ Even in exile Stocco had been regarded as the real leader of the country, like a Highland chief living across the water after 1745. And now that he was among his people once more, they answered to his call as to that of a tribal king, who interpreted the will of Garibaldi the racial deity. Fortunately Stocco was a simple and disinterested man and used his authority well.²

¹ *Conv. Fassari*. Plutino at Reggio, Morelli at Cosenza, Pace at Castrovillari, played the same part as Stocco at Catanzaro.

² *Conv. Fassari*. *Forbes*, 197, 201. *Stocco*. The late Achille Fazzari (ob. 1910) was another, younger Calabrian leader in 1860. A few months before he died, he sent Dr. Ashby and me in a boat from his house at Capanello, near Staletti, to visit the great sea-cave, a Cathedral choir of granite hollowed out in the roots of Aspromonte, in which he had lain hid with a price on his head, under

On August 26 the citizens of Catanzaro proclaimed the Dictator's government, while the town was still occupied by the Bourbon garrison. When it marched out next day towards Nicastro, it was surrounded and disarmed by the people of that region two days before the arrival of the Garibaldian vanguard.¹ Meanwhile, the mountain shepherds of Aspromonte, and the farmers of the fruit-bearing hills that overlook the fever-stricken plain of Maida, gathered to a head under Francesco Stocco. They pitched their camp, several thousands strong,² on the plateau of Campo Lungo, above the bridge of Angitola, and prepared there to cut off the retreat of Vial and his 12,000 men. Vial still lay at Monteleone, while Stocco thus blocked his road to the north, and Garibaldi advanced upon him from the south. Pianell had at length ordered him to retreat on the capital, but the only path left open was by sea, and he had only one steamer lying off Pizzo. He used it to effect his own escape to Naples, taking on board with him a thousand of his men. The rest he bequeathed to General Ghio, with instructions that they should march back by land. A thousand more disbanded, leaving Ghio with 10,000, the last Royalists in Lower Calabria.

From the semaphore station on the heights of Monteleone, the grass-grown site of an ancient Greek city, Ghio could watch through his telescope the bivouac of Stocco's Calabrians on the table-land of Campo Lungo, close above the high-road by which alone he could hope to retreat. Seeing himself thus cut off he sent a flag of truce to the Dictator and begged for a free passage to Naples with the honours of war. On August 26 Ghio's

sentence of death, a month before Garibaldi's crossing. He then led his neighbours to join the army of liberation, fought well at Volturno, became a friend of Garibaldi, spent several years with him on Caprera, and received him as guest at Capanello in 1882, a few months before the hero's death.

¹ *F. O. Sicily, Elliot*, Catanzaro, Sept. 2, 1860, *H.M. Vice-Consul's report*.

² Fazzari, who was there, told me that Stocco never had 10,000 men, as is sometimes said; he never had more than 6000 in Calabria, and only managed to induce 2000 to come as far as Naples. *Conv. Fazzari*.

messenger found Garibaldi at Nicotera, a town perched on the sea-cliff, some miles off the great trunk road along which the armies were moving. The Dictator had made his way thither with two or three companions alone, in order to superintend the disembarkation of Medici's troops from Messina. Taking a short cut from Gioja he and his friends had left their horses and walked seven miles through the deep sand and marshes of the plain, wading through rivers above the knee. He thus arrived in time to welcome Medici's men as they landed on the beach below Nicotera. Thence he sent back Ghio's officer to Monteleone with a demand for the unconditional surrender of the ten thousand.¹

At dawn on the 27th the Dictator posted over the hills to Monteleone, by way of Mileto, where he rejoined the vanguard of his army coming up from Rosarno by the great trunk road. Mileto, situated half-way up the long rise out of the plain to the heights of Monteleone, was famed for the numbers of its clergy and of its brigands. The wealthy Bishop had fled, but the priests and people welcomed Garibaldi and his men. In the middle of the main street was to be seen a dried pool of blood and the charred remnants of some large animal. On that spot, two days before, the Bourbon troops had detected their general Briganti, attempting to ride through Mileto in civilian disguise. It was he who had so recently surrendered at Villa San Giovanni. They fell upon him with cries of '*Traditore*,' and emptied their rifles into his body, which they stripped and mutilated in beastly fashion, while others killed and burnt his horse. All this took place in the open street of Mileto, beneath the eyes of the regimental officers, who drank shame to the dregs, looking on at the murder with pale cheeks

¹ *Red Shirt*, 148-151. *Pianell*, 81. *De Cesare's F. di P.* p. clxxvi. *Menghini*, 458-459. *Peard's Journal MS.* August 26. There is some difference among these authorities as to whether Ghio or Vial sent the messenger to Garibaldi, but in any case when the messenger returned to Monteleone, Vial had sailed and Ghio was in command. Mario, in the *Red Shirt*, gives the true nature of Garibaldi's reply.

and ineffectual murmurs of remonstrance. Some of the soldiers boasted that they had killed the general because he was a Liberal and a traitor, others because he was a Royalist, others because they wanted his boots.¹

Horried, but encouraged by this evidence of the utter demoralisation of his enemies, Garibaldi, after a *siesta* in a garden at Mileto, drove on to Monteleone the same day, hoping to receive the surrender of these wretched men. On the afternoon of the 27th his carriage mounted to the edge of the green and prosperous table-land of Monteleone, whence the moral and material squalor of the towns down below seems to have been banished by decree of nature, ever since the ancient Greeks founded their city of Hipponium upon this pleasant sward. The Garibaldini, like other travellers before and since, were enchanted by the panorama of the Mediterranean, Stromboli, Sicily, and nearer at hand the long outline of Aspromonte; by the city with its hospitable inhabitants, its free and cheerful life, its unexpected treasures of statuary and architecture. Garibaldi himself, the first to arrive, was given a welcome that is remembered in Monteleone as the greatest event in its civic life. For sixty years its inhabitants had been true to the cause of freedom, and for more than forty of those years had been subject to cruel oppression; for weeks past their town had been the enemy's headquarters; the day before they had narrowly escaped massacre at the hands of the soldiery who had murdered Briganti, and they had been saved only by the wisdom and energy of the Marquis Gagliardi, the patriot leader of the town. But now Garibaldi was among them, standing in a balcony with arms crossed and head bowed, looking long and in silence at the crowd below. 'Unworded things and old' seemed passing between him and them by some mysterious sympathy of race. At length he spoke: 'When a people replies as you have

¹ *Times*, September 8, p. 8, cols. 1-2. *Du Camp*, 141-146. *Arrivabene*, ii, 149. *Forbes*, 187-188. *Peard's Journal MS.*, Aug. 27.

done to the call of freedom, then freedom is its due. The destinies of Italy are secure, and no power on earth can alter them.' But it was the silence and not the words that dwelt most in the memory of some present.¹

There was, however, one cause for disappointment. Ghio's ten thousand, who had marched out of the town shortly before Garibaldi's arrival, were allowed by Stocco to march past him unchallenged. It appears that Sirtori had sent Stocco a message which he interpreted to mean that the Neapolitan troops had joined the national cause and were to be treated as brothers in arms. They were therefore allowed to file across the long bridge of Angitola, and below the wooded precipice of Campo Lungo under the eyes of Stocco's army, who stood at ease and cheered them as they passed. But Ghio's men were, in fact, still bearing arms against Garibaldi, and he had declared for nothing short of their unconditional surrender.²

The mistake, whether due to Sirtori or to Stocco, called for instant remedy. If Ghio's men recovered their morale, or fell in with Caldarelli's troops in Upper Calabria, they might yet occupy one of the thousand strong mountain positions that barred the road to Naples and seriously delay the Dictator's advance. In any case he did not want 10,000 more added to the Royalist troops collecting for the defence of the capital. He therefore left Monteleone on the 28th at a hand gallop to ride down the fugitive army. He was partly accompanied and partly pursued by the mounted portion of his staff and by some English ladies³ and gentlemen in a carriage.

¹ *Monteleone, Peard's Journal MS. and Forbes, 187-189. Du Camp, 148-149. Conversations at Monteleone.*

² *De Cesare's F. di P. pp. clxxvii-clxxix. Red Shirt, 150-151, 162. Garibaldi afterwards told Fazzari that he never remembered giving any order more favourable to Ghio's men than the demand for their surrender (Conv. Fazzari). Du Camp, 159. Forbes, 196-197. Arrivabene, ii. 153. Times, September 8, p. 8, c. 2. Some of Stocco's men appear to have skirmished with Ghio's column near the Grazia bridge long after it had got through the dangerous pass below Campo Lungo (Türr's Dig. 139, 415. Franci, i. 97).*

³ *Jessie Mario and C. de Te's wife. Bertani, ii. 177. Peard's Journal MS.*

There were as yet no cavalry, so the rest of his men, with Stocco's bands well to the fore, were to come on behind as fast as their legs would carry them.

The country through which the race now ran, with its ever-changing views of mountain, plain, and sea, was rich in memories of the last sixty years of feud between revolution and reaction. First, they left behind them Pizzo, hanging on a cliff over the beach, with its squalid little castle where Murat had been shot, an eagle trapped in a filthy cage and torn to pieces by vermin. At the bridge of La Grazia they passed a battle-field of '48. Then the road wound among low, fruit-laden hills, skirting the *campagna* of Maida. On that seaward plain, half-covered with brushwood and cut by sandy streams and white *fumare*, the British infantry, set ashore by our fleet in July, 1806, had in half an hour of volley-firing proved the superiority of the line-formation over the French column, which had carried all before it since the revolutionary wars began.¹ The grand mountains looking down on the battle-field from north and east had been the scene of the Calabrian rising against the French that followed on the British victory, when the methods of the reactionary bands so horrified our officers that many of them were glad to be driven back to Sicily and swore never again to let loose such devilry on the mainland.² Following up the valley of the Amato, Garibaldi turned into the heart of these mountains, where far other political sentiments now prevailed among the peasants,

¹ As Paul Louis Courier, who was in the battle, wrote: 'Avec nos bonnes troupes, et à forces égales, être défaits en si peu de minutes! Cela ne s'est point vu depuis la révolution.' *Courier*, ed. 1828, iv. 113. For the great effect of the lesson of Maida on our Peninsula tactics, see Mr. Oman's article, published by the British Academy.

² *Johnston*, i. 127-128, 136. Paul Louis Courier thus describes the character of the war between the French troops and the Calabrian peasants: 'Ceux que nous attrapons, nous les pendons aux arbres; quand ils nous prennent, ils nous brûlent le plus doucement qu'il peuvent. Moi qui vous parle, Monsieur, je suis tombé entre leur mains. Pour m'en tirer, il a fallu plusieurs miracles. J'assistai à une délibération, où il s'agissait de savoir si je serais pendu, brûlé ou fusillé. Je fus admis à opiner.' *Courier*, iv. 128. •

and, under his influence, far other methods of warfare. Those blood-feuds of Bourbon and Jacobin, those marchings of foreign armies on the soil, belonged to an era that was passing away, as the flag of Italy and Victor Emmanuel brought the hope of an ordered freedom.

Garibaldi and the best-mounted officers in his staff were acting militarily as their own scouts, politically as their own heralds. The first-comers of all their army, they were enthusiastically welcomed by the peasants, who saw with special delight that the Dictator was wearing the conical hat of Calabria. He and his friends had no baggage and no change of clothes; each had one travel-stained red shirt, which was sometimes washed at the mid-day *siesta*, and put on again to dry as they rode forward under the scorching sun. In this guise the small group of horsemen climbed the steep ascent out of the Amato valley to the ancient town of Tiriolo, that hangs on the edge of the mountain-wall, 2000 feet above the Tyrrhenian and Ionian seas. Besides this simultaneous view of the two parts of the Mediterranean, the riders admired the gorgeous Calabrian costumes of the women which, then as now, were seen at their best in the neighbourhood of Tiriolo. Thence the trunk road runs northwards for a two days' journey to Cosenza, at an average height of over 2000 feet, through an endless succession of oak and chestnut forests, above the flanks of deep, wooded gorges, down which even in August and September the clear water went leaping and gurgling to the sea. In these altitudes Garibaldi overtook Ghio's army. On the evening of August 29, five miles beyond Tiriolo, he suddenly came in sight of the tail of the enemy's column winding round the flank of the mountain a few hundred yards in front. Since he had only half a dozen companions with him, he turned aside for the night into the neighbouring village of S. Pietro, after sending to bid Stocco's Calabrians to come up with all possible speed. While the staff was at supper an earthquake shook the village, and

all rushed out into the street, except only Garibaldi, who remained seated as if he had felt nothing.¹

At dawn he started on again to seize his prey. While the rising sun flooded the peaks and valleys with light, he followed the road along the crest of a wooded ridge, which opened out after six miles into the high cultivated table-land of Soveria. At the farther end of this plateau, close beneath still higher mountains to the north, lay the village of Soveria-Mannelli. In its long street and on the flat corn-land around, Garibaldi saw bivouacked the whole of Ghio's army of 10,000 men, packed like sheep in a fold, without rear-guard or advance-guard, without sentinels placed or out-posts occupying the surrounding heights. The men were disconsolately cooking some stolen lambs; the officers were doing nothing; there was no sign that they intended to proceed with their march.

Ghio had in fact abandoned the idea of further retreat, because he had learnt that the pass of Agrifoglio, five miles to the north, was blocked against him by the men of Upper Calabria. These bands from Cosenza and Castrovillari, led by their feudal chiefs, Pace and Morelli, had already on August 27 compelled 3000 troops under General Caldarelli at Cosenza to enter upon an agreement to retreat with arms in their hands to Naples. The rebels had next proceeded to occupy Agrifoglio pass, fearing that if Ghio crossed the water-shed and marched down into the district of Cosenza with 10,000 fresh troops from the south, Caldarelli would throw over his agreement and unite with the new-comers to strike another blow for the royal cause. On the summit of this forest pass, more than 3000 feet above the sea, were encamped the Calabrian mountaineers in their theatrical costume, armed with shot-guns, axes, pikes, and scythes. Among them, superintending the defences of the pass, rode the white-haired Altimare, with the medal of S. Helena and the Cross of the Legion of Honour upon his breast. He

¹ Bertani, ii. 177-178. Menghini, 459-460. Forbes, 195, 198-199. Du Camp, 171, 185-188. Arrivabene, ii. 154-155. Red Shirt, 156-157.

had known colder work than these August days and nights among the oak woods, for he had marched to Moscow and back ; he had been one of the half-million combatants in the Armageddon on the plains of Leipzig ; he had led his fellow-Calabrians in 1820 and in 1848, and now his eyes were to see the coming of Garibaldi. Under his direction trenches were dug and trees felled across the road up which Ghio would have to march. But Ghio, on being informed that Caldarelli had come to terms and that the summit of Agrifoglio pass was thus fortified against his own retreat, determined to proceed no farther, but supinely to await the arrival of Garibaldi at Soveria.

There, throughout the morning of August 30, band after band of Stocco's Calabrians came in from Tiriolo and the south, exhausted with their forced march but eager to be led into action. As fast as each arrived on the plateau, Garibaldi led them up into S. Tommaso village and the other hills to east and north of Soveria. Down below, the Bourbon troops still sat cooking their lambs, and watching Garibaldi's encircling movement with the fixed indifference of despair. In the course of the morning Mario, Peard, and the ex-priest Bianchi from the camp at Agrifoglio, severally entered the village and demanded the surrender of Ghio's army. They were received with courtesy by the General, and by some of the troops, while others were with difficulty restrained from shooting them. Soon after midday Garibaldi found himself at the head of 2000 of Stocco's Calabrians and a few of Cosenz' red-shirts ranged in a circle round the village below. He gave the word to advance, and the Garibaldini silently and slowly moved down upon Ghio's ten thousand as they had done upon Briganti's smaller force at Villa San Giovanni a week before. There was no resistance, and no formal capitulation. It was understood that the men were free to go each his own way, and that the officers were to be supplied with journey money. They spontaneously gave up their 10,000 rifles and twelve

cannon, and without more ado disbanded, each to his home or to a life of brigandage.

Several thousand of the rifles were distributed among the Calabrian bands of Stocco, Pace, and Morelli, many of whom, thus armed, came on to Naples and took part in the Volturno campaign. The captured horses enabled Garibaldi for the first time since he had crossed the Straits to mount a hundred cavalry. Hitherto his Hungarian hussars had trudged all the way, trailing their huge spurs and sabres through the dust. But when the enemy's horses were made over to them at Soveria, the gallant gentlemen sprang into the saddles with the alacrity of a cavalier race reared on the Magyar plains to horsemanship and war. They seemed to the onlookers to be suddenly transfigured from tired tramps into knights of old romance galloping off joyfully into the forest in search of dragons and giants and some glorious way to die.¹

In the midst of these scenes of confusion and triumph in the squalid street of Soveria a messenger arrived from Naples and handed a letter to Garibaldi. It was from Alexandre Dumas, who had recently gone to the capital in his yacht. He wrote that he had obtained an interview with Liborio Romano, now the principal Minister of the King and by far the most influential person in Naples.² 'Liborio,' wrote Dumas, 'is at your disposition, together with at least two of his fellow-Ministers, at the first attempt at reaction on the King's part. At this first attempt, which will set him free from his oath of fidelity, Liborio Romano offers to leave Naples with two of his colleagues, to present himself to you, to proclaim the deposition of the King and to recognise you as Dictator.'

¹ *De Cesare F. di P.* clxvii-clxx, clxxvii-cxci, cxcix-ccii. *Red Shirt*, 158-169. *Franci*, i. 97-99. *Peard*, 824-826. *Arrivabene*, ii. 154-156. *Cairoli*, 340-341. *Forbes*, 199-201. *Ciampoli*, 177. *I.L.N.* October 13, 1860, pp. 331-332. *F. O. Sicily, Elliot (Catanzaro Consul)*, September 2, 1860. *Adamoli*, 150-151. *Du Camp*, 179-180.

² See pp. 17-19 above.

³ *Dumas*, 285-288, 295, 308-311, 315. The interview of Dumas and Liborio had been held on August 23.

Garibaldi sped the messenger back to Naples to tell Liborio that the Neapolitans ought to be prepared to rise at any moment in case it should prove necessary, but that they were, if possible, to postpone the decisive event until he himself was at the gates. He set out to follow the messenger as fast as horses could carry him, again leaving his army days behind upon the road. Two fears drew him on to the capital at his topmost speed: the fear that anarchy, massacre, or civil war would break out before his arrival; and the fear that Cavour and Victor Emmanuel would seize the reins of power in Naples and so bring to an end his Dictatorship and with it his chance of invading the Papal States.

Meanwhile, the other detachments of his army, scattered along the road between Scilla and Tiriolo, were toiling after the vanguard by forced marches. It was the hottest period of the year, cooled by occasional thunder-storms. There was no proper commissariat, and the food of the country was scarce, especially for the rear-guard who followed where Ghio's 10,000 and their own main body had already swept the villages clean. Fruit was in season, and in some places on the route abundant; but few of Garibaldi's followers could, like their leader, be satisfied with a bunch of grapes, a cigar, and the thought of Italy as a substitute for a day's rations. Everything taken was paid for at a good price, and grape-thieves were liable to be shot. Once at least the corpse of a red-shirt, laid out between the vineyards and the road, warned the passing columns that the General's discipline was still as severe in his hour of triumph as it had been eleven years before during the disastrous retreat from Rome. 'When I remember the plundering propensities of my own countrymen,' wrote an English gentleman who had beheld this wayside portent, 'I shudder to think what may be the consequences should many join the army.'¹ His fears were well grounded,

¹ *Forbes*, 178-179.

for two months later five members of the British Legion were condemned to be shot for plundering on the north bank of the Volturno, where they had been left on the usual Garibaldian short rations, an intolerable torture to the hungrier Saxon race; but their sentence was commuted for imprisonment.¹

The liberated populations were enthusiastic in their welcome, and profuse of all the hospitality which they had to offer; but in those days the material resources of civilisation in Calabria and Basilicata were of the most meagre kind.² Hunger, exposure, and the ceaseless forced march made the race to Naples one of the severest physical tests of patriotic endurance. It took away from the mother of the Cairolì another of her boys, Luigi,³ who died of typhus contracted on the road; and many stronger men were left behind disabled. Both French and English, who shared in the march, admired the endurance and self-restraint of the Italian volunteers.⁴

The Dictator, at first on horseback, later in an open carriage, was forging on ahead with a few companions. Five miles above Soveria, on the top of the water-shed of Agrifoglio which divides Upper from Lower Calabria, he was greeted with wild delight by the Calabrians who had blocked the pass there against Ghio's army. Thence he galloped along the well-engineered road which leads down the side of a forest gorge of Alpine proportions to Carpanzano and Rogliano, and thence he pushed on again the same afternoon to Cosenza. The capital of Upper Calabria is built on the steep sides of three separate hills above the meeting-place of two

¹ A.Y.R. 200-201. And I have other first-hand evidence.

² Those Garibaidini who had the fortune, good or ill, to be received into the houses of the hospitable Calabrians, had to be prepared for an evil which I will veil for the English reader in the decent obscurity of Luigi Cairolì's classical Italian: 'Cimici affricani, piccoli e rossi, feroci divoratori di carne umana.' *Cairolì*, 343. Indeed it was 'the season of the year' for more than grapes.

³ See p. 37 above.

⁴ *Du Camp*, 145-146. *Conv. Dolmage*. *Cremona MS. (Carasi)*. *Usielli*, 935-937. *Tosi*, 94-96. *Adamoli*, 150-152. *Caraguel*, 152-153. *Mariotti*, 430-431.

mountain torrents, in one of which, the Busento, Alaric the Goth lies buried. At nightfall on the last evening of August, Garibaldi was welcomed into the streets of the city lit up in his honour.¹

There were memories at Cosenza. Here, sixteen years before, one of Italy's forlorn hopes had perished: the attack of a handful of idealists, led by Ricciotti and the brothers Bandiera against the Bourbons in the plenitude of their power, had here come to its tragic, premeditated end, in order to teach Italians by example a lesson which many had since learnt, how to die for their country. Garibaldi well remembered how the news had reached his penurious household in Montevideo, and how Anita and he had named their second-born after Ricciotti.² The most sacred place in Cosenza was a nameless slab in an aisle of the Cathedral under which the bodies lay. The victors of 1860 all went to do it honour. Garibaldi himself had not time to visit the other scene, four miles distant in the mountains, where the execution of the Bandieras had taken place. But after he had passed on his way, when, some days later, the main body of his followers began to arrive at Cosenza, nothing could restrain them from marching out, regiment after regiment, to see the water-washed stones in the torrent bed below Rovito, where their forerunners had dropped one by one before the firing party, with the forbidden name of Italy upon their lips. There the regiments stood bareheaded, while Nino Bixio addressed his men in words of fire.³

During the short night that Garibaldi spent at Cosenza he made important military dispositions, in consequence of the arrival of Bertani, who had come up thither from Paola on the coast. Bertani announced that he had brought to Paola by sea 1500 men of that large and well-

¹ *De Cesare, F. di P. cxc-cxciv.*

² See *Garibaldi's Defence of Rome*, pp. 38-39. I am glad to say that evidence has come to hand that the Bandieras were *not* betrayed in any sense by the British Government, as I stated in an early edition of that work; see *Times*, August 22, 1907, Lord Stanmore's letter.

³ *Menghini, 297-298. Abba Not. 232. Bandi, 272-274. Nuvolari, 307.*

equipped force which he had organised to invade the Papal States, but which Cavour and Garibaldi had between them diverted to Sicily and the south.¹ When the Dictator learnt from Bertani that 1500 men lay ready to his hand at Paola, with transports at their disposal, he sent Türr down to the coast to take over the command and carry them forward by sea from Paola to Sapri. In this way a force that Bertani had raised in the interest of the advanced Mazzinian party passed under the control of Türr, the most Cavourian of Garibaldi's lieutenants. Bertani, concealing his chagrin, attached himself to the person of the Dictator, and began, after they had travelled together for a few days, to recover the influence which he seemed recently to have lost. Meanwhile Türr rode down from Cosenza to Paola, took command of the troops collected there and carried them by sea to Sapri, where they arrived on September 2, twenty-four hours before Garibaldi himself. In this way these 1500 men from the rear became the vanguard of the advance on Naples, owing to their good fortune in finding transports while the others had to march by land.²

At three in the morning of September 1, Garibaldi with Cosenza and Bertani left Cosenza in an open carriage, pursued and gradually overtaken by a second carriage containing Peard with an English party. All morning their wheels ploughed through twenty miles of sandy high road along the desolate banks of the Upper Crati. On each side the mountains shut in the long valley bottom, a flat surface two miles broad over which the muddy and rapid river spreads itself uncorrected in a hundred irregular channels, hidden from the eye by dense brushwood, trees, and reeds of the marsh. This *macchia*, as

¹ See pp. 120-122 above. They had crossed from Sicily to Tropea, marched thence to Pizzo, and thence come by sea to Paola. *Rüstow's Brig. Milano*, 11-16. *Rüstow*, 299.

² *Rüstow*, 299-300. *Rüstow's Brig. Milano*, 11-18. *Türr's Div.* 147-149. *Forbes*, 206. *Bertani*, ii. 179-184 (on p. 179, line 23, read Cosenza for Rotonda). *Peard MS. Journal*. Türr who had been invalided from Sicily (see p. 66 above) had recently returned more or less cured from Aix-la-Chapelle.

the watery jungle is called, unreclaimed by man since the beginning of time, seems fantastically out of place as the sole occupant of a broad and well-watered valley, that looks, when first seen from distant hills, to be another Val d'Arno or Upper Tiber. But the sandy soil has deterred Greek, Roman, and modern Italian alike from introducing civilisation or agriculture into the upper valley of the Crati. Even the hills around were thinly inhabited and notorious for brigands. At length, at noon, the trunk road led the travellers up out of this gigantic ditch on to the heights of Tarsia and thence to Spezzano Albanese, where the Albanian colonists, like their kinsmen of Piana dei Greci, near Palermo,¹ greeted the Dictator even more warmly, if that were possible, than the Italian villages along the road. From the hill of Spezzano, Garibaldi—and his army, when it followed during the next week—gazed over the plain of Sybaris, bounded on three sides by peaked mountains, and on the fourth by the Gulf of Taranto. The view resembles that of the Campagna from Tivoli, save that there is no Rome. Like Anio and Tiber, the lower reaches of the ancient Crathis and its tributaries still wander through the vast plain to the sea ; but there is no city, no civilisation, and no history save the knowledge that somewhere in that comfortless expanse, now breeding death at night, stood once Sybaris, mother of luxury. The site is unknown ; Sybaris has disappeared as completely as Sodom and Gomorrah, though not by any catastrophe of nature. Only her name is left as a proverb of degeneracy, but whether the Sybarites deserved such eternal censure more than their neighbours who destroyed them, and the civilisations that have succeeded them, remains a secret guarded for ever in the memory of that silent plain.

From Spezzano, Garibaldi descended into the western corner of the plain of Sybaris, and crossed it on a causeway through a marsh, out of which grew forest trees, swarming with birds like an English park. Thence he

¹ See *Garibaldi and the Thousand*, p. 158.

mounted to Castrovillari, one of the pleasantest towns south of Rome, a rival in importance to Cosenza, and a great centre of revolution that year under the leadership of Pace. Castrovillari stands in the midst of a fruitful plateau, raised half-way between the plain of Sybaris below and the limestone peaks of the Monte Pollino, which tower above to a height of 7000 feet. The old town with its mediaeval churches and palaces is built in pleasing disorder round the edge of some precipitous cañons which here cleave the plateau. But already in 1860 the old town was falling into disrepair in favour of the more cheerful modern streets, long, straight, and spacious, in which stood Pace's house, the centre of the insurrection, and on this night the head-quarters of Garibaldi.

Next morning (September 2) he passed on across the luxuriant plain that lies close at the foot of Monte Pollino, rivalling Tuscany in wealth of vegetation, and thence passed at once into the regions of naked limestone, the heart of the mountains which divide Calabria from Basilicata. At the top of the first pass he entered the Campo Tenese, a meadow 3000 feet above the sea, and several miles in extent, enclosed on all sides by mountains. Here in a snowstorm in 1806 the French had put the army of the Bourbons to rout. At the far end of the Campo Tenese Garibaldi climbed another pass,¹ and thence descended out of Calabria into the Basilicata. The first place which he reached in the new province was the hill-town of Rotonda, where he found the National Guard and all the paraphernalia of revolutionary authority already in being, as if it had been Paris, or Cosenza at the least.²

At Rotonda a change took place in Garibaldi's method of travelling. Hitherto he had kept to the great trunk road the whole way from the Straits of Messina. But now, close in front of him on that road, were General

¹ Not by Mormanno, where the modern branch of the high-road from Campo Tenese runs, but by the higher pass to the right.

² Bertani, ii. 183-184. Peard's *Journal MS.* September 1-2. *Forbes*, 207-213. *Arrivabene*, ii. 158-162. *Cairolì*, 343-349. *Racioppì*, 198-199.

Caldarelli's troops, retreating on Naples with arms in their hands according to the agreement which they had made with the revolutionary committee of Cosenza. If he proceeded farther, he would find himself at Castelluccio in the midst of these demoralised Royalist troops. Their intentions were doubtful, perhaps even to themselves. At one moment Caldarelli sent a message to Garibaldi at Rotonda saying, 'This army of yours puts itself at your orders;'¹ at the next he was promising to his soldiers the victory of the Bourbon cause through the intervention of Austria.² The Dictator's friends wisely persuaded him not to trust himself defenceless among these men, who might shoot him as readily as one of their own generals, but to go round by the mountains and the sea to Sapri, where he would find Türr's 1500 men newly come from Paola. With them he could march up to Lagonegro, present himself there in force upon the line of Caldarelli's retreat, and negotiate with him under more favourable conditions.

So on the night of September 2, the General and six companions, including Bertani and Cosenz, left the high road at Rotonda and, mounted on mules, rode towards the coast through the western mountains. Near Laino they entered the trackless gorge of the Lao River and followed it down by the light of the moon for several miles. 'Here we are,' cried Bertani, 'seven of us on seven mules, going to conquer a kingdom.' Out of the Lao valley they climbed once more into the highest part of the mountains, and on the morning of September 3 struck the coast at some point not far from Tortora and Maratea. Thence a small boat took them on to Sapri. There is no finer part in the whole coast-line of Italy than this unvisited riviera, where the precipitous ridges run out one beyond another and sink into the waves.³ The

¹ *Bertani*, ii, 184. *Peard's Journal MS.* September 2.

² *Forbes*, 214.

³ There is not, and never was, a coast road, but since 1860 a railway has been driven along this coast. But those who pass through its tunnels to Sicily have no idea under what magnificent scenery they are travelling.

rugged coast is best seen from a boat, but Garibaldi, exhausted by the night's ride, lay asleep in the prow, while his friends covered him with a sail to protect him from the rays of the noonday sun. Only as they entered the bay of Sapri, they all stood up to gaze on the beauty of the scene, and to honour the memory of Pisacane, who, in 1857, had run into this bay to raise the Italian flag upon the mountains.¹ On the beach where his fore-runner had landed under the shadow of doom, Garibaldi stepped ashore on the full tide of victory, welcomed as '*fratello Garibaldi*' by the people of Sapri, who three years before had frowned on Pisacane and his more questionable following. Here also the Dictator found Türr's troops, who had sailed in the day before from Paola.²

There is a fine beach, but no artificial landing-place at Sapri. Only there may be seen in the clear water the ruins of an ancient pier. It runs out from the foundations of a palace built long ago by some magnate of Imperial Rome, who discovered the beauty of the little bay, and carried thither the whole apparatus of ancient luxury, leaving less adventurous pleasure-seekers at Puteoli and Baiae. Some modern Lucullus will imitate him ere long. Meanwhile Garibaldi landed there and spent the night in a straw hut upon the beach.

Next day the Dictator and Türr's 1500 men, mostly Milanese, marched up all morning from Sapri by precipitous forest paths to a shoulder of Monte Cucuzzo, and thence descended on the Lagonegro high-road, along which Caldarelli and his men were retreating. The road here runs at an average level of over 2000 feet. The point where Garibaldi dropped down on it from the west was the wayside tavern of Il Fortino. Here, on September 4, he was overtaken by Piola, an officer of the Piedmontese navy, whom Depretis, his Pro-Dictator

¹ See *Garibaldi and the Thousand*, p. 69.

² *La Cava*, 702. *Bertani*, ii. 184-185. *Ire Pol.* 71-72. *Racioppi*, 200. *Maison*, 63-64. *Rüstow's Brig. Mil.* 18-19. *Türr's Div.* 149.

in Sicily, had sent on commission to persuade him to permit the immediate annexation of the island to the dominions of Victor Emmanuel. Türr and Cosenz, the soldiers in attendance on the General, eagerly seconded Piola, begging their chief to allow Sicily to be annexed on condition that Depretis should for the present continue to govern it as Victor Emmanuel's lieutenant, and that supplies of men and money should continue to be sent from Sicily to the Garibaldian camp. Garibaldi yielded to their entreaties, and had actually dictated to his secretary the words, 'Dear Depretis, have the annexation made whenever you like,' when Bertani came in upon them from the other compartment of the tavern and caught his Cavourian rivals in the act. 'General,' said the agitator, 'you are abdicating;' and in spite of all that Türr and Cosenz could say, Bertani in a few minutes persuaded him to rely for the further liberation of Italy not on the co-operation of Cavour and the Piedmontese Government, but on the men and money which, so Bertani declared, would be supplied in unlimited quantities by Sicily and by the provinces of Naples as fast as they were liberated. The half-written letter was torn up and another was sent, bidding Depretis delay the annexation yet awhile.¹

Bertani's triumph at this unlucky pothouse of Il Fortino opened the way for the struggle between Garibaldi and the Government of Turin, which during the ensuing months marred with unseemly altercation the solemn act of the Making of Italy. Depretis was right. The time had come to annex Sicily, if Garibaldi could but have seen it. When in June he had refused to allow annexation because it would have prevented him from crossing the Straits, he had been right and Cavour wrong.² But in September he could have no object in further delaying the annexation, except to keep himself

¹ *Rüstow's Brig. Mil.* 20-22. *Türr's Div.*, 149-150. *Ire Pol.* 72-77. *Bertani*, ii. 185-186. *Türr's Risposta*, 16.

² See p. 54 above.

free to attack the cities of Rome and Venice or otherwise to thwart and embroil the policy of Victor Emmanuel's Ministers. It is possible that if at Il Fortino he had known that Cavour was on the point of invading the Papal territories himself, he might have rejected Bertani's advice and consented to work hand in hand with the Piedmontese Government.

Meanwhile, the military business in hand was to catch Caldarelli and his three thousand.¹ On September 3, before leaving Lagonegro, Caldarelli had again assured Garibaldi's emissaries that he and all his men intended to desert to the side of the nation.² He had, however, continued his retreat on Naples, and had passed through Il Fortino a few hours before Garibaldi struck into the road at that point. On September 5 he was finally overtaken near Padula, where Pisacane had three years before been defeated by the Royalist troops under Ghio. There Caldarelli's column nominally came over to the Garibaldian army, but the transaction was really a disbandment rather than a desertion. Indeed, some of the troops retained enough loyalty to attempt the murder of their general for having betrayed the cause, but the Garibaldini saved him out of their hands.³

At Casalnuovo, on September 5, Garibaldi was met by Mignona, Governor in his name of the Province of Basilicata, which had declared for him more than a fortnight before while he was engaged in crossing the Straits. The 'Lucanians,' as the men of Basilicata called themselves in memory of classical times, sent through Mignona a goodwill offering of 6000 ducats (25,500 francs), and raised a 'Lucanian brigade,' which followed Garibaldi to Naples. Thence 900 returned home, but the remaining 1200 took part in the Volturmo campaign.⁴

From Casalnuovo the Dictator raced on in an open

¹ See p. 156 above.

² *Forbes*, 215-216.

³ *La Masa (Sic)*, pp. lxxxv-lxxxvi, 204-206. *Türr's Div.* 130.

⁴ *Racioppi*, 217. *Mignona*, 214-215.

carriage through the Province of Principato Citeriore. As he drew nearer to the capital its corrupting influence became ever more apparent in the moral degradation of the people, and warlike volunteers were no longer forthcoming. But south of Naples there were no signs of reactionary feeling. All along the road the people and the local authorities vied with each other in the frenzy of their enthusiasm, which was compounded of joy at deliverance from a cruel and inquisitorial tyranny; interested subservience to the rulers of the hour; and good human devotion, in which also superstition had a part, for the person of the almost mythical Garibaldi.¹

For several days, however, these semi-divine honours were paid to the wrong person. Peard, 'Garibaldi's Englishman,' as he posted along the road from Sala Consilina to Eboli, was universally taken for the Liberator himself. He was accompanied during this strange adventure by Gallenga, one of the *Times* correspondents, by Commander C. S. Forbes of the British Navy, and by Fabrizi, who was commissioned by the Dictator to survey the military positions in advance. These men, having in the capacity of non-combatants passed through Caldarelli's column prior to its disbandment, had kept the high-road the whole way from Cosenza, and had thus gained fifty miles on Garibaldi, who had been forced to go round by the coast. In the afternoon of September 3, while the Dictator was sailing into the bay of Sapri, Peard was entering Auletta amid a scene of 'tremendous enthusiasm. The people,' he noted in his diary, 'thought I was Garibaldi, and it was thought that it would do good to yield to the delusion. It became a nuisance, for

¹One Garibaldi legend, seriously told and believed a few years later, was to this effect. Once when his army was in need of water, Garibaldi fired a cannon at a rock and water gushed out. This adaptation of a Bible story to modern conditions is a curious example of the growth of hagiology. If Garibaldi and his educated followers had been professional traders on popular superstition, it would have been easy in the 'sixties to have set up a Garibaldian Lourdes in South Italy, and to have worked profitable cures with red shirts.

deputations arrived from all the neighbourhood to kiss my excellency's hand, and I had to hold regular levées.' The town was illuminated and *Te Deum* sung in honour of his arrival.

Next day, while the real Garibaldi was weaving and unweaving the web of his uncertain policy in the tavern at Il Fortino, Peard and Fabrizi, accompanied by National Guard, brass bands, and people of Auletta, ascended to the hamlet of Postiglione, where they found every one 'mad with excitement. At the Syndic's, one of the priests (there were numbers of the fraternity present) went on his knees,' writes Peard, 'and called me a second Jesus Christ. I was not prepared for so excessive a bit of blasphemy.' Postiglione hangs on the side of Monte Alburno, commanding a view of the plain of Eboli with the gulf and mountains of Salerno beyond. Somewhere in that plain or in those mountains, as Fabrizi and Peard well knew, Francis II. must fight for Naples, or else abandon his capital without a blow. Twelve thousand of his soldiers lay in Salerno and on the pass of Cava behind it; the plain of Eboli in front, patrolled by his squadrons, had for several days past been considered as the ground where the regular army, strong in cavalry and artillery, would have the best chance of defeating the Garibaldini. There were, at the lowest computation, 40,000 infantry and 4000 cavalry ready to hand in Naples and its environs. The Dictator had with him only Türr's 1500 men, recently landed at Sapri, but if he could afford to wait for a fortnight, which was extremely doubtful, he might hope to collect his full force of some 20,000 infantry and 100 cavalry. If even on these terms a Royalist victory was not to be won in the plains of Eboli, the steep wall of mountains behind Salerno would still form a natural barrier, protecting the approaches to Naples.¹

Peard and Fabrizi determined to take advantage of their strange situation to spread such reports as would

¹ *Franci*, i. 110. *Palmieri*, 85. *Liborio Romano*, 62, 66. *De Cesare*, ii. 395. *Pianell*, 82-87.

strike panic into the enemy's head-quarters and lead to the abandonment of these all-important positions. In pursuance of this design they hastened on to Eboli on the evening of September 4, at some risk of being caught there by the enemy's patrols or arrested by the local authorities, who had not yet come within the sphere of the advancing revolution. But the pseudo-Garibaldi brought the revolution with him wherever he appeared. 'Within half an hour of our arrival,' wrote Commander Forbes, Eboli 'was brilliantly illuminated, the entire population besieging the Syndic's, brass bands banging away in every direction, and the crowd roaring themselves hoarse and calling on the General to appear, reminding one more of an election than anything else, the National Guard being all this time severely engaged on the staircase in a vain endeavour to keep the inhabitants out of the house. Deputations arrived; first came the Church, headed by a Bishop.' Forbes at one moment tried to persuade some of the leading men that Peard was not Garibaldi. 'Oh! you're quite right to try and keep your secret,' they replied, 'but you know it won't do; we know.' The gigantic Englishman did not, in fact, resemble the Nizzard at all closely, but his greater height and longer beard in no way impaired the belief of the people that they had the hero among them.

Peard and his Italian companions of the jest decided to turn the absurd situation to serious account. Shortly before midnight they sent for the official in charge of the telegraph, who appeared trembling before the 'Dictator' between a file of the National Guard. He reported that the Neapolitan general commanding at Salerno had an hour before wired for information about Caldarelli's brigade and Garibaldi's movements. Peard dictated the reply, announcing Garibaldi's presence at Eboli and exaggerating to four or five thousand the number of troops that he had close at hand. Above all, he announced that Caldarelli's brigade had changed sides and was now marching with the national forces. All these statements

were inaccurate, but they appear to have been believed both at Salerno and in the capital. Gallenga, who was with Peard, wired the same reports to private friends in Naples closely connected with the Court and Ministry. The belief, erroneous in fact, that Caldarelli's men had gone over of their own accord to the invaders, led every one to expect that the troops at Salerno would do the same, unless they were withdrawn before Garibaldi could reach them from Eboli. Thus the misleading reports circulated by Peard and Gallenga, and the presence of the supposed Garibaldi at so short a distance from Salerno, were among the influences which induced Francis II not to fight for his capital. This decision was taken beyond recall on the morning of September 5, when the commander-in-chief at Naples telegraphed to Marshal Afan de Rivera at Salerno, ordering all the troops at Salerno to retreat by way of Cava to Nocera.¹

Meanwhile, the pseudo-Garibaldi and his party, not knowing that their bluff would succeed in scaring the enemy away, escaped unnoticed from Eboli in the small hours of the morning. Peard returned as far as Sala Consilina to meet the real Garibaldi, who heartily approved what he had done. When they heard that the Royalists had evacuated their positions, Peard hastened forward again at Garibaldi's request, and entered Salerno in triumph at five in the morning of September 6. The whole town turned out to welcome 'the Dictator,' who received deputations in public all the morning, detected by no one in authority or out of it, except by a single officer who whispered him in the ear.

In the course of the morning the Piedmontese vessel *Authion* appeared off Salerno and set ashore Evelyn Ashley, son of the good Lord Shaftesbury, and private secretary to Lord Palmerston. The young man, to the intense delight of his chief, had gone out to spend his holidays with Garibaldi instead of with the partridges.

¹ See Appendix H, below. *Immediate Causes of the Evacuation of Salerno.*

A few days before, Ashley had presented himself to Cavour in Turin, with a letter of introduction from the British Prime Minister, and had asked where he could find Garibaldi. 'Garibaldi! Who is he?' said Cavour, with a twinkle in his eye. 'I have nothing to do with him. . . . He is somewhere in the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, I believe, but that is not, you know, at present under my King.' However, Cavour put Ashley on board the *Authion* and sent him to search for himself. He took with him Mr. Edwin James, Q.C., and at Naples fell in with others of his fellow-countrymen, with whom he continued to coast southwards. Off Salerno they saw flags and heard the shouting of a vast multitude in the town. On being informed that it betokened the arrival of Garibaldi, the Englishmen landed, only to find that it was in reality Peard, by this time exceedingly anxious to be relieved from his task of impersonation. He asked his compatriots to go and meet Garibaldi and hasten his coming. On the road the English party met hundreds of disbanded Royalist troops, unarmed, starving, and in the last state of misery, dragging themselves home along the road, or lying prostrate by the wayside. Garibaldi had shared with them all the money he had at hand, but their condition was pitiable. Arrived in Eboli, Ashley found the Dictator, who greeted him warmly as England's emissary, and allowed him to follow his staff as a non-combatant, on the sole condition that the new-comer should wear his simple livery, in order to be safe from maltreatment in the confusion of the times. And so our Premier's secretary donned the red shirt.

At five in the evening of September 6 the Dictator and his staff entered Salerno in a string of open carriages, two days' march in front of his nearest troops, the 1500 under Türr,¹ and many days in front of the rest of the army. Outside the town he was met by the Syndic, the National Guard, and his English precursor, now deposed. *Viva Garibaldi!* he cried, taking off his hat in mock hom-

¹ Türr's Div. 162. Rüstow's Brig. Mil., 23-24.

age to Peard, and every one joined in the cry with shouts of laughter and applause. Darkness fell as they forced their way one step at a time into Salerno, amid the delirium of 20,000 people, who seemed desirous to tear the real Garibaldi in pieces. The town was illuminated, and all the heights far away towards Amalfi and Sorrento were ablaze with fires of joy.¹

On the same evening the last of the Bourbons and his queen were leaving the Palace of Naples by the water-gate and taking ship for Gaeta.

¹ Appendix H below. *Peard's Journal MS.* and *Cornhill*, June, 1908. *Forbes*, 219-231. *Arrivabene*, ii. 168-169. *Ashley*, 492-496. *Times*, September 13, p. 10, c. 4 (James's letter), September 15, p. 10, cols. 3-4. *De Cesare*, ii. 422-424. *Revel's da Ancona*, 65. *Elliot*, 96. *Persano*, 206-207. *Galton*, 22.

CHAPTER VIII

THE ENTRY INTO NAPLES

Venu è Galubardo!

Venu è lu più bel!

Neapolitan Song of 1860.

THE flight of King Francis from Naples on September 6 was but the final catastrophe in a process of dissolution which had set in with the news of the fall of Palermo and the consequent proclamation of constitutional rights in June. Freedom of press and person had effectively and instantly broken up the machinery of repression. The police had, in Liborio Romano's conjuring hands, been turned in a few days into an instrument of Liberalism. The King had handed over the civil administration to his enemies, and had gained nothing in return except the diplomatic support of France that failed him at every crisis. At home the constitution won over to him a few individuals, but no class or party. The decadent nobility of the capital, the peasants of certain districts in the northern provinces, and the bulk of the army remained loyal not because of the constitution, but in spite of it. Every one else was looking to Piedmont. The perfidy of his ancestors divided King Francis from his people. Remembering the fate of the constitutions of 1820 and 1848, the citizens refused to enroll themselves on the electoral lists, because in case of reaction the appearance of their names on the register might be used against them as evidence of treason.¹ And when Garibaldi in August came marching up through the constituencies, all talk of holding elections for Parliament ceased.

¹ *D'Ayala*, 286.

The King suspected his Ministers, though most of them were passively loyal. Above all and with good reason he hated Don Liborio Romano. But Don Liborio, like Lafayette in the autumn of 1789, was the man of the hour with whom neither Court nor people could dispense: he had at his beck and call the police, the National Guard of respectable burghers, and the *camorra* of criminals. So King Francis had to endure him throughout all July and August, first as Police Minister only and then as Minister of the Interior also. In the latter half of August, Don Liborio held confidential interviews on the subject of coming events with the Dictator's friends in Naples,¹ with the Piedmontese admiral, Persano, and with the King's uncle, the Count of Syracuse, who had already openly declared for a change of dynasty. Persano wrote to Cavour that Don Liborio was helping the cause of national unity 'so far as he was permitted by his very delicate situation' as Minister of Francis II.²

His object, however, was not actively to compass the destruction of his master, which he regarded as already certain, but to prevent the fall of the dynasty from involving in its ruin the public peace and safety. For this reason, as well as for the satisfaction of his own vanity, he had accepted office in June, and for this reason he determined to remain in power during the days or hours that must elapse between the fall of Francis II and the establishment of any new form of government. If he forced the King to accept his resignation, the *camorra* would, he believed, break loose in the great city, which contained a larger proportion of criminally disposed persons than any other in Europe, the Royal troops would begin to fight with the National Guard, and disasters of the most appalling character might occur. The respectable part of the citizens took the same view, begging Don Liborio and his colleagues to retain office under the Crown at any sacrifice to their own dignity or

¹ *Dumas*, 285-287, see p. 149 above.

² Persano's words to Cavour, *Persano*, 144-145, 175, 189.

honour. And those who knew best the Naples of those days were the least inclined to deny the claim afterwards put forward by the discredited politician that he saved the capital from destruction.¹

Meanwhile, the Cavourian agents were striving in vain to precipitate a revolution.² Villamarina, the Piedmontese Minister at Naples, and Admiral Persano, who arrived there with his fleet from Sicily at the beginning of August, lent their aid to Finzi and Visconti Venosta, to Nisco, D'Ayala, and Nunziante in their attempts to win over the army and incite the civilians to resolute action. But the army remained loyal, in spite of the propaganda of the popular general, Nunziante, among his old companions in arms, and in spite of the blandishments of the Piedmontese Bersaglieri. Some companies of the latter were allowed to land off Persano's ships and to show themselves in the streets, partly in order to encourage the population to revolt and partly in order to fraternize with the Neapolitan troops, who replied by breaking their heads.³

The citizens were more sympathetic but not more active than the soldiers. The Neapolitans did not see the use of doing at the risk of their own skins what Garibaldi was coming to do for them. Moreover, the Mazzinian 'Committee of Action,' which contained the bolder and more energetic spirits, had resolved to wait for the Dictator's arrival, fearing that if they rose before he appeared on the scene, Naples would fall at once into the hands of Cavour; while the Cavourian 'Committee of Order,' which would fain have seen a revolution effected while Garibaldi was still on his way, consisted of 'moderate men' unfitted by nature to initiate a revolt.⁴

¹ *Trinity*, 232-233. *D'Ayala*, 319. *Liborio Romano*, 26, 67. *Dumas*, 367. For Don Liborio and the *camorra* see pp. 18-19 above.

² See pp. 22-23 above.

³ *Persano*, 143-145, 158. *F. O. Sicily*, *Elliot*, No. 450, 459, August 20, 24. *Nisco*, 70-74. *Russell MS. Elliot*, August 20. *D'Ayala*, 305-307. *Messacapo*, 123-129.

⁴ *Persano*, 185, 189. *D'Ayala*, 310.

The motives of Cavour's policy throughout August are relatively clear to those who will read them in the light of two established facts : first, that he had, in the last days of July, persuaded Russell to permit Garibaldi's passage of the Straits ;¹ and secondly, that he had as early as August 1 made up his mind to invade the Papal provinces with the Piedmontese army.² His desire was, without more delay, to possess himself of Naples and so to forestall a Garibaldian Dictatorship ; while at the same time he would invade the Papal States and so link up the north and south of the Peninsula in one free monarchy. It was only because he feared that the revolution in Naples would perhaps miss fire without the help of the guerilla, that he had persuaded Russell to let him cross from Sicily to the mainland. Even after he had taken this step as a measure of insurance in case of his own failure, he continued to work for the overthrow of Francis II through his own agents, and since time was needed for this experiment, he was not sorry to see the Dictator kept waiting three weeks at the Straits. That is the reason why in the first days of August he wrote to Admiral Persano, 'Do not help the passage of General Garibaldi on to the continent, but rather try to delay him by indirect means as far as possible.'³

When the Dictator had safely crossed and was beginning his march through Calabria, Cavour caused arms to be landed at Salerno and distributed among the rebels of the south 'in order to open out the way for Garibaldi's advance.'⁴ But at the same time he made a last effort to obtain possession of Naples for his own party, writing to Villamarina on August 27, 'Do all you can to avoid a Garibaldian Dictatorship, on which you count too much.' He instructed Persano to accept the Dictatorship if it was offered to him. Even now Cavour shrank from the one sure method of avoiding the Garibaldian regime in Naples, which he so much dreaded, namely, an open

¹ By Lacaita's mission, see p. 105 above.

² P. 117 above.

³ *Persano*, 123.

⁴ *Ibid.* 157, 159, August 21, 23.

declaration of war by Piedmont on King Francis, because, as he told Villamarina, that would 'compromise us altogether with Europe.'¹ By 'Europe' he meant most of all Napoleon, with whom he was at that moment secretly negotiating for leave to attack the Papal territory.

A few days later he saw that he had lost the race for Naples. On August 30, while the Dictator was receiving the surrender of Ghio's ten thousand at Soveria, Cavour wrote to Villamarina acknowledging defeat and bidding him abandon all thought of forming a Government at Naples independent of Garibaldi. 'You must act frankly in unison with him, trying only to get the fleet and the forts into our hands.'²

Although Cavour failed actually to overturn Francis II before the arrival of Garibaldi, the prestige of the Royal family and of the Royalist party was rapidly melting away throughout the whole of August. The National Guard, the police, the citizens, and the Piedmontese agents were all in a tacit conspiracy against the King and his soldiers, and whenever any of the latter gave vent to their feelings by rioting in the streets, their bad discipline was pointed to as proof that Francis II intended to destroy the constitution by military force.³ A series of half-hearted reactionary plots were unearthed by Don Liborio's police and their details published to the further discomfiture of the King. In one of these conspiracies his uncle, the Count of Aquila, was supposed to be implicated. Aquila had been for a few weeks an ardent constitutionalist, but he had rejoined the ultra-Royalists in the hope, it was said, of displacing his incompetent nephew in their affections. On August 14 the Ministers succeeded in driving him into exile, under cover of sending him on a foreign mission.⁴

¹ *Chiala*, iii. 347. *Persano*, 182. *D'Ayala*, 310.

² *Chiala*, iii. 355-356. ³ *Elliot*, 41. *Nisco*, 54.

⁴ 'What led at last to the decision to send him off was the arrival of three cases of revolvers and one case of pictures of him waving his hat, which have fallen into the hands of the Government.' *Elliot*, 73. The real seriousness of

On August 20 Don Liborio presented to the King his famous Memorandum, in which he tried to persuade his master to retire from the Kingdom 'for some time,' leaving as regent 'a Minister who would inspire public confidence.' In this way alone, wrote Don Liborio, could 'the horrors of civil war' be averted, seeing that mutual confidence between the people and their prince 'has become not only difficult but impossible.'¹ Four days after Francis had received this broad hint from his principal Minister of State, he was made the target of a public letter from his uncle of Syracuse, in which the Count exhorted his nephew to sacrifice his throne on behalf of the glorious idea of Italian unity. Such language from a prince of the blood produced a very general impression that all was now lost. Syracuse had shown the letter to Persano in his flag-ship five days before it appeared.²

The ever-shifting intentions and intrigues of the King and his many rival counsellors during the last fortnight of Bourbon rule in Naples are known to us at present chiefly through the narratives of Liborio Romano and of General Pianell and his wife. These represent the constitutional party alone, and even so are inconsistent with each other on several important points. Unless other documents come to light the historian will never be able to trace confidently and in detail the story of those days of cowardice, treachery, confusion, and panic. Only the main outline of events is clear.³

It was agreed by all parties in the Palace that the

the plot is doubted by *De Cesare*, ii. 338-340, but see *Liborio Romano*, 49-51. *Nisco*, 97-99. *Mundy*, 207-215.

¹ *Persano*, 152-156.

² *Ibid.* 148.

³ Pianell's own narrative unfortunately stops at the end of the month. His wife's goes on longer and is a contemporary journal, but on the other hand she could only record what her husband told her each day. The Pianells are more trustworthy witnesses than Don Liborio (see *De Cesare*, ii. 409), yet modern histories have relied almost entirely on Don Liborio alone. Whitehouse's excellent book was written before the publication of the Pianell papers. What we most want is some analogous narrative by a member of the *camarilla* or reactionary Court Party.

presence of the King himself in the field was necessary if the demoralised troops were ever to face Garibaldi again. It was also common ground that the Capital should be spared and should not, like Palermo, be made the scene of conflict. The main division of opinion between constitutionalists and reactionaries arose on the question whether the King should go south to defend the Capital in the plains of Eboli and the mountains of Salerno ; or whether he should abandon Naples and retire north with all the loyal troops in the Kingdom behind the line of the Volturno. In the latter case he could base his new position on the strongly fortified towns of Capua and Gaeta, which might prove for him what the quadrilateral had been to Austria in 1848, a rock of refuge on which the rebels would vainly waste their strength, until the time was ripe for a Royalist counter-attack and a triumphal return to the Capital. Against Garibaldi, who had no siege guns and no siege science, the plan had a fair likelihood of success, as subsequent events showed. It was a political as well as a military move, for the retreat northwards would mean the abandonment of the tricolour in favour of the old white flag of the Bourbons, the burying of the constitution and a frank return to reaction on the *Bomba* model. The removal of the soldiers from the Capital northwards would enable them to indulge their loyalist sentiments freely in a more favourable atmosphere. Don Liborio and his colleagues would remain in Naples, while the Queen-Dowager and her reactionary clique were already at Gaeta waiting for the King. The reactionary peasants of the Volturno district were already threatening the lives of the local Liberals. The Papal border and the Papal army were close in the rear of Gaeta.

It may therefore be supposed that the advice to retreat behind the Volturno originated from the King's secret advisers of the ultra-Royalist party.¹ As early as August 27 his constitutional Ministers found that

¹ So Villamarina believed. *Persano*, 209-210.

he was meditating such a retreat.¹ But his purposes wavered from day to day and from hour to hour, and only the sound of the approaching footsteps of Garibaldi could bring him to the point of a resolve.

On August 29 his Ministers for their part urged him to go south and head the troops at Salerno in defence of the Capital and the constitution, though it is difficult to suppose that they wished him a complete victory.²

On the same day the reactionaries, headed by Count Trapani, another of the King's uncles, were hatching a plot to arrest the Ministers. The loyalist proclamation which was to have been published as the watchword of this *coup d'état* was seized overnight by Don Liborio's police, and produced at the council-board by the indignant men against whom it had been aimed. King Francis, red with mingled anger and embarrassment, gasped out that he agreed with much in the proclamation, and gave his Ministers to understand that he was to some extent in the confidence of the conspirators who had plotted their arrest.³ The Ministry, who had already attempted to resign, now pressed with somewhat greater earnestness for leave to be quit of the Royal service. But even now the King refused to part with them, on the ground that he could find no one else willing to form a Cabinet, and when their friends of the National Guard warned them that anarchy would break loose in the streets as soon as their resignation became known, they consented, all except Pianell, to continue awhile longer in office.⁴ Affairs remained in this suspended condition until the night of September 4, when Peard's telegrams, the supposed presence of Garibaldi at Eboli, and the reported desertion of Caldarelli's troops⁵ brought the King's irresolution to an end, and gave him the requisite energy to carry out his plan of retreat to Gaeta.

¹ Pianell, 91.

² Liborio Romano, 62-63.

³ Pianell, 88-89, 588-589. Russell MS. Elliot, September 1. Elliot, 83-84.

⁴ Russell MS. Elliot, September 1. (Appendix A, below.) Pianell, 90 193-195. Liborio Romano, 67. F. O. Sicily Elliot, No. 485, September 2, 1860.

⁵ See p. 163 above and Appendix H, below.

Accordingly on September 5 Francis II announced his approaching departure to the Ministers, the Mayor, and the officers of the National Guard, to whom he committed the charge of keeping order in the Capital during his absence. He spoke without bitterness, of which there seems to have been singularly little in his mild and foolish nature. He excused himself for going: but 'your Joe, I mean our Joe, is at the gates,' he said to these men, whom he well knew to be preparing in their hearts an enthusiastic reception for Garibaldi.¹

On the same day he and his brave Bavarian Queen went for their last drive in the streets of Naples. They sat in an open carriage, like simple private citizens, and the passers-by, who took off their hats to them in silence, observed that they were laughing and talking together as usual. The clumsy shyness of the King's demeanour to his wife, which had distressed her in the early months of their marriage, had now to a large extent passed away.² A few yards from the Palace, at the busy entrance of the Chiaja, their equipage was brought to a stand by a block in the traffic, and they were forced to wait some moments close to a gang of workmen who were taking down the Bourbon lilies from over the shop front of the Chemist to the Royal Family. Francis pointed out to Maria Sophia the too significant nature of the men's task, and husband and wife turned to each other and laughed.³

Next morning, September 6, the walls of Naples were placarded with the King's proclamation of farewell to his people. In restrained and dignified language he protested against the way in which he was being driven from his Capital, in spite of his constitutional concessions, and announced that he hoped to return if the luck of war and politics favoured his claims. In the course of the day the main part of the army marched out of the town by the Capua road, indignantly refusing D'Ayala's in-

¹ *'Il vostro—e nostro—don Peppino è alle porte.'* De Cesare, ii. 408-409.

² See *Garibaldi and the Thousand*, pp. 126-128. De Cesare, ii. 29-30.

³ De Cesare, ii. 408.

vation to fraternize with the National Guard and desert to the side of Italy.¹ A garrison of six or ten thousand² was left behind to guard the fortresses of the Capital, but their commanding officers were strictly ordered by Francis II to remain neutral and to shed no blood. Nothing was said to them about surrender or evacuation, although if they were attacked they could only hold the forts by shedding blood, which would transgress both the letter and the spirit of the King's commands. It is probable that he had not clearly thought out what he wished them to do.³ But it may fairly be said that he adhered in an honourable manner to his decision not to inflict the horrors of war on Naples, and the rumour that he ordered the castles to bombard the town, after he had gone, was pure fiction.

At four in the afternoon the constitutional Ministers were summoned to the Palace to take their leave of the King. There was no party in the State that wished them to accompany him to Gaeta. They found him courteous and cheerful, buoyed up by excitement at a great change and by relief after long tension. He said to Don Liborio, half in jest, half in earnest, 'Don Libò, look out for your head,' referring no doubt to his own prospective return. 'Sire,' was the unabashed reply, 'I will do my best to keep it on my shoulders.' The Ministers were not invited to say farewell to the Queen.

Shortly before six in the evening Francis and Maria Sophia walked down arm-in-arm from the Palace to the dock which lay close under their windows. Both were composed and cheerful. The Queen left her wardrobe behind, saying to her maids, 'We shall come back again.' The hundreds of Neapolitan grandees and officials who had fattened on the Court for twenty years past were notable by their absence. But the faithful Captain Cris-

¹ *J. des D.* September 15, 1860, Letter of September 6. *D'Ayala*, 318.

² The list in *Franci*, i. 125-126, 244, reprinted in *Türr's Div. doc.* 52, makes 10,000. But *De Cesare*, ii. 413, says 6000.

³ *Marra Oss.* 45-50. *Cava*, 109-110, are, I think, the only first-hand authorities on this subject.

cuolo received his sovereigns on board the *Messaggero*, a small ship of 160 horse-power and four guns. As she steamed through the crowded port of Naples, she ran up a signal for the rest of the fleet to follow, but not one vessel stirred. The captains were already in league with Persano, and the prevailing sentiment of the men and still more of the officers favoured United Italy.¹

The little ship, shunned by all her fellows, carried the last of the Bourbons for ever out of sight of Vesuvius and the Bay. At dusk she passed the island of Nisida where Gladstone had visited *Bomba's* victims. A few minutes later, off Procida, she met another section of the fleet, signalled again, and was again disobeyed. All night she ploughed her solitary way under the stars, through a tranquil sea.²

The interregnum of twenty hours that followed the King's departure was outwardly the quietest, but inwardly the most anxious day that Naples had passed for several weeks. Knowing that Bourbon garrisons were still in the four great castles—Nuovo, S. Elmo, dell' Ovo, and Carmine—the population stayed indoors until something decisive occurred. Fortunately the authorities took the right steps. Liborio Romano still continued to act and to sign himself as 'Minister of Police and the Interior,' though under which King seemed uncertain. His continued presence at the head of affairs helped to preserve public confidence and peace. He sent at once for the Mayor, Prince d'Alessandria, and for De Sauget, the General of the National Guard, and agreed with them that Garibaldi must enter Naples as soon as fitting preparations had been made

¹ Some Spanish vessels escorted the *Messaggero* for a very short distance. Two other small vessels, the *Delfino* and *Saetta*, and the sailing frigate *Partenope* were the only ships of the Royal Navy which later on joined the *Messaggero* at Gaeta. The remaining thirty-five vessels of the fleet passed over to the National cause. *F. O. Sicily, Elliot*, September 30, 1860, full list. *De Cesare*, ii. 425. *Persano*, 207-215.

² *De Cesare*, ii. 413-426.

for his reception, and as soon as he had troops enough at his side to ensure his safety against the Bourbon garrison. Within an hour of the King's departure two officers of the National Guard were sent off to Salerno on what was then the only railroad south of the Capital; it ran along the coast past Vesuvius, turned inland by Pompeii and ended at Vietri two miles outside Salerno. On their way the two officers met a number of Bavarian mercenaries retreating northwards from the abandoned positions of Salerno and Cava. At Salerno, which they reached by ten at night, they found the streets lighted up, and groups of people still cheering 'disturbedly.' Garibaldi had made his entry,¹ and had gone to rest. The envoys reported to Cosenz the flight of the King and announced the intention of the Mayor and the commander of the National Guard to come from Naples early next morning.

Garibaldi, when he awoke on September 7, telegraphed to Don Liborio: 'As soon as the Mayor and commanding officer of the National Guard arrive from Naples, I will come to you: I am waiting for them first.'

Don Liborio wired back: 'To the invincible General Garibaldi, Dictator of the Two Sicilies—Liborio Romano, Minister of the Interior and Police.

'Naples awaits your arrival with the greatest impatience to salute you as the redeemer of Italy, and to place in your hands the power of the State and her own destinies. . . . I await your further orders and am, with unlimited respect for you, invincible Dictator,

'LIBORIO ROMANO.'

This exchange of telegrams barely preceded the arrival at Salerno of the Mayor and General, who were at once ushered into the presence of Garibaldi. He was surprised to hear from them that Naples did not expect him that day, and expressed annoyance at the suggestion of any need to erect triumphal arches and to make official pre-

¹ See p. 165 above.

parations for his entry. More serious arguments for delay were the presence of the Bavarians on the railway line between Salerno and the Capital, the garrisons in the four castles with cannon trained on the heart of the city, and the absence of Garibaldi's own army. His nearest force, Türr's 1500, were still forty-eight hours behind, and the rest of his 20,000 men were scattered along the roads of Basilicata and Calabria at distances varying from four to fourteen days' march. His staff officers, Bertani, and the emissaries from Naples, all besought him to wait at least till Türr's force came up, and till the departure of the Bavarians for Capua was completed. But Garibaldi, hearing some talk of difficulties and dangers in the Capital, swept all this aside. 'Naples is in danger,' he said, rising to put an end to the conference. 'We must go there to-day; we must go this minute.' His friends were horror-struck, but they knew better than to resist. His decision was approved by the event, and indeed hesitation on his part might have dispelled the illusion of his invincible power and compromised his peaceful occupation of the city. And thus he was able to enter, as he wished, not like a conqueror surrounded by an army, but as a deliverer welcomed and protected by the people.

After despatching a telegram to the Capital announcing their arrival for midday, the Dictator and his party drove out of Salerno, at exactly half-past nine on the morning of Friday the 7th of September, amid another scene of frantic enthusiasm.¹ At the terminus station of Vietri they boarded a special train, which was soon packed to overflowing, first by Garibaldi, his staff, and personal friends, and then by a score of the so-called National

¹ At half-past nine we heard the roar of *vivas* in the street, and, coming to the window, saw Garibaldi himself passing in the direction of Vietri. One of the crowd, while cheering in the most frantic manner, suddenly fell in a kind of convulsive fit. I asked our landlady, a vivacious, black-eyed Calabrese damsel, whether he had not been drinking the General's health. "No," she said, "it is joy. Ah," in a tone of reproach, "you English, who have always been free, cannot imagine the delight of deliverance." And she made a gesture as if she were about to fly.' *Galton*, 23.

Guard of Salerno, and any one else who could wedge himself through a door or climb on to a carriage-roof. During the journey the Liberator was calm and quietly radiant; so was that other fine soldier, Cosenz, who smiled behind his spectacles at the thought that he would in a few hours see his mother, from whom he had been separated by twelve years of exile. The rest of the company in the train, which included Palmerston's secretary in his red shirt, W. G. Clark the Public Orator of Cambridge University, Captain Forbes, R.N., and Edwin James, Q.C., were for the most part in boisterous and noisy spirits. The Italians kept singing over and over again :—

‘Siamo Italiani,
Giovani freschi,
Contro ai Tedeschi
Vogliam pagnar.
Viva l'Italia !
Viva l'Unione !
Viva Garibaldi !
E la libertà !’

At Nocera the enemy's Bavarians, entrained for Capua, were shunted to let the victors pass. A little before they reached Pompeii, Garibaldi, who sat by the window on the side towards the mountain, said, ‘Look out, we shall soon see Vesuvius.’ When its cone and streamer hove in sight, Cosenz was visibly moved by the familiar form of the mountain of his boyhood.

It was a day of scorching Southern sun. Beyond Pompeii the train made slow progress even for an express south of Naples, for between Torre Annunziata and Portici the line was occupied by tens of thousands of the inhabitants of that densely populated coast. Fishermen who left their nets on the beach, swarthy fellows naked to the waist who had been winnowing corn on the flat roofs of the houses, priests and monks leading their flocks, men, women, and children in countless multitudes, rushed

shouting on to the line, and swayed to and fro round the train in their attempts to see and touch Garibaldi.

In his carriage the Mayor of Naples and the staff officers were arranging the route which was to be taken in the streets of the Capital. It was decided to go by the centre of the town and not by the quay-side, lest they should needlessly provoke the Bourbon garrison by dragging the triumphal procession under the muzzles of the cannon at the Carmine and Castel Nuovo. Beyond Portici the train was stopped by a naval officer who forced his way into the carriage in a state of frenzy, crying out to the Dictator: 'Where are you going to? The Bourbon troops have trained their cannon on the station of Naples.' Garibaldi replied unmoved: 'Bother the cannon! When the people are receiving us like this, there are no cannon,'¹ and ordered the train to proceed. As they went forward again the Commandant of the National Guard questioned the young officer, and it soon appeared that he was referring only to the cannon in the Carmine Castle close to the station, a danger which they had already taken into account.²

In 1860 there were only two short railways in the whole Neapolitan kingdom, connecting Capua and Vietri respectively with the Capital.³ At that time both these

¹ *'Ma che cannoni ! quando il popolo accoglie in questo modo non vi son cannoni.'*

² For this account of the journey from Salerno to Naples the best single authority is Rendina's narrative in the *Lega del Bene*, from which De Cesare's well-known account is drawn. It is wrong in two small points: Peard was not in the train, for he tells us in his MS. journal that he drove separately. Also the terminus station whence they started was at Vietri, no longer at Cava, whence it had been extended that very year; see *Murray*, 1862, p. xiii, and *Galton*, 23; *Times*, September 15, p. 10, c. 4; *Bertani*, ii. 193. The narratives of W. G. Clark in *Galton*, 23-25, of Lacava in *Pungolo*, September 8, 1904, of Edwin James in *Times*, September 18, p. 7, c. 3, of *Ashley* (497), of *Zasio* (86-87), of *Bertani* (ii. 193) and of *Liborio Romano* (73-79), and of *Forbes*, 232, should be collated for the story of the train journey.

³ The first of these had a branch line from Cancelli to Nola and Sarno and the second a still shorter branch to Castellamare. *Murray*, 1858, p. xlviii, and 1862, p. xiii.

lines terminated in a small junction some few hundred yards nearer to the sea than the present Central Station of Naples.¹ On the morning of September 7 the timid silence of the streets was broken by Count Ricciardi, who drove along the Toledo, standing up in his carriage with the Italian flag and shouting out to the citizens that they should assemble at the station to greet the Dictator, who would arrive there at midday. But most men preferred to wait and see if Ricciardi's prophecy would be fulfilled before they committed themselves in face of the garrison, and it was a crowd of relatively moderate proportions that assembled at the appointed hour and place. Don Liborio, however, and the National Guard were there to represent the official world. An hour and a half passed by, till at 1.30 the train was seen to approach, and the Liberator stepped out on to the platform.

As fast as the news that he had come spread through Naples, the whole city awoke as from sleep; myriads seemed to spring out of the ground, and before Don Liborio had finished reading an address of welcome to which no one even pretended to listen, an irresistible multitude stormed the station, swept aside every official barrier, swamped the lines of the National Guard, and took Garibaldi to itself. Don Liborio was whirled off on the flood and could not fight his way to the coveted seat in the Dictator's carriage. Cosenz, who had an equally good right to be next his chief, was borne down another eddy, but secured a horse and rode off to see his mother. After a few minutes' fierce battling, Garibaldi found refuge in an open carriage, into which Bertani and half a dozen of his old fighting companions managed to climb after him,² 'such fine old heads with whitened beards, and all with their red shirts covered with purple stains, like English hunting-coats which have been

¹ *Murray*, 1858 and 1862, maps.

² According to Zasio, who was one of them, the others were Bertani, Nullo, Gusmaroli, Mancini, and Stagnetti, while Cosenz and Missori went on horseback. *Zasio*, 87.

through sundry squire-traps,' as a lady wrote who watched the simple procession pass. At the back of the carriage clung a Neapolitan artist named Salazaro holding over their heads an enormous tricolour with the horse of Naples on one side and the lion of Venice on the other. In this fashion, without official escort or guard of any kind, 'did a son of the people,' to use Garibaldi's own words, 'accompanied by a few of his friends who called themselves his *aides-de-camp*, enter the proud Capital acclaimed by its 500,000 inhabitants, whose fierce and irresistible will paralysed an entire army.'

According to the official plan, Garibaldi was to have entered Naples by the centre of the city in order to avoid the forts. But outside the station, in what is now the Corso Garibaldi, the mob turned to the left instead of to the right, and in another minute they were passing under the muzzles of the loaded cannon of the Carmine. The soldiers were seen looking out at the carriage and its occupants, whom they could have blasted to pieces by moving a finger. Garibaldi stood up, folded his arms, and looked them straight in the face. Some of them saluted and no one fired a shot. It is true that they were only acting in accordance with the pacific orders of the King, but it is a matter of deep congratulation that no one in that unscrupulous and ill-disciplined force was tempted loyally to disobey.

The mob had now reached the water's edge, and as the carriage turned to the right round the corner of the Carmine its occupants were greeted by the most amazing sight and sound. For a mile long, the broad quay-side was packed by as many of the half-million inhabitants of Naples as could find standing room, and all at first sight of Garibaldi broke out in one protracted yell of welcome. Along the north side of the quay, lined by tall commercial buildings, every window was astir with faces and waving arms and fluttering handkerchiefs. On the other side, where lay the great port crowded with shipping of all nations, every mast was loaded with sailors shouting or

singing songs of welcome in chorus. In middle distance, far overhead, the tyrant's castle of S. Elmo looked down upon the scene.

When the procession first left the station, Garibaldi had 'sat for the most part apparently unmoved, but from time to time he lifted his hat, and smiled, as it were, with the eyes rather than the lips.' But as they began to pass along the quay, he 'stood up,' writes Zasio of the Thousand, who was with him in the carriage; 'his head was uncovered, and his face in token of reverence (*in atto riverente*) betrayed deep emotion.' The carriage moved at a foot's pace on the long, open quay, and before it reached the shadow of the Castel Nuovo his bared features seemed to his companions in the carriage to have bronzed visibly under the scorching rays of the sun. 'Did you ever see such a triumph?' asked Bertani of Zasio. 'No, not *seen* it,' replied the veteran, 'but I have often *dreamt* of it for the chief.'

At length they reached the Castel Nuovo, sinister of aspect with its tall round towers of black tufa. Here again they might have been blown to pieces, but here again the enemy's sentinels saluted, and the guard turned out to do him honour. Thence he was carried along the side of the Palace, also occupied by a Bourbon regiment.

The Foresteria, an annexe of the Palace used for the entertainment of Court guests, was the goal of the procession. It stood on one side of the Largo San Francesco di Paola, an immense open space which was packed tight with spectators.¹ From the windows of the Foresteria Garibaldi looked out sideways on the front of the Palace a few yards off with the enemy's soldiers in the gateway, and straight below him on the heads of the vast multitude, whom he addressed as follows: 'You have a right to exult in this day, which is the beginning of a new epoch not only for you but for all Italy, of which Naples forms the fairest portion. It is, indeed, a glorious day and

¹ The Foresteria is now (1911) the Prefettura, and the Largo San Francesco di Paola is called Piazza del Plebiscito.

holy—that on which a people passes from the yoke of servitude to the rank of a free nation. I thank you for this welcome, not only for myself, but in the name of all Italy, which your aid will render free and united.’¹ His speech showed clearly that it was of the union of Italy that he was thinking as much as of the liberation of Naples.

From the Foresteria he was taken to the Cathedral, where he was again almost smothered by the embraces of men and women. His fighting friar, Sicilian Pantaleo, conducted the service, and the terrified canons showed him the relics of St. Januarius, on the virtues of which he maintained a judicious silence.²

Thence he was taken to the Palazzo d'Angri, now chosen as his permanent head-quarters. It is a fine private mansion, standing conspicuously, half-way up the mile-long Toledo at the debouchment of another important street, so that its balconies look down on both thoroughfares. The people filed in endless procession up and down the two streets, while Garibaldi showed himself to them on one of the highest balconies of the tall palace.

The inhabitants of Naples were now in full delirium, gyrating through the streets like the dance of all the devils on the witches' Sabbath. True joy at liberation from tyranny moved the greater part of them; the feverish desire for the excitement of an unexampled *fiesta* drove on the rest, many of whom had been Bourbonists a few months before, and would be Bourbonists again if the King returned. Men and women waved swords

¹ This is the version of W. G. Clark, an ear-witness (*Galton*, 26). There are various others, to much the same effect.

² Next day (Sept. 8) he attended the popular religious festival of Piedigrotta, which had always been attended by the Monarchs of Naples: he had said at the Straits that he would be at Naples in time for that feast, and he kept his word. On September 19 the Blood of St. Januarius duly liquefied for the benefit of the Dictator's Government, following precedent, since it had liquefied for the benefit of the atheist French Republicans in 1799. Garibaldi was not present at the performance. *Galton*, 29, 53-55. *Zasio*, 92.

which they would never wield in earnest, and brandished daggers which they were more accustomed to employ. As the night wore on, the various cries of *Viva Garibardo*, *Gallibar*, *Galliboard* were finally shortened into *Viva 'Board*. When the voice gave out, a single finger was held up in token of the union of Italy. Even after the first rage was spent, the Saturnalia continued intermittently for three days and nights in the thousand noisome alleys which composed the Naples of that era.

But in the Toledo, while the crowd on the first evening was shouting under the Palazzo d'Angri for the Dictator to reappear, a red-shirt stepped out on the balcony and laid his cheek on his hand in token that his chief was sleeping. '*Egli dorme*,' whispered the vast multitude and dispersed in silence. During the rest of that night's carnival the centre of the city was left as noiseless and deserted as the streets of Pompeii.¹

¹The following are the authorities on which my account of the entry is based. I consider the first seven of them the most important. *Zasio*, 87-91. *Galton*, 25-28 (Clark's narrative). *Lega del Bene*, December, 1888 (Rendina's narrative). *Pungolo*, September 8, 1904. *Trinity*, 236-242. *De Cesare*, ii. 430-433. *Times*, September 13, p. 10, c. 3; September 15, p. 10, c. 5; September 18, p. 7, c. 3. *Meuricoffre*, 51-52. *Nisco*, 122. *Dumas*, 367. *De Sivo*, iv. 67. *D'Ayala*, 320-326. *Cosens*, 20. *Liborio Romano*, 79-80. *Conv. Missori*. *Mem.* 380. *Monnier*, 283. *Menghini*, 461. *Salazaro*, 54-55. *J. des D.* September 15, 1860. *Ashley*, 499. *Bertani*, ii. 194. *Colet*, iii. 12.

CHAPTER IX

GARIBALDI'S MISTAKES IN NAPLES. THE CHECK BEFORE CAPUA

'Tra qualche anno, di tutti questi piccoli guai, che ora ci preoccupano tanto, chi si ricorderà? D'una cosa sola ci ricorderemo tutti, e per sempre: ci ricorderemo che in questi due anni s'è fatta l'Italia!' *Manzoni's saying in the winter of 1860. (Venosta, 607.)*

'In a few years who will recollect all these little troubles which now obsess our minds? One thing only we shall all of us remember for ever: we shall remember that in these two years Italy was made.'

On September 8, the day after Garibaldi's entry, the Bourbon commandant of the castle of S. Elmo sent word that he could no longer restrain his men from bombarding the city at their feet. 'Very well,' said the Dictator, 'let them fire, and we will fire back.' He had on that day no military force in Naples except the National Guard, who were fit only for policing the streets, but his fearless tone quelled the enemy's soldiers. They did not open fire, and in the course of the next three days handed over all the four castles to the National Guard. None of the outgoing regiments would listen to the invitations to desert that were showered upon them, but marched off scowling at the people, full of zeal to join their King and comrades in the last stand behind the Volturno.¹ The loyalty of the army to the Bourbons, even stronger among the rank and file than among the officers, defeated the calculations alike of Garibaldi and of Cavour, who had each confidently expected that if the revolution succeeded at all, the army would come over wholesale to aid in the wars of liberation for the rest of the Peninsula.²

¹ *Türr's Div.* 161. *D'Ayala*, 328. *Mundy*, 245. *Forbes*, 239-240.

² *Spaventa*, 297-298. *Bandi*, 268-269. *Conv. Venosta*.

The loyalty of the soldiers was a measure of their professional feeling and of their isolation from the community at large, to whom they had been related not as defenders of the fatherland or representatives of the national honour, but as the tyrant's body-guard kept to repress the citizens. Therefore they were left untouched by the tide of popular sentiment for United Italy, and while one-half of them rallied round Francis II at Capua and Gaeta, the other 50,000 disbanded and went sulkily to their homes or took to the hills as brigands.

In the north of the kingdom, where a part of the population itself was reactionary under clerical influence, there ensued a state of sporadic civil war of which the worst horrors had been spared to the southern provinces. On September 8 news reached the Dictator from the district of Ariano to the east of the capital that Generals Bonanno and Flores with 4000 Bourbon troops had there roused up the Royalist peasantry, who were robbing, massacring, and raping in the houses of the Liberals. The first 1500 of Garibaldi's army who arrived in Naples on the 9th were allowed only a few hours' rest before they were sent off again to quell the insurrection. Türr, who went in command, took them by train to Nola, there put them into carts and carriages and drove with the utmost speed to the scene of operations. Bonanno, in spite of his superior numbers, agreed without a blow to disband his force. It appears that conversations with comrades returning to their homes from Calabria had so much discouraged his men that he no longer dared rely upon them to fight.

Türr acted not only with vigour but with clemency. He shot two of the ring-leaders of the peasant massacre, though the local Liberals who had suffered begged him to shoot a round dozen, and disliked the practical application of his doctrine that a new era of liberty and brotherhood had dawned for all Italians. The repression of similar reactionary massacres in Molise and the

Abruzzi, as conducted by General Cialdini and the Piedmontese regulars in the later months of the year, was on a scale of vengeance more calculated to satisfy the local demand than anything that Garibaldi or his lieutenants were ever known to permit.¹

The arrival in Naples of the rest of the army from Calabria and Basilicata was accelerated by the help of the newly acquired shipping of the port. Some of the regiments in the rear were brought by sea from Paola and some from Sapri, while others marched. The last division under Medici reached Naples on September 15 and the following days. In the course of a quarrel at Paola for the first passage on board a steamer, Nino Bixio had broken the heads of several of his companions in arms with the butt end of a musket; as usual he repented of his savage rage and made friends with the victim whom he had nearly killed.²

Cavour was agreeably surprised by the Dictator's first acts in Naples. On the evening of his entry, before he lay down to rest, he had issued a decree generously handing over the whole Neapolitan fleet to King Victor Emmanuel, and placing it forthwith under the orders of Admiral Persano, to the detriment of his own power and authority. Three days later he invited a battery of Piedmontese artillery and a battalion of Bersaglieri in the harbour to land and co-operate with him in garrisoning Naples. He also chose Moderates and Cavourians as his Ministers, among others, Liborio Romano, whom he continued in the offices which he had held under Francis II. These first steps, taken as Cavour knew on the advice of the sage Cosenz, proved to all the world that no thought lurked in Garibaldi's mind of any ultimate settlement for Sicily and Naples except union under the

¹ *Franci*, i. 103-104, 232-234. *Türr's Div.* 161-172. *Türr's Risposta*, 16-19. *Rüstow Brig. Mil.* 27-33. *Abba Not.* 234.

² *Türr's Div.* 173-180, 514-515, and map. *Castellini*, 61-64. *Bandi*, 279-282. *Adamoli*, 153-155.

monarchy of Victor Emmanuel.¹ But he intended to postpone that union until he could proclaim the King of Italy on the Capitol, and he publicly announced that he would march on Rome over the last ruins of the Neapolitan army on the Volturno.

The desire to march to the deliverance of the Holy City was inspired in his mind not by political calculation but by poetic passion, by the memories of antiquity and of his own defence of the Janiculum in '49. The romantic element was the strongest in his nature and ruled him for good or evil at all the great crises of his life. The lover's passion for Rome was fostered in him by Bertani and the other extremists, who saw in it a means towards their own political ends. It was to them a method of delaying annexation until it could be effected on terms fatal to Cavour's continuance in office and dangerous to the prestige of the monarchy, which would be reduced to the position of accepting the crown of Italy as a gift at the hands of the revolutionary leader.

Garibaldi and the Mazzinians were alike under a delusion as to the practicability of taking the city of Rome. They believed that the French people were on the Italian side in this matter, and that the tyrant, Napoleon III, when seriously challenged, would be forced to withdraw his garrison from Rome for fear of revolution in France. They were equally wrong about prince and people: in reality the clerical and anti-Italian feeling of the France of that day was the main reason why Napoleon could not utterly desert the Pope, for whom at heart he had little love.

Until, in the latter half of September, it became apparent that the Bourbon forces rallied behind the Volturno were strong enough to check Garibaldi's advance on Rome, Cavour was at his wits' end for ways and means to prevent a complication which must involve Italy either in civil war or in war with France. Know-

¹ *Persano*, 222, 239. *Savio*, i. 323. *Chiala*, vi. 594. *Cosenz*, *Guardione*, 55. *Elliot*, 96, 102-103.

ing that he had lost all influence of his own with the Dictator, Cavour turned in every direction to find others who could remonstrate with better chance of success. At his instigation Kossuth wrote to Garibaldi, congratulating him on his triumphs in the cause of freedom, and imploring him not to embroil Italy with France in a quarrel under the walls of Rome, that could only redound to the advantage of Austria at the expense of Hungary and of Venice.¹

Cavour even commandeered the services of the English to remonstrate with their favourite. Lord Shaftesbury wrote from London to tell Garibaldi that he gave thanks to God for his success, and to conjure him not to imperil it by attacking the Pope too soon.² Even Edwin James, the barrister on a holiday, had been set on to use his influence with the Dictator in favour of immediate annexation.³ Persano implored Admiral Mundy, for whom Garibaldi had conceived a great affection since the events of Palermo,⁴ to persuade his friend not to advance on Rome. Lord John Russell had instructed Elliot, the British Minister to the deposed King, to remain at Naples, and if possible to dissuade its new master from attacking Venice. Elliot and Mundy therefore arranged an unofficial meeting between themselves and Garibaldi in the cabin of H.M.S. *Hannibal*. It took place on September 10. Bertani, who followed the Dictator about like his evil genius, had to be asked twice to quit the cabin before he would leave his victim alone with the two Englishmen. His fears on this occasion were groundless, for Garibaldi, though cordial and patient, was impervious to all representations of the dangers into which his further advance would plunge Italy. He repeated in a tone of enthusiasm that he

¹ *Chiala's Pol. Seg.* 129-142.

² *Mem. Stor. Mil.* ii. 188. The letter (September 17) is there wrongly attributed to Lord 'Salisbury,' but the reference to 'my son Evelyn' (Ashley) shows the writer was really 'Shaftesbury.'

³ *Times*, September 18, p. 7, c. 3.

⁴ See *Garibaldi and the Thousand*, pp. 290, 311, 317-320.

would first crown Victor Emmanuel in Rome, and that then the task of liberating Venice would devolve upon the King.¹

The conduct of Bertani in Naples was unworthy of his former great services to Italy. He who had once done so much to bring together Garibaldi and Cavour now worked only too successfully to divide them. He became the mouthpiece of self-seeking politicians like Rattazzi and his friends, who, hoping to step into Cavour's ministerial shoes, were not ashamed to write that 'Garibaldi was the only person who could strike him down.'² Urged on by such counsellors, Bertani daily inflamed the Dictator's hatred against 'the man who had sold Nice,' regardless of the fact that the man was now, in consequence, liberating the Papal Marches.³ Garibaldi published a letter stating that he could never again work with Cavour,⁴ and then sent a note to Victor Emmanuel asking him to dismiss his great Minister.⁵ Bertani indeed advised Garibaldi against this last step, not because he wished Cavour to remain in office, but because he rightly foresaw that the request would be refused, and Cavour's position strengthened.⁶

Unlike Rattazzi, Bertani was at least disinterested; he was not seeking Cavour's place, but the union of Italy. He had impaired his health and his mental balance by working day and night on his sick-bed at Genoa, organ-

¹ Mundy, 238-244. *F. O. Sicily, Elliot*, September 8, Mundy's letter. *Elliot* 99-101. *Persano*, 240-241.

² Luzio's article in *Corriere della Sera*, March 1, 1910, on the *Archivio Bertani*.

³ On September 11 the Piedmontese regular troops crossed the Papal frontier and Persano started with his fleet from Naples for the Adriatic to bombard the Pope's fortress of Ancona.

⁴ *Ciampoli*, 181. *F. O. Sicily, Elliot*, No. 525, September 18.

⁵ The note was delivered to the King by Trecchi late on September 23, having been taken to Turin by Pallavicino—see the narrative of Pallavicino's secretary, *Caranti*, 18-19. This must not be confused with the mission of Brambilla and Trecchi to the King ten days before; it was not *then*, as was wrongly asserted, that the demand for Cavour's dismissal was made, see *Brambilla*, 42, *Bertani*, ii. 208-209. *F. O. Sicily, Elliot*, September 28, and above all *Bianchi, Polit. de Cavour*, p. 384 and note.

⁶ *Bertani*, ii. 219.

ising half the forces by means of which Garibaldi had reached Naples. He had brought on Italian unity by such giant strides that year, that he could not believe it necessary to call a halt. He had by his rival activities compelled Cavour to invade the Papal States himself, and he could not see that, although, thanks to Cavour's manipulation of Napoleon, Umbria and the Marches were fair game, France still threw her shield over the city of Rome. On September 19 he persuaded the Dictator to send round 300 men under Cadolini to land at Terracina in the Papal States in order to prepare the way for the advance of the main Garibaldian army on Rome. The orders for this foolish expedition were actually given, but were rescinded at the advice of Sirtori.¹ Garibaldi's military lieutenants, Sirtori, Cosenz, Türr, Medici, and Bixio, were all opposed to the extravagant counsels of the civilians Bertani, Crispi, and Mazzini.

For Mazzini, too, was in Naples. He arrived on September 17² and remained, not in hiding, but in obscurity. A stranger, who met him one evening in a private house without knowing at first who he was, describes him as 'an old man with a sweet voice saying wise and noble things' to a group of Garibaldian officers who listened to his words with profound respect.³ When he touched actual politics, he was less happily inspired. He wrote on September 23 to Garibaldi, saying that he preferred not to come to see him in the crowd at the Palazzo d'Angri, but that he hoped the Dictator would offer these terms to Victor Emmanuel—immediate annexation of Naples in return for the dismissal of Cavour and war with the Austrians in Venetia.⁴ The Dictator would probably have been better pleased if Mazzini had stayed away, but since he had come, he would listen to no suggestion for sending him back, and when the scum

¹ *Mem. Stor. Mil.* ii. 182 (Cadolini). *Irs Pol.* 67-68 (Bertani).

² *Fam. Crauford*, 227.

³ *Paolucci's Corrao*, 144.

⁴ Letter published in *Giornale d'Italia*, June 6, 1907, from Achille Fazzari's MSS.

of Naples shouted 'death to Mazzini' under his windows, Garibaldi protected him and rebuked the rioters.¹

To the men who were making Italy, Mazzini's arrival in Naples was an exasperating addition to the dangers of the gamble on which their country's existence was staked; so long as he continued to play a part, and a mistaken part upon the whole, in political affairs, it was impossible for all men to give the father of Italian Unity his meed of thanks, and to be always remembering that but for his work in the 'thirties and 'forties there would have been no 1860. Throughout this year when his life's work was being brought to fruition by others, Mazzini was in a state of melancholy resignation, for although he felt confident that the union of Italy was at hand, it was not the idealist Italy which he had striven to evoke. He sought no thanks for himself from the country which he had made, and dreamt of no apotheosis, but only of a speedy end to life in his English land of exile, now grown dear to him. 'Unity,' he writes to Mrs. Taylor, 'you may consider as settled, and so far, so good. The rest is all wrong. And as for myself, don't talk of either prosperity or consciousness of having done, etc. All that is chaff. The only real good thing would be to have unity achieved quickly through Garibaldi, and one year, before dying, of Walham Green or Eastbourne, long silences, a few affectionate words to smooth the ways, plenty of seagulls, and sad dozing.'²

Except that there was less unanimity on behalf of the National cause, the attitude of the people of Naples after the entry of Garibaldi closely resembled that of the people of Palermo three months before. In Naples as in Palermo, devotion to the person of the Liberator was deep and genuine, and did not grow less on closer acquaintance. The southern populations found him far more *simpatico* than they found other Northerners, and

¹ Mignona, 229. Mario's Mazzini, 413.

² King's Mazzini, 359-360. Fam. Crauford, 217, 227-229.

when he retired in November and left them to the Piedmontese officials, they soon wished him back again. But so long as he was with them, though they were never tired of cheering him, they were annoyed by his policy of postponing the annexation, in which alone they saw a sure way of safety. The reason why the Neapolitans shouted 'death' under the windows of Mazzini was that he opposed immediate and unconditional annexation. They wished Victor Emmanuel to come at once to give them security and peace.

The impatience of the Neapolitans with the *interim* government of the Dictator was increased by faults of administration. Many common convicts were let out of prison on the ground that they were political prisoners, and stabbing and crime grew more rife than ever.¹ The moderate Ministers whom Garibaldi had chosen on his first entry found themselves overridden by the Dictator's secretary, Bertani, who treated them as cyphers and carried on the most important acts of government without consulting them. On September 22 the Ministry sent in their resignation; five days later it was accepted, and their places were taken by more passive tools of the omnipotent 'Secretariat.'² The despotism of Bertani and of Crispi, who succeeded him on September 30 as secretary without altering the policy pursued,³ would have been endured gladly if it had meant order and a peaceable transition towards the approaching regime of Italian Unity. But it seemed rather to tend to anarchy and maladministration. The hopes of the reactionaries revived, and seditious correspondence was set on foot between Naples and Gaeta.⁴ Neither Garibaldi nor Bertani had any conception of the proper limits to which a Provisional Government should confine its work, and many of their decrees made important changes in the

¹ Russell MSS. Elliot's letter of October 8.

² *Liborio Romano*, 84. *Ferrigni*, 66-70. *De Cesare's F. di P.* ccviii-ccxv. *Bertani*, ii. 217. *F. O. Sicily*, Elliot, No. 540, September 29.

³ *Crispi*, 1911, p. 313. *Bertani*, ii. 222-224.

⁴ *D'Ayala*, 337-340.

principles of law, finance, and State machinery, which should have been left to the mature decision of the future Italian Parliament.¹

Europe was justly shocked by a Dictatorial decree giving a pension to the mother of Agesilao Milano, the idealist fanatic who had attempted to assassinate *Bomba*,² though it is possible to plead, in mitigation of Garibaldi's offence, the flattery long bestowed on Milano's memory by eminently respectable persons in England as well as in Italy.

A more innocent act of patronage was more loudly blamed in Naples. The Dictator nominated Alexandre Dumas as honorary Director of the National Museum and excavations. Dumas, who really loved the Italian cause and had, in his swaggering way, done more for it than was pleasing to the Government and the fashionable classes of his own country, was ungratefully accused by the Neapolitans of dipping his fingers into their public purse. It was true that if he had not undertaken the duties of the Directorate for nothing, it might have been given as a paid post to some native. The appointment of a foreigner was unwise, apart from all question of the novelist's equipment as an archæologist. But Dumas was subjected to much undeserved abuse.³

All these political questions and quarrels revolving round the central problem whether or not annexation should be immediate and unconditional, found their solution in military events against which there was no appeal—the check of Garibaldi before Capua and the success of Victor Emmanuel's troops in the Papal States.

In return for the supreme sacrifice of his capital, King Francis had obtained a new position of strength, geographically and politically suited for a successful rally of the Royalist element in the army and the kingdom.

¹ *F. O. Sicily, Elliot*, No. 512, September 15.

² See *Gariba'di and the Thousand*, p. 67.

³ *Bertani*, ii. 209. *Du Camp. Souvenirs*, ii. 246-258.

Gaeta afforded a secure base of operation, and in the event of defeat a last stronghold which could hold out for months even against a regular army with siege guns. But the front line of defence was the northern bank of the lower Volturno, a deep, muddy river, fordable at widely scattered points known as *scafe* or 'ferries.' The only bridge was that which led into Capua. The celebrated Monsieur Vauban, whose creations so often baffled William III and retarded Marlborough, had designed the defences of Capua, and they had been modernised and enlarged by a Russian military architect as late as 1855. The bastions, well furnished with cannon, proved strong enough to oppose a final limit to Garibaldi's career of victory. This impregnable *tête du pont* of Capua enabled the Bourbon troops to cross the river whenever they wished, and to debouch on the cultivated plain on the south bank, which was admirably suited for the operations of regular troops against ill-disciplined levies.

Behind these strong barriers raised by art and nature the Royalists rallied round their King. There were no longer any constitutional Ministers, any officers or privates of doubtful loyalty to create an atmosphere of division and distrust. The white flag of the Bourbons was again unfurled, the tricolour and the constitution were stowed away together and reactionary passions were no longer discouraged and concealed. In the course of September some 50,000 soldiers assembled in the lines, some of them from distant parts of the kingdom, all having come voluntarily and out of genuine devotion to a fallen cause. The privates were still the most enthusiastic grade in the service, but disloyal officers were no longer to be found in the camp.¹ The fighting spirit shown by the Bourbon troops in the battles of September and October, after the Capital had been surrendered without a blow, contrasts strangely with the manner in

¹ *Cava*, 13 note. *De Sivo*, iv. 106-110. *Maria Sophia*, 138-139. *Conv. Primerano*. For the numbers see Appendix J, below.

which they had fled and disbanded in August, when the royal cause had been in a far less desperate condition. The change was partly due to the presence of the King in their midst, and to the fact that they no longer had half-hearted friends within and a hostile population around. But there always remains something inscrutable to Northerners in the vagaries of the Southern temperament.

The Volturno region was not only militarily but politically well chosen. The peasants were the most reactionary in the kingdom, and the friendly border of the Papal States was close in the rear. It was suggested in high quarters that Lamoricière, who commanded the Pope's army of foreign crusaders in Umbria, should make a forced march southward, unite with King Francis' troops and carry him back in triumph to Naples. On the advice of Persigny, the French Ambassador in London, King Francis telegraphed from Gaeta to ask for the Pope's consent to this plan.¹ But the invasion of the Papal States by the armies of Victor Emmanuel from the north gave the Pope's generals plenty to do at home.

The Bourbon position on the Volturno was by no means merely defensive. It threatened Naples, which was divided from Capua by no more than eighteen miles of flat ground, well supplied with country roads concentrating on the Capital. Garibaldi's nominal attack on Capua soon became no better than a defence of Naples conducted with great difficulty and peril before the gates of Capua.

To the 50,000 Bourbon regulars gathered behind the Volturno, Garibaldi by the end of September opposed some 20,000 volunteers. Besides his own field army, there were 'insurrectionary bands' and private regiments enlisted throughout all the provinces under his Dictatorship. When his forces were paid off in November it was

¹ *Persigny, 276-277.* Did Napoleon know of his Ambassador's advice? I doubt it. I suppose that as he did things behind the backs of his Ministers and Ambassadors, they took similar liberties with him.

stated officially that as many as 50,000 names appeared on the muster rolls, but Garibaldi himself declared that only a third of those enrolled ever came near the scene of actual conflict. Sicily held seven out of the fifty thousand, and besides those who were engaged in garrisoning and patrolling the Capital, and the southern provinces, thousands of ne'er-do-weels drew pay for trailing rifles and sabres in the cafés of Naples and parading themselves along the streets in uniforms of many colours.¹

The force actually at the front, varying during September and October from 15,000 to 20,000 men, was mainly composed of Northern volunteers. But there were among them 3000 Calabrians and Lucanians and about as many Sicilians; the city of Naples, so Türr reported in the middle of October, had sent exactly eighty of her half-million inhabitants to join the army protecting her on the Volturno.²

Dispassionate observers of the Garibaldini in that autumn agreed that they contained 'the cream and the dregs' of the nation.³ When the Thousand sailed for Sicily in May there had been no dregs, but the process of adulteration had been continuous ever since, the bad element increasing in exact proportion to the success already achieved, until after the occupation of Naples the red shirt covered as much heroism and baseness as has ever been concealed by cloth of any colour. Garibaldi's lifelong dream of the *levée-en-masse* of regenerated Italians, which was to sweep French and Austrian back across the Alps, wrecked itself on the realities of human nature and the stern requirements of effective military organisation. Instead of the 150,000 men for whom he had hoped, he got 50,000, out of whom perhaps not more than half could look the enemy in the face. But of these several thousands were of really heroic mould, and it was

¹ *Risorg.* anno iii. fasc. 1-2, pp. 87-88, and Appendix J, below. *Obrero*, 106 *Revel's da Ancona*, 114-117. *Zasio*, 104-105.

² *Russell MSS.* Appendix A, p. 313 below.

³ 'Fiore e feccia.' *Corsi's Rimembranze*, 28.

these few who saved Italy on the Volturmo.¹ The further supply of the best sort of fighters had been cut off by Cavour, who since the middle of August had stopped the exodus of volunteers from Genoa and the North.² By cutting off the supply of men, Cavour secured his object of rendering Garibaldi too weak to attack Rome, but in so doing he nearly caused him to lose Naples.

Garibaldi's head-quarters were established in the Palace at Caserta. This monotonous and gigantic edifice is at least more pleasing than Versailles, in imitation of which it was built by Vanvitelli, architect to Carlos III, *Bomba's* great-grandfather. It has been reared upon the plain, but a mile behind it, at the end of the long Palace garden, rises a steep mountain range of white limestone, on the top of which can be seen in the distance the ruined castle and hill-town of Old Caserta.³ Out of the mountain-side spouts and tumbles a force of water conducted from twenty miles away into that arid region by the great aqueduct of Vanvitelli, which spans the Maddaloni valley with a structure worthy of Imperial

¹ Mr. W. G. Clark gives the following account of his twofold impression at Caserta (*Galton*, 62-63) :—

‘ When I reached the railway station, I found a train of empty trucks and cattle waggons just starting. A number of the red-shirted gentry demanded that a carriage should be attached to it for their use. The stationmaster declared that he had none, whereupon they threatened, hustled, and collared him, and finally carried him off to the Palace to answer to some one for his contumacy. . . . The train started without waiting for the issue of the dispute. I got upon a truck with a number of common soldiers (Garibaldians), whose behaviour presented a very favourable contrast to that of their officers. One provided me with an inverted basket to sit upon, another compelled me to accept a cigar, a third insisted upon my taking a cartridge as a keepsake. One of them had been an artist, he told me, and had abandoned his easel at Milan to carry a musket in Calabria. Never, surely, was there such a motley army as this. It contains men of all ranks, and of all characters. There are men of high birth and gentle breeding, there are also outcasts and vagabonds; there are generous and chivalrous enthusiasts, there are also charlatans and impostors, and unhappily it is not always the former who fill the highest places.’ From the mass of other evidence which I have read, I should not say that the officers were badly selected in the better regiments. But see p. 246 below.

² See pp. 122-123 above. *Mario Supp.* 280.

³ See Map III, B, at end of book.

Rome. Below the cataract at Caserta the water glides more gently towards the Palace, from basin to basin, between groups of classical statues and dark groves of evergreen. At such pains was this artificial river brought to the King's country seat by the first and most popular of the Neapolitan Bourbons, who realised the highest ideal of kingship as understood under the *ancien régime* : for he did not forget to send on the water to irrigate the plain and to supply the Capital. Carlos III died the year before the French Revolution began, and his descendants failed to adapt themselves to the new era. And so now, among these groves so long reserved for princes, the Garibaldini were encamped, poaching the Royal pheasants much to the subsequent scandal of Victor Emmanuel's lackeys, who thought that the sacred birds ought to have been kept till their master arrived to shoot them.

While the advanced guard over against Capua held Santa Maria and Sant' Angelo in Formis, the reserve was bivouacked in the courtyards and gardens of Caserta Palace, and on the great parade ground that lies between it and the station. As in the Palace at Palermo, Garibaldi and his staff occupied some of the smallest rooms they could find. The Dictator enjoyed this much of kingly pomp, that wherever he appeared, in the field or in the street, any band that perceived him at once struck up 'Garibaldi's hymn.'¹ And he was now attended by a body-guard of red-shirts, whom it amused him to arm with a set of pompous halberds from one of the State rooms of the Palace. The principal duty of the body-guard was to save him from the hundreds of petitioners who besieged his door day and night, clamouring for offices and pensions and for revenge upon their private enemies. Rival committees, mutually denouncing each other as Bourbonists with the envenomed sycophancy of the Levantine, revolted the soul of Garibaldi. He passed them on as far as might be to Bertani in Naples, and was

¹ *Conv. Dolmage*. For the music of the 'hymn' see pp. 298-304 below.

glad to spend all the hours of daylight on horseback upon the mountains, whither they could not follow him. But when he returned to Caserta each night, he found them still at their posts before his door.

His habit of retiring at nightfall and rising before dawn saved him from prolonged contact with this human plague. At Caserta he was always up and about before his staff. Once, indeed, shortly after midnight, while Nullo and Zasio were still sitting on in the outer room, having held festival over some simple luxuries of the camp, their chief came out from his bedroom, fresh from sleep and booted for the day. He nodded and smiled to them as he passed out, and they could only look at each other foolishly enough and murmur, 'He gets up too soon.'

Thus abroad betimes, he proceeded every day to visit the outposts, travelling from Caserta to Santa Maria by train or by carriage, and thence riding along the lines to the village of Sant' Angelo, built at the foot of the mountain out of the ruins of Roman pleasure-villas. Thence he would climb on foot to the summit of Monte Tifata or to the ruined chapel of San Nicola a few yards below, where once a temple of Jupiter had overlooked the rich Capuan plain.¹ Monte Tifata, the most westerly spur of the mountains that lie between the Caudine Forks and Capua, is also one of the highest peaks of the group. It rises almost two thousand feet sheer out of the seaward level. Half its flanks are clothed with forest and half are naked limestone with shrubs and flowers breaking out between the white rocks. Arrived at its summit, Garibaldi felt safe from sycophants and political tormentors of every kind. Here he spent many happy hours in the September sunshine watching through his telescope the movements of his own and of

¹ On some days he took another route, riding up Monte Tifata direct from S. Leucio by the charcoal-burners' path through the woods which clothe the eastern slopes. It is possible to ride up this path, but on the steeper and barer western side towards Sant' Angelo the mountain can only be ascended on foot.

the enemy's columns. On clear days he had the view of every winding of the Volturno from the ferry of Cajazzo to the sea, and of each ribbon of road on the vast plain stretching on all sides of Capua. It was from Monte Tifata that Hannibal had watched, week after week, for the glint of sunshine upon armour which might betray to him some cautious move of Fabius in the plain below, when they two matched wits and Capua was the prize.¹ And now from the same rocks Garibaldi in his turn was watching the red and blue pieces in the game of chess to which he had challenged the Bourbon Generals.²

The proper strategy for the Royalists to adopt would have been the very opposite to the delay by which Fabius restored the fortunes of Rome. They should have attacked in the middle of September, while Garibaldi's position at Santa Maria and Sant' Angelo was still a skeleton line. Marshal Ritucci, the commander-in-chief at Capua, unlike the generals of Sicily and Calabria, was neither a coward nor a fool, but he failed to grasp the need for instantly taking the offensive. Overawed by Garibaldi's unbroken record of victory, he preferred Fabian tactics, being sure that he could hold Capua against him.³ No doubt he calculated that when the Dictator's advance was shown to be permanently checked, his political hold on Naples and South Italy would relax and his volunteer forces melt away. And there was talk of help in a few months' time from Austria or the Pope. Ritucci's plan was well laid, but he had forgotten Cavour. It was the Piedmontese and not the Austrians, Victor Emmanuel and not Lamoricière, who arrived to decide the well-balanced struggle on the banks of the Volturno.

¹ Ancient Capua was on the site of modern Santa Maria, where the amphitheatre still remains. The inhabitants of Capua moved to the present city on the banks of the Volturno in the ninth century A.D.

² *Zasio*, 96-104. *Du Camp*, 264-267. *Arrivabene*, ii. 233-234. *Galton*, 52. *Colletta*, i. 85-86. *Forbes*, 278. *Sirtori*, 223. *Times*, October 6, p. 9, c. 3.

³ *Franci*, ii. 216-217, 221-222.

CHAPTER X

CAVOUR INVADES THE PAPAL STATES WITH THE ARMY OF PIEDMONT

'Su le dentate scintillanti vette
Salta il camoscio, tuona la valanga
Da' ghiacci immani rotolando per le
Selve croscianti.

'Ma da i silenzi de l'effuso azzurro
Esce nel sole l'aquila, e distende
In tarde ruote digradanti il nero
Volo solenne.

'Salve, Piemonte! A te con melodia
Mesta da lungi risonante, come
Gli epici canti del tuo popol bravo
Scendono i fiumi.

'Scendono pieni, rapidi, gagliardi
Come i tuoi cento battaglioni e a valle
Cercan le deste a ragionar di gloria
Ville e cittadi.'

CARDUCCI. *Piemonte.*

'Over the glittering, jagged summit
Leaps the chamois, sounds the avalanche
Off the cruel ice-beds rolling
Through crashing forests.

'Out from the silence, out from the encircling blue,
Floats in the sun the eagle, and extends,
In circles slowly earthward borne, his dark
And solemn flight.

'Hail, Piedmont! hail! to thee with melody
Sad, from afar resounding, like the songs
The heroic songs of thine own mountaineers,
Thy rivers fall.

'Down fall thy rivers, rushing, rapid, full,
Like thy battalions, in the plain below
Seeking the hamlets and the towns astir
With thoughts of glory.'

THE States of the Church, stretching across the Peninsula from sea to sea, opposed a geographical veto to the Union of Italy which Garibaldi's successes in the south had brought into the region of practical politics. At the moment of his entry into Naples the whole of Central Italy from Ancona to Civita Vecchia, from Perugia to Terracina, was still in the most literal sense subject to priestly rule. In the Papal territories priests were the legislators and the administrators, not, like William of Wykeham or Wolsey, lending their abilities to the State at the invitation of the lay power, but acting in their own right divine. Both in theory and in practice priests were the sole judges of what might be published, said, or done by the millions of laymen who chanced to be subjects of the Pope. There was no longer, as in 1848, any attempt at reform from within or concession to the laity. 'We are advised to make reforms,' said Pio Nono (Pius IX) to Odo Russell, the British Resident at Rome; 'it is not understood that those very reforms, which would consist in giving this country a Government of laymen, would make it cease to exist. It is called the "States of the Church" and that is what it must remain.'¹

While many of the parish priests, as soon afterwards appeared, shared the desire of their flocks to be ruled by the King of Italy instead of by the Pope,² the Roman *curia* was implacable. At no period was the spirit of priestly intolerance and interference exercised with greater impolicy than in these years and months when the threatened theocracy had its last chance of making terms with the modern world. Up to the very day of reckoning the hierarchy seemed to find a pleasure in reminding every layman in Central Italy that he belonged to an enslaved class and must submit to any humiliation or injustice that the Church was pleased to impose. On August 22, 1860, Odo Russell sent home to

¹ *Queen's Letters*, ed. 1907, iii. p. 311, January 14, 1859.

² *Gregorovius*, 106. *F. O. Rome, Russell*, No. 170, November 11, 1860.

Lord John an official dispatch narrating a characteristic incident of Papal rule :—

'A respectable tradesman of Civita Vecchia died some days since, and five young men, friends of the deceased, wishing to show the respect and affection they bore towards him, applied to the Ecclesiastical Authority for permission to carry his coffin themselves instead of allowing it to be carried by the religious Confraternity on whom funeral functions usually devolve.

'The request was granted at Civita Vecchia but it appears not approved in Rome, for after four days the young men were arrested in the night at their houses by Papal Gendarmes and conveyed to prison, and the next day they were sent to the State Prisons of Soriano beyond Viterbo, where they will in all probability remain for some months and then be released without trial. The charge brought against them is interference with Ecclesiastical Customs and Privileges.¹

This system of government was perpetuated no longer by the submissiveness of the Pope's subjects, but by the presence of foreign armies. The troops of Napoleon III held down Rome and the Patrimony of S. Peter. An army of Austrians in the pay of Pio Nono maintained order in Umbria and the Marches. In the summer of 1859 these Eastern Provinces had nominally been evacuated by Austria, but the very same officers and men who had composed the former garrison had been encouraged by the Government of Vienna to go back 6000 strong and enrol themselves in the Papal service.²

Thus the newly liberated Romagna was threatened from the south by the Papal forces, of which these Austrians were the main strength, and from the north by the official army of Austria in the Venetian territory. Cavour had no time to lose. He must overwhelm the Pope's army in Umbria and the Marches and make Italy one by joining hands with Garibaldi in Naples. If he delayed it was clear that Austria, as soon as she had recuperated her strength after her losses in the war of 1859, would reconquer North Italy in alliance with the

¹ *Br. Parl. Papers*, vii. p. 55.

² *Mérolé*, 136, says the Austrians were 'upwards of 6000.' Odo Russell (*F. O. Rome, Russell*, August 31, 1860) puts them at 10,000, and adds: 'The men and officers thus sent by the Austrian Government to General Lamoricière are chiefly those who formed the Austrian garrisons of the Legations before the war in Lombardy and also men who had served in that Province and in Venetia. A *de facto* Austrian occupation is thereby gradually being re-established in the Adriatic Provinces of the Holy See.'

Pope. Cavour, well aware of the necessity for invading the Papal States, knew that the indispensable condition of success in an enterprise so repugnant to the interests of Austria was the passive consent of the ruler of France.

The French Emperor had no goodwill for the Austrians who were maintaining the Pope's temporal power on the eastern seaboard of Italy, although he still found himself compelled to do similar police work in the west. Napoleon's throne depended on the support of the Pope's followers in France, and the Pope's temporal power in Rome depended on Napoleon's bayonets, so each must perforce accommodate the other. But the chain of their mutual dependence was galling, and only made them hate one another the more. Napoleon, half a Liberal and wholly a man of the modern world, detested the obscurantist Government of which he was the unwilling protector; while the Pope and the *curia*, after the Franco-Austrian war of 1859, recollected that the Third Napoleon was the nephew of the First, and thenceforward chose to regard him as the embodiment of the European revolution. They entertained high hopes of a Bourbon restoration in France, and began to talk of the present occupant of the Tuileries in the language which Cardinals and Papal Secretaries now sleeping in silent Roman cloisters had used in their day about Queen Elizabeth and Henry of Navarre. The French Ambassador reported with amused indignation that, according to His Holiness' Irish Chamberlain, Napoleon III was in league with the Devil and often consulted Him on political affairs.¹

Pio Nono considered that Napoleon had deprived him of the Romagna by the war of 1859, and that he was preparing at the earliest opportunity to rob him of Umbria and the Marches.

'*Caro mio Russell*,' he said in his 'mild and benevolent voice' to the British Resident, 'you are mistaken if you take

¹ *Thouvenel*, i. 275-276.

the present crisis in Italy for a national one. What is being done now will be undone again in time. Piedmont is an instrument in the hands of the Emperor Napoleon, who thinks it is his duty to carry out the ideas of his uncle. What his ultimate objects are I know not, but whatever he establishes will end with him as the Kingdoms of his uncle ended with the Empire. The Italians are not a bad people, but they are easily led astray by foreign agents, who revolutionise the country for their own wicked purposes; when they have suffered more they will repent and return to us.¹

Misled in this fashion by the false historical analogy of a bygone period, when France had imposed the revolutionary system on Italy from without, the Pope and his advisers persuaded themselves that no genuine national movement existed in the Peninsula, and looked forward to another 1815, another fall of Napoleon, and another restoration of the old Italian world. Even so shrewd a man as Cardinal Antonelli, who shared but few of the illusions of his rivals around the Papal throne, declared that he was waiting for 'the 1815 of the Second French Empire,' after which the Pope would enjoy his own again in the Romagna and elsewhere.² The second French Empire has indeed since then met with its Waterloo, but it is not the Pope or the *ancien régime* that has arisen on its ruins.

The Pope, having quarrelled with his bread and butter in the shape of Napoleon's protection, was easily persuaded in the early months of 1860 to entrust his fortunes to the Belgian fanatic De Mérode, whose grand design it was to enlist an army of crusaders gathered from all parts of Europe which should be strong enough to defend the Papal territories, and so enable the Holy Father to dispense with the degrading patronage of the French usurper. Cardinal Antonelli, indeed, who saw what was possible in this life as clearly as any other worldling in Europe, argued that a mistake was being made 'in trying to turn the Holy See into a military

¹ *F. O. Rome, Russell*, No. 103, July 12, 1860.

² *Ibid.* No. 145, September 29, 1860.

power.'¹ But his warnings were drowned in the clamorous joy of the Church militant over the energy and zeal of his Belgian rival. Antonelli was forced to bide his time and allow the fatal experiment to be tried. The hour belonged to Monsignor de Mérode, priest and War Minister. All through the spring and summer of 1860 the quiet *piazze* of old Papal Rome resounded with the clash and tramp of regiments under arms, and the cries of officers drilling recruits in all the languages of Catholic Europe, while the French garrison, no longer the heroes of the sacristy, stared at the 'crusaders' with mingled envy and contempt.

By September De Mérode's new army numbered not less than 15,000 men.² Of these the weakest regiments, with the exception of one or two battalions, were the native subjects of the Pope, enlisted for the sake of the pay, without zeal for the cause, despised by their foreign companions in arms, and conscious that they were traitors to their own country.³ The foreign troops were, on the average, superior in quality. Six thousand Austrian veterans and several hundreds of Irish recruits were landed, enrolled, and drilled at Ancona. In Rome there were more Irish, besides French, Belgians, and other nationals. They were essentially crusaders, not mercenaries. The Irish, as was justly observed, could have obtained far better terms in the Queen's service, and had come solely out of religious zeal. Peasants straight from the soil of Ireland, they were riotous and difficult to manage, but by the influence of their priests rather than by the enforcement of strict military discipline, they were at length reduced to order, and presented a soldierly appearance in their green uniforms.⁴

¹ *F. O. Rome, Russell*, No. 145, September 29.

² Appendix K, ii. (a), below.

³ *Castelli*, 327. *Poli*, 116. *Rome MSS. Br. Cons. Letter Book*, p. 190.

⁴ Much information about the Irish will be found in *Rome MSS. Br. Cons. Letter Book*, sub 1860 *passim*, and in *F. O. Rome, Consuls*, vol. 81, June-September, 1860, and *F. O. Rome, Russell*, No. 100, July 10, 1860, and in *O'Reilly*.

But the troops who attracted most attention in this strange army were the French and Belgians of good family, who assumed the title of 'Papal Zouaves.' They were the men of the *ancien régime*, strayed into the wrong century, who had at last found a cause for which they could fight. They involved the whole army in the atmosphere of their own extreme Legitimist principles. Napoleon III was to them a usurper and a Jacobin. They proclaimed a Royalist restoration as imminent, and cheered for 'Henry V' of France under the windows of Napoleon's officers in Rome.¹ In all this they were encouraged by the party now supreme at the Vatican, who spared the Emperor no insult. De Mérode in March had visited France and returned with a kinsman of his own, the retired French General Lamoricière, once a Republican, now a Legitimist and Clerical, but always openly hostile to the Napoleonic Empire. This man was put in command of the army of crusaders, as if to show that the Pope no longer valued Napoleon's friendship, and had no more need for his protection. If Cavour had been dictating the Papal policy by telepathic suggestion he could not have wished for anything better. The defenders of the Temporal Power behaved with the light-hearted insolence of some king in ancient Greek tragedy whom God has maddened that He may destroy him.

The invasion of the Papal States in September, 1860, was the crowning act of Cavour's life, and the greatest example of his political genius. He was hemmed in on all sides, and he laid all his enemies at his feet by this one stroke. It destroyed the league of reactionary Italian powers that threatened the newly formed Kingdom in the North, it liberated the populations of the Centre, it garnered Garibaldi's harvest in the South, it decided the rivalry between himself and the Dictator before it could grow into a fatal quarrel, it restored the prestige of the

¹ *F. O. Rome. Russell*, No. 82, June 8, 1860. *Gregorovius*, 83, 91.

Monarchy as at once leading and controlling the revolution, and it made a United Italy stretching without a break from the Alps to Palermo. But proportionate to the possible advantages were the dangers of the course. It was a defiance of Austria, of the whole Catholic world, and of the whole diplomatic world except England. At best Napoleon might be persuaded to wink at an invasion of Papal territory, but he could not fight against Austria in defence of the sacrilege, because his political supporters, his soldiers, his ministers, his ambassadors and his wife, would all be on the side of the Pope. And if Austria chose to attack, Piedmont alone could not resist her armies on the Mincio. Knowing all this, Cavour decided to take the risk. Perhaps no other statesman fully alive to the facts would have dared a venture so hazardous, and certainly none could have carried it through with such perfect nerve and skill.

Two men may claim to have advised Cavour before the event, Prince Jerome Napoleon and Ricasoli. As early as June 30, while Garibaldi was still in Palermo, Prince Jerome had written urging Cavour to break with Naples and the Pope, but to be careful first to take the Emperor into his confidence, and to explain to him without reserve the true necessities of the Italian situation. Cavour waited for two months, until Garibaldi was at the gates of Naples, before he followed the Prince's advice. But he spoke of the invasion of the Papal States, when it actually took place, as 'the plan of Prince Napoleon,' and he gratefully acknowledged Jerome's services in keeping his Imperial cousin friendly to the Italian cause, and neutralising the hostile influence of the Empress and the Ministers.¹

The necessity for action was also impressed upon Cavour in a series of vigorous letters from Ricasoli, Tuscany's 'iron baron,' whose fortitude and patience had carried through the annexation of his province to the territories of Victor Emmanuel. In July, 1860, Ricasoli

¹ See p. 25 above. *Principe Nap.* 54-58. *Chiala*, vi. 617.

wrote to Cavour again and again, pointing out in impassioned language that the popularity and the prestige of the Monarchy was passing over to Garibaldi and the advanced parties who stood behind him, and that nothing short of a war of liberation waged in Central Italy by the Piedmontese regular troops could recover for the King the moral leadership of the national movement. Ricasoli never tired of repeating his formula, 'Our real Garibaldi should be Victor Emmanuel.'¹

On the first of August, Cavour announced his decision to invade the Papal States, but only in the strictest secrecy, to his representatives at London and Paris.² During the whole month the world knew nothing of his intention.

At the end of August, Napoleon III was at Chambéry, enjoying the Alpine scenery of his new Province of Savoy, recently acquired by the bargain with Cavour, as the fruits of the Italian alliance.³ The place, the time, his holiday humour, the constant news from Rome of fresh insults cast upon him by the Pope and the 'crusaders,' all combined to induce this halter between two opinions to lean for one moment to the Liberal side. And that one moment in Cavour's hands sufficed.

On August 28 there arrived at Chambéry two Piedmontese emissaries—Farini, the second man in the Cabinet of Turin, and Cialdini, the brilliant officer known as 'the Garibaldi of the regular army.' In a secret conference with Napoleon they informed him of Cavour's intention to invade Umbria and the Marches. The Patrimony of St. Peter, containing the city of Rome, was to be left to the Pope and the French garrison, provided that Napoleon would confine his own troops to that province and leave Lamoricière with his Austrians and his Legitimist French crusaders to try conclusions in Umbria with Cialdini's Bersaglieri. 'The Emperor,' wrote Cavour, 'approved of it all. Indeed he seemed greatly to relish the idea of

¹ *Ricasoli*, v. 161, 173, 176 and *passim*.

² P. 117 above.

³ *Garibaldi and the Thousand*, p. 169.

seeing Lamoricière sent to . . . ' The Piedmontese emissaries reported that Napoleon discussed the military chances of the campaign in the most friendly manner, 'laying down the limits of the plan of operations for our army,' and finally dismissed them with the words, '*Faites vite*'—what thou doest do quickly.¹

The southward march of the Piedmontese battalions could be truthfully represented in either of two aspects—liberty or order. Cavour and his agents in explaining matters to the Emperor were careful to lay most stress on the restoration of 'order' as against Garibaldi.² When the interview took place at Chambéry the red-shirts, still in the full career of victory in Calabria, had not yet received their check, on the Volturno, and Napoleon had grave reason to fear that they would soon be knocking at the gates of Rome, unless Cavour interposed the shield of the Piedmontese army. It was to the interest alike of Napoleon and of Victor Emmanuel that the Italian monarchy should 'absorb the revolution' before it came up north and involved the whole politics of Italy and France in complications that might end on either side of the Alps in civil war, Republican uprising, or Legitimist restoration.

'Not being able to forestall Garibaldi at Naples,' wrote Cavour to his Minister at Paris, 'we must stop him elsewhere, that is to say, in Umbria and the Marches. An insurrection is on the point of breaking out there, and as soon as this occurs, in the name of order and humanity, Cialdini enters the Marches and Fanti enters Umbria. They pitch Lamoricière into the sea, occupy Ancona, but declare Rome inviolable.'³ The name of

¹ *Chiala*, iii. 353-354 ; iv. 3 ; vi. 582-583. Cialdini told the '*faites vite*' story to at least three several persons that autumn, see *Revel's da Ancona* 23 ; *Thouvenel*, i. 237-238 and 252, and I see no more reason to doubt it than any other report of the exact words used in a private conversation, which are always a doubtful matter afterwards. The evidence for the alleged '*faites vite*' letter mentioned by *Della Rocca* (180) may be as bad as *De Cesare* (*Roma*, ii. 57) argues: but the '*faites vite*' story rests not on the letter but on the evidence in *Revel's* and *Thouvenel's* books, which *De Cesare* does not seem to have considered.

² *Chiala*, iv. 3, 12-13.

³ *Ibid.* vi. 582-583.

'humanity' was invoked in reference to the brutal conduct of the Pope's foreign mercenaries, who had repressed the insurrection of Perugia the year before with unnecessary slaughter. Cavour's emissaries represented to Napoleon that it was obligatory to invade the Papal States in order to prevent a repetition of such horrors on a greater scale. An insurrection, they declared, was inevitable in Umbria and the Marches,—and truly enough the inhabitants of Urbino rose and held their hill city for three days before Victor Emmanuel's troops crossed the frontier to their rescue.¹ Napoleon, in his official version of the Chambéry interview, declared that he had only promised his acquiescence because Farini had undertaken on his side that the Piedmontese 'would only enter the Papal States after an insurrection and to re-establish order.'² Whatever Napoleon really said or tried afterwards to unsay, he left no doubt in the mind of the two Italians that he would not actively resist the invasion.

Three days later, to make assurance doubly sure, Cavour sent another emissary—Count Arese, the old Italian friend of Napoleon, during the period of his connection with the *carbonari* thirty years before.³ Another tried friend of the adventurer now safely seated on the throne of France, was Dr. Conneau, who had aided him in his romantic and perilous escape from the castle of Ham in 1846.⁴ In the midst of priests and reactionaries and courtiers, the Emperor never entirely forgot Arese and Conneau or their liberal doctrines, which had once been his own. These two intimates of Napoleon were, at this crisis of Italian history, working in league with Cavour.⁵ Arese's instructions were to seek out Napoleon and repeat the arguments of Cialdini and Farini, of which Cavour sent him the following notes for his guidance :—

¹ Cialdini *Rap.* 1-2.

² *Thouvenel*, i. 192.

³ *Simpson*, 131, 335, 362, and index.

⁴ *Ibid.* 193-198, 241-254.

⁵ *Chiala*, iii. 360-361, vi. 582.

'Describe to him the Italian situation after Villafranca and Nice. Underhand war continued after Villafranca by enlisting of Austrians at Rome and Naples. Alliance as good as formed between the Pope, Austria, and Bourbons. Feeling of danger of this league very strong in all Italy. After cession of Nice impossible to hold Garibaldi back. Confess that the Government has tolerated and even supported him. But it has energetically prevented Mazzinian expeditions. Impossible to allow ourselves to be distanced by the demagogues at Naples. Once annexation made we will try not to attack Rome or Austria. Emperor will save Italy if he prevents an attack on us before next spring. If necessary we will fight alone against Austria. Sure the Emperor will not allow the only ally of France (*viz.* Piedmont) to be destroyed by coalition. Explain that it is not at Turin but at Paris that we are blamed.'

These arguments prevailed once more, and the Emperor repeated to Arese his undertaking not to defend the Marches and Umbria with French troops.¹

The history of these negotiations clearly proves that but for Garibaldi's successes in the South, Cavour would have had no chance of obtaining Napoleon's passive consent to the invasion of the Papal States. Garibaldi's part in the making of Italy was not confined to the geographical area of the regions which he liberated with his own sword, for the influence of his victories in 1860 was the ruling fact in the dealings of Cavour with Napoleon and with all Europe, to whom he was able to say, 'If you won't take Victor Emmanuel, you may get Garibaldi.' Hudson's comment when he heard that the Piedmontese were about to invade the Papal States was, 'We see now what the Garibaldi expedition has produced.'²

Thus reassured from the only quarter whence he could hope to obtain assurance—except from England, whose approval could be taken for granted without the asking—Cavour staked the fortunes of his country on the hazard. An ultimatum launched at the Pope's Ministers

¹ *Chiala*, iii. 360-361, iv. 3, 13.

² Appendix A, p. 312 below.

on September 7, requiring the disbandment of the foreign mercenaries, 'who suffocate in Italian blood every expression of the national will,' was followed up on September 11 by the invasion of the Marches and of Umbria, and the sailing of Persano's fleet from Naples for the waters of Ancona. Half the regular army was left on the Mincio, to protect Milan and Turin against a blow by the Austrians. The guard left was all too feeble, but Cavour trusted that the 'internal condition of the Austrian Empire' would deter the statesmen of Vienna from moving, or would ruin them if they moved.¹ He had already made arrangements with Kossuth and the Magyar leaders for a Hungarian rising to be armed and financed by Italy in case of war between her and Austria.² But his hope was that peace would be preserved with Austria until, early next year, he could face Europe with the *fait-accompl*i of United Italy.

The news that Victor Emmanuel's Bersaglieri were marching gaily along the high-roads of Umbria and of the Marches, hailed with ecstasies of joy by the inhabitants, and taking in the Papal fortresses at the rate of one a day, dispelled in an hour the foolish dreams of De Mérode and his party. Now was seen how little confidence they had at heart in the 'crusaders' for whose sake they had thrown away the friendship of Napoleon. At once the whole tribe turned to the man whom they had been insulting for months past, and demanded as a matter of course that he should send the armies of France to save them from the Piedmontese. The demand of the priests was supported by Napoleon's own Ambassador at Rome, the Duc de Gramont, and by his Foreign Minister, Thouvenel, both of them strong reactionaries and neither of them as yet informed of the promise which he had given at Chambéry.³ He yielded to the clamours of the Catholic world so far as to break off diplomatic relations with Turin, and to protest that he 'opposed' Cavour's act of aggression.

¹ *Chiala*, iv. 5.

² *Chiala Pol. Seg.* 115-129.

³ *Thouvenel*, i. 185-201, 209-217, 236-239.

But he refused to 'oppose *by force*,' although the Papal Ministers, in their agony, added those two little words to the obscure message which De Gramont had been authorised to give them from his master. The priests were accused of deliberate deceit in this matter by the French diplomats, but it must be admitted that De Gramont's over-sympathetic personal attitude at the time made it very natural to attach a war-like meaning to the message, which otherwise could have no purpose except to save the Emperor's face.¹

¹ For the long and embittered controversy on this subject see *Giornale di Roma*, October 24, 31, 1860. *F. O. Rome, Russell*, 1860, Nos. 119, 126, 140, 145, 147, 156, and 161, especially the last, October 27 and enclosures. *Thouvenel*, i. 272-275. *La Gorce*, iii. 418-419.

CHAPTER XI

THE BATTLE OF CASTELFIDARDO AND THE FALL OF ANCONA

'Ho! maidens of Vienna; Ho! matrons of Lucerne;
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return;
Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls.'
MACAULAY. *Ivry*.

THERE were 33,000 men in the Italian army that crossed the Papal border, vowed like the Frenchmen at Ivry to deliver their countrymen from foreigners brought in by priests. Lamoricière, who had only half his opponent's numbers, could not hope to win unaided, but he might prolong the defence until France or Austria came to the rescue of the Pope. He held all the fortresses in Umbria and the Marches, including the formidable defences of Ancona. The task imposed on the North Italian army by Cavour was to destroy Lamoricière, to take Ancona, and to reach Naples all within a few weeks, under penalty of an Austrian attack upon Italy's rear. It was a race against time.

General Fanti was the Italian commander-in-chief. One of his two corps, under Cialdini, crossed the 'Rubicon' whence Garibaldi had been recalled ten months before,¹ and made straight along the Adriatic coast towards Ancona, capturing on his way the Papal fortresses of Pesaro and Fano with their small garrisons.² The other corps under General Della Rocca, accompanied by Fanti himself, entered Umbria by the upper Tiber valley at the point where Garibaldi long ago had crossed

¹ *Garibaldi and the Thousand*, pp. 119-123.

² See henceforth Map IV at end of book.

it in his flight with Anita and the remains of the army of the Roman Republic. From Borgo San Sepolcro the deliverers followed down the poplared banks of the river, amid the blessings of the Umbrian peasants, until they reached the foot of the hill on which Perugia stands. The slaughter perpetrated there in June, 1859, by the Papal troops under Schmidt, was now avenged by the liberation of the city and the capture of the foreign bully and his 1500 men, after a sharp fight at the Sant' Antonio gate. Della Rocca sent Schmidt away by night under an escort, lest the Perugini should effect their purpose of tearing him to pieces.¹

From Perugia a detachment under General Brignone was sent to capture the garrison of Spoleto. The town was not defensible, but the *Rocca* or mediaeval castle on the hill above was in good repair. It contained a Monsignore, the clerical governor of the district, and a garrison of 800, of whom 300 Irish and a few score Franco-Belgians were the fighting elements. The castle could, however, be commanded by the artillery and riflemen whom Brignone sent to occupy the wooded mountain on the other side of the gorge, beyond the Lombard aqueduct. For twelve hours of September 17 the North Italians bombarded the *Rocca* of Spoleto, and in the afternoon attempted to storm its gate. Almost all the small column of assault were killed or wounded. Both Irish and North Italians, here, as a few weeks later at Ancona, displayed the ferocious self-sacrifice of men fighting for ideas. The assault was repulsed for that day, but when night fell the castle was crumbling beneath the bombardment, the ammunition was running out, and the Swiss and Italian Papalists compelled Major O'Reilly and the boys to open the gates.²

There is all history's profoundest irony and pathos in

¹ *Della Rocca*, 182-187. *Fanti*, 338-342.

² *Corvetto*, 250-251 (*Della Rocca's* report). *Fanti Campagna*, 9. *Fanti*, 343-344. *Lafond*, 38. *O'Reilly, passim*. *Rome MSS. Br. Cons. Book*, pp. 180-183, contains another report by O'Reilly. French and Italian witnesses on both sides are unanimous as to the valour of the Irish.

this tussle for an old fort 'in a gash of the wind-grieved Apennine.' What quarrel lay between the Piedmontese and the men of Munster that they should have come together in this place of all others to slay each other and be slain? Or what did it profit the peasant of Connaught as he dug his potatoes and paid his rack-rent, that the vine-dressers of Umbria should remain enslaved and without fatherland? It is a strange thing, this crossing of sea and land by these Irish, to die for a Monsignor-Governor of Spoleto, bayed in the last lair of his tyranny. It was to this that generations of England's greatest warriors and statesmen had brought it in their Protestant zeal. Thus does religious bigotry everywhere defeat its own end: Cromwell had planted the Pope's power firm and broad in Ireland, but Gregory XVI and Pio Nono had destroyed it in Italy.

Meanwhile Lamoricière, knowing that his field-force could not give battle on equal terms either to Fanti in Umbria or to Cialdini in the Marches, had determined to shut himself up in Ancona. His arrival there with his whole army would strengthen and encourage the garrison to hold out until Austria or France should come to the rescue. This plan might well have succeeded had a less enterprising General been in command of the North Italian column on the Adriatic coast. But Cialdini was not called 'the Garibaldi of the regular army' for nothing. As soon as he heard that Lamoricière was moving eastwards by Tolentino and Macerata, he knew that the issue of the campaign lay no longer in Fanti's hands but in his own, and would depend on the rapidity with which he could throw himself across Lamoricière's path to Ancona. He did not proceed any further along the coast to Ancona, because he feared to be caught under its walls between the formidable garrison within and Lamoricière coming from without. He decided to go round inland by Jesi and Osimo and stop Lamoricière near Loretto, and he was therefore obliged to make great demands on the speed and endurance of his men.

Two battalions of the Bersaglieri, trained to the quick, springy step that distinguishes their corps, led the way in a forced march by Jesi to Osimo and thence on to Castelfidardo and Crocette, which the vanguard entered on September 16, prostrated with heat, hunger, and exhaustion. If the enemy had been able to attack them that evening, they would scarcely have had the physical strength to defend themselves. But Lamoricière was only beginning to arrive with half his force in Loreto, three miles away on the other side of the Musone valley. His men, though they had not marched so fast as the Bersaglieri, were almost as much exhausted, and the other half of his army under Pimodan was not due until the next day. On the 17th Pimodan came up, but too late for any united movement before nightfall. Cialdini's troops had now all arrived upon the scene. And so on the morning of September 18 the two armies were still watching each other from the hills on either side of the Musone valley; both had rested well and recovered from the exhaustion of their forced marches.

The best that Lamoricière could now aspire to do was to creep into Ancona by the track along the coast, at the expense of his baggage and probably of some part of his army. He no longer hoped to march in by the high-road through Camerano, for the North Italians were planted across it, 16,500 strong to his 6500.¹ Cialdini, who was holding the line of hills from Osimo to Crocette, had not continued his line across the low ground between Monte d'Oro and the sea, because he had been erroneously informed by his staff officers that the Musone was unfordable in its lower course near its junction with the Aspio.² This fault in Cialdini's dispositions, if such it was, though it seemed to give Lamoricière a chance of slipping past into Ancona, proved in effect the snare that lured him to destruction.

Early on the morning of September 18 Cialdini awoke in Castelfidardo, fully expecting to be attacked by way

¹ Appendix K, below.

² Henceforth see inset map of battle of Castelfidardo. Map IV, end of book.

of the bridge and the high-road. At dawn he visited the troops at Crocette and put all in preparation for defence. With a beating heart he watched the sun suck up the mists out of the Musone valley, hoping that when the bottom was clear Lamoricière's columns would be revealed in the act of crossing. But the valley was empty. The enemy were still on the hills above. After giving orders for his men to pile arms and breakfast, he rode back to Castelfidardo, saying to his staff that after all there would be no battle that day.

But meanwhile in Loreto the crusaders, gathered together under the dome of the huge church of the pilgrims, were kneeling round the famous shrine in the centre of the building, the 'Virgin's house' which, as many of them believed, had been carried in the hands of angels from Palestine to Italy. They were preparing in a very sober mood for a desperate service. Pimodan's force, 3000 strong, was to cross the ford which had escaped the knowledge of Cialdini's staff, storm the Monte d'Oro and hold Crocette for a few hours, so as to enable the rest of the army to hurry along the coast into Ancona.

More than an hour after Cialdini had returned to Castelfidardo, the first files of Pimodan's column were seen emerging from the woodlands below Loreto, and making for the banks of the Musone by way of Arenici.

The North Italian army was taken by surprise. Various Austrian battalions, another small body of Irish, and the Franco-Belgian Zouaves splashed through the river and fell with all the fury of religious zeal upon two companies of Bersaglieri, who had been stationed as out-posts in two farms near the river, known as the Lower and Upper House. Some more lukewarm Swiss and native troops followed up across the ford. The Bersaglieri held out in the farms, delaying the advance of the enemy long enough to prevent them from reaching the top of the Monte d'Oro before the troops at Crocette had been brought up to its crest. When the crusaders, having at length stormed the two farms, began to push for the top

of the hill, they were met by rifle volleys from the wood above, while a battery of artillery unlimbered and opened fire on them down the slope.

When the first sounds of the distant battle were heard in the streets of Castelfidardo, Cialdini mounted and galloped back along the ridge. He found the Tenth Line drawn up on the top of the Monte d'Oro. 'Colonel,' he cried, so that all the ranks could hear him, 'pile knapsacks and charge with the bayonet.' In another minute the regiment swept like a wave over the edge of the hill and flowed headlong down the side, bearing before it like foam the gilded youth of Royalist salons, mingled in the rout with the peasants of Bavaria and of Tyrol.

For the next half-hour the plain between the Upper House and the ford of the Musone swarmed with confused masses of Italians, French, Germans, and Irish, trampling hither and thither, bayoneting each other in the frenzy of rage and firing wildly in every direction. Lamoricière himself rode into the *mêlée*, now far beyond the control of a General Officer, only to find his gallant lieutenant, Pimodan, dying in one of the farm buildings. Some of the houses, defended to the last by the Papal Zouaves, were finally set on fire with lighted straw.

Meanwhile, the head of the second column of 3500 men was drawing near the ford. Cialdini's batteries on the hills above opened upon them, firing over the heads of the regiments engaged on the north of the river. This second column, though like Pimodan's it was composed partly of foreigners and partly of Italians, appears to have contained a smaller proportion of good troops.¹ They were first brought to a stand because their own artillery became entangled in the lane along which they were all

¹ There is clear evidence that not *all* the Italian Papalists behaved badly, and not *all* the German-speaking battalions well. The first battalion native *cacciatori* behaved well, and many of the Swiss badly. But *on the average* the Italians in the Papal army fought worst, the Germans better but not always well, and the few Irish and Franco-Belgians best. But the Irish and Franco-Belgians in the battle were only about 300 each; the latter lost two-thirds of their small number. See authorities cited in note p. 224 below.

advancing, and when the round shot came crashing in among them or flying over their heads, when the wounded and the fugitives from the north bank of the river began to stream back past them in terrified crowds, a panic seized the regiments of the rear-guard. Before midday the Pope's army, half of which had never fired a shot, was running for dear life to the shelter of the wooded hills, whence they had so recently emerged. Cialdini let loose his lancers upon them. Four hundred were captured in the valley and the rest climbed back to S. Mary of Loreto, whose magnificent dome had been in sight of the combatants during all that disastrous morning.

Lamoricière, when he saw the army break up under his eyes, rode off with the staff to find his way into Ancona, taking the coast track by which he had hoped to lead 6000 men. He was accompanied for two miles by a few hundred German-speaking infantry whose officers had had the presence of mind in the rout to make for the coast instead of retreating by the way they had come. This remnant would have reached Ancona, had not Cialdini seen them from the heights of Crocette and sent off the Ninth Line at a double, to go round by the Concio hill and cut them near Umana. As the Germans were struggling along ankle-deep in the sand beside the blue Adriatic, the Italians appeared over the rocks at a few paces distance and began to fire into their flank, literally driving them into the sea. The infantry had no choice but to surrender. Lamoricière and forty-five horsemen alone escaped to Ancona, and entered its gates between five and six in the evening. The garrison, recognising the General for whom they had been waiting all day, broke out into shouts of joy, and the Governor, Quatrebarbes, came down to welcome him. 'Here I am,' he said, 'but I have lost the army.' There was no more cheering heard that night in Ancona.¹

¹ Part of the garrison had marched out earlier in the day to co-operate with Lamoricière, but being carefully watched by some of Cialdini's battalions, had returned to Ancona.

Meanwhile, Cialdini had crossed the valley of the Musone and accepted the surrender of some 3000 crusaders around the shrine of Loreto. Two or three thousand more flung away their arms and dispersed. Most of these latter were natives who now attempted to pass through the country-side, changing their clothes and resuming their real character of Italian peasants. But in the course of the next few days the greater part of them were captured by Cialdini's flying columns. Except the garrison of Ancona, and a few small bodies nearer Rome, the crusaders had been wiped off Italian soil.¹

The utter catastrophe of Castelfidardo within a week after the opening of the campaign acted as a strong deterrent to Austrian designs of interference. But there were still grave reasons for the invaders to take Ancona with the least possible delay. The city was Austria's traditional port of entry into Central Italy: until the year before she had held it with her own troops, and even now it was garrisoned by her veterans, diplomatically disguised as Papal soldiers. Its fall would be felt at Vienna as a serious blow. It would be easy and it was tempting for Austria by use of her fleet to preserve the city from capture, as a preliminary to more active interference. Such, at least, were the fears entertained at Turin.² Napoleon's '*Faites vite*' must still be the motto of the campaign.

The siege was pushed with energy on the land side, batteries were placed scientifically in position and the

¹ For this account of the battle, see *Castelfidardo (passim)* which contains official reports of both parties and the clearest Piedmontese official account of the battle. Other Piedmontese accounts: *Cialdini Rap.* 6-19. *Orero*, 38-76. *Prampero*, 9-11. *Fanti*, 344-358. *Fanti Campagna*, 10-13. Other Papalist accounts: *Lamoricière*, 13-34. *Rome MSS. Br. Cons. Book*, pp. 189-203 (letters from Papalist officers). *Polì*, 115-130. *Lafond*, 338-344. *La Gorce*, iii. 422-429. *Veüillot (passim)* and *Castelfidardo (passim)*, especially 64-75. The widely spread but untrue rumours of treason on the field on the part of some of the Papal troops are disposed of by *Lamoricière*, 26-27; *Polì*, 117; and *Sacchi Dom.* 6-7.

² *Conv. Venosta*.

bombardment began. At the storming of various outer works both sides showed great courage, and Quatrebarbes, the Governor of Ancona, was amazed by the zeal of a small body of Irish under his command.¹ But his most vulnerable side was towards the sea. After a week's delay, which the event seemed to prove unnecessary, Persano on September 28 ordered his fleet to steam in close to the fortifications of the harbour and blow them to pieces. The order was gallantly executed, and after a severe duel ending with the explosion of a powder-magazine in the fortifications of the lighthouse, the defence of Ancona collapsed. On September 29 the formal surrender took place of Lamoricière, Quatrebarbes, and the whole garrison of four to six thousand men. The Pope's Generals and soldiers were treated with scrupulous courtesy by their captors, who knew that all over the world jealous eyes were watching for a chance to censure the conduct of the new Italian State.²

Nothing now stood in the way of the entry of the North Italian army into the Neapolitan Kingdom. The Province of Abruzzi, contiguous to Umbria and the Marches, had already risen and established a Provisional Government in the name of 'Italy, Victor Emmanuel, and Garibaldi Dictator.' The leaders of this provincial rising showed both spirit and sense. Fearing a reactionary movement in the form of anarchy and brigandage, they petitioned Victor Emmanuel towards the end of September to cross the Tronto and annex the Neapolitan Kingdom without more delay. Similar addresses reached

¹ He seems to have been much interested by their eccentric conduct, set off by their valour. He says that when under fire they '*chantaient en chœur les vieilles ballades de leurs montagnes* [*sic* : names of ballads not given], ou défilait à grands cris les Piémontais,' and that their officers had great difficulty in restraining them from constantly leaping over the battlements to hurl defiance at the infidel or to applaud the work of the Papal artillery. *Quatrebarbes*, 196.

² *Fanti*, 363-379. *Lamoricière*, 51-52. *Genio*, 13-27. *Quatrebarbes*, 196-234, 276. *Persano* (diary, September 11-30). *Orcero*, 77-103. *Corsi's Rimembranze*, 29-32. *Corsi's Vent. Anni*, *passim*. *F. O. Turin*, *Hudson*, No. 394, Oct. 5, 1806.

him from the inhabitants of Naples. These petitions aroused Garibaldi's indignation because they contained sharp criticism of his Dictatorship, and even spoke of his friends as 'a stupid and incorrigible faction.'¹ And besides, he still wished the annexation to be postponed, because he had not yet ceased to hope that the military situation on the Volturno would so far change for the better as to enable him to march on Rome. But he never for one moment entertained the idea of resisting the advance of the North Italian army, even if it were to come sooner than he wished. His horror of civil war between the patriotic parties was one of those simple, fixed ideas that guided his sometimes too impulsive conduct throughout the whole course of his life.

Garibaldi's loyalty was soon put to the proof. On September 23, Tripoti, who commanded the Garibaldian force at Teramo in Abruzzi, asked for instructions in case the North Italian vanguard appeared on the frontier. Bertani sent back word from Naples: 'If the Piedmontese wish to enter, say to them that before you permit it you must ask instructions from the Dictator.' Having dispatched this correct reply, the Secretary went up to the lines next day to consult Garibaldi, who immediately sent word to Tripoti: 'If the Piedmontese enter our territory, receive them like brothers.'²

On September 27, two days before the fall of Ancona, and four days before the battle of the Volturno, Garibaldi issued the following proclamation, characteristically inaccurate, and characteristically loyal and generous:—

¹ *De Cesare*, ii. 435-450; *ditto*, *F. di P.* ccxii-ccxiii. *Spaventa*, 298-301. *La Cecilia*, ii. 12-13.

² *Bertani*, ii. 266-269. *Ire Pol.* 87. A disgraceful story was invented by some of Garibaldi's enemies to the effect that Bertani had wired to Tripoti, 'Receive the Piedmontese with rifle bullets.' In a modified but still libellous form it was repeated by *Nisco*, 139, whence it has unfortunately been transcribed into *Whitehouse's* generally excellent summary of these affairs. It is on a par for baselessness with Bertani's own untruths about Cavour, see *Garibaldi and the Thousand*, Appendix F, ii. Neither party among the patriots can clear itself of the charge of calumny and injustice towards the other, and writers on this period would do well to admit this frankly, whatever their own views may be.

'Our brothers of the Italian army commanded by the brave General Cialdini are fighting the enemies of Italy and conquering. The army of Lamoricière has been defeated by these brave men. All¹ the provinces subject to the Pope are free. Ancona is ours.² Our brave soldiers of the Northern army have passed the frontier and are on Neapolitan territory.³ We shall soon have the good fortune to press these victorious hands.'⁴

But the North Italian army had still to traverse some 200 miles of road before it could reach Capua. Nearly another month was to pass before they arrived on the scene, and during that month Francis II had still the time, if he had the strength, to cut his way back to Naples over the ruins of Garibaldi's army. If he had succeeded, the moral effect of such a reversal on the public mind in Italy, Austria, and France would have rendered it impossible for Victor Emmanuel to turn him out once more, and European interference would have supervened in one form or another on behalf of a King who had won his way back to the allegiance of his subjects. The fate of Italy still hung on the issue of Garibaldi's defence of his lines before Capua.

¹ But the Patrimony of S. Peter was not freed till 1870.

² Premature by two days. ³ Premature.

⁴ *Ciampoli*, 185. *F. O. Sicily, Elliot*, No. 536, September 28, 1860. *Times*, October 4, p. 7, c. 4, correspondent's letter of September 29.

CHAPTER XII

THE EVE OF THE VOLTURNO

' . . . Tifata, onde, aquila in agguato
spia presso e lungi tutto il fiume e il piano
di vastissima pugna incendiato.'

MARRADI. *Rapsodia Garibaldina*.

' . . . Tifata's summit, whence, an eagle in ambush, he watches near and far
all the river and the plain far around ablaze with the fires of war.'

THE military position on the Volturno was in itself an additional inducement to Garibaldi to acquiesce in the coming of Victor Emmanuel. By the middle of September his observations from the summit of Monte Tifata¹ had shown him not only the uselessness for the time being of any attempt on his part to attack Capua, but the grave danger in which his own army would stand if General Ritucci ventured on a counter-attack. In order to distract the enemy's attention from any such design, he sent a few hundred men under the Hungarian Csufady to the north bank of the Volturno, with a roving commission to join hands with Liberal insurgents anywhere between Cajazzo and Rome. Some bands around Alife and Piedimonte had been in arms for three weeks past.² With their help Csufady was to threaten the line of Ritucci's communications behind Capua, and so prevent him from making a forward move. But Garibaldi had no intention of attempting to hold Cajazzo or any other post north of the river, still less of attacking the walls of Capua.³

¹ See pp. 201-202 above. And see illustration, p. 241 below.

² For this chapter see Map III, at end of book.

³ *Du Camp*, 263, 290. *I. Mille*, 278. *Leg. Matese*, 47-50, 85-89 and *passim*. *Castellini*, 77-78. *Turiello*, 223-224. *Türr's Div.* 182-184, 435-439. Benevento

Such was the state of affairs when he was called away on September 16 to pay a political visit to Palermo. The pressing demand of the Sicilians, headed by his own pro-Dictator, Depretis, for immediate annexation to Piedmont, required his presence. Türr, whom he left in command on the Volturno, ought not to have taken any important new step in his absence, but Türr's fault as a soldier was rashness, as he had shown the year before at Treponti.¹ Finding himself in command for three days, he formed the ambitious scheme of occupying and holding Cajazzo, a hill-town north of the Volturno—a far more serious undertaking than the irresponsible gyrations of Csufady's flying column. In order to distract Ritucci's attention from Cajazzo, Türr made a reconnaissance in force against Capua on September 19, the day after the battle of Castelfidardo.

The reconnaissance procured, indeed, the unopposed occupation of Cajazzo, but was itself ill-conducted and disastrous. At dawn Rüstow's Milanese drove the enemy's advance-guard into Capua, but then, instead of retiring from before the walls, remained for two hours round the railway station and on the open parade ground exposed to the fire of the cannon on the bastions. They retreated after severe losses, and the Bourbon troops sallied out after them from the gate, led on by old General Rossaroll who, though on the retired list, rode to the sound of the firing and headed the advance in gallant style, until he was carried off wounded. Rüstow's men made a stand at the cemetery and Cappuccini Convent and drove the Royalists back to Capua. But the events of September 19 had at least all the appearance of a repulse for the Garibaldini, who had fired at the walls as if they intended to take Capua by a *coup-de-main*. Indeed, some of the officers who served that day under Rüstow still believe that he was inspired by a secret

had thrown off the Papal yoke (it was an enclave of the Pope's territory) before Garibaldi entered Naples.

¹ See *Garibaldi and the Thousand*, p. 105.

hope that the gates would be opened to him by treachery, though he never confessed as much.¹ The day cost the Garibaldini 130 in killed and wounded.²

Meanwhile, the Dictator had settled affairs in Sicily. The love the people bore to him overcame their strong desire for annexation and their indifference to his projects on Rome. He had another magnificent popular reception in Palermo on September 17. He replaced the pro-Dictator Depretis by Mordini who had hitherto been more opposed to Cavour. But Mordini was a man capable of learning by experience, and although Crispi tried to poison his mind with false rumours of treachery on the part of Cavour,³ the new ruler of Sicily had by the middle of October discovered the absolute necessity for the immediate annexation of the island to Piedmont.⁴

Garibaldi returned to the banks of the Volturno on the afternoon of September 19, too late for the fighting under the walls of Capua, but in time to join Türr in a duel, which he was carrying on with the enemy's forces on the other side of the river, across the ferry of Formicola. There is no reliable evidence as to what he said to Türr that day, but he afterwards wrote in severe condemnation of his lieutenant for the attack on the walls of Capua and for the occupation of Cajazzo.⁵

The events of September 19, especially the sally of the Bourbon troops under old General Rossaroll, gave self-confidence to those forces, and suggested to them the

¹ *Conv. Pedotti*. *Türr's Div.* 438-449. *Rüstow's Brig. Mil.* 33-35. *Arrivabene*, ii. 236-241. *Forbes*, 271-272. *Cava*, 54. *Palmieri*, 98. *De Sivo*, iv. 165. *Gazzetta di Gaeta*, No. 5, p. 17. *Franci*, ii. 11-20, 212-213. *Times*, September 27, p. 4, cols. 5-6. *Türr, Ai Miei Comp.* 3.

² *Schwabe MS.* 3.

³ On September 28 Crispi wrote to Mordini (*Rosi*, 212): 'The cession of the islands of Sardinia and Elba is agreed on in favour of France. Sicily is said to be promised to a Prince of the House of Bourbon. Victor Emmanuel will have the mainland. As we cannot unseat Cavour we must organise our party to resist these acts of violence.' There was not a word of truth in these stories.

⁴ *Crispi*, 1911, 292-304. *Rosi*, 199-248. *Nisco*, 136. *Nievo*, 373, 376-377. *Ire Pol.* 89-91. *V.M.* 17. *Bandi*, 291-292. *Amari*, ii. 133-135; iii. 209, 212.

⁵ *Bandi*, 293-294. *Türr's Div.* 198-199. *Türr, Ai Miei Comp.* 3. *Mem.* 385. *I Mille*, 278.

idea that they might successfully take the offensive on a great scale. That evening the Minister of War at Gaeta sent Ritucci the King's orders, 'to march forward, seeking to find and destroy the enemy and at the same time advance on the Capital.'¹ Ritucci thereupon set before the King a plan for an advance on the Capital by the country roads to the west of S. Tammaro, which passing through Arnone and Vico, Foresta and Casal di Principe, unite at Naples on the side of Capodimonte. Garibaldi in his memoirs declares that the enemy would in this way have succeeded in reaching Naples if his own force had meanwhile been held in check by false attacks. But the plan was rejected as too dangerous by its author Ritucci, who opposed as still more rash the frontal attack on Santa Maria and Sant' Angelo, recommended by the Royal counsellors at Gaeta.²

All that Ritucci would as yet consent to do was to recover Cajazzo. The Dictator made his one military mistake of this year in not withdrawing from Cajazzo the 300 Bolognese under Cattabeni whom Türr had without his consent placed in that isolated position across the river. Matters were only made worse by the dispatch of another 600 men under Vacchieri; there were now 900 men collected in the hill-town to hold it against any force that might come along the high-road from Capua. On September 21 the best regiments in Ritucci's army—the native *cacciatori* with a battery of guns, and a reserve of three fine Swiss and German regiments—some 7000 in all, came to retake Cajazzo. After a gallant defence

¹ If this letter had been written on September 17 as Türr's friend Pecorini-Manzoni erroneously states (*Una Pagina*, 6), it would go far to support his suggestion that the Royalists intended to attack prior to the events of September 19, and that this attack, which would have been so dangerous to the unprepared Garibaldians at that time, was postponed owing to Türr's occupation of Cajazzo and his reconnaissance against Capua on September 19. But the real date of the letter is September 19, and it was written in consequence of the encouragement given to the Royalists by their success on the morning of that day. *Franci*, ii. 20, 213-214. The correction of date turns the whole argument against Türr.

² *Franci*, ii. 20, 214-217. *Mem.* 393.

of several hours conducted by Cattabeni, who fell into the enemy's hands severely wounded, the town was stormed, sacked, and burnt by the Bourbon troops. The victors confessed to a loss of over a hundred. About 250 of the Garibaldini were killed, wounded, or captured, and the Swiss, who took no part in the sack, observed with compassion that many of the wounded were mere boys. Two-thirds of the defenders under Vacchieri escaped with difficulty by fording the flooded ferry of Limatola.¹

After the storming of Cajazzo, the Bourbon troops were prepared for any adventure; the spell that had so long bound them was wellnigh broken, for they had proved that they could defeat the red devils, at least where the magician himself was not present. The King's counsellors in Gaeta, who had learnt the disastrous news of Castelfidardo, perceived that unless they could at once cut their way back to Naples their position on the Volturno, however impregnable in front, would be taken in rear by the victorious armies of Piedmont. They therefore overruled Ritucci's objections, and compelled him against his will to lead his eager troops to the general attack on the enemy's lines. It was the one chance left for the house of Bourbon on this earth, and if the attack had been made within two or three days after the victory of Cajazzo, before Garibaldi had erected his batteries at Santa Maria and Sant' Angelo, and if Ritucci's whole striking force had been directed in one solid mass against those two villages, it is difficult to see how it could have failed to succeed.

But again there was the delay of a week, and again there was the division of forces. For both these errors the counsellors at Gaeta were responsible. For although they had done well in compelling Ritucci to fight, they spoilt all by dictating to him a plan of battle of which he rightly disapproved. They were unnecessarily alarmed

¹ *Schweizertruppen*, 537-539. *Castellini*, 66-78. *Campo*, 146-149. *Cattabeni*, 18-42. *Leg. Matese*, 82-104. *Gazzetta di Gaeta*, No. 4, p. 15; No. 5, p. 17. *Forbes*, 275-277. *Times*, October 2, p. 7.

for the safety of the rear and flank of Ritucci's position, conceiving it to be threatened by the really negligible activities of Csufady and the Liberal bands round Piedimonte and Roccaromana. The council at Gaeta therefore compelled the commander-in-chief to send great forces under Von Mechel to restore order in that district, and thence to push them on to Amorosi and Ducenta. This not only caused a week's delay but drew the Royalists on to adopt the false strategy of attacking Garibaldi on two sides—not only from Capua by way of Santa Maria and Sant' Angelo, but also from Ducenta by way of Maddaloni. It appears that after the storming of Cajazzo, some of the advisers at Gaeta felt so completely confident of victory and of a submissive reception in Naples, that they were planning rather to make victory complete than to make it secure.¹ Misled by the golden hope of surrounding the enemy's head-quarters at Caserta from east and west at once, they took the unnecessary risk of operating on an outer semicircle, of which the two ends were not in effective communication. They thus gave to Garibaldi with his smaller force the advantage of acting on the inner ring; or rather along the straight diameter, while their communications ran round the circumference of the semicircle.² This advantage he used to the utmost on the day of battle, with the help of the railway-line running from Maddaloni through Caserta to Santa Maria.

The effect of this plan was to divide the Bourbon army into two separate forces, one under Ritucci at Capua, and the other under Von Mechel operating round Ducenta. Von Mechel, the brave Swiss whose stupidity in May had been one of the chief causes of Garibaldi's capture of Palermo,³ was nominally under the orders of

¹ See Antonio Ulloa's letter of September 27, in *Franci*, ii. 236-239.

² The Bourbon communications ran round from Capua through Cajazzo, Amorosi, and Ducenta to their point of attack at the Arches of the Valley near Maddaloni: Garibaldi's communications ran straight from Maddaloni through Caserta to Santa Maria and Sant' Angelo. See Map III below.

³ *Garibaldi and the Thousand*, pp. 281-282.

Ritucci, but he chose to act as if he had an independent command and left the commander-in-chief without news of him for days together. On the 28th Ritucci in despair rode out from Capua as far as Cajazzo in search of the missing Von Mechel, and finally discovered that he had on the 26th advanced southwards from Amorosi through Ducenta as far as the cross-roads at Cantinella, and thence had sent out cavalry who located Bixio's force covering Maddaloni near the Arches of the Valley. Von Mechel had thereupon retired again as far as Amorosi on September 27. If he had on that day made a determined assault on Maddaloni while Ritucci in concert sallied out in force from Capua against Santa Maria, they would have had a good chance of meeting at Caserta that evening. But owing to their entire want of communication, the great effort was postponed until the first of October. 'This delay,' wrote Ritucci to Von Mechel, when at last he was able to renew correspondence with his lieutenant, 'may well be fatal to our cause.'¹

Ritucci was sulky but prepared to carry out with vigour the orders which he disliked.² His men were elated at the prospect of battle, and confident that they

¹ The foregoing paragraphs are based on the dispatches printed in *Franci*, ii. 220-248, which must be studied by every serious student of the campaign. See also *Ruiz*, 18-19. *Turr's Div.* 230-232. *Palmieri*, 100-101. *Marra Oss.* 58. *Ponti della Valle*, 7-8. The absurd excuse for defeat set up by some Bourbon writers after October 1, *viz.* that the attack of that day was only 'a reconnaissance' is disproved by these dispatches before the date, *e.g.* *Franci*, ii. 228, 248.

Garibaldi in his *Memorie* (387) writes "our line of battle was defective, because too far extended, from Maddaloni to Santa Maria". But if he had not occupied both Maddaloni and Santa Maria he must have been taken in rear from one direction or the other: and if he had not held Sant' Angelo and M. Tifata, he could not have held Santa Maria, which stands on the plain commanded by the Tifata range. No one of his critics has ever yet pointed out which of his positions was superfluous, in view of the double attack from Capua and from Amorosi-Ducenta.

² Ritucci to the Minister of War. Capua, September 29: 'Then the attack will take place the day after to-morrow (October 1) at dawn. I free myself from all responsibility as to the wisdom of this action, because it is not due to my conviction but to the King's command and disposition; nor am I responsible for what disappointments may occur owing to Von Mechel not acting in unison with me, since he has been detached from my base of operation with a strong column on his own account.' *Franci*, ii. 248.

would sleep in Caserta the first night and in Naples the next. Their prospects were indeed bright, but they would have been still brighter if the attack had not been deferred till the beginning of October. On September 27 Garibaldi had only half a dozen field-guns and no entrenched batteries in his lines against Capua, but in the last three days of the month he and his men laboured day and night at planting cannon that arrived from Naples, and throwing up defences in their front. In this they received skilled assistance from Dowling, a British ex-sergeant of artillery, who had seen service before Sebastopol,¹ two ex-captains of Bourbon artillery,² and twenty gunners of the Piedmontese regular army, sent up from Naples on the night of the 29th, at the request of Garibaldi to Villamarina, and followed on the next day by forty more of their number.³

One of the new batteries was on the road between Sant' Angelo and Capua; another was in the middle of the scattered village of Sant' Angelo itself; a third, intended to fire at the enemy's batteries across the river, was erected on the top of the precipitous ridge of San Jorio, whither the guns were dragged with great labour and considerable engineering skill. Finally a battery was placed at the entrance of Santa Maria, under the ancient Roman archway which spans the road leading from old to new Capua. There were other mobile trains of artillery on the road between Sant' Angelo and Santa Maria.⁴

¹ *Forbes*, 292. *Conv. Brown Young. Conv. Dolmage. A.Y.R.* 105-106.

² *Matarassi*, 41.

³ *Mem. Stor. Mil.* i. 52-53, doc. v.

⁴ Captain Deane, R.N., who served on board H.M.S. *Agamemnon* in 1860, tells me that he and some middies on leave from that ship went too near the Bourbon lines at Capua, were fired at, and ran for shelter to the nearest of the Garibaldian earth-works. They were pulled up the mound of the battery by a rope flung over by friendly hands. When they were safely landed inside the battery a moment of embarrassment followed, for the faces of the Garibaldian gunners who had just helped them up were exceedingly familiar and indeed curiously similar to those of some seamen who had recently been missing from H.M.S. *Agamemnon*. It was a case for the old proverb, 'The least said the soonest mended.' Captain Deane tells me that the enthusiasm for Garibaldi was perfectly

For the last time in his life Garibaldi had all his ablest lieutenants with him: Avezzana, the former War Minister of the Roman Republic, arrived just in time to help his old friend to set his batteries round Sant' Angelo; Cosenz was doing his best to make bricks without straw as War Minister in Naples; Sirtori was at the front as Chief of the Staff; Bixio was defending Maddaloni against Von Mechel; Medici held Sant' Angelo and M. Tifata; Milbitz held Santa Maria. Türr was stationed with the reserves at Caserta, ready to bring them up by rail, either to Maddaloni or to Santa Maria as need should require at the crisis of the battle. By this last simple device Garibaldi obtained the full advantage of being on the inside of the circle—of acting on the diameter while the enemy moved round by the circumference.

In spite of these preparations, which greatly strengthened his position in the last three days of September, his army was still in evil case. 'Twenty thousand men, the greater part of them ill-armed and worse drilled,' many scarcely knowing how to use their rifles, had to stand the shock of twenty-eight or thirty thousand regular troops, coming on in the full confidence of victory.¹ Exhausted with starvation, exposure, and overwork, many of the best men were physically prostrated, while the cowards were slinking back to Naples or preparing to fly at the first onset. There was none of that certain assurance of victory which had carried them through Sicily and Calabria. In the coming battle Garibaldi had to depend upon his own military genius, which was seldom seen to better advantage than on that desperate day, and on the resolve to die at their posts which his presence inspired into the few thousand men who were really doing the work of the whole army. The spirit in

universal in all ranks from Admiral Mundy downwards. (The desertions from *Agamemnon* are mentioned by Elliot, 133, 145.) On the making of the batteries see *Matarassi*, 41-43. *Campo*, 153-155. *Mem.* 387. *J. des D.* October 7, 1860.

¹ *Guerzoni*, ii. 187. For the numbers of the two armies, see Appendix J, below.

the Garibaldian lines on the eve of the Volturmo is illustrated by a story told by the English preacher Haweis, who a fortnight later met a young Milanese noble at the siege of Capua :—

‘He was poorly equipped and almost in rags ; he had nothing but a sword and pistol. “What induced you,” I said, “to give up ease and luxury for this life of a dog, in a camp without commissariat, pay, or rations.” “You may well ask,” he said. “I tell you a fortnight ago I was in despair myself, and thought of giving up the whole thing. I was sitting on a hillock, as might be here. Garibaldi came by. He stopped, I don’t know why. I had never spoken to him. I am sure he did not know me, but he stopped. Perhaps I looked very dejected, and indeed I was. Well, he laid his hand on my shoulder and simply said, with that low, strange, smothered voice that seemed almost like a spirit speaking inside me, ‘*Courage ; courage ! We are going to fight for our country.*’ Do you think I could ever turn back after that ? The next day we fought the battle of the Volturmo.”’¹

¹ *Haweis.*

CHAPTER XIII

THE BATTLE OF THE VOLTURNO, OCTOBER 1-2

'Pure as the Archangel's cleaving Darkness thro',
The sword he sees, the keen unwearied sword,
A single blade against a circling horde,
And aye for Freedom and the trampled few.

'The cry of Liberty from dungeon cell
From exile, was his God's command to smite,
As for a swim in sea he joined the fight
With radiant face, full sure that he did well.

'Behold a warrior dealing mortal strokes,
Whose nature was a child's: amid his foes
A wary trickster: at the battle's close,
No gentler friend this leopard dashed with fox.

'Down the long roll of History will run
The story of these deeds, and speed his race
Beneath defeat more hotly to embrace
The noble cause and trust to another sun.'

GEORGE MEREDITH. *The Centenary of Garibaldi.*

ON the last day of September, by way of prelude to their coming attack, the Royalists kept up a heavy cannonade, and their infantry skirmished along the line of outposts in front of Capua; the hottest firing was at the ferries below San Jorio ridge on which the Garibaldian batteries had been mounted only the day before. After sunset all again fell silent. A mile to the south of the ferries, on the lowest slopes of Monte Tifata, stands the village of Sant' Angelo;¹ its church, built a dozen centuries ago out of the ruins of Roman villas and temples, was the centre of Medici's position, filled that night with sleeping soldiers and on the morrow with the wounded and the dead. On the embanked terrace in front of the

¹ It is important to use Map III, section B, for this chapter.

church stood Garibaldi, with his back to the darkened mountain, and his eyes fixed on the distant lights of Capua. Suddenly, far away in the middle of the enemy's lines, a tongue of flame leapt up and flared on the night sky. He watched it for some time in silence, and then turned round with a laugh. 'Sirs,' he said, 'we must not sleep too heavily to-night.' Next moment he was on his horse, riding back to Caserta to arrange the last details with Bixio and with Türr. 'He laughed—the old lion,' said one of the group left upon the terrace; 'that flame must be the signal for their attack.'

After midnight a heavy fog crept over the Capuan plain, and wrapped itself round the Bourbon regiments as they issued one by one from the gate of the fortress. In the Volturno region all the ground that does not rise to a certain level above the sea is composed of dark, volcanic tufa, soft and easy to cut. All above that level is hard, white limestone rock. The village of Sant' Angelo, on the lower slopes of the mountain, stands on the junction of the two strata, and is built half of tufa and half of limestone; while Santa Maria and all the villages of the plain are built, like Naples itself, of the black, spungy tufa of which the soil is composed, architecturally a sordid stone of discouraging and criminal appearance. The highly cultivated plain between Capua and Monte Tifata is traversed by the peasants and their flocks by means of a network of lanes, sunk ten feet deep in the soft tufa, and therefore invisible at more than a few yards' distance. The road that leads from Santa Maria to Sant' Angelo crosses by bridges over four or five of these hidden lanes, up some of which Bourbon columns penetrated before dawn on October 1, and thus obtained unobserved a footing inside Garibaldi's line at its weakest point, the almost undefended space between Sant' Angelo and Santa Maria.

Further to the south the fog served to hide the approach of other columns under Tabacchi, who surprised and routed the defenders of the cemetery and of San

Tammaro. Many of these first runaways fled by the high-road to Naples, and arrived there before noon, spreading panic like the first-comers from Waterloo in the Belgian capital. D'Ayala, who commanded the National Guard, called out the whole force and patrolled Naples and the neighbouring villages to prevent a reactionary movement. Knowing the impressionable character of the Neapolitans, D'Ayala sent out premature and exaggerated reports of victory to counteract the tales of the runaways.¹

Meanwhile, Tabacchi's men seized the railway embankment and a large group of buildings called Sant' Agostino, whence they enfiladed the trenches in front of Santa Maria with cannon and rifle fire. Fortunately, since Garibaldi had come out by an early train from Caserta and was already at Milbitz' side, Santa Maria itself was vigorously defended. Under the Roman archway at its entrance two cannon, destined to be worked that day by many successive relays of professional and volunteer gunners, began their ten hours' duel with the enemy's batteries and riflemen posted at Sant' Agostino. The Sicilians held the amphitheatre of ancient Capua, a fine defensive position in the plain just outside the town; while fifty Frenchmen, who still named their company after their slain leader, De Flotte,² held an isolated farm in front of the amphitheatre with splendid courage all day long. At Garibaldi's order Türr began thriftily to feed Milbitz with portions of his reserve, which he sent up from Caserta by rail and road. As-santi's regiment was the first to arrive; some of them deployed in the open to the north of the amphitheatre, while others restored the fight on the railway.³

Seeing that Santa Maria could hold out for awhile, and hearing the noise of battle in the north, the Dictator, with Canzio, Missori, and his staff, mounted into two carriages and drove off towards Sant' Angelo. As the

¹ *D'Ayala*, 351-356.

² See p. 132 above.

³ For authorities for above, see Appendix L, 1 and 5, below.

mist rolled away they saw the road clear before them, and never suspected that the enemy had already crossed it by the sunk lanes and was lying in wait under the Ciccarelli bridge. At Garibaldi's side sat a young officer of the Piedmontese regular artillery going to serve his guns at Sant' Angelo. He was Emilio Savio, one of a noble pair of brothers who with their mother, the poetess, were soon to be made famous by Mrs. Browning in every household of Europe and America where English poetry was read. Emilio as he sat by Garibaldi's side did not yet know that, three days before, his brother Alfredo had been 'shot by the sea in the east' in the trenches beneath Ancona; any more than that he himself was in a few weeks' time, beneath the walls of Gaeta, to be 'shot in the west by the sea.'¹

As the carriages drew near the Ciccarelli bridge, the Bourbon infantry in the lane beneath came scrambling up as if out of the bowels of the earth, and emptied their rifles at the Dictator twenty yards away. The horses dashed forward through the midst of them, and as they ran the gauntlet the coachman and Cereseto of the staff fell mortally wounded. A few yards on the further side of the bridge one of the horses rolled over and the carriage was brought to a stand. Garibaldi stepped out into the road and drew his sword. A small group of Medici's infantry from Sant' Angelo, who were fortunately not far off, came running up, and led by the Dictator, they charged and repulsed the enemy.²

After this incident, which had so nearly secured the restoration of the Bourbon dynasty to Naples, Garibaldi made his way on foot to Sant' Angelo, and spent the whole of the morning and the early part of the afternoon in heading charge after charge on the slopes of Monte Tifata and in the streets of the village. The enemy, in greatly superior force, had stormed the advanced battery on the road to Capua, where Dunne fell wounded at the

¹ Mrs. Browning's poems, *Mother and Poet*.

² Appendix L, 2, below; and Appendix J, ii. (c), for Piedmontese artillery.

head of his Sicilians, and had poured into the lower part of Sant' Angelo. At the top of the village Garibaldi's cannon were planted on the terrace in front of the church, and here the struggle raged hottest. Other Bourbon troops crossed from the north bank of the Volturno by the ferries and began to ascend Monte Tifata through the forest of S. Vito.

Garibaldi was here, there, and everywhere, now on horseback, now on foot, now at the church, now on the summit of Monte Tifata, whither he led the Genoese Carabineers of the Thousand. His criticism of the Bourbon method of attack was that though they advanced bravely, they advanced firing instead of charging with the cold steel. The chief feature of his own method of defence was a series of bayonet charges, each of which drove back the Royalists and relieved the pressure for awhile. Wherever one of these rushes was being made in defence of Medici's position, whether on the rocky mountain-side or on the plain below, there was Garibaldi organising and leading the charge. His presence put courage into the most faint-hearted of Medici's 4000 men and made heroes of the bravest. Soon after noon-day he began to cry 'victory' wherever he went, and to send off messages to all parts of the field reporting 'victory all along the line.' The phrase kept up the spirits of his outnumbered force, though the veterans muttered under their breath, 'victory! What victory?'¹

In the attack on Sant' Angelo the Bourbon General, Afan de Rivera, who was in command, incurred censure for not appearing near the front.² But in the attack on Santa Maria General Tabacchi did his duty, and the commander-in-chief, Ritucci, exposed himself all day in a manner more suitable to the part of a divisional commander. The knowledge that King Francis was in the field, with his brothers, the Counts Trani and Caserta,

¹ Appendix L, 3 and 6 below.

² *Franci*, ii. 256.

and his uncle of Trapani, greatly encouraged the assailants. Both sides, an observer noted, fought in silence, with the intensity of an Italian vendetta. The Bourbon cavalry made several charges on the plain to the north of the amphitheatre, and the infantry penetrated as far as San Prisco. Their guard regiments alone lost 400 killed and wounded, but the grenadiers of the guard sulked and refused to advance a second time against Santa Maria at a moment regarded by Ritucci as the crisis of the battle.¹

The attack directed from Capua on Santa Maria and Sant' Angelo was not the only part of the Bourbon operations on October 1. It has already been explained² how Von Mechel with 8000 men, acting from the base of Amorosi, had orders to capture Maddaloni and thence advance on Caserta, where it was hoped that they would in the afternoon join hands with the victors of Santa Maria coming from the opposite direction. This wide division of the Royalist forces was a mistake in strategy dictated to Ritucci by the Council at Gaeta. Von Mechel now proceeded to make on his own account a further mistake of the same character in the manipulation of his 8000 men. Instead of attacking Bixio's position before Maddaloni with his whole force, he led only the 3000 German-speaking troops down the valley road from Ducenta, and detached the 5000 native troops under Ruiz to make a long circle through the mountains by Limatola, Castel Morrone, and Old Caserta. Von Mechel declares that he intended Ruiz and his 5000 to come over the top of Monte Caro and fall from above on to the left flank of Bixio's position near the Villa Gualtieri, at the moment when his own frontal attack was engaging the full attention of the Garibaldini at the Arches of the Valley. But it was an error to employ 5000 men for a flank attack which required speed and mobility rather

¹ See the Bourbon authorities (starred) in Appendix L, 5, below.

² See p. 233 above.

than numbers, and to keep only 3000 for the main operation. Perhaps his Swiss pride inspired him to send away all the Neapolitans and to fight a pan-German battle in the valley. Whether from pride or sheer stupidity, he pushed on his own attack with such haste that Ruiz would barely have had time to make his way round over the rocky and trackless mountains, even if he had met with no resistance from bands of Garibaldini at Castel Morrone or elsewhere.

But Von Mechel's worst mistake was that he never gave Ruiz clear orders to cross Monte Caro and appear on the scene of conflict. He merely instructed him to occupy Old Caserta and there to await developments. 'You must keep up communications,' so Von Mechel wrote, 'between the column attacking Sant' Angelo and my column attacking the Arches of the Valley.'¹ This cannot be read as constituting an order to assist in the battle of the Arches of the Valley, and yet Von Mechel conducted his whole operations there on October 1 on the assumption that Ruiz would hasten to his assistance, and after the event blamed him for 'adhering too literally to his instructions,' instead of marching to the sound of the guns.² It may be pleaded in favour of Ruiz that he heard guns firing on both sides of him, at Sant' Angelo and at the Arches of the Valley, and that the instructions given him by Von Mechel were to 'keep up communications' between these two battles eight miles apart. No doubt a Clive or a Blucher would have marched off to decide one or other of the two battles, or else would have seized the opportunity to attack the enemy's head-quarters at New Caserta, but Ruiz was an ordinary Neapolitan officer and was content to carry out his actual instructions a few hours behind time.

Von Mechel, therefore, at six in the morning of October 1, with only 3000 infantry and six mountain

¹ *Ruiz*, 46.

² *Franci*, ii, 261-269 (Von Mechel's report).

guns, attempted to dislodge Bixio from a strong position which he held with an equal number of guns and 5600 volunteers. This was the only part of the battle of the Volturno in which the Royalists were inferior, not in quality, but in numbers. The first of Von Mechel's three battalions of foreign troops was composed of Austrians and Bavarians, brave but ill-disciplined, and inclined to be mutinous on questions of food and forced marches. The second battalion consisted chiefly, and the third entirely, of Swiss, many of whom had been in the Bourbon service for years in the old privileged Swiss regiments disbanded in 1859.¹ They had been accustomed, when in garrison at Maddaloni, to field days in these mountains, and knew every yard of the ground near the aqueduct. Better troops could not have been found in all Europe for the purpose Von Mechel had in hand.²

Bixio had chosen to defend Maddaloni at the point where the valley connecting it with Ducenta narrows to a gorge, spanned by 'the Arches of the Valley'—Vanvitelli's colossal aqueduct that carries the water to Caserta Palace. Along the top of the water-pipe runs a narrow viaduct, some 200 feet above the valley bottom, and by this aerial footpath Bixio was able to establish rapid communication between his left wing on the slopes of Monte Caro and his right wing on the slopes of Monte Longano. His reserve was behind the left wing, on Monte San Michele and at Villa Gualtieri.

The Swiss veterans of the third battalion, dragging up with them a mountain battery, ascended the wooded slopes of Monte Longano and stormed the Mills at the eastern end of the aqueduct, driving in flight Bixio's right wing, the 'brigade' Eberhardt. Von Mechel's son was killed at the head of the mountaineers of Uri and

¹ *Garibaldi and the Thousand*, pp. 137-138.

² Bixio was under the mistaken impression that he was attacked not only by the foreign troops but by two regiments of Neapolitan line also. This is clearly proved to be an error by the Bourbon authorities quoted below in Appendix L, 4. Bixio's officer, Sclavo, of the Thousand, said to me, 'there were no Italians against us' at the Arches of the Valley.

Unterwald. The attack at the bottom of the valley, directed against the base of the great arches, was successful in consequence of the victory on the hill-side above. Several Garibaldian officers at the aqueduct, apparently of Eberhardt's Genoese 'brigade,' led the flight to Maddaloni. A few days later, at Bixio's request, they were degraded in sight of the whole army, at a review held in front of Caserta Palace, with the advice from Garibaldi's own lips to beg for muskets and get themselves killed in the next action.

But the left wing under Dezza and Menotti Garibaldi, and the reserves under Fabrizi behaved so well that even Bixio praised their conduct, especially that of the Sicilians.¹ Bixio, after his right wing had disappeared, still held the western mountain wall of the valley, the lower slopes of Monte Caro and the pass crowned by the Villa Gualtieri, over which Von Mechel now attempted to cut his way to Caserta in the plain beyond. The Austrians and Bavarians tried to ascend Monte Caro through the wood from the north, while the victorious Swiss began to climb out of the valley-bottom up the precipitous slopes to Villa Gualtieri, and to pour across from Monte Longano along the top of the Arches of the Valley. But the artillery got encumbered in endeavouring to cross the narrow viaduct, and as the infantry struggled up-hill through the sparse vineyards and the limestone rocks, they were met by vigorous bayonet charges and hurled back again into the valley-bottom.

Now was the time that Ruiz should have appeared over the top of Monte Caro, but he was not in sight, and the messengers sent to find him had failed in their mission. At midday, therefore, after six hours' fighting, Von Mechel gave orders to retreat to Ducenta. He

¹ This praise is the more to be believed, because Bixio had been especially contemptuous of the conduct of the *squadre* in Sicily. On September 19 some of the Sicilians (the *Cacciatori d'Etna*) had behaved badly. But on October 1 the Sicilians behaved well, not only here under Bixio, but also at Sant' Angelo under Dunne, and at Santa Maria under the Sicilian officers, Corrao and La Porta. See Türr's and Avezzana's reports, *Menghini*, pp. 357, 373-374.

acknowledged a loss of ninety men and one gun captured, and over 100 men killed and wounded. Bixio lost no prisoners, but acknowledged a loss of over 200 killed and wounded.¹

Meanwhile, Ruiz and his 5000 were wandering about useless between the two battles, either of which could have been decided by their presence. Their only orders were to occupy Old Caserta. Arriving at Limatola at dawn, they drove out a few hundred Garibaldian irregulars,² and followed the road southwards through the hills on to the cultivated tufa plain that lies in the lap of this group of mountains. On the plain stand half a dozen villages around the foot of a conical mountain crowned by the feudal ruin of Castel Morrone. In the castle were stationed Pilade Bronzetti and 280 men of Cosenz' brigade, and Ruiz turned aside to storm their position. Bronzetti had expected the villages of Sant' Andrea and l'Annunziata in the plain to be defended for awhile by the bands who had retired thither from Limatola, and by 150 of Sacchi's men who had come over from San Leucio. But these all decamped without waiting for the enemy, refusing even to retire up the hill so as to join Bronzetti in the defence of the ruined castle.³

Bronzetti and his 280 men were therefore left alone in Castel Morrone against Ruiz and his 5000. The attack was delivered, first from the north only, and finally from all sides at once. The Bourbon General himself has recorded that this handful of Garibaldini held out for 'four hours of fierce fighting.' Castel Morrone was a well-chosen position for a determined body of men to resist

¹ Appendix L, 4.

² *De Sivo*, iv. 201, confuses them with Bronzetti's men who never approached Limatola.

³ Later on, another small body of Sacchi's troops came on the scene further to the west and skirmished with Ruiz' men in the villages of Grottole and Casali. But Sacchi himself and most of his 1800 men remained far away at San Leucio, in accordance with Garibaldi's orders, which were to guard the communications of Caserta with Sant' Angelo.

more than ten times their number. The lonely mediæval keep, raised high above the modern life of the plain below, has been inhabited for hundreds of years past only by yellow hawks, darting in and out of the upper windows, whence the robber Normans once watched the traffic along the banks of the Volturno. The keep itself is surrounded by a ruined parapet a few yards out, which Bronzetti had caused his men to repair. From the foot of this outer wall the mountain falls away on every side in a smooth glaxis for several hundred yards, and on the south side the straight, bare slope continues for half a mile as far as the villages of the plain. Only on the west is there a neighbouring hill-top within long rifle range of the castle.

Firing from behind the parapet the Garibaldini again and again repulsed the enemy advancing up the glaxis of the mountain-side. At length their ammunition ran out, but still they resisted, using the bayonet and hurling the heavy blocks of limestone which lay everywhere to their hands. When the Royalists at length burst over the wall and into the chambers of the castle they found Pilade Bronzetti sitting wounded on the ground, and stabbed him to death while he was attempting to negotiate the surrender of his men. He left a name as memorable in Garibaldian story as that of his brother, Narciso, who had been killed the year before at the foot of the Alps.¹ His men were all captured, but not before at least a third of them had been killed or wounded.

In the latter stages of this four hours' siege, Ruiz with a part of his force had been skirmishing at Casali against a few of Sacchi's men, and had then begun to push on towards Old Caserta. After the fall of Castel Morrone his whole force proceeded southwards, ascended the Lupara range over the western shoulder of Monte Viro, and reached Old Caserta in the middle of the after-

¹ *Garibaldi and the Thousand*, pp. 103-106.

noon, three and a half hours after Von Mechel had retreated from before Bixio at the Arches of the Valley.¹

The appearance of Ruiz' blue-coats on the ridge overlooking the great plain and the sight of the Bourbon flag floating from the Castle of Old Caserta, were greeted with the ringing of joy bells in the reactionary villages of Casolla, Santa Barbara, and Tuoro at the foot of the mountain, and struck terror into the Liberal inhabitants of New Caserta. The head-quarters at the Palace were now practically destitute of troops, for Türr, though with some misgivings, had obeyed Garibaldi's orders and started for Santa Maria about an hour before with the last of the reserves.² Ruiz, however, having no orders to proceed farther than Old Caserta, remained on the top of the mountain all the rest of the day, looking down on the unprotected heart of the enemy's position, but never striking the blow that might so well have proved fatal if delivered in time.

The four hours' delay purchased by the heroism of Bronzetti and his handful of men at Castel Morrone, very probably saved Garibaldi from destruction. For if Ruiz had arrived at Old Caserta before noon, he would either have been in time to help Von Mechel to a victory over Bixio; or else he would, by threatening New Caserta in the plain, have prevented the departure thence of Türr's reserves for Santa Maria. In the latter case Santa Maria and Sant' Angelo would have been taken before nightfall.

At three in the afternoon, the last reserves from

¹ Appendix L, 7 and 9, below. Bronzetti's brave lieutenant, Giuseppe Mirri, thought that his commanding officer should have fallen back from Castel Morrone and resisted on the range of mountains running out of Monte Viro. Mirri, before he died, persuaded his friend, the fine old Garibaldian Senator Cadolini, of the justice of this criticism of Bronzetti's wisdom. Senator Cadolini has spoken to me about it, but I still venture to think that Bronzetti was right, for although the position he took up ensured the ultimate capture of all his small force, it also ensured a long delay to Ruiz, which was the all-important military object. Except on the top of a smooth, conical hill 280 men could not have held out for four hours against more than ten times their number.

² Türr's Div. 241.

Caserta,—the Hungarians,¹ Rüstow's Milanese and Eber's North Italians,—all picked troops, were brought up by Türr himself to Santa Maria. Almost at the same hour Garibaldi returned thither from Sant' Angelo. He had been forced to ride round by a long and dangerous circuit through Casapulla, for the whole plain, as far as San Prisco, was occupied by regiments of Royalist foot and horse. He found Santa Maria still holding out, but more like a besieged town than a point in the line of battle. The Frenchmen still held their farm-house, the Sicilians the amphitheatre, and men and guns were still lodged on part of the railway embankment. But every one else in that part of the field was packed into the streets of Santa Maria, which presented for hours together a scene of confused resistance and continual slaughter. All through the day fresh men were found ready to die beside the two cannon under the old Roman archway. The town band of Santa Maria, whose 20,000 inhabitants were devoted partisans of the new order, stood playing in the middle of the crowded street to hearten their defenders.

Arrived in the middle of this welter, which would have confused a less able soldier, Garibaldi took in the situation on the whole battlefield, and saw that the opportunity of the day had come. He at once determined to lead out northwards the last reserves whom Türr had just brought into the town. In this way alone could he relieve the pressure on Santa Maria and at the same time clear the enemy off the line of communications with Sant' Angelo. While he was giving his last orders in the street before riding out to try the final issue of

¹ The foreigners fighting for Garibaldi on October 1-2 were about 200 Hungarian cavalry; 200 Hungarian infantry; about 50 French of De Flotte's company; and 100 of Wolf's foreigners, deserters from the Neapolitan army. *Türr's Div.* 454. The British Legion had not yet arrived, but a few score English were fighting in various capacities. The foreigners in the Bourbon army on October 1-2 were six times as many, for besides Von Mechel's 3000 at the Arches of the Valley, a few companies of Swiss were fighting against Santa Maria. *Schweizertruppen.*

his own and his country's fortune, his old friend, Jessie White, Mario's English wife, came up to him with a glass of water and some figs. He had tasted nothing all day, and he gladly took food and drink from her hands. As he did so, he observed that she was being followed about by a group of British sailors on the spree, with no officer among them, on leave from H.M.S. *Hannibal*.¹ Being unskilled in Italian, they had fastened on their country-woman and were imploring her to have them supplied with muskets. 'What, Jessie! you are helping these sailors to desert their Queen?' said Garibaldi, good-naturedly, as he sat on his horse eating the figs she had brought him. 'They have only come to amuse themselves,' she said. They were not supplied with arms, but stood by to bear a hand in some way more befitting their country's attitude of benevolent neutrality.²

The decisive movement now began. Garibaldi, followed by the Hungarians, by Eber's men and by the Milanese, issued from Santa Maria along the northern road and cleared the enemy off the communications with Sant' Angelo. Eber, continuing up the road towards the Ciccarelli lane and bridge where Garibaldi had fallen into the ambush in the morning, relieved the pressure on Medici. But the Dictator himself, followed by the Hungarians and Milanese, wheeled to the left not far outside Santa Maria, and swept the field in the direction of Capua. The onslaught with fixed bayonets of fresh and vigorous troops under such a leader could not be resisted by the masses of the enemy, who had been firing for hours past without making further head-

¹ Not to be confused with the *deserters* from the *Agamemnon*, who were helping to fight the guns at Sant' Angelo, see p. 235, note, above.

² After the charge of Hungarian horse that followed a few minutes later, the Royalist battery on the road near Sant' Agostino was seen lying dismounted and derelict. A handful of Garibaldini rushed out from under the Roman arch to drag off the enemy's guns, but they had not the skill to remount them. Then the sailors from H.M.S. *Hannibal*, seeing that their time had come, ran up to help, and the spectacle seen a few minutes later of sailors in British uniform dragging two captured guns into Santa Maria was reported far and wide, scandalised Royalist Europe, and became the subject of diplomatic correspondence.

way. The 200 Hungarian cavaliers, Garibaldi's only mounted force, were at length let loose. They went right over the batteries and on through regiment after regiment. Too few to rout the whole army, they were too brave, and too skilled with horse and sword, to be stopped anywhere on this side the walls of Capua. Singly and in small groups, as evening fell, the survivors rode back, well satisfied that they had honoured the Magyar name before the eyes of Europe.

Behind the 200 horsemen followed the ranks of levelled bayonets with Garibaldi in the midst of them. Two hundred Hungarian infantry and 600 Milanese, deploying to north and south of Parisi farm-house, with their faces towards Capua station, drove the enemy's tired regiments before them. The Royalists, as they retreated, turned round to fire, and still here and there rallied for a stand under a covering charge of cavalry. But Garibaldi still came on, and in the rear and on the left of the men whom he was leading, came the defenders pouring out from Santa Maria, men of Sicily, of Calabria, of Tuscany, and of all the other provinces of United Italy. Sant' Agostino had been deserted by the enemy, and now the cemetery and the Cappuccini Convent were stormed, and De Angelis farm to the north of the road. Medici, too, relieved by Eber's advance, sallied out from Sant' Angelo and recaptured the battery where Dunne had been wounded in the morning. All the advanced positions which had been lost at dawn when the Bourbon army came out of Capua in the fog, were re-occupied before sunset. The masses of the beaten Royalists, converging from north and south upon the parade ground before Capua, retreated sullenly through the gate whence they had issued with such high hopes twelve hours before. While Garibaldi rode back to Sant' Angelo through the dusk, his men lay down exhausted and hungry on the ground, each man where he stood, knowing that they had saved Italy.¹

¹ Appendix L, 5, below.

An epilogue to the decisive battle of the first of October took place on the following day. Ruiz and his five thousand on the hill-top of Old Caserta had spent the afternoon and night in complete ignorance of the result of the fighting before Capua or at the Arches of the Valley. Early on the morning of October 2 news reached them of the double defeat of Ritucci and of Von Mechel. Ruiz thereupon held a Council of War at which he decided to retreat at once to the north bank of the Volturno, while the way was still open. Nearly three thousand of his men obeyed the order to retreat and escaped through Limatola, but more than two thousand, seized by a sudden impulse for battle and plunder, refused to obey their General, and descended off the mountain, officers and men together, to attack Caserta in the plain below. Part of them advanced through the park and by way of the cascade, driving a company of Sacchi's men before them down the wooded hill-side. Others made straight into Caserta town through Casolla and Altifreda. A panic seized the few troops defending Caserta, and the Royalists entered in triumph and commenced sacking the houses.

But all this while Garibaldi was throwing his net round them with equal energy and skill. He had already caused orders to be conveyed to Bixio bidding him come over Monte Viro and cut them off from the north-east. He himself with such of the troops from Sant' Angelo as were not completely prostrated by their efforts of the day before, crossed the tracks over Monte Tifata and arrived at San Leucio, a little after nine in the morning. Here he effected a junction with Sacchi and with some troops just arrived by train from Naples, who had taken no part in the battle of October 1, namely, Stocco's Calabrians and a few companies of Piedmontese Bersaglieri and other regulars. Led on by Garibaldi himself, the picked troops of Victor Emmanuel's army in their round hats with the cocks' feathers, climbed through the steep park in the direction of Old Caserta, side by side with the red-shirts and the gaitered Calabrians in their brigand costume.

Before he himself began to mount the hill from San Leucio, the Dictator had detached thence a few score of Genoese Carabineers of the Thousand by the lower road, to save the Palace and to clear the enemy out of Caserta in the plain. The Genoese charged into the main street of Caserta, singing Mameli's hymn of '48, and after a sharp struggle in which a dozen fell on each side, drove the horde of plunderers back out of the town and up the hills towards Old Caserta. Meanwhile, the larger force under the Dictator was shepherding the other flocks of Bourbon infantry out of the park, and up towards the same point on the hills above. Before long the whole two thousand, emerging from brush-wood and the olive groves below, were to be seen flying for their lives along the stony flanks of the mountain towards Old Caserta. At this moment Bixio's force appeared over the top of Monte Viro, barring their flight northwards. The net closed in upon them, and after another hour spent in hunting detachments of various sizes over the great bare plateau, 2012 men and 77 officers were secured as prisoners of war.¹

Taking all parts of the battle of the Volturno together, the Garibaldini officially acknowledged a loss on the two days of 306 killed, 1328 wounded, and 389 missing. Of these losses scarcely fifty can be attributed to the fighting on the second day; at Castel Morrone there were under 300 lost, most of them prisoners; and at the Arches of the Valley rather more than 200 killed and wounded. It follows that some 1400 must have been killed or wounded in the main battle of October 1, in defence of the line of Santa Maria and Sant' Angelo over against Capua. The Bourbon Generals officially acknowledged a loss in that part of the field of 1065 men—260 killed, 731 wounded, and 74 prisoners; besides 200 more lost at the Arches of the Valley on October the first, and

¹ Appendix L, 8.

2089 prisoners taken near Old Caserta on October the second.¹

Garibaldi had now nearly 1500 wounded on his hands, besides large numbers of sick, disabled by constant exposure and under-feeding at the outposts. As the autumn drew on, long grey overcoats were served out, which gave the army a more uniform appearance, besides some chance of warmth at night. But the conditions of service before Capua continued to be very severe.

The Neapolitans did little or nothing to make life more comfortable for their deliverers. Those of the wounded who were sent back to the Capital fared worse than those left at the front, for the usual peculation and carelessness of the hospital officials and the consequent dirt and absence of necessaries were not remedied on behalf of the Garibaldini, except to some degree by British help in the form of materials and money from England and personal service by some of our countrywomen in Naples. The field hospitals at Caserta and Santa Maria, though far from perfect, were better, being under the control of the medical staff of Türr's division, and under the eye of Jessie White Mario herself. The English women in the hospitals of Naples were deeply affected by the patience and gentleness of the North Italian wounded, and by their complete unselfishness. Indeed their only anxiety seemed to be not to give trouble, by any complaints, however reasonable, to Garibaldi or to those who had volunteered to nurse them. In spite of the pain and squalor of their lot, the wounded were not unhappy, for there were days in October on which Garibaldi was in the Capital, when he never failed to visit them, stopping to speak to each one and to make the dying envied by some special mark of his gratitude and love.

'All the men,' writes an English lady, 'when they heard him coming, began to sit up in their beds and clap

¹ Appendix L, 9.

their hands and shout, *Papà nostro, papà nostro!* They long to be allowed coffee in the morning instead of grease and water, so my sister said to one of them, "Now ask the General to order that you have coffee." The young man answered, "O lady, how could I trouble him with that, when he has so much to see to, and when his very presence gives us new life."¹

The battle of the Volturno, the last of Garibaldi's great feats of war, differs from Como, Calatafimi, Palermo, Milazzo, and the Crossing of the Straits, firstly, because it shows him acting on the defensive, and secondly, because it shows him handling some 20,000 men, a larger number than the handful of guerillas which according to his critics was all he could command with success. His defensive strategy on this occasion is excellent, and proves that he had learnt much about the conditions of European warfare since his defence of Rome in 1849, on his return from the South-American pampas. While the Bourbon generals on October 1 went out of their way to divide their army and attack him from east, north, and west at once, Garibaldi made full use of the central position in which they thus placed him. Communications between the various parts of the assailing force were therefore lost, with the result that Ruiz' division was of no practical use to Ritucci on the great day and was destroyed in detail on October 2. Garibaldi, on the other hand, took advantage of his central position, and of his short line of communication, strung together by the Maddaloni-Caserta-Santa Maria railway, to keep his reserve under Türr at the central point between the various battlefields until the very last moment. He could thus postpone the vital decision as to whether the reserve should be sent from Caserta to Santa Maria, or from Caserta to Maddaloni, until events showed where they were most needed. The arrival of this body of fresh troops at Santa Maria, half-way

¹ Appendix L, 10.

through the afternoon, and the vigorous use which he made of them to attack the enemy's tired regiments, decided the even balance of the day. The success of the National army in holding its own against greatly superior numbers is therefore to be attributed, apart from the valour of the volunteers, to three qualities shown on this occasion by Garibaldi: the personal inspiration of his presence at so many of the important points, the combined caution and vigour of his offensive-defensive tactics, and last, but not least, a sound strategy governing the disposition of his men over the whole region of conflict from the Arches of the Valley to the gate of Capua.

CHAPTER XIV

THE MEETING OF GARIBALDI AND VICTOR EMMANUEL

'To watch the new Kingdom of Italy rising as it were by magic is a marvellous sight. When time has veiled the events of the period and wiped away all that is perfidious and adventurous, Cavour, Victor Emmanuel, and Garibaldi will stand forth as heroes of this epoch. While I am writing of the struggles and sufferings of Rome in the Middle Ages, the observation of the present, which is realising the work of which centuries have despaired, is an experience of inestimable value to the historian.' *Gregorovius' Diary*. Rome, November 7, 1860.

THE battle of the Volturno saved Naples from the Bourbons, but it did not deliver Capua to Garibaldi. It redressed the balance of war which had begun to incline against him, but it did not weigh down the scales on his side. A condition of military stalemate continued for more than three weeks of October, until Victor Emmanuel's army arrived upon the scene.

During this period of waiting, the only military event of interest was the expedition to Isernia. That town, like most others in the Molise and in the neighbouring province of Abruzzi, had been seized by the citizens in the name of Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel. But on the day before the battle of the Volturno it was invaded by peasants from the hills, authorised to act for the good cause by their Bishop and by the authorities at Gaeta, and led on by Royal gens-d'armes. During the following week pillage, massacre, torture, and mutilation were the lot of the inhabitants of Isernia and of other centres of Nationalism in the neighbourhood. This system of 'reaction' or 'brigandage,' accompanied by all the bestial cruelty of which the half-savage peasants of the South were still capable, afforded a last weapon for the

expiring system of Church and State. Francis II, when finally driven from Gaeta by Victor Emmanuel's army, took refuge in Rome in 1861, and thence, under the protection of the Pope, continued to foster this kind of 'brigandage' in his lost dominions in the Abruzzi for nearly seven years to come. No such horrors were committed on the other side by the Garibaldian peasantry of Calabria, Basilicata, Abruzzi or any other province of the mainland, and the difference may fairly be attributed to the higher ethical standard of the local Nationalist leaders—men like Stocco and Pace, touched by the idealism of the *risorgimento* movement—as compared with the reactionary clergy and the Bourbon officials, who had been brought up in an evil school on frankly mediaeval ideas of religion and government.

Early in October, Nationalist refugees from the neighbourhood of Isernia arrived at Caserta, told the tale of horror to Garibaldi, and assured him that if he would send some of his officers into the Molise they would there find 3000 peasants ready to place themselves under their orders and suppress the reaction. The Dictator accordingly sent Nullo, Mario, and Zasio in command of a few hundred Sicilians and irregulars from the Alife district, and a few dozen North Italians. But when they arrived in the Molise, there was no sign of the 3000 friendly natives who were to have joined them. The reactionary peasants, backed by several battalions of Bourbon regulars, fell upon them near Isernia on October 17, and drove them out of the Molise with heavy loss.¹ In the Abruzzi the Liberals held their own, but eagerly awaited the crossing of the Tronto by Victor Emmanuel.

On October 15 the British Legion, otherwise called the 'Garibaldi Excursionists,'² landed in Naples, over

¹ *Isernia*, 7-36. *Leg. Matese*, 108-111, 153-168. *Zasio*, 116-125. *Red Shirt*, 225-226, 234-264. *Castelli*, 331-332. *Türr's Div.* 282-286. *Arrivabene*, ii. 291.

² A thin pretence that such was their innocent character had been kept up in England to save diplomatic appearances. The advertisement that enlisted most of them ran as follows: '*Excursion to Sicily and Naples*. All persons

600 strong. They looked a fine body of men as they marched up the Toledo in their red tunics with green facings, the muzzles of their Enfield rifles stuffed with flowers by the admiring populace. Four days later they gave a good account of themselves in a skirmish in front of Sant' Angelo, conducted up to the walls of Capua, where they lost two killed and eight wounded.¹ But the warning that Dunne had uttered when Garibaldi consulted him at Milazzo as to the advisability of allowing such a Legion to be recruited,² was unfortunately borne out by events. One part of the Excursionists consisted of roughs principally from Glasgow and London, who considered that they were out for a holiday at other people's expense, and though they did not object to the fighting, expected a maximum of food and good quarters and a minimum of discipline. The other half, old soldiers, 'volunteers,' and generous enthusiasts of all classes from a Duke's son downwards, could not, by their own better conduct, save the Legion from acquiring a name for disorder similar to that which the Pope's Irish had acquired in Rome. 'You see,' said the Italians indulgently, 'these men are not accustomed to a country where wine is cheap.' Peard, whom the Dictator set over them as Colonel, was not so well qualified for this difficult command as for the individual knight-errantry which had made him a well-beloved figure in the Garibaldian field armies for eighteen months past. If the campaign had been prolonged and carried to the walls of Rome, as the Committee in London had expected when it raised the Legionaries, there is little doubt that they would have

(particularly Members of Volunteer Rifle Corps) desirous of visiting Southern Italy and of *aiding* by their presence and influence the *Cause of Garibaldi and Italy*, may learn how to proceed by applying to the Garibaldi Committee at the offices, No. 8 Salisbury Street, Strand, London.' *Holyoake*, i. 245.

¹ *St. Maur*, 227 (Peard's report). *Peard MS. Journal*, Oct. 19. *Arrivabene*, ii. 288-289. *Menghini*, 375-376. *Conv. Ellis*. Garibaldi wrote of 'the brilliant courage they displayed in the slight engagements they shared with us on the Volturno.' *Holyoake*, i. 255.

² See p. 98 above.

done us credit. As things were, although the Legion came too late, the fame of our country had been upheld throughout the campaign, and yeomen's service rendered to the Italian cause by the English free lances, by Dunne and Wyndham, by Peard and Dowling, and by others who have survived them.

Garibaldi estimated accurately the limits of the degree to which he had improved his position by the recent victory on the Volturno. One day soon after the battle he came to Mario with a letter from Mazzini in his hand. 'Read this,' he said. 'Mazzini urges me on to attack Rome. You know that I have long been thinking of it. On the first of October we defeated the enemy so that they cannot meet us again in the open field. But I cannot advance on Rome leaving behind me 60,000 men intrenched in Capua and Gaeta, who can march into Naples the moment my back is turned.'¹ He fully accepted the political consequences of the military situation. He abandoned all idea of advancing on Rome, and prepared to welcome the immediate advent of Victor Emmanuel.

Cavour, gravely anxious that Italy should present a united front to the Monarchs of Austria, Prussia, and Russia, who were about to hold an ominous conference at Warsaw, desired above all else that the Dictator should go out to welcome the King in the face of Italy and Europe, and was much concerned lest he should sail home to Caprera in dudgeon before Victor Emmanuel's arrival. This, rather than any fears of actual civil war, appears to have been the limit of Cavour's anxiety with regard to Garibaldi, from the first days of October onwards.² The Minister wisely sought counsel with

¹ *Mario Vita*, ii. 3. *Guersoni*, ii. 205.

² On September 24 he had feared a collision with Garibaldi (*Chiala*, iv. 15), but this fear had been removed by Garibaldi's manifesto of welcome to the Royal troops a few days later, see pp. 226-227 above. On October 4, Augusto Vecchi writes to Garibaldi: 'Cavour sent me word to call on him. I will tell you about our two hours' conversation. I laid bare to him all your noble heart. He regretted

Garibaldi's oldest and best friend, Augusto Vecchi, who had worn the red shirt beside his chief in South America, who had fought shoulder to shoulder with him in the midnight *mêlée* when the French troops burst through the defences of the Janiculum, and from whose house at Quarto, Garibaldi had sailed with the Thousand for Sicily. On October 1 Vecchi wrote to Garibaldi to implore him to hasten the plebiscite for the annexation of Naples, and to send a message inviting Victor Emmanuel to march without delay into his new dominions. Three days later Vecchi wrote again: 'Invite the King personally by a telegram to come quickly to Naples. And go to meet him. I ask this of you in the name of Italy, our mother, for whose greatness we two swore many years ago to make every kind of sacrifice.'¹

On the very day when Vecchi was writing in this strain, Garibaldi had already yielded the point and was inditing his famous letter to Victor Emmanuel, which, besides many expressions of goodwill and desire for unity, contained the following words:—

'CASERTA, October 4, 1860.

'SIRE,

'I congratulate Your Majesty on the brilliant victories won by your brave General Cialdini and on their happy results. . . . Since Your Majesty is at Ancona, you must make the journey to Naples by land or by sea. If by land, as would be best, Your Majesty ought to march with at least one division. If I were informed in time, I would move forward my right wing to meet you, and would come in person to present my homage and to receive your orders as to the final operations. . . .'²

that you had not answered a letter of his. At the end of our interview, he told me to accompany you to meet the King. And he ended by saying that Venice would be ours six months sooner, if you did not separate yourself from Victor Emmanuel,—to put it more clearly, if you did not obstinately retire to Caprera' [*viz.* before welcoming Victor Emmanuel to Naples]. *Fassari MSS.* If Cavour had still thought there was any chance of civil war, he would have been only too glad that Garibaldi should 'retire obstinately to Caprera.'

¹ *Fassari MSS.* Vecchi's letters of Oct. 1 and 4, 1860.

² *Guersoni*, ii. 208-209. *Ciampoli*, 186-187.

Cavour, therefore, as early as October 4 had gained his point that Garibaldi should invite the King and go out to meet him. But for another ten days there was trouble on the further question of the plebiscite, a controversy which became the storm-centre of the last political crisis of the Dictatorship. The question at issue was the proper method of obtaining the consent of the inhabitants of the Neapolitan Kingdom to their absorption in the Monarchy of Victor Emmanuel. Should they be consulted directly by plebiscite, by a simple referendum on the question of annexation, to which each elector could answer by his vote, 'yes' or 'no'? Or should they place their fate in the hands of an assembly of elected representatives, who might then propose conditions on which the South would come into the National union? Such were the two alternatives, and the choice between them was a question of more than mere form.

If Italy had had no armed enemies to fear either within or without the barrier of her guardian Alps, if she had been in safe possession of her own house, then indeed she ought to have gone about the difficult business of setting it in order with long and careful deliberation. If the union of North and South Italy, like the union of North and South Britain in 1707, had been proposed in a year when the two Kingdoms were immune from invasion and revolution, then indeed a Parliament at Naples and a Parliament at Palermo might reasonably have sat for many months bargaining with the Parliament at Turin. In such a case some of the evils that have actually resulted from a too close union might possibly have been avoided. Those who know South Italy of to-day deplore the rigid and mechanical application of the Piedmontese laws and administrative system to a state of society very different from that of the sub-Alpine populations; and they deplore no less the immense powers of self-government which under the constitution of 1860 have been committed to the backward communes

of the South.¹ But this was the necessary price that Italy paid for her existence. In the crisis of that autumn, with war and revolution still in the bowels of the land, with an Austrian army eagerly awaiting the word to cross the Mincio and rush on Milan, with the French Minister already withdrawn from Turin, and every great European Power except England hostile to the unification of Italy, it would have been the height of unwisdom to waste two months in electing and calling together Neapolitan and Sicilian assemblies, and half a year more in bargainings and intrigues of every kind, public and personal, into which Southern Parliamentarians would instinctively plunge and revel, if they found that they had their country in their gift and Cavour on his knees to them to hand it over. If Italian unity were to be accomplished at all—and all were agreed that there was no other port of safety in sight—then it must be done at once by direct acceptance of Piedmontese law and custom for the whole Peninsula, not because that was best for all but because that alone could be established everywhere without delay. A plebiscite for unconditional annexation could be held in a fortnight, but an assembly might sit until it was dispersed by Austrian bayonets.

The men who in the second week of October besieged Garibaldi with petitions for an assembly instead of the plebiscite, were not, with the exception of the 'federalist' Cattaneo, primarily interested in obtaining a separate system of administration for the South. Their opposition to the plebiscite was essentially factious. Crispi and his friends desired an assembly where they might hope to dominate, and they objected to a plebiscite because it would in a fortnight's time bring to an end the Garibaldian Dictatorship which, so long as it lasted, left the executive power in their hands and kept out the hated Cavour. They played on the Dictator's distrust of the Minister. They cunningly reminded him that the plebiscite had been the device by which Napoleon III

¹ *De Cesare*, ii. 142-144.

had filched Nice and Savoy. There had arisen one of those complicated situations through which Garibaldi was least able to see his way in the light of the few simple rules by which he guided his conduct. His mind was darkened and he sat stupefied at the head of the council-board while the rival parties of plebiscite and assembly defied each other shrilly across the room.

Between October 11 and 13 a series of such councils were held at Caserta and in Naples. Old Giorgio Pallavicino, 'the martyr of the Spielberg,' the Austrian dungeon where he had sat for fourteen years in the early days of the *risorgimento* movement, was now Garibaldi's Pro-Dictator of the Neapolitan mainland. He it was who stood in the breach against Crispi and Cattaneo, on behalf of immediate Italian unity. On October 11, at Caserta, Garibaldi decided for Crispi and an assembly. Pallavicino at once gave in his resignation, and the city of Naples rose in a great demonstration of protest in his favour. On all doors, windows, carriages, coats, and hats appeared cards inscribed *sì* ('yes'),—the vote that all desired to be allowed to give in plebiscite. Garibaldi returned to the Capital to find the streets in an uproar. He heard Pallavicino's name coupled with his own for *vivas*, while *morte* was cried out against Mazzini, Crispi, and the others who had persuaded him to summon an assembly. All along the Toledo it 'snowed *sìs*' into the carriage. Garibaldi was much perturbed by this clear manifestation of the popular will, for obedience to the people was one of the formulæ of his creed, in accordance with which he had long ago abandoned his republicanism in order to be in touch with his fellow-citizens.

On the thirteenth another council was held in his rooms at the Palazzo d'Angri. Pallavicino refused to take back his resignation unless the plan for an assembly were cancelled. In the middle of an angry dispute between the Pro-Dictator and Crispi, Türr produced a petition signed by thousands of hands in favour of the plebiscite. Garibaldi bowed his head over it in melan-

choly silence, and for some minutes his face was hidden. When he looked up the clouds had cleared away, and he wore the 'serene gaiety' of his happiest and gentlest mood. 'If this is the desire of the Neapolitan people,' he said, 'it must be satisfied.' '*Caro Giorgio*,' he said to Pallavicino, 'we need you here still.' The same evening Crispi resigned the secretariate, and his part in the history of Italy came to an end for that year.¹

The plebiscite was held on October 21. The electorate had no choice but to vote *yes* or *no* to the following proposition: 'The people wishes for Italy one and indivisible with Victor Emmanuel as Constitutional King, and his legitimate descendants after him.' The result was shortly afterwards declared as follows:—

Neapolitan mainland	1,302,064	yes;	10,312	no.
Sicily	-	-	432,053	yes; 667 no. ²

The voting was open,³ and every one who voted 'no' did so in the face of a disapproving world. No doubt, therefore, the real minority was a very much larger proportion of the citizens. But if the plebiscite exaggerated, it did not belie the opinion of the people. Whether the majority of the inhabitants of South Italy wished for Italian unity on its own merits is fairly open to question, but they had shown in more ways than one their earnest desire for immediate and unconditional annexation as the only security against the return of the House of Bourbon and the dreadful past from which Garibaldi had delivered them.

Meanwhile, Victor Emmanuel was coming to take possession of his new dominions. On the afternoon of September 29 he left Turin⁴ on his triumphal progress

¹ *Caranti*, 29-42. *Crispi*, 1911, pp. 326-334, 360-362. *Turr's Div.* 277-281. *F. O. Sicily, Elliot*, 1860, Nos. 569, 585, 627.

² In the Papal dominions the vote, held a few days later, went as follows:—

Marches	133,072	yes;	1,212	no.
Umbria	-	99,628	yes;	- 380 no.

³ *Mundy*, 258.

⁴ *F. O. Sard. Hudson*, No. 384, Sept. 29, 1860.

that was yet a most perilous adventure, hoping that when he wanted to return he would not find his northern capital occupied by Austrians or by French. Passing through Bologna to the Ravennese coast he embarked on October 3 for Ancona.¹ A storm arose, the frigate was in great danger, and the seamen declared that the safest course was to run across the Adriatic towards Pola in Austrian territory. But Victor Emmanuel, refusing to be put into the hands of his enemies at such a crisis of Italian affairs, came on deck to encourage the sailors, and remained there throughout the storm, while his staff officers were prostrated below. Towards evening the sea went down, and before midnight they entered the harbour of Ancona, where the King was welcomed ashore by Fanti, Cialdini, Della Rocca, and their victorious troops.

Some delay occurred in starting from Ancona, but on October 9 the great march began, the whole army moving, with the King in the midst, along the road to Naples. He passed near the battle-field of Castelfidardo, through Macerata and Loreto and thence along the Adriatic coast. He reached Grottammare, the last town in Papal territory, on October 11, and remained there four days inactive, probably from some cautionary reasons of diplomacy or politics. These were the days during which the political crisis on the question of the plebiscite was taking place in Naples. Only on October 15, after Pallavicino had triumphed over Crispi, did the King cross the Tronto and enter the Neapolitan Kingdom.

After following the coast-road as far as the fortress of Pescara, which had already come in to the national cause, they turned inland by way of Chieti and Popoli to Sulmona. Thus far, in Papal and in Neapolitan territory alike, the enthusiasm of the liberated people for their new King had been abundantly shown. All classes, including very many of the clergy, joined in the demon-

¹ See Map IV at end of book for the King's route from Ravenna southwards.

strations, and triumphal arches and addresses of welcome impeded the rate of military progress. It was felt that no offence must be given to the King's new subjects, and he showed as much rough graciousness as his impatient nature contained. Other causes of delay were the neglected state of the high-road, and the absence of bridges over the innumerable dry torrent beds through which the siege-guns and commissariat waggons had to pass. For this was not a Garibaldian army; it moved slowly, but it was bringing with it the means to take Capua and Gaeta.¹

After they had passed Sulmona, the political sympathies of the inhabitants were less unanimous. There was still an enthusiastic 'Italian' party to welcome them, but at every turn of the road they saw fresh evidence of civil war and massacre. The 'good Italians' came in with stories, usually only too true, of massacre and mutilation which their relations and friends had suffered. Rough justice was administered on the road-side by Piedmontese court-martials assisted by firing parties, and a proclamation was issued that all peasants found with arms in their hands would be shot. Even in this district some of the parish priests showed themselves on the national side.²

Cialdini with the vanguard was now two days' march in front of the King. On October 20, near Isernia, where a handful of Garibaldini had been repulsed only three days before,³ he fell in with 5000 Bourbon troops under General Scotti. Scotti neglected to send out scouts or advance-guard, and marched his men in column right up to Cialdini's hidden batteries. The Bersaglieri and line regiments were let loose upon the enemy's surprised and disordered mass, and the lancers of Novara charged through the whole length of their column. In a few minutes Scotti with nearly a thousand of his men had

¹ *Castelli*, 326-329. *De Cesare*, ii. 451-461. *Orero*, 113.

² *Castelli*, 330-331. *De Cesare*, ii. 462-463. *Orero*, 115-116

³ See p. 259 above.

been captured, and the rest dispersed over the countryside in hopeless disbandment.¹

On October 25 Garibaldi crossed the Volturno by a crazy bridge of planks a yard wide, supported on boats, which had been flung across at the ferry of Formicola. The Italians had failed to make any bridge at all with the scant materials to hand, but the task had been accomplished by the British Legion with the expert assistance of some 'handy men' who appeared to be their fellow-countrymen and showed a suspicious readiness for any service connected with ropes and water.² The making of the bridge had been conducted under fire, but the Bourbon troops, who had already abandoned Cajazzo, withdrew towards Capua and did not attempt to dispute the passage of the river after the bridge had been completed.

Leaving Medici to protect the lines at Sant' Angelo, Garibaldi with a few regiments of Italians and the British Legion advanced northwards through Bellona and Calvi to meet Victor Emmanuel.³ They bivouacked on the night of October 25 to 26 in the broad valley between the hills of Cajanello and Vajrano, where the high-road then, as the railway now, debouches from the gates of the wooded mountains into the flatter country that soon broadens out into the great plains of Capua. Most of the troops slept by the roadside below, but some were stationed on the heights of Vajrano, whence their watch-fires could be seen afar by three armies: for below them lay the camp of their fellow-Garibaldini; close at hand to the south were Bourbon regiments; and a few miles to the north lay Victor Emmanuel's army, the corps of Della Rocca and of Cialdini side by side on two converging roads, with the King's quarters between them.

¹ *Orrero*, 122-124. *Revel's da Ancona*, 64-65. *Isernia*, 42.

² *Conv. Brown Young* (who with Dowling conducted the operation). *Mario Vita*, ii. 17. *Red Shirt*, 273. *Adamoli*, 167. *Times*, Nov. 6, p. 9, c. 4.

³ See henceforth Map III, A, at end of book.

On the morning of October 26 an Englishman among the Garibaldian outposts, who was sleeping in a dry ditch, was awakened by shouts of *Viva il Re!* Accustomed to hear 'Long live the King' as the Bourbon war-cry, he sprang up half-awake, thinking the enemy were upon them. Next moment he saw his mistake. Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy, was riding by.¹

About the same hour the Garibaldini on the hills of Vajrano awoke to see the whole Italian army, in all the panoply of war, move swiftly along the valley below towards the camp of the red-shirts on the edge of the great plain.²

Garibaldi had overnight sent on Missori and Zasio to the Royal camp to announce his presence and offer his homage. At dawn he himself rode out with his staff to find the King, and stationed himself in front of the Toll-bar Tavern (*Taverna la catena*)—'a rustic cottage with a few poplars near it'—at the point of junction of the two roads along which the Royal army was coming.³

The Dictator and his staff, including Canzio and Mario, with Missori and Zasio who had now rejoined them, dismounted in front of the tavern and took their stand a little off the road along which the Northern regiments filed past. Battalion after battalion went by, gazing on Garibaldi, some with unmingled enthusiasm, gratitude, and love, others with a greater or less admixture of professional jealousy and political distrust. Generals Della Rocca and Cialdini both greeted him warmly that morning and were warmly welcomed in return, for neither of them was touched with that jealousy of the volunteers which embittered Fanti and many others among the regular officers. The victor of Castelfidardo and the Liberator of Sicily and Naples were

¹ *Conv. Dolmage.*

² *Bell MS.* (letter of Mr. Bell, who was among the Garibaldini on the hill).

³ The modern railway-station of Cajanello-Vajrano is built within a few yards of the historic cross-roads.

divided by no cloud of petty rivalry, and if Cialdini instead of Fanti had been commander-in-chief of the Italian army, Cavour's instructions to show gratitude to the Garibaldini would have been heartily obeyed, much might have been forgotten and forgiven on both sides in the enthusiasm of the meeting, and the Serbonian bog of mutual reprisals and recrimination might have been shunned.

So the early morning wore on, while regiment after regiment of the Royal army marched past the Liberator. It was a damp autumn air, and Garibaldi was not only wearing his *poncho*, but had in homely fashion bound a coloured handkerchief over his head. His staff, in their war-stained red shirts, presented a curious contrast to the brilliant uniforms that were filing by them hour by hour. Suddenly the strains of the Royal march were heard, and the cry arose, 'The King! The King is coming!' Garibaldi and his staff mounted their horses and rode forward to the edge of the road. Victor Emmanuel, on a prancing Arab, dashed up to meet them. The Dictator, sweeping his hat off his kerchiefed head, cried aloud—'*Saluto il primo Re d'Italia*'—'I hail the first King of Italy.'¹ The King stretched out his hand and the two men clasped and held hands for more than a minute.

'*Come state, caro Garibaldi?*'

'*Bene, Maestà, e Lei?*'

'*Benone.*'²

Then they rode on together, and the two staffs behind them, red shirts side by side with resplendent uniforms, crosses, and cordons of honour. It was an epitome of the union of conservative and revolutionary forces that had crushed the obscurantists and expelled the foreigners. The constrained conversation between

¹ Missori was always very particular to say that the words he heard uttered by Garibaldi were '*primo re*,' not merely '*re*.' Missori told me that Garibaldi's idea was to make a kind of implied '*investiture*' or at least '*ceremony*.' *Conv. Missori*, and *Risorg.* anno. i. fasc. 4, p. 752. *Castellini*, 93-94 note.

² 'How are you, dear Garibaldi?' 'Well, your Majesty, and you?' 'First rate.' *Red Shirt*, 285. *Castelli* (Solaroli), 333.

the two groups betrayed the heart-burnings on either side and the grudging sacrifices that each was making to the other. But although there was cold politeness where there should have been enthusiasm, none the less that ride together was the making of Italy, and seen down history's lengthening vista, remains evermore a goodly sight.

After a while Garibaldi and his men turned off the road to the left and made their way back by country lanes to Calvi, while the King held on to Teano. 'Garibaldi's countenance,' writes Mario, 'was full of melancholy sweetness. Never did I feel drawn to him with such tenderness.' He said little that evening to his friends. Next morning they met Jessie Mario, who had crossed the Volturno to provide hospital arrangements north of the river. 'My wounded,' said Garibaldi to her somewhat sternly, 'are all on the south of the Volturno.' And then, relapsing into his gentlest mood, he added, 'Jessie, they have sent us to the rear' ('*ci hanno messi alla coda*'). During their ride together Victor Emmanuel had told him in soft words the hard decree that the Royal army would take over all the operations of war and that the Garibaldini were no longer required.¹

¹ No doubt whatever as to the place and circumstances of the meeting can remain in the minds of those who will study the following authorities, a collection of eye-witnesses outweighing tenfold the story told by Giuseppe Porta in the *Tribuna*, Aug. 14, 1907. *Mem. Stor. Mil.* i. 43-73 (alone sufficient to decide the matter). *Risorg.* i. fasc. 4. pp. 751-752; fasc. 5-6, pp. 1109-1116. *Castelli* (Solaroli), 333-334. *Revel's da Ancona*, 67-69. *Mario, Vita*, ii. 18-21, and *Red Shirt*, 273-290. *Zasio*, 126. *Castellini*, 93-94 note. *Times*, Nov. 6, p. 10, c. 3. *Canzio MS.* (a statement of Canzio's contradicting Porta and bearing out all the other evidence: in my possession). *Della Rocca*, 193, and see *Guersoni*, ii. 229 and note.

CHAPTER XV

THE RETURN TO CAPRERA

'Semplice in atti e semplice in parole,
Chi della Patria cavalier si cinse
Dona tutto alla Patria, e nulla vuole.'

MARRADI. *Rapsodie Garibaldine.*

'Simple in act and word, his country's knight,
He gives his country all and nothing takes.'

THAT part of the enemy's force which had been in the neighbourhood of the two national armies at the moment of their junction on October 26, retired in the afternoon towards Gaeta and effaced themselves behind the line of Garigliano. On the morning of the 27th Victor Emmanuel rode from Teano to Calvi in search of Garibaldi. Finding that he had returned to the south bank of the Volturno, the King pushed on alone with his staff in the same direction, crossed the rickety little bridge, and entered the Garibaldian lines at Sant' Angelo. The volunteers came swarming out to welcome the unexpected visitor, with cries of devotion and enthusiasm which showed how far a very little attention from the official world would have gone to win the hearts of the main body of Garibaldini. Unfortunately this surprise visit was the last effort which His Majesty was permitted to make by way of showing personal gratitude to the rank and file of the volunteers.

Since Garibaldi was absent, not knowing of the King's visit, Medici did the honours of the occasion, helped by Nino Bixio's lieutenants. Bixio himself was in hospital at Naples. At the crossing of the Volturno two days before, whence he was to have accompanied the Dictator

to meet the King, Nino had headed a hue and cry after a priest suspected of acting as spy, and riding furiously after the man to arrest him had let his horse slip in a narrow lane, and fractured his leg against a wall. He lay, however, quite happy in the hospital at Naples, for his wife came out from Genoa to nurse him, and since the volunteers' part in the fighting was over he was able to turn his mind to the docile family affections which shared dominion in his heart with the rage for his country's service.¹

Victor Emmanuel, after having fraternised with Medici's men, and ridden close up to the walls of Capua at the greatest risk of being cut off by the enemy's outposts, recrossed the Volturno and returned to Teano. His army was there divided into two, one part going on towards the line of the Garigliano and Gaeta, and the other under General Della Rocca coming south to besiege Capua. Della Rocca had to negotiate a delicate situation with Garibaldi. Although the red-shirts were no longer to be allowed to take part in the serious operations of the campaign, yet on October 28 their services were still required for yet a few days longer to help guard the lines for the royal siege batteries. Garibaldi, fearing that his men might be annoyed at receiving orders from Della Rocca if they considered that a slight was being put upon themselves or their chief, not only placed the whole of his army at the absolute disposal of the Piedmontese general, but was at pains to devise a plan whereby Della Rocca's orders were conveyed to the red-shirts through Sirtori, as though they still came from Garibaldi himself. He strictly enjoined on his staff to prevent the men from knowing that the orders did not in reality emanate from him. Shaking his supplanter warmly by the hand, he wished him luck, and rode off to Caserta.²

Two days later Della Rocca, who had been deeply

¹ *Menghini*, 388-390. *Castelli*, 335-336. *Red Shirt*, 275.

² *Della Rocca*, 194-195. *Revel's da Ancona*, 69.

touched by Garibaldi's generous conduct, hearing that he was ill at Caserta, went there to pay him a visit. He found him in a little room over the guard-house of the Palace, exactly above a large store of gunpowder.

'I begged him,' writes Della Rocca, 'to move immediately, and smiling he promised to do so. Propped up with pillows, he was wrapped in a military cloak, a little cap on his head, and a silk handkerchief knotted round his neck. As I entered, he held out his hand, and seemed quite touched when I told him I had only come to ask how he was. He was still more pleased when I told him how well I got on with his generals, Cosenz and Sirtori, notable personages and most excellent men, and how I regretted the enforced absence of Bixio. . . . Mine were no idle compliments. I meant what I said, and I saw that Garibaldi was pleased that I appreciated his friends.'¹

Meanwhile, Della Rocca's batteries were being scientifically erected by the engineers of the regular army, in front of the Garibaldian lines. On November 1, at four in the afternoon, all was ready, and a red flag run up on the summit of Monte Tifata gave the signal for the bombardment. The enemy replied and the duel lasted on through the night. Some of the houses in the town were set on fire, and the Capuans, many of whom secretly hated the falling dynasty, protested to the General of the garrison the necessity for instant surrender. At dawn of November 2 the officers on the terrace of Sant' Angelo Church eagerly turned their telescopes towards Capua, and saw the white flag hoisted on its walls. The garrison of 10,000 men became prisoners of war, and the fortress that had set a limit to Garibaldi's career at length surrendered to the Italian army.²

While Della Rocca was taking Capua, Fanti and Cialdini were drawing the net round Gaeta. On October 29 a reconnaissance against the enemy's strong posi-

¹ *Della Rocca*, 197-198.

² *Franci*, ii. 176-179, who estimates the Bourbon garrison at 'about 11,000.' *Della Rocca*, 194-200. *Menghini*, 464-465. *Genio*, 106. *Times*, November 6, p. 7, col. 3. *Türr's Div.* 297-298, 301, 304-306. *Cava*, 26-36.

tion on the hills behind the mouth of the Garigliano was pushed too far, partly by the carelessness of the generals, partly by the unwillingness of the Bersaglieri to obey the orders to retreat. The action cost the Italian army over fifty men and showed that their opponents could still fight. But a day or two later, when the Italian fleet opened fire on their flank and rear, the Bourbon forces abandoned the position on the Garigliano and fell back towards the great fortress. On November 2, the day of the fall of Capua, a successful action at Mola di Gaeta on the coast placed the Italian army in a situation to besiege Gaeta in form.¹

During the first ten days of November some 17,000 Neapolitan soldiers, closely pursued by Victor Emmanuel's troops, escaped over the frontier into Papal territory at Terracina, and were disarmed and interned among the Alban hills by the Papal authorities and the French garrison of Rome.² The remainder of the Bourbon army that had not already disbanded or surrendered, was now shut up in the citadel of Messina, in one or two small forts in Sicily and the Abruzzi, or with the ex-King and Queen in Gaeta.

The siege of Gaeta was protracted all the winter, because Napoleon III kept the French fleet in those waters with orders to prevent the Italian fleet from bombarding the fortress. The siege operations had therefore to be conducted entirely from the land side, and were not brought to a successful issue until February, 1861. The long siege enabled Maria Sophia, Francis II's young Bavarian Queen, to display to Europe from the battlements of the bombarded fortress a heroine's courage, which illuminated with sunset glow the last vision of that inglorious dynasty which had known no rays at noontide.

¹ *Franci*, ii. 154-176. *Orero*, 127-143. *Castelli*, 337. *Della Rocca*, 195 note. *Corsi's Rimembranze*, 33-34. *Mezzacapo*, 134-135.

² *De Sivo*, iv. 314-317. *Franci*, ii. 195-200, 386. And see Appendix J, I. (a) below. *Persano*, 456-457. *Castelli*, 341.

Napoleon's action in stopping the war at sea while allowing it to be carried to its conclusion on land, had no permanent effect save to irritate Italians and to efface from their minds all claims of gratitude for his recent complaisance with regard to Umbria and the Marches. It is difficult, at first sight, to assign a reason for an interference at once so feeble and so exasperating. The Emperor's biographer, unable as ever to understand his sympathy with Italian freedom, supposes that he wished to 'clear his personal honour' by this tangible protest against Victor Emmanuel's piratical attack on the Kingdom of Naples.¹ Such may be the feelings of a French Clerical in face of the Liberation of Italy, but it is difficult to suppose that they were those of Napoleon III, only two months after he had given his consent to Cavour's invasion of the Papal Marches. The secret agreement which he had made at Chambéry was that the North Italian army should invade and traverse the Papal territory, so as to arrive at Naples in time to stop Garibaldi and 'absorb the revolution.' In making this arrangement Napoleon did not imagine that Victor Emmanuel had undertaken to put down Garibaldi merely in order to restore Francis II to the throne. The Emperor did not like the annexation of South Italy by Piedmont, but he had agreed to it as the least of many possible evils. Therefore his motive in sending the French fleet to Gaeta was probably not so much genuine indignation at the conduct of the King of Italy, as the perception that he must appear to be angry for the sake of the French Clericals, whose loyalty, so essential to his throne, he had strained almost to breaking-point.²

On the 8th of October, Cavour had written to Farini, the Minister in attendance on Victor Emmanuel :—

' If Garibaldi's army acclaims the King, it must be treated well. We have to contend against the requirements and

¹ *La Gorce*, iii. 448.

² This is the view of *Chiala* (*Stor. Contemp.* 12-13).

pedantries of the regular army. Do not give in. Reasons of State of the first importance demand firmness. Woe to us if we show ourselves ungrateful to those who have shed their blood for Italy! Europe would condemn us. In the country there would be a great reaction in favour of the Garibaldini. I have had a warm argument with Fanti on this point. He spoke of military requirements. I replied that this was not Spain, and that here the army had to obey.¹

It was a great misfortune that Cavour was unable to secure the fulfilment, in spirit as well as in letter, of his wise and benevolent intentions. Victor Emmanuel, who had hitherto been more enthusiastic for Garibaldi than Cavour himself, fell at this critical moment under the influence of Fanti and the military pedants. Garibaldi and his troops had welcomed the King and his army, and had taken the place assigned them in the rear, in a manner which no one had been able to criticise, and which had elicited the gratitude and praise of Della Rocca, the General most concerned. There was therefore not the smallest provocation for the official insult to which the whole body of Garibaldini were subjected on November 6. On that day they had been instructed that the King would come to review them at Caserta. The Dictator was to present his Generals and his favourite officers to their Sovereign, and the red-shirts were to march past. Such a day might well have been a turning-point in the life of the new-born nation. Old feuds, instead of taking on fresh and more virulent forms, would have been soothed or healed. The Garibaldini assembled at Caserta with feelings of loyalty and pride. They were drawn up in front of the Bourbon Palace in their picturesque regiments—good, bad, and indifferent, Sicilian and Calabrian, Northerner and Tuscan. They waited till after the appointed hour and then learnt that the King had determined not to come.

No apology or explanation was sent, or has ever since been offered. Further to point the moral, Victor Emman-

¹ *Chiala*, iv. 34.

uel did not even write an order-of-the-day thanking the men who had won for him the crown of the Two Sicilies. Still less would Fanti, the commander-in-chief, put his name to such a document. It was signed by Della Rocca.¹

The man who suffered most from the consequences of this ungracious conduct was the man who had vainly striven to avert the folly. It was against Cavour that Garibaldi turned his wrath; his personal devotion to Victor Emmanuel stood the shock. He persuaded himself that these acts of petty meanness had been specially ordered by the Minister at Turin, though in fact they had been suggested either directly by Fanti or indirectly by the atmosphere of jealousy natural to a regular army in the presence of volunteers. This jealousy, common to every professional service in the world, and aggravated at Naples by the fact that these volunteers had really won their laurels, Cavour was unable to control from his cabinet in Turin. Next spring, in the first session of the first Parliament of United Italy, Garibaldi's pent-up wrath boiled over in a misdirected and malicious attack on the statesman who had been his guardian-angel throughout the year of wonders.

Garibaldi was sometimes unjust, but he seldom missed an occasion to be generous. And on the very afternoon of the thwarted review he had a magnificent opportunity. General Cialdini arrived at Caserta, commissioned to obtain his promise to enter Naples on the following day in the same carriage with the King. It was very desirable that the Dictator should appear at Victor Emmanuel's side, for if it became known that he had absented himself with a grievance, it was doubtful what sort of reception the Royal party would obtain. There would indeed have been a fair case for him to refuse to enter Naples with the King who had failed his appointment at the review. But he liked Cialdini well, and after some

¹ *Corsi's Vent. Anni*, 507-509. *Peard Journal*, MS. Nov. 6. *Du Camp*, 349. *Adamoli*, 171. *Guersoni*, ii. 231-232 note.

demur, and a good deal of strong language against Fanti and Cavour, he finally consented to go.¹

On November 7 the first King of Italy entered his southern capital, with Garibaldi sitting beside him in the carriage. They were both out of temper, and it rained in torrents. But the Neapolitans were again in a state of frantic enthusiasm, which the rain could not damp, although it ruined the triumphal arches and caused the rows of paste-board allegorical figures to double up as if they had been shot.

If the King had been permitted to use common courtesy to the Garibaldian army in the matter of the review, and had shown more imaginative sympathy with men perhaps over-sensitive, little complaint could justly have been made of the treatment accorded to their material interests. In this matter Victor Emmanuel was firm to see the right thing done, saying, 'I cannot show less generosity than Garibaldi'.²

It had been Cavour's original intention to divide the Garibaldini into three sections: the first and far the largest to be disbanded at once with a gratuity for each man; the second to constitute a separate volunteer division of the army under the title of *Cacciatori delle Alpi*; the third to consist of a small number of officers to be given commissions in the regular army.³ But this plan was not carried out. It was decided not to constitute a permanent force of volunteers attached to the army, partly for fear of professional quarrels and political complications that might arise out of the existence of such a force, and partly because nearly all the genuine volunteers who had done the fighting were anxious to return at once to their families and their work in life. The privates, therefore, were sent back each to his home with a gratuity. The Hungarians alone, who had no homes to which they could return, were taken into the Royal service, and were engaged for many years in the

¹ *Cialdini e Garibaldi*, 546-548. *Castelli*, 340.

² *Della Rocca*, 198.

³ *Chiala*, iv. 34-35.

inglorious but dangerous task of tracking down the reactionary brigands of Molise and Abruzzi.

There remained the question of the officers. Since Cavour's scheme of a permanent volunteer force had been abandoned, it was felt to be only just that a very large number of Garibaldi's officers should be given posts in the regular army. A military commission, on which Sirtori, Medici, and Cosenz had seats, chose out the officers most fit to be admitted into the King's service. It was a difficult task, for there were six or seven thousand so-called 'officers' of all sorts, drawing Garibaldi's pay in Sicily and on the mainland in the first days of November, about one 'officer' to every seven privates. Half or more of these must have been absolutely unworthy of permanent commissions. In the course of the next two years 1584 of the best men were picked out and admitted as officers to the regular army.¹ Medici, Bixio, Cosenz, and nine others were made Generals. These arrangements were regarded with intense indignation by Garibaldi and his intimates at Caprera, who had expected that the volunteers would be kept in being as a permanent force, to form a nucleus for the national *levée en masse* in the coming war for Venice and Rome. But the settlement cannot, in a fair review of all the circumstances, be called either impolitic or unjust, although there were many individual cases of harsh treatment of men who had deserved well of their country.²

Although Victor Emmanuel was now in full possession of Naples, the half-formed Kingdom of Italy was still

¹ *Turr's Div.* 327. It is only fair to point out that one excuse for the sour temper which Fanti showed to Garibaldi was his knowledge that Garibaldi claimed to have the rank of all his officers recognized. This claim, if conceded, would have rendered impossible Fanti's task,—sufficiently difficult already,—of creating a National army out of the different military elements of North, Centre, and South.

² *Fanti*, 433-439. *Fanti Apr.* 1861, pp. 4-17. *Corsi's Vent. Anni*, 511-515. *Turr's Div.* 321-329. *Revel's da Ancona*, 114-119.

in grave danger. On October 22 Cavour had felt 'the certainty that Austria will attack us.'¹ Every day that passed in safety added to the chances of peace and to the meagre possibilities of resistance in case of war. But the Emperors of Austria and Russia and the King of Prussia had met in conference at Warsaw, an ill-omened gathering of the murderers on the tomb of their victim, and Europe looked on to see whether they would decide to slay Italy as they had slain Poland. At this crisis the Italian position was strengthened by the pronouncement of the British Foreign Minister in favour of the right of the Italians to settle their own affairs. Lord John's famous dispatch was his own spontaneous act, a personal proclamation of the principles of Charles James Fox, the gospel by which Russell's life had been inspired and guided. England, who has often supported these principles and often opposed them, was in one of her generous moods, and applauded to the echo her champion's defiance of despotic Europe. The first sentence plunges *in medias res*: 'It appears that the late proceedings of the King of Sardinia [Piedmont] have been strongly disapproved by several of the principal Courts of Europe.' After telling some home-truths about the character of the Papal and Neapolitan Governments, Lord John announces that—

'Her Majesty's Government must admit that the Italians are the best judges of their own interests.' 'It is difficult,' he proceeds, 'to believe, after the astonishing events that we have seen, that the Pope and the King of the Two Sicilies possessed the love of their people.' Therefore 'Her Majesty's Government can see no sufficient ground for the severe censure with which Austria, France, Prussia, and Russia have visited the acts of the King of Sardinia. Her Majesty's Government will turn their eyes rather to the gratifying prospect of a people building up the edifice of their liberties, and consolidating the work of their independence.'²

This dispatch, written on October 27 and made public in the early days of November, was greeted with

¹ *Chiala*, iv. 61.

² *Br. Parl. Papers*, vii. pp. 125-127.

ecstasies of joy by the Italian people.¹ Cavour, who had recently been somewhat annoyed by Lord John's insistent warning that Italy must not go to war to liberate Venice, declared that he had now more than made amends.² Lord John's dispatch has sometimes been depreciated as a mere blowing of trumpets over the *fait-accomplis* of United Italy. But such was not the view of the men who best understood Italy's needs. Hudson wrote to Russell that when Cavour first read it, 'he shouted, rubbed his hands, jumped up, sat down again, then began to think, and when he looked up tears were standing in his eyes. Behind your dispatch he saw the Italy of his dreams, the Italy of his hopes, the Italy of his policy.' Cavour himself wrote to thank Russell in the strongest language for 'the immense service he had rendered Italy,' and his trusted agent Villamarina said the dispatch was worth an army of 100,000 men.³

The feeling of Cavour's countrymen for Lord John Russell, as one of the chief instruments in their liberation, was shown in many different ways during the remainder of his life. Once, in 1869, when he and his family were staying in a villa at San Remo, they found the ceiling of the principal room frescoed with portraits of four national heroes. The four turned out to be Mazzini, Garibaldi, Cavour, and, to their surprise and delight, Lord John himself! Neither had the house been specially prepared for their reception.

It has of recent years been somewhat the fashion to blame Lord John Russell for his failures, but never to praise him for his triumphs. Fashions in history come

¹ See Appendix A, p. 314 below.

² *Chiala*, iv. p. cccxiii; vi. pp. 634, 643. *Br. Parl. Papers*, vii. pp. 35-36, 50. Lord John feared in 1860 that a war for Venice, under the existing conditions of Europe, would mean a renewal of Italian dependence on France, more Napoleonic aggrandisement, and a general European war. He was not lukewarm in his desire to see Austria quit Venetian territory, for when that happy event took place in 1866 he went with his family to see and rejoice over the official act of the liberation of Venice, and the entry of Victor Emmanuel up the Grand Canal.

³ Appendix A, p. 314 below.

and go, more often the reflex of tendencies in the present than the result of new knowledge of the past. It is probable that very few British statesmen in the course of their lives did as much to reinvigorate and secure the institutions of our country as was done by Russell in 1830-1832, or won for her as much well-deserved gratitude and such enduring friendship abroad as was secured by his action in 1859-1860. On the Italian question England secured peace with true honour, and has never since, either in point of interest or of conscience, had reason to repent of her work.

On the day of their entrance into Naples and on the following day, Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi held private colloquies. The out-going Dictator asked to be continued in power for another year as the King's Lieutenant, and to have the grade of all his officers recognised. Such requests showed how utterly incapable Garibaldi was of understanding the difficulties of administrative and military reorganization that confronted the new State.

On November 8 the throne-room in the Palace was the scene of an imposing ceremony, the official presentation of the result of the plebiscite, and the investiture of Victor Emmanuel with the Kingship of Sicily and Naples. The new Monarch was seated on his throne. Garibaldi and his friends stood in one group, the courtiers and army officers in another, and small cordiality was shown between them. But the act of annexation was duly signed by all parties, and Garibaldi, formally resigning the Dictatorship, left the room a private citizen once more. His first act in that capacity was to publish a letter calling on all Italians to rally round Victor Emmanuel, and to be prepared to follow him next spring, a million strong, against Rome or Venice. 'By the side of the *Re galantuomo*,' he wrote, 'every quarrel should disappear, every rancour be dissipated.' Garibaldi's public utterances during this period of strained relations

were as loyal as if every demand he made had been conceded by the King.¹

Before nightfall he sent Missori to tell the British Admiral that he would leave for Caprera early the next morning, November 9, and would come aboard the *Hannibal* to pay a farewell visit before he quitted the Bay.² He spent the night in the Hotel d'Angleterre (or *Isole Britanniche*) in the Chiaja, talking with Missori, Mario, Canzio, Zasio, and others of his intimate friends. As during all these last days, he was in a melancholy and gentle mood, moving his followers to tears when he spoke of their parting on the morrow. In spite of the brave words of the proclamation in which he thanked his soldiers, and called on them to be ready against the next spring, all felt in their hearts the presentiment that their day of glory was at an end. And so these men, who had seized occasion by the forelock and had performed at the appointed moment the miracle never to be repeated, sat up all night in the hotel and talked sadly of what they had done and left undone.³

Next morning, before dawn, they went down together to the port. The city was still asleep, and there was no one to witness the departure, which had been kept secret from every one except the British Admiral. They took a boat, rowed over to the *Hannibal*, and came up the side of the great three-decker, between the darkness and the first twilight. Admiral Mundy, still in his cot, was told that Garibaldi was in the cabin, and turned out with all haste to receive the strange man whom he had learnt to admire and love, while still keeping the open eye of common sense on his single-minded fanaticism. During a long talk in the cabin, Garibaldi invited Mundy to be his guest in his cottage at Caprera, 'and spoke much of

¹ Castelli (Solaroli), 345-346. Bianchi, *Polit. de Cavour*, 386. *Della Rocca*, 202. Türr's *Div.* 316. Conv. Canzio. Cosenz Guardione, 38. Ciampoli, 197-198.

² Mundy, 277. Castellini, 97 note (Missori's evidence).

³ Zasio, 77, 130. Türr's *Div.* 317. *Red Shirt*, 291.

the beautiful harbour between the island and the main, where Nelson had once anchored for the protection of his fleet.' As they passed up from the cabin to the quarter-deck, Garibaldi saw the Admiral's visiting-book lying on the small table upon which, six months before, at Palermo, he and the Bourbon Generals had signed the armistice, the source of such mighty consequences.¹ He sat down and wrote in the book in French :—

'G. Garibaldi owes to Admiral Mundy the most lively gratitude, which will last all his life, on account of sincere proofs of friendship with which he has been loaded in all kinds of circumstances.'²

As he went down the ship's side many of the officers and crew of the *Hannibal* were deeply moved, and the expressions which some of them afterwards used about 'the look of intense love' upon his face testify to the unique effect of his presence upon men trained in no sentimental school of thought or character.³

From the *Hannibal* he rowed to the *Washington*, the steamer that was to take him home. On her deck he parted from Canzio, Missori, Mario, and his other friends, who returned to the quay. His last words to them were 'To meet again at Rome.' Only his son Menotti and one or two persons of less importance sailed with him to the island. He returned thither as poor a man as he had left it in the spring. In the last two days Victor Emmanuel had offered him an estate for Menotti, the title of King's aide-de-camp for his younger son, a dowry for his daughter, a royal castle and a steamer for himself. But he had refused them all.⁴ His secretary, Basso, had borrowed a few hundred francs of paper-money from a friend, for necessary expenses. He himself had stowed on board the *Washington* a bag of seed-corn for his farm.

¹ See *Garibaldi and the Thousand*, p. 320.

² *Meuricoffre*, 82-83, Captain Farquhar's words.

⁴ *Bianchi, Polit. de Cavour*, 385-386.

³ *Mundy*, 280-287.

With these spoils the steamer, almost unobserved, left port at break of day.

He was soon back at his old daily occupations of man's primitive struggle with nature, at which, but for the call of a great epoch and a great cause, he would so readily have spent his whole life. Again the dawn and the twilight on the Straits of Bonifacio saw him at work among the granite boulders, industriously putting seed into the scrapings of earth which he called his fields; sheltering a few sad vines from the sweeping winds of the Straits; calling up his cows by name from their pasturage among the wild, odorous brushwood; and seeking the strayed goats on the precipice-top. Under these conditions the melancholy of his last days on the mainland soon left him. When, a few weeks later, a visitor came on business from Genoa, he found Garibaldi 'robust in health, and radiant with a calm and serene joy.'¹ For when once he had been left alone again with his mother Earth, between rock and sea and sky, no disappointment could prevent him from feeling in his heart the truth, that he had done a mighty labour, and taken his share in a task which the years would soon complete and the long generations ratify—the Making of Italy.

¹ *Brambilla*, 45.

EPILOGUE

I HAVE now told the story of Garibaldi for the two years 1849 and 1860 that give him his title to enduring fame. It is not my intention to carry any further the chronicle of his life; partly because the documents which alone could unfold the inner history of the affairs of Aspromonte and Mentana are not available; still more because Garibaldi's actions after 1860 are no longer the hinge on which the fortunes of Italy revolve, but are merely important episodes in the movement to liberate Venice and Rome, which was brought to fruition by very different forces. But I feel the need to add here a few pages of summary, unnecessary to the student, but perhaps useful to the reader unfamiliar with the bare outlines of Garibaldi's subsequent career.

In 1861 the spell of Italy's amazing good fortune was broken by the irreparable calamity of the death of Cavour. If he had died two years before, it is not improbable that Italy might still at this day be divided and enslaved; if he had lived ten years longer the young country would have escaped many falls in learning to walk.¹ Cavour was succeeded by smaller men, who made it their custom to court popularity one day by flattering Garibaldi's designs on Rome, and on the next to arrest his movement in panic, when faced at close quarters by the inevitable collision with the Pope's protector, Napoleon III.

In 1862, with a body of volunteers hastily got together in Sicily, he crossed the Straits of Messina and began

¹ There is an adequate biography of this great man available for the Anglo-Saxon public in Mr. W. R. Thayer's forthcoming *Life and Times of Cavour* (1911).

his march for Rome. But on the plateaus of Aspromonte he was stopped by Victor Emmanuel's troops, who opened fire at sight. Obedient to his cardinal principle that civil war between patriots must not take place, he walked up and down in front of his men forbidding them to return the fire, and while so doing was wounded in the foot by an 'Italian bullet.' He was carried down, a prisoner and in great pain, from the mountain where two years before he had triumphed over the Bourbon armies.

He had not fully recovered from the wound of Aspromonte when in 1864 he paid his famous visit to England. Never has any foreigner, hardly ever any native hero, been received as Garibaldi was received by our fathers. The quiet square in front of Stafford House, near St. James's Palace, is one of the rare places in modern London which is still 'a haunt of ancient peace,' and few of those who hurry across it on their daily avocations would guess what scenes it witnessed when Garibaldi was lodged there. When the Duke of Sutherland's four-horse carriage, containing the son of the skipper of Nice in his red shirt and grey blanket, struggled in the course of six hours through five miles of London streets, amid half a million of our people who had turned out to greet him, the wild procession made its way at length into this little square, startling its Royal and Ducal sanctities with democratic clangour. Then, amid a noise of shouting like the noise of the sea in storm, Garibaldi stepped out of the carriage, as calm as in the day of battle, into a circle of fair ladies and great statesmen on the steps of Stafford House, while the Duke's carriage, in which he had come, literally fell to pieces in the stable, strained to breaking-point by the weight of thousands of strong arms that had snatched at and clung to its sides as it passed through a London gone mad with joy.

After the long interval following the Chartist collapse, the tide of British Democracy was just beginning to stir

again with that peaceful but irresistible ground-swell that resulted three years later, after the quietest of great crises, in the enfranchisement of the working men. The successful emancipation of Italy and the visit of Garibaldi had their part in stimulating this movement in England. To the common people it was an unexampled privilege to carry one of themselves in triumph through London streets, as if he had been Wellington or Cæsar. But he won, no less, the hearts of the English upper classes, at that time heartily antagonistic to continental clericalism and despotism. The Duchess of Sutherland drove him into School-yard at Eton, followed by boys and masters shouting after him as if he had just won them the match against Harrow.

While he was staying under Mr. Seely's roof in the Isle of Wight, he went to visit his brother poet, always an enthusiast for Italian freedom. They smoked and repeated Italian poetry to each other with great fervour. 'What a noble human being!' wrote Tennyson when he had parted from his guest. 'I expected to see a hero and I was not disappointed. One cannot exactly say of him what Chaucer says of the ideal Knight, "As meke he was of port as is a maid." He is more majestic than meek, and his manners have a certain divine simplicity in them, such as I have never witnessed in a native of these islands, among men at least, and they are gentler than those of most young maidens whom I know.' In worldly matters, Tennyson noted that he had 'the divine stupidity of a hero.'¹

During the same month he saw much of Mr. Gladstone, his 'precursor,' as he called him, in the liberation of Naples. Mr. Gladstone, though pained by his 'attenu-

¹ *Tennyson, A Memoir*, ii. 1-4. It was on this visit that Garibaldi planted the tree which Tennyson long afterwards celebrated as—

• • • the waving pine which here
The warrior of Caprera set,
A name that earth will not forget
Till earth has roll'd her latest year'

ated belief,' thus spoke of his visit in after years: 'We who then saw Garibaldi for the first time can many of us never forget the marvellous effect produced on our minds by the simple nobility of his demeanour, by his manners and his acts. . . . Besides his splendid integrity, and his wide and universal sympathies, besides that seductive simplicity of manner which never departed from him, and that inborn and native grace which seemed to attend all his actions, I would almost select from every other quality this, which was in apparent contrast but real harmony in Garibaldi—the union of the most profound and tender humanity with his fiery valour.'¹

In 1866 the quarrel of the two German powers enabled Italy to acquire her present North-Eastern frontier without that barter of her independence to France which Lord John Russell had always feared would be the price of Venice. While the Prussians defeated the main Austrian army in the plains of Bohemia, their Italian allies unsuccessfully attacked the Venetian quadrilateral. The regular army under La Marmora and Della Rocca was repulsed by the Austrians at Custozza, owing to bad generalship which failed to bring the great mass of the troops into action. The naval disaster at Lissa, under Persano, was much worse. The only glimmer of partial success shone on the arms of Garibaldi and his volunteers in the Trentine Alps, though Garibaldi scored no remarkable victories such as he had won over the Austrians in his Alpine campaign of 1859. His vigour was not what it had once been. The regular army was preparing to renew the attack on Venetia when the war came suddenly to an end. The complete Prussian victory at Königgrätz had led to the surrender by Austria of her Venetian terri-

¹ *Morley*, ii. book v. chap. vii. 'The General's gestures,' wrote Bruzsesi, one of Garibaldi's most discerning followers, 'are marvellous, and much more perfect than his language. In his language he sometimes repeats himself, in his gestures never. His language is not invariably good; but his gestures are always dignified, perfect. They are never comic, always dramatic. I believe if he were not Garibaldi, he would be the greatest tragic actor known.'

tory. All Italy was now free, except Rome and the small province in which it stood.

In the autumn of 1867 Garibaldi, now turned sixty, headed another rush on Rome, with an ill-selected mob of followers, very different from the thousand youthful veterans who had been so carefully picked out to follow him to Sicily seven years before. At Mentana the intervention of the French troops on behalf of the Papalists turned the day against the Garibaldini, part of whom stood their ground and were mowed down by the *chassepots*, while part ran, as Garibaldi said, like 'cowardly rabbits.' Hedged by French bayonets, Rome remained to the priests for three years more. Aspromonte and Mentana had at least kept the country's passion fixed steadily on Rome, and prevented the Government from acquiescing in a state of things that appeared only too likely to become permanent, though it could never have given peace.

But the end came at last. The result of the first battles in the Franco-Prussian war caused the withdrawal of the French garrison from Rome, and on September 20, 1870, less than three weeks after Sedan, Victor Emmanuel's Bersaglieri entered by the breach near the Porta Pia. Garibaldi himself was kept away from the scene till all was over, but his old friends Bixio and Cosenz took part, as Royal Generals, in the final operations against Rome. Bixio made a feint against the Porta San Pancrazio, which he had once helped to defend for the Roman Republic, while Cosenz led the storming party up the breach on the other side of the city. So fell the Temporal Power, which Mazzini and Garibaldi had defied on the Janiculum twenty-one years before. Italy had her capital, and the *risorgimento* epoch came to an end. Two years later Mazzini died.

In the winter of 1870, after the withdrawal of the French from Rome, the deposition of Napoleon III, and the proclamation of the Republic in Paris, Garibaldi's sympathies went round to the side of France, whom he

regarded in the later stages of the struggle as a free country once more, despoiled and oppressed by a power representing the military and despotic principles of Eastern Europe. The old man summoned his followers and went off to defend the French Republic against the Prussians. Much controversy has raged as to the part played by the gallant Italians in that winter campaign. But whether it is true or false that Garibaldi's powers were atrophied by advancing years, at least he had not grown old in generosity to a sister nation or in his will to succour the oppressed.

After his return from France he lived on another dozen years, to the age of seventy-five. He was nearly always on Caprera, but occasionally he visited the mainland and Rome. It is entirely to the credit of his countrymen that they continued to regard him as a demi-god when his star had paled for the rest of Europe, and when it was only too apparent that this demi-god was no more exempt than Tithonus from the ravages of age, and from other weaknesses of mortal men.

The end came in his white house at Caprera, on a June evening in 1882. The old sailor, farmer, and fighter was propped up on the pillows to watch for the last time the sunlight gilding the waves and the granite rocks. While his life was slowly ebbing out, two little birds whom he had taught not to fear him fluttered in from the moor, and sat chirping on the window-sill. The attendants were about to drive them away lest they should disturb him, when that voice was heard once more by men, bidding them let the little birds come in, and always feed them after he was gone. And having given these orders, he went upon his last expedition.

This year (1911) Italy has been celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of her birth, which she dates from the official proclamation of the Italian Kingdom in 1861, the immediate outcome of the events narrated in this volume. After the lapse of half a century it is possible to see whether the men of the *risorgimento* were building on the sand or on the rock.

Nothing is more remarkable—though to believers in nationality and ordered liberty nothing is more natural—than the stability of the Italian Kingdom. The oscillations of the structure that Cavour reared in the earthquake of 1860 went on for some forty years; but the vibration has now ceased, and the building is as safe as any in Europe. To-day politics in Italy could be more easily criticised for their stagnation than for any dangerous tendency towards either revolution or reaction. The foundations of human liberty and the foundations of social order exist there on a firm basis. The growing difficulties of the social problem, common to all Europe, find at least mitigation in the free political institutions of a nation so recently created by the common efforts of all classes. In some European countries, freedom and order have not yet been secured, and until our fathers' times there was no reason to suppose that these benefits would accrue to Italy for many generations to come.

The power of this great national movement has fortunately been directed only to the securing of Italian liberty, and not to the oppression of others. No doubt the reason of this is the fortunate fact that no alien race dwells beside the Italian within the boundaries of the Peninsula. There is no one for the Italian to oppress. But the result has been the unstained purity and idealism of patriotic emotion there, from the time of Mazzini's Young Italy to our own.¹ While English, French, German, and Magyar freedom were all vindicated more or less at the expense of some other race or races, there is no one who can complain that he was enslaved in order that Italy might be free. No other Power—certainly not Austria or the Pope—is the worse off for having been forced to yield the Italian soil to the Italian State. All diplomats now recognise what our British statesmen foresaw, how great is Europe's gain in peace and security by the success of the *risorgimento*—in its own day the bugbear of diplomats. In this way the 'Italian question,' for nearly four centuries the most frequent cause of international disturb-

¹ I leave this sentiment as I wrote it in the early summer of 1911 when it still appeared to be true. (*Note to Second Edition.*)

ance and war, has been laid to rest once for all. Italy, which ever since the wars of Francis I and Charles V, had been the arena wherein French and German ambition wrestled for supremacy, with England ever hovering, an uneasy spectator, on the skirts of a conflict so dangerous to the Balance of Power—Italy has now been 'neutralised' as securely as Switzerland, to the immense benefit of the cause of peace and goodwill among men.

In Italy herself it is the traditions of the *risorgimento* that unite and elevate her children. All classes from king to workman, all provinces from Piedmont to Sicily are bound together by these memories of a history so recent yet so poetical and so profound.

Nor has material progress been wanting, especially of late years and in the North. In the South and in Sicily brigandage has been stamped out. Justice and order are far better in Italy than they have ever been,—except under the Roman Empire, and then there was no liberty. In the Middle Ages the Italians could paint and build, and trade and write, but they murdered and tortured and slaughtered each other like fiends. The change towards humanity and freedom has been immense. The evils of modern Italy are the result of two thousand years' misgovernment and three hundred years of foreign domination and national death. The good is the revolt of the modern Italian against this ancient heritage of evil, and the *risorgimento*, the 'resurrection' as it is well called, was the symbol of that revolt.

The comparison by which modern Italy fails is the comparison of her achievement with the ideals and the character of the men of her own *risorgimento*. But if the comparison be made, materially, morally, or intellectually with the Italy of the eighteenth century, or of the restoration after Waterloo, the balance is so immensely on the side of modern Italy that we feel that the men of the *risorgimento* are justified and have essentially succeeded in their aim. Their sufferings and their deeds are recorded, not only as a high example and inspiration

such as history too seldom affords, but because they have had practical consequences of great and beneficent import to succeeding generations.¹

And what of Garibaldi himself? How will the Garibaldian legend—which turns out on examination to be true—live in the minds of succeeding generations?

Garibaldi is not to be judged as a professional soldier leading modern armies, but as the greatest master that the world has seen of that special department of human activity known as revolutionary war. He could never have commanded a regular force of 100,000 men, though in his day he managed to defeat one. Owing to the size and efficiency of modern conscript armies, there cannot be another revolutionary war precisely of the Garibaldian type in the Europe of the coming era. But history is concerned with the past and not with the present or future. In 1860 Garibaldi was the right man in the right time and place.

But Garibaldi's claim on the memory of men rests on more than his actual achievements. It rests on that which was one part of his professional equipment as a soldier of revolution, but which surpasses and transcends it—his appeal to the imagination. He was a poet, in all save literary power. He was guided in political, and somewhat even in military situations, by a poet's instincts and motives. He is perhaps the only case, except Byron for a few weeks in Greece, of the poet as man of action. For most poets, if they ever take part in action, cease to be poetical. While he was alive this quality was both his strength and his weakness—Samson's locks and Achilles' heel. But now that he is dead, the poetry in his character and career is all gain in his race for immortal laurels. The history of events is ephemeral and

¹ These half-dozen paragraphs, very slightly altered, are reprinted by kind permission from a longer article on *The Festival of Italian Unity, 1861-1911*, that appeared in *The Times*, March 27, 1911.

for the scholar ; the poetry of events is eternal and for the multitude. It is the acted poem that lives in the hearts of millions to whom the written words of history and the written words of poetry are alike an unopened book. So Garibaldi becomes the symbol of Italia to her children in all ages to come and on either side of the Atlantic. As the centuries slip by, carrying into oblivion almost all that once was noble or renowned, Mazzini's soul and Cavour's wisdom will be forgotten by the Italian who tends the vine or sweats beside the furnace, sooner than the old grey cloak and the red shirt and that face of simple faith and love. And to us of other lands, and most of all to us Englishmen, Garibaldi will live as the incarnate symbol of two passions not likely soon to die out of the world, the love of country and the love of freedom, kept pure by the one thing that can tame and yet not weaken them, the tenderest humanity for all mankind.

